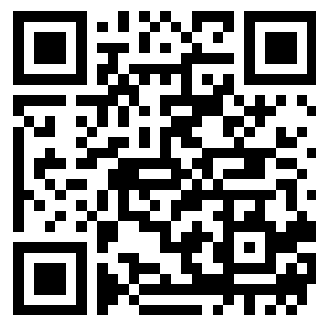

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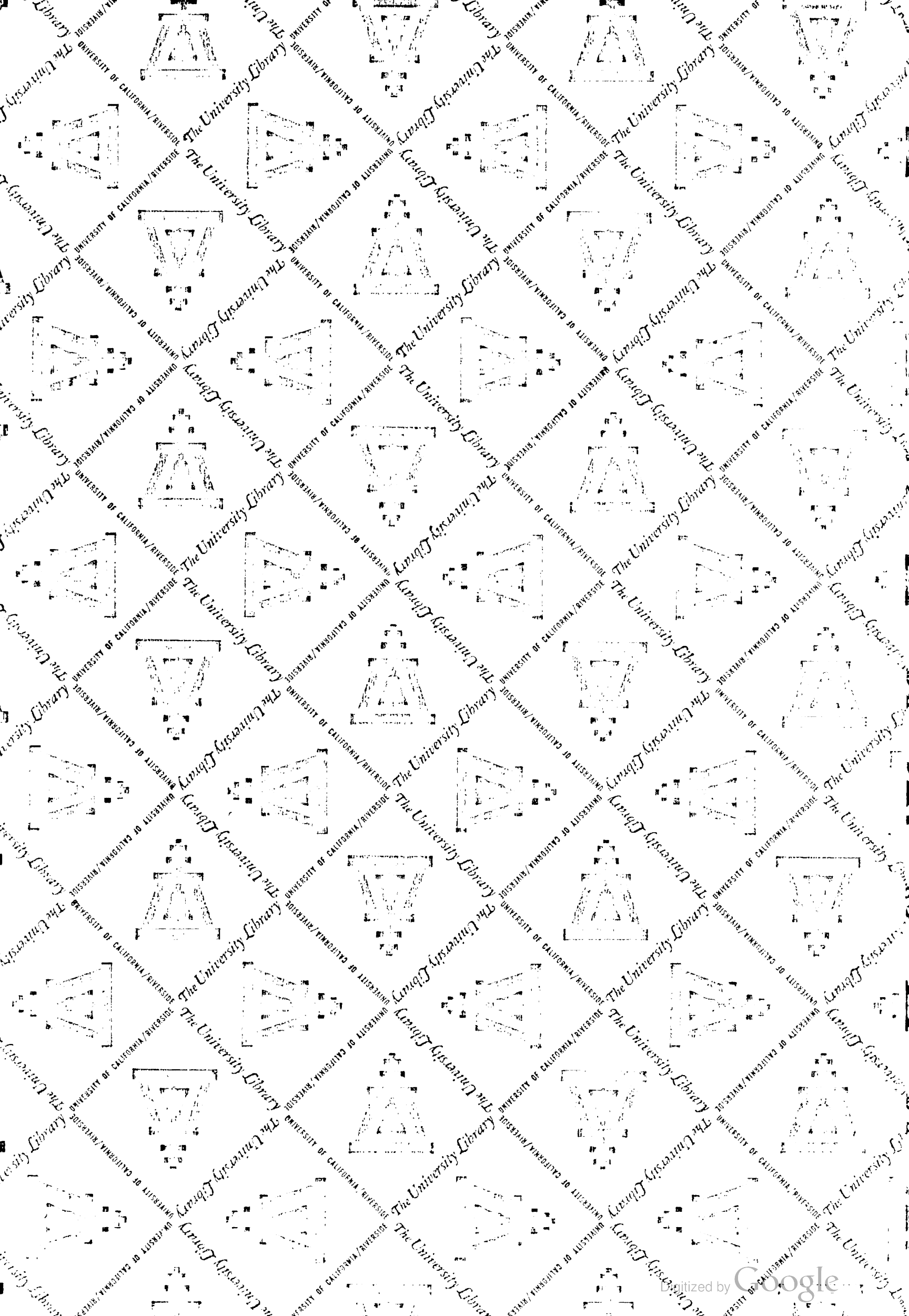
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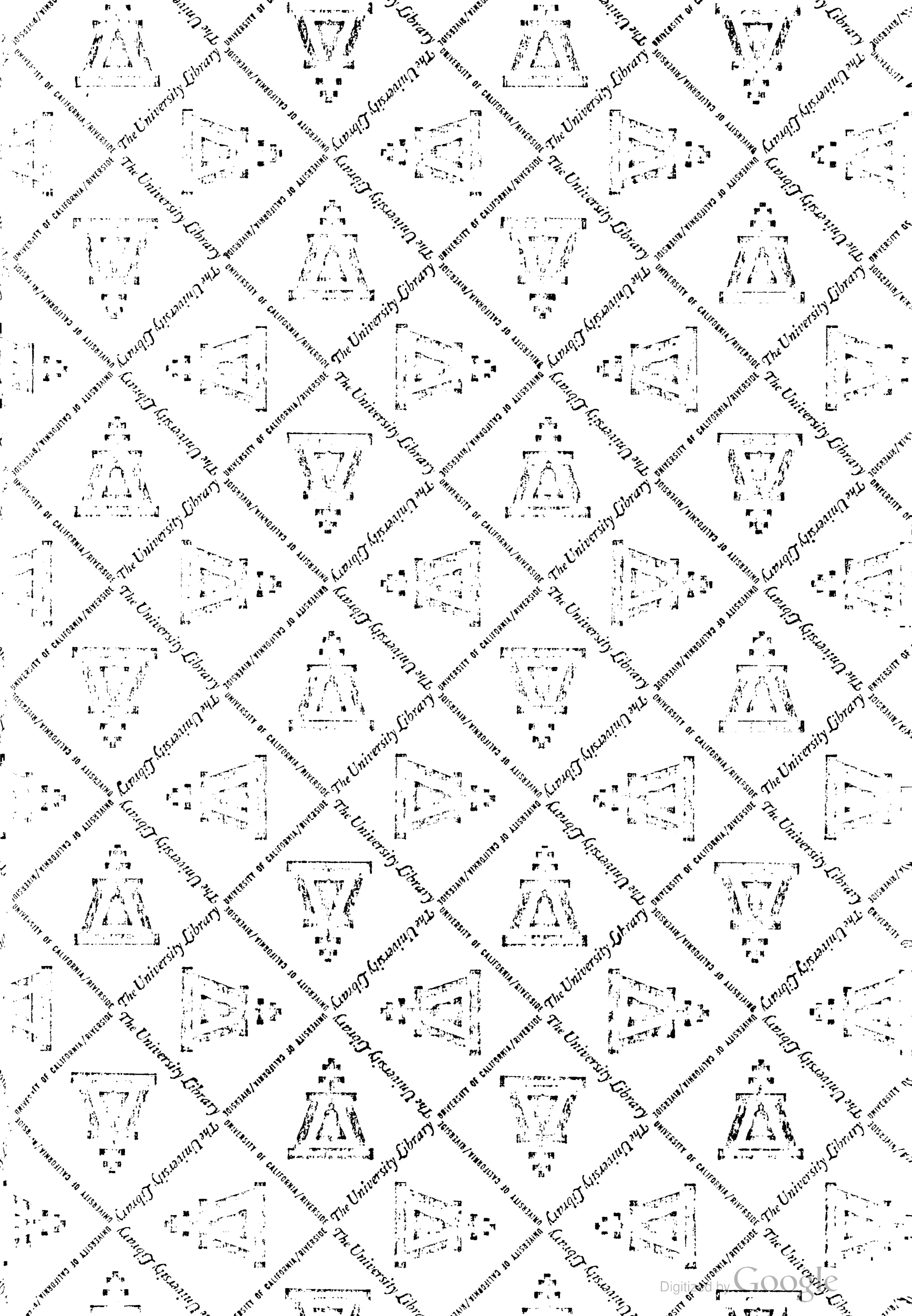


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ROBERT CHAMBERS,

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

WHAT ENGLISH LITERATURE GIVES US.
ENGLISH literature gives all who can enjoy it a fund of pleasure, of the great amount of which we are not apt to be quite aware till we run over a few of the items. There are the Waverley Novels—in direct contemplation, only the talk of an old-fashioned Scotch gentleman, who died a few years ago—or, in a still more gross consideration, but a few masses of printed paper. Yet, in effect, what are they! To how many thousands upon thousands has life been made less painful or more delightful by these charming tales! The world would have gone on without them, no doubt, but it would not have gone on so agreeably. There would have been an infinite deal less happiness in it during the last twenty-five years, if they had not been written. How much has been done for our enjoyment even by one or two of the characters—Caleb Balderstone, for instance, or Dugald Dalgetty, or Dominie Sampson. These are ideal beings, but do we not feel positively richer by knowing them—by having it in our power at any time to call them up before our minds, and inwardly smile at what is ludicrous about them? In like manner, is it not a luxurious sympathy which we feel respecting the fortunes of Ravenswood, all imaginary as he is. These beings take their place among our acquaintance, and the most delightful of all acquaintance they are. We have only to take up a book, and lo we mingle at once in their society, as if unconsciously carried into it through the air. Such books are as show-holes in the walls of this common world, through which to look into one full of the gay, the romantic, and the beautiful. The blind may be slipped aside, and our eye applied, in the smokiest of cottages, as in the most gorgeous of palaces, and the fairy scene will be the same in each case. And we command the show at any time. It will lull us after the excitement and fatigues of labour, and it will beguile us of the languor of monotonous retirement and solitude. We may be sad or joyous, eager and full of hope, or mistrustful of all the good things of life; but our accidental mood is of no consequence when we have once fixed ourselves at the raree-show of the Waverley fictions, for then all of ourselves sinks, except the consciousness of great enjoyment.

Thousands of other things there are in our literature, which we feel to be amongst the most precious of our possessions and privileges. Cowper's Task is as good as an estate to every reading man in the kingdom. There are some of Burns's songs, the loss of which, if it were possible, would be to me more deplorable, as far as I am personally concerned, than the total repeal of the Habeas Corpus Act. The blotting out of the Vicar of Wakefield from most minds, would be more grievous than to know that the island of Borneo had sunk in the sea. The single whimsicality of the gross of green spectacles, and Jenkinson's one piece of learning about the cosmogony, could not be lost without the most serious detriment to all concerned, namely, the whole English public. Certainly, it would be less distressing to lose all our territorial interest in the island of New Zealand, than to cease to know and relish the quiet joke of the vicar respecting his wife's schemings in household economy, that he had not perceived that they ever got any richer by them. Then there is Beau Tibbs in the essays of the same writer, with his shivering nankeens, and that delightful suburban attic, the view from which was so much prized by Bill Squash, the Creole. What would we not give up to retain Beau Tibbs! The poor fellow dined on all that was slight and slender; but he did not feel that he did so from poverty—it was all a matter of taste—he hated your immense

loads of meat, for that was "country all over." Surely, in the recollection of such things we have something still better than solid philosophy. Going back a little farther, how does the heart leap up when we recollect the many admirable things of Fielding and Smollett. Parson Adams himself gilds the whole time. What simplicity, what true goodness!—verily, the world's history gives us few characters equal to him—and yet we feel that he is natural. Poor and ragged is this sturdy son of primitive unvarnished honesty, and he never ceases to be a subject of merriment to the reader—yet how wonderful the effect of genuine virtue, he never ceases to be respectable, even when chased by the squire's dogs, Thunder, Wonder, Plunder, and Blunder, or soused by the waggish doctor in the tub. In the same book, how are we taught to relent in all our stern conventionalities, when the robbed, wounded, and naked Andrews being refused succour by the whole of the inmates of the stage-coach, we are told that "he must have perished, unless the postilion (a lad who has since been transported for robbing a hen-roost) had voluntarily stripped off a great-coat, his only garment, at the same time swearing a great oath (for which he was rebuked by the passengers), 'That he would rather ride in his shirt all his life, than suffer a fellow-creature to lie in so miserable a condition.'" The humours of Partridge—what more is needed than to allude to them! The same of Strap, that most original of humble dependents and faithful followers. Morgan, too, who, when expelled from the presence of the exquisite sea captain for his redolence of tobacco, sat down and only whistled a Welsh ditty. This book is not perfect, certainly; but yet who would give it for many that are, or pretend to be so! Then the dinner after the manner of the ancients. The French cook sinking on his knees, while his master's sword is at his throat, and exclaiming in piteous accents, "Spare me the mortification of the honey and oil!" The "indecent phenomenon" of Pallet sitting transfixed by the atrocious taste of the soup into the attitude of a leaden river god, with the liquor flowing out of both sides of his mouth. The pie of dormice liquored with syrup of white poppies, and the sow's stomach filled with a composition of all else that is horrible, which, when Pallet started up and drew the table-cloth after him, was pitched into the lap of the dainty Italian count. What a flow of grotesque and laughter-compelling images! Turn we from Pickle to Clinker, and how do we find the matter for mirth kept up! The malaprop Jenkins, with her "Oh Molly Jones, Molly Jones!" The tabbiest of tabbies, Tabitha. Lesmahago, most scranky of captains—think of him descending the ladder in his night-gown when the false alarm of fire was given. "Mat," cried the knight, "crown me with oak, or ivy, or laurel, or parsley, or what you will, and acknowledge me to be a *coup de maître* in the way of waggery—ha, ha, ha! Such a *camiscata scagliata beffata*!—O che roba—Oh what a subject! Oh what a caricature! Oh for a Rosa, a Rembrandt, a Schalken! Zooks, I'll give a hundred guineas to have it painted—what a fine descent * *! What lights and shadows! What a group below! What expression above! What an aspect! Did you mind the aspect?—ha, ha, ha!—and the limbs, and the muscles—every toe denoted terror!—ha, ha, ha!—then the blanket! Oh what costume! St Andrew! St Lazarus! St Barnabas!—ha, ha, ha!"

There are some books usually read in youth, and without which youth would not be what it is. Of these are Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver. How youth passed long ago, when there was no Crusoe to waft it away in fancy to the Pacific, and fix it upon the lonely doings of the shipwrecked mariner, is inconceivable;

but we can readily suppose that it must have been essentially different. The first reading of Crusoe is now a feature in every man's biography. Gulliver is not so indispensable, but yet the having him is much to be rejoiced in. Was ever such an air of reality given to the totally extra-natural! This is so perfect in its way, that, once get over the difficulty as to the smallness of the Lilliputians and the bigness of the Brobdingnagians, and every thing else appears as just what was to be expected. In Lilliput, the rations dispensed to the colossal stranger are as much as 1728 ordinary men of the country could eat. Now, this is mathematically what it ought to be, to be in keeping with his comparative size, for, the Lilliputians measuring only inches for feet with Mr Gulliver, we must, in order to find his size as compared to theirs, take the square of 12, which, being cubed, gives exactly 1728. This may give some idea of the care which Swift must have taken to preserve all proper analogies between his hero and the novel beings amongst whom he so-journed. It reminds us of Scott's riding from Stirling to Loch Katrine at a stretch, to make sure that he would be within the bounds of the probable in representing Fitzjames as doing so. Laputa and the Houynhynms are not boys' books; they are satires for men, or rather outlets for the spleen of the unfortunately constituted author. Boys do not understand them, and consequently do not care for them. But what a fund of entertainment there is for us in the two other sections! The affair at the conflagration of the palace is perhaps the very drollest thing in all fact or fiction.

The Arabian Nights' Entertainments are not ours by birth, but they have nevertheless taken their place amongst the similar things of our own which constitute the national literary inheritance. They bring us into a considerably different world from any other we are acquainted with. The caliph, the cadi, the Mahomedan faith, genies, enchanters, are the prominent novelties they display to us. There is a fine want of precise outline about every thing in the book. We see as through some prismatically disturbing medium. What a dreamy romantic grandeur, for instance, in the story of the gold fishes in the lonely lake, and the prince of whose body the lower half had been transformed into black marble. The stories of the dead city and of the magnetic island, which drew out the nails of vessels, and shipwrecked the mariners, are of the same kind. How wild and strange the tale of the calendar on the uninhabited island, to which a merchant comes to immure his son for a year, that he may elude the prophecy which has doomed the youth to destruction within that period—what a sense of ruthless destiny falls on the reader when the accident takes place by which the lad is killed!—and what a distressing sense of pity for the father, who immediately after comes, and finds his body. The whole idea of the three calendars, kings' sons, each blind of an eye, who meet at the gates of Bagdad, is a fine one, filling the mind with a pleasing sense of the inexplicable. All the barber's stories are excellent, from that of Alnaschar who, in his sanguine dream of prospective greatness, kicked over the basket of stoneware which was to be the basis of his fortune, to that of the blind one who was so oddly entertained by the Barmecide. Zobiede figures throughout as a fine specimen of womanly fortitude and good sense, and Haroun is a noble person in all respects. Altogether, it is a glorious book, and one to which we cannot well show enough of respect. Good as it ever was, it is said to be greatly improved in Mr Lane's new edition, which I have not seen, but which I would need to see before I could believe an allegation so contrary to all that could have been presupposed.

The Essayists occupy a conspicuous place in the literature of the last century; but somehow I do not feel disposed to set much store by them. Their fault, or, let us be gentle, their misfortune, is, that they do not relate so much to human nature, as to some of its temporary modes. There is a sad deal too much about hoops and flounces and rolled stockings, and enforcements of little moralities which no gentleman now thinks of disobeying; and then the Flirtillas, and Eudosias, and Eugeniuses, and Hymenæuses, are stiff old frumps at the best. The whole reminds one of an exhibition of wax-work and old dresses. Yet there are fine things amongst them too—Sir Roger de Coverley, for instance, that admirable Old-English gentleman, so humane, so little thinking of the current of the world, so unreflecting on every thing beyond the traditionary habits and duties of his station and locality. Here also we have the majestic moral melancholy of Johnson, and the fine pathos of Mackenzie. But, after all, it must be a selection from that long line of essays which can give pleasure now-a-days.

Come we now to Pope, that prince of sayers of acute and exquisite things—that most mellifluous of all the rhetorical class of poets amongst whom he flourished. Fashion has set him a little aside, which it can never do with an author who has not written in some measure according to a fashion; but he was a fine spirit and a great poet, nevertheless, and English literature would show a mighty blank indeed, were he taken out of it. What nicety in his Essay on Criticism—what brilliant polish in his Rape of the Lock—what superb sorrow and passion in Eloisa, where the feeling is almost made true by its vehemence, in spite of the constantly counteracting influence of the diction—what penetration and expansiveness of view in the Essay on Man—and what a splendid English epic in the translation of the Iliad! The verses to the memory of the unfortunate lady alone would stamp Pope a poet, if there were nothing else to make him out that, as well as a great ethical writer. The Dunciad and all the other satires may be given up—they are decidedly *not pleasing*. But the remainder of his writings are a precious possession of the people in whose tongue they were written; and such, no doubt, they will ever be. Dryden is even better than Pope. He has immense masculine energies. There is a lashing strength about his verse that no other writer approaches. His works are the farewell of the sound old English, for which the stiffened and glistened language of the last century was the substitute, and which there has latterly been a disposition to revive. Dryden is also much out of view, but most undeservedly. Few know what a treasure of thought and expression lies in his *Liind* and *Panther* and *Fables*. We are apt, in the large attention we pay to modern literature, to set down him and Pope in our minds as scarcely poets at all, or at the best good versifiers; but when we open their works, and actually read them, we cease to wonder that our fathers and grandfathers talked of these men as something only a little lower than the gods.

Going back only a little farther, we come to Milton, with his grand Christian poem—to Butler, with his *Hudibras*, the wit of which is so exquisite as to become poetry—to Waller, and Cowley, and Herbert, and Herrick. Then to the cavalier poets Lovelace, Suckling, and Carew, who loved their unfortunate master with a zeal which was in itself more poetical than the nine-tenths of even good verse. Next in retrogression, we find the dramatists—the English dramatists, for they only are English—He whose name is too trite from extremity of fame to be mentioned, the learned Jonson, the sweet Fletcher, the soul-harrowing Ford, and the romantic Webster. A little earlier, and we have Spenser, with his endless tissue of beautiful allegory—a little earlier still, we have the fathers of their era, Surry and Wyatt. Before this time, some giants loom through the obscurity that has invested them. There is the admirable Scottish Dunbar, a poet of manners and morals little behind Pope. There is Chaucer, one of the most correct and unaffected of poetical painters, and only neglected because his language has ceased to be understood. And, finally, there is Barbour, the writer of a most delightful epic, which has all the advantage of being a true history—namely, *The Bruce*.

A class of compositions altogether apart from all that have yet been adverted to, remains to be noticed. These are the songs and ballads, whether of England or of Scotland. No era can be mentioned for these compositions: they have glimpsed forth from the darkness of past ages, as stars come by night into the sky, without any one being able to tell exactly when they first became visible. No authors' names can be mentioned for them: they have sprung forth like the unbidden beauty of the prairie, which no one can tell how it became planted. Involuntary gushings they would appear to have been of that "faculty divine," which has resided at all times in the bosoms of the

people, and may or may not have regular professors, as the accident of culture may direct.

Sweet syren, breathe the powerful strain!
*Lochryan's damsel** sails the main;
 The crystal towers enchanted see!
 "Now break," she cries, "ye fairy charms!"
 As round she sails with fond alarms,
 "Now break, and set my true love free!"
 Lord Barnard is to greenwood gone,
 Where fair *Gil Morrice* sits alone,
 And careless combs his yellow hair;
 Ah! mourn the youth, untimely slain!
 The meanest of Lord Barnard's train
 The hunters' mangled head must bear.
 Or change these notes of deep despair,
 For love's more soothing tender air:
 Sing how beneath the greenwood tree,
Brown Adam† love maintained her truth,
 Nor would resign the exiled youth
 For any knight the fair could see.

In these terms did the enthusiast Leyden express that devotion to ballad literature which made him once start away from Edinburgh to the distant vale of the Liddel, on the Border, for the purpose of obtaining from a certain crone but one missing stanza. Nor less are the charms of the song class of our traditionary poetry. The Cowdenknows will be for ever vocal with the sweetest of verse, and the Marion of the Ewe-Buchts must shine as a star unto all time.

What is above written gives but the heads of the wealth which we possess under the name of English literature. The addition of the inferior and yet worthy names would swell the account, like the putting down of ciphers on the right hand side of a number. And is not this substantial wealth, albeit it is not of the kind which the political economists insist so much upon, that kind which, as they say, has an exchangeable value? Does any man think otherwise, let him only reflect what would be our condition, if no literature, ancient or modern, existed. The accumulation of these stores of the thoughts and fancies of eminent minds, is just like the construction of public works in a country; and a country without a literature is like a country in which as yet no roads have been formed, no bridges thrown over rivers, nor any halls of popular assembly built. But England is in both these respects a wealthy country. It has been put by our fathers into our hands, furnished with an amount of physical conveniences and sources of comfort beyond all precedent, and endowed with an intellectual inheritance such as no other country ever had. Evils manifold may affect it, if some will have the case to be so; but, amidst all that troubles her, there still remains, unsullied, intact, ever ready for the solacement of her thinking sons, the deathless productions of her intellectual great.

THE STORY OF GERALDINE,

BY HER FRIEND.

It is now between forty and fifty years since my sister and I were residing near the beautiful village of Carwell, in a romantic part of England, now little visited, but which at that time was at the height of that ephemeral reputation which the most newly-discovered spa is sure to obtain among our novelty-loving countrymen. The bustle and gaiety of Carwell have long passed away: the faculty no longer consider its springs a specific for every mortal malady; nor do the great world, wearied of the splendour of their ancestral halls, hasten to its hotels, and strive, by submitting to temporary inconveniences, to acquire a new zest for the enjoyment of their homes. All is now stillness and solitude, but to my mind's eye it will ever be pictured as the place that it then was, rather than as it now is.

My sister and I were just of age at the time of which I write; we had been left orphans at too early an age to know our loss; and since leaving school, we had passed our time in visiting our numerous connections; but immediately on obtaining possession of the large fortune which, by the will of our father, was to become ours on our twenty-first birth day, we determined to take a beautiful little residence for a few-months, in the immediate neighbourhood of Carwell, and leave our permanent abode for the present undecided. The summer months passed rapidly away, and I believe seldom have any young heiresses so thoroughly enjoyed the adulation and flattery heaped upon heiresses all the world over, as we did. We were expecting to leave our lovely Orange Bower (for so was our cottage called) in about a fortnight, when one bright autumnal morning, finding my sister not ready for breakfast quite so soon as myself, I put on my bonnet, and called my little dog Fanchon, to take a scamper with me through the adjoining lanes, intending to surprise Harriet on my return with the information that a certain circuit had been made in about one-third of the time usually allotted to such an expedition. I had not gone far,

however, before I met a woman whose cottage I had often visited, and who, by the depth of her courtesy, and a certain earnestness of gaze, seemed to say as plainly as any words could speak, "If you were not in such a hurry, Miss Emily, I would tell you something that would interest you very much." I paused, and she immediately began to ask me if I had heard of the dreadful accident that had happened to the morning coach about an hour before. It had been overturned, the coachman and guard killed on the spot, the outside passengers severely injured, and of the inside ones, who were merely a respectable-looking middle-aged woman, and a little child, the former was lying insensible at the inn, while the latter had escaped quite unhurt. In five minutes I found myself in a small room in the little inn near which the accident had happened; the medical man who attended us was already there, and he took me by the hand and said, "Miss Emily, this is no place for you; this poor woman's life is nearly ended; your presence can do her no good; but if you would amuse this little one, it would be a real kindness, for the poor sufferer seems conscious of her sobs, though of nothing else." So saying, he pulled a little girl reluctantly from the farther side of the bed, where her little face had been buried in the counterpane, and led her towards me. At the first glimpse of me, she bounded forward, exclaiming, "Oh, mamma! mamma!" but a second glance was sufficient to convince her of her mistake, and to make her redouble her cries for her dear nurse. I found Fanchon a powerful auxiliary in gaining the attention of my new little friend; and leaving word that I should take her home to breakfast, we hastened thither, and I really think joy at having met with an adventure almost made me forget to feel sorry for the suffering nurse; at least this I know, that when our friend the surgeon came after breakfast to say that all was over, and found me engaged in a regular game of romps with the child, I felt a pang as though her life had fallen a sacrifice to my negligence. There was nothing, he said, by which it could be ascertained to whom the child belonged, or whence she came; there was no luggage that could have belonged to them, and in the nurse's pocket only a very handsome purse, evidently belonging to a lady, containing a few guineas and some silver; the child's clothes, too, were not marked. The outside passengers had none of them come more than a few stages, and did not know how far the woman and child might have travelled; the latter could give no information, but that she was papa's and mamma's little girl, and that their names were papa and mamma, and nothing else; for herself, she seemed to abound in names, for nothing bright or beautiful in earth or air could be mentioned, but she said, "Mamma call me dat." She was Diamond, and Rose, and Eyebright, and Sunbeam; but the name she always gave when asked, was the very undignified one of Cherry. Cherry she affirmed she was, and very angry she grew when we laughed at her. However, we had no doubt that before the day expired, her parents would arrive; at any rate, the accident that had happened would soon reach their ears, and our little Cherry would be taken from us; but day after day, and week after week, passed, and at last the day came, on which we were to leave Carwell, without one inquiry having been made after the sweet child; for sweet, indeed, she was, and to me, at least, possessed of charms I never saw partaken of by any other. The day before we left, I told my sister that, of course, I should not part with our little plaything till her parents found her: she rather wondered at my encumbering myself in such a manner; but you may suppose her objections were not of a very serious nature, as about six months afterwards she became the wife of a gentleman with eight similar encumbrances; it certainly then became my turn rather to wonder, but I do not think she ever had the slightest cause to regret the step she took, any more than I have to regret mine. Before leaving Carwell, I sent my address in London, whither we were going, to all the hotels and lodging-houses, with a particular description of my little Chérie, and had also an account of the accident again inserted in the newspapers.

My Chérie had evidently been most carefully brought up, and the first thing I did on arriving in London was to purchase a blank book, in which I might carefully record every thing the little girl said that might throw any light upon her past life, for I mistrusted my memory too much to rely on it alone; the second thing I did was to have her miniature taken, that should she not meet her parents till too much changed for them to remember her, the miniature might be something to appeal to for what she had been when first brought under my notice.

From the very moment of leaving Carwell, I determined to devote my whole time and attention to the welfare of this beloved child, and I commenced a course of reading that I hoped might qualify me for carrying on her education in a very superior manner. I studied

* See the ballad of the Lass of Lochryan.

† See the ballad of *Brown Adam* in the Border Minstrelsy.

all that Locke and Mrs Chapone, Miss Edgeworth, Hannah More, and Miss Hamilton, had written on the subject, and amused myself with forming schemes, which I thought would combine the advantages of each system without the defects of any. As soon as she became old enough to have a governess, I used great care in the selection of one whom I thought likely to co-operate with me in my plans for conveying the highest degree of polish to the manners, combined with the most solid groundwork of intellectual cultivation. I could, however, seldom retain any governess longer than a few months, my exactions being so very arbitrary, until I received a Mrs Baker, who was every thing that I could wish. This lady was homeless and friendless, and her history interested me so much, that I determined to take her on trial. She had just escaped from France, where she had been a prisoner, and without any means of communicating with her family and friends, for ten tedious years; and when at last, a lonely widow, she reached her native land, it was only to find herself without a friend, and with so small a pittance that active employment was her only resource. I was soon delighted to find the change that took place upon Chérie. Mrs Baker acted in so judicious a manner, and gained so thorough an insight into her character, and so completely regulated her course of instruction by that knowledge, that, when I saw the result, I could not but inwardly resolve to leave her in such excellent hands. Mrs Baker's whole happiness seemed to consist in devoting herself to Chérie; she seldom alluded to her past trials, but when she did, it was always to contrast them with some cause for thankfulness in her present lot; and, on the whole, a more soberly happy trio has seldom passed five years in each other's society. Mrs Baker, from the very first, I found to be no common character, and every month developed new traits which commanded respect and admiration.

When Chérie was about eighteen, I consented to let her pass a few months with my sister, who was going to make a tour through the north of England, while I availed myself of an oft-repeated invitation to visit my friend Lady Marsden, whom I had not seen for many years, though an affectionate correspondence had always been maintained between us. I met with a most cordial reception at Marsden Park, and was so delighted with a beautiful cottage, just outside the Park gates, and looking towards the village green, that, finding it was in want of a tenant, I determined upon renting it, thinking it a favourable pretext for securing a permanent residence for Mrs Baker, by asking her to look after my little household whenever I should be absent; and as I secretly resolved that it should never be my home for very long together, her delicacy would thus be spared the appearance of dependence, which constantly moving about with us would have; besides, I had heard her speak with rapture of the scenery in the neighbourhood, which she said she had visited in the happiest period of her life. I had soon the pleasure of seeing her comfortably installed in the cottage which I longed to bid her call her own, but my kind friends would not hear of my leaving the Park for the present. Among their other guests, was a niece of Lord Marsden's, who lionised me through the old apartments to my very heart's content. We had passed several hours of a long wet morning in a room in the old part of the building, filled with family pictures of those long since gone, like the withered flower (to borrow Herbert's beautiful idea), to revisit their mother earth, but with each of whom Fanny Milton seemed as intimately acquainted as if they were beings of the present generation, and of whose blighted hopes and disappointed fears she had many a thrilling legend to tell; when she said, "Do you know I have a very bold scheme in my mind: I am quite determined to smuggle you into a room where no one but my poor uncle has entered for many years: there is a picture there of his first wife, who, with her only child, was lost at sea, as you know; it is in the first Lady Marsden's dressing-room, and my uncle has never permitted any one to go into it since. He visits it daily, and I can always tell when he has been there, he looks so thoughtful and sad. I often wonder if his present fair lady knows of its existence, at least if she is aware what the room contains, for she must know he often shuts himself up there. I have sometimes thought I would ask her, but I have been checked by a fear of making her jealous. But," she added, laughing, "I have my revenge in store if ever she vexes me, that's all." "But," I said, "how can we possibly obtain access to the room, when even Lady Marsden is not allowed to enter it?" "Oh! leave that to me," she replied; "I go whenever I hear my uncle leave the room, to see if the key is left in the door, and once in every four or five visits I have always been so fortunate as to find it there; and it is so long since I got in, I have a presentiment it will not be long before I manage it again."

About three weeks after this, I was fast asleep one night, when I was awoken by Fanny Milton standing beside me, and saying, "Come, come, Miss Montague, the key is in the door, and I have been waiting till I was quite sure my uncle would be gone to bed; but you must be quick, for my candle will soon be burnt out, and yours, I see, is quite so; but take care you make no noise." There was something very solemn in entering the chamber of the dead clandestinely, and at such an hour too. "How I wish it was daylight!" said Fanny; "this paltry tallow candle is but a poor substitute for the beams of the sun, for I have seldom seen any picture placed in so advantageous a light as this, when the shutters are open." Much as I should have

liked, at any other time, to have looked round this desolate apartment, yet our candle was burning too low in its socket to admit of my noticing any thing but the one object I was come to see. I had only time to take one wistful gaze at the lovely lady, and her sweet child who nestled in her bosom, when our candle suddenly went out, and left us in total darkness. I groped my way back to bed alone (Fanny's room being in an opposite direction to mine), but it was not to sleep; so long a night I never passed in the whole course of my existence; and when day at last dawned, still I thought the hour would never come when I might descend to the library with any hope of finding Lord Marsden there. At last I went down, but found it empty, and I began to fear that he was that morning going to depart from his established rule, of reading there for an hour before breakfast. At length he came, and summoning up all my courage, "Lord Marsden," I said, "I should apologise for my intrusion into a room where I believe you allow no one to enter but yourself; but I trust you will have to thank me for my boldness till your dying day, for I think I cannot be mistaken in saying that this (putting the miniature, which I always carried about with me, into his hands) that this is indeed your long lost little Geraldine." "There is no doubt that it is a most excellent copy of the likeness of my little girl," he said, with a mournful smile; "but I do not quite understand you, Miss Montague," and he looked at me as if he thought I were somewhat beside myself. "Do endeavour to compose yourself," he added, as I burst into tears; "if this miniature has been done by you, I assure you I shall value it very much, for it really is almost more like my dear, dear child, than the picture up stairs."

"Oh, Lord Marsden!" I passionately exclaimed, "why will you not understand me? I mean that Geraldine was not drowned, but that she is my own dear Chérie, of whom you so often have heard me speak." I almost repented having spoken so abruptly, for he looked for a moment so wildly perplexed, that I really feared reason would give way; but, making a violent effort to compose himself, he begged me to tell him, as briefly as possible, the whole history of my little founding. "It is indeed strange," he said, when I had concluded, "but I dare hardly trust to my newly formed hopes; for how the nurse and child escaped, while the mother perished, it baffles me to tell." I too was baffled, but when the purse found in the nurse's pocket was produced, and a similar one, half finished, was found in the work-table of Geraldine's mother, no doubt could remain that it was indeed herself. Ere an hour had passed, Lord Marsden was on his way to the Lakes for his daughter, and I was at the cottage, pouring forth into the ear of Mrs Baker the momentous history of the last eight hours. To my astonishment and vexation, she received the intelligence I had to communicate with any thing but joy, and after a few ineffectual struggles to conceal her tears, she gave way to a perfect paroxysm of weeping, exclaiming that Geraldine was now for ever lost to her. "Oh!" she said, "how have I dreaded this day!—come I knew it must, sooner or later; and, oh! what struggles have I had to keep the dreadful secret from her!" I rose in extreme indignation. "And you, Mrs Baker, then have known the secret of your pupil's birth, and have had the meanness to conceal that, from her and myself, which was alone wanting to complete our happiness." She could hardly persuade me to listen to any explanation, so angry was I with her for her concealment. "When you know all," she said, "your blame will be changed into pity. Only promise to repeat to no mortal ear what I say, and I will tell you every thing." I willingly promised, for curiosity will often in a moment subdue, or at least hold in abeyance, the angry passions. "You little thought," she said, "to whom you had given a home. I am Geraldine's mother. Oh! the anguish I have suffered in not daring even to call her Geraldine, and in hearing her conjectures as to who her mother was!" Her sobs almost prevented her speaking, and she looked so really ill, that I willingly consented to her proposal that she should, in the course of the day, send me a written account of her mysterious disappearance for so many years. On my return to the Park, I shut myself up in my own room, pleading the restless excitement I had endured during the night, as my excuse for the fatigue I felt. Thankful was I to hide my feelings from every human eye, till I could in some measure compose myself, and look with a degree of calmness at the strange position in which I stood, as the confidante of Mrs Baker.

In a few hours her letter arrived. I need not transcribe the whole of it. It mentioned that Lord Marsden having left her and Geraldine on a visit with a friend in North Wales, had gone over to Ireland, where he has large estates. While there, she received from a friend in Cork so alarming an account of Lord Marsden's state of health, that she determined instantly to join him. She had a man-servant with her, whom she considered sufficient protection, though she had never in her life undertaken even the shortest journey without having had considerable arrangements made for her; but all difficulties vanished before her earnest desire to rejoin her husband. When she reached Holyhead, she found that the packet had just sailed, and that there would not be another for a fortnight. She had incidentally heard a few days before, that there were packets from Plymouth to Cork every fortnight; so, regardless of the fatigue, she resolved to hasten thither, writing, however, a hurried letter to Lord Marsden, to go by the Holyhead packet, and informing him of her intention, as she thought it possible, after all,

that it might arrive before herself. When she reached Shrewsbury, however, she resolved to send the nurse and child to Carwell, as she feared the long journey might be injurious to the child, and she knew some intimate friends of her own sex were there who would look after her. She had not time to write to them, but they knew the nurse, and she was to tell them she would write from Plymouth. Most unfortunately, when she reached Plymouth, the vessel was on the point of sailing. She hastened on board, where she soon made the discovery that it was not intended for the accommodation of lady passengers at any rate; but the captain, a coarse, and as she soon began to fear, an ignorant man, was too glad to secure the large sum which the eagerness of the lady made him demand for her passage, to hint to her that it was no place for her. A violent storm came on the next day, which drove them completely out of their course; and after it had subsided, while the captain and crew were all in a state of brutal intoxication, they were taken by a French vessel. Her servant, the only one who offered any resistance, fell dead at her feet, declaring, he hoped they would rather kill his honoured lady than make a prisoner of her. Captivity, however, was her fate.

While in France, she in vain endeavoured to communicate with Lord Marsden; and after ten years of banishment, when, with great difficulty, she succeeded in reaching her own country, the first newspaper she took up contained the marriage of Lord Marsden. "Oh, what a withering of hope was there!" she said; "but I could not for a moment think of intruding a knowledge of my existence on a husband who seemed to have forgot me. I had loved him too dearly to blight his happiness now. I wrote to our banker in London, whom I knew to be a conscientious man; and having first obtained a promise in writing that he would inviolably keep the secret I had to confide, I entreated him to obtain for me, if possible, a situation as companion, or governess; the latter, by a strange accident, I found with you, to take charge of my own daughter. You will now, therefore, understand the depth and reality of the thankfulness which you have so often heard me express to that Providence which so mercifully provided a refuge for me in your house."

The letter concluded with many protestations of gratitude, which it made me blush to read, when I thought how little I felt to that Being who had brought me so far through life without, I may say, a single trial. These reflections, I trust, have not been lost upon me, but have influenced my whole subsequent life.

After Geraldine's return, there was one continued scene of gaiety and festivity at the Park for many weeks, but amidst it all, Geraldine found time to spend some hours each day at the cottage, and I was delighted to observe, that she seemed to love her unknown mother even more tenderly than she had done as little Chérie. Mrs Baker refused all invitations to the Park, and though she always received Lady Marsden's visits with politeness, there never seemed on either part any disposition to an intimacy. Lady Marsden's manner, indeed, altogether surprised me; her remarkably buoyant spirits seemed to forsake her from the hour of Geraldine's return, and she had an abstracted look, and an appearance of constraint, that distressed me. Fanny Milton told me she saw plainly her conjectures respecting her jealousy were but too true; for now that that room was Geraldine's, Lord Marsden was more there than ever. I could not forbear, from my friendship for Lady Marsden, urging her to alter her manner, assuring her the harsh uncharitable world would impute the change to a wrong cause; and though I knew that she indeed loved Geraldine, as though she were her own child, others would suppose it was otherwise. I saw she endeavoured to rally her spirits, but the effort was without success. Not a day passed but some little present was sent by Lord and Lady Marsden to Mrs Baker, and she, who really seemed grateful for the smallest attention from them, sent in return little ornaments for Lady Marsden, of French work, and not unfrequently little ails of her own, often accompanied by beautiful words, which she had written herself. Lady Marsden soon fell into bad health, and at length was ordered to try a warmer climate. She was taken with great care to Madeira, but she had resided only a month in that island, when she died. Some time afterwards I received a packet which had been found in her desk, in which she owned that the cause of her dejection was, a thought had strongly impressed her, that since the child had been saved, the mother might be so also; she said she durst hardly acknowledge her fears even to herself, but they had preyed upon her, so as to take all comfort from her life.

Lord Marsden did not long survive his lamented lady. In returning home from Madeira, he had taken a cold which settled on his lungs, and he died, to the regret of all who knew him. His long self-denying wife, poor Mrs Baker, came to see him just in time to receive one look of recognition, and then his eyes closed for ever. Poor Geraldine! it was indeed a trying day to lose a father and find a mother at once. The joy of the neighbourhood was unbounded at finding Lady Marsden again restored to them; rich and poor flocked to see her, as soon as propriety would permit; and many of her poor aged pensioners in the village, who had often wished Mrs Baker had known the first Lady Marsden, that she might listen with more complacency to their praises of her, wept tears of joy at seeing their dear benefactress once more among them. She now reaped a rich harvest from the care she had bestowed upon Geraldine, who has ever felt that her debt of gratitude

to her mother can never be repaid. Never have I seen mingled respect and confidence so beautifully developed as in Geraldine's behaviour to her mother; how she could gratify her feelings has been the chief object of her life ever since she found her parent, and this she has accomplished without neglecting one relative duty which her marriage or her station in life has imposed upon her.

FLOATING GARDENS AND ISLANDS.

CASHMERE, so celebrated in the East for its romantic beauties and fertile soil, is an appendage of Afghanistan, an extensive and powerful kingdom of Asia, situated between Hindostan and Persia. Cashmere forms one vast valley encircled by lofty mountains (a part of the Himalah range), and extends about ninety miles in length, by from forty to seventy miles in breadth. This great natural hollow affords an excellent illustration of the changes which the surface of the globe is continually undergoing by existing causes. Formerly it was one immense lake, as is clearly shown by horizontal lines running along the face of the mountain on both sides, which mark the gradual subsidence of the waters. So far scientific travellers assert; but tradition of high antiquity goes still further. It asserts, that into this immense basin flowed all the rivers of the surrounding mountains, carrying with them large quantities of soil; but that at length the lake burst for itself a passage through the rocky barrier which confined it, leaving the hollow filled up to a considerable extent with rich alluvium. The extraordinary fertility of the soil warrants the conclusion that at one time an immense quantity of debris was brought thither from the surrounding elevations; but that the subsidence of the waters was gradual, not sudden, is proved by the lines which are traced, as it were like sheep-paths, along the mountain side.

Water or marshy ground still occupies a portion of the valley. The city of Cashmere itself is situated in the midst of numerous lakes, connected with each other, and with the river Vidusta, by canals, separated by narrow lines and insulated plots of ground. Some parts of the city are sufficiently elevated above the water-line to be out of danger on any rise of the water; but the greater portion lies so low, that in considerable inundations, which are far from uncommon, it is liable to be flooded. The depth of the lakes is in the course of being gradually diminished by the accumulated growth of weeds and aquatic plants, and the steady deposition of mud; the surface of the lakes is thus increased, so that the inundations have become annually more frequent, and spread to a greater extent than formerly. These circumstances have suggested to the inhabitants an expedient by which certain vegetables are cultivated in safety, that is, in such a manner as to be afforded as much moisture as they require, without exposure to the risk of being destroyed. Of the method of forming these floating gardens, Mr Moorcroft gives us a very explicit account in his "Notices of the Natural Productions and Agriculture of Cashmere." It is effected, he informs us, through the medium of a floating support, of which the buoyancy and flexibility prevent the plants sinking into the mass, or being partially covered with it. Various aquatic plants spring from the bottom of the lakes, such as water-lilies, convolvuluses, sedges, reeds, and the like; and as the boats which traverse these waters take generally the shortest lines they can pursue to the place of their destination, the lakes are in some parts cut, as it were, into avenues separated by beds of sedges and reeds. In these places, then, the farmer establishes his cucumber and melon floats, by cutting off the roots of the aquatic plants just mentioned about two feet under the water, so that they completely lose all connection with the bottom of the lake, but still continue attached to each other. When thus separated from the soil, they are pressed into closer contact, and formed into beds of about two yards in breadth, and of an indefinite length. The heads of the sedges, reeds, and other plants of the float, are next cut off, placed upon its surface, and then overlaid with a thin coat of mud, which is left gradually to insinuate itself into the mass of matted stems. The bed floats, but is prevented from drifting about by a stake of willow being driven through it at each end, which admits of its rising and falling, in accommodation to the rise and fall of the water.

The gardens are now in a state of complete preparation for the reception of the vegetable to be raised. The gardener has in readiness a number of cucumber and melon plants, which have been raised under mats; and of these, as soon as they have got four leaves, he places them on the floating mass, at about two feet distance from each other. The labour is now completed, no further care being necessary but that of collecting the fruit. The whole expense is confined to the value of the labour, which is exceedingly trifling, as the work is soon done. Perhaps a more economical method of raising cucumbers cannot be devised. For the most part, the islands will bear a man's weight, but generally the fruit is picked off by a person sitting in a boat. "I traversed," says Mr Moorcroft, "a tract of about fifty acres of these floating gardens in cucumbers and melons, and saw not above half a dozen unhealthy plants; nor have I seen in the cucumber and melon grounds, in the vicinity of very populous cities in Europe or in Asia, so large an expanse of plants in a state equally healthy, though it must be observed running into somewhat too great

luxuriance of growth." Mr Moorcroft goes on to say that this method of culture might be advantageously extended to other plants besides those mentioned, and observes:—"The traveller who finds the water-melon of vast size, buried in the hot and dry sand of the desert, would not be readily tempted to conclude that it could be raised in nearly equal luxuriance of growth in the cool and humid atmosphere of a floating garden. Yet the fact points out an accommodating power in the constitution of this plant, which may be as largely found in others where at present it has not been supposed to reside. And the subject is of extreme importance, the water-surface of our islands having never been suitably called upon to contribute its share of produce to the maintenance of our population." We take the liberty of doubting the conclusions of this writer, as respects this country, for we fear that our climate will prove unsuitable to produce any vegetable of general use on such watery localities.

Floating islands are by no means uncommon. They are found in almost every part of the world, and their general history occupies no inconsiderable portion of the writings of the earlier geographers. The space which they fill, however, is proportioned rather to the wonder which the idea of such a thing excites, than to their economic importance. They are simply formed by the roots of plants and trees interlacing with each other, and thus, as in the case of the floating gardens of Cashmere, constituting a support for layers of earth. After having been undermined or torn away by the waters from the banks, or bottoms of lakes, to which they were attached, by their lightness and spongy consistency, joined to their inconsiderable thickness, they remain buoyant on the surface of the waters. Our own beautiful lake, Loch Lomond, contains several of them, and they are found in other sheets of water in Scotland, and also in Ireland. A small lake in Artois, near Saint Omer, is covered with floating islands. The marshy lakes of Comacchio, situated near the Gulf of Venice, present a great number; indeed, it is in such boggy situations that they are most likely to be formed. The most considerable noticed any where are those of the Lake of Gerdau in Prussia, which furnish pasturage for one hundred head of cattle; and that of the Lake of Kolk, in the country of Osnabruck, which is covered with beautiful elms. Some of these floating islands appear and disappear alternately. The Lake Ralang, in Smalande, a province of Sweden, encloses a floating island, which, from 1696 to 1766, has shown itself ten times, generally in the months of September and October. It is two hundred and eighty feet in length, by two hundred and twenty in breadth. There is an island similar to it in Ostrogothia; and we have seen a small one on Derwent water in Cumberland.

A TASTE FOR READING.

In an admirable speech on the subject of common-school education, delivered by Governor Everett at a late public meeting at Taunton, Bristol county, in one of the New-England states, the following passages occur on the cultivation of a taste for reading:—

"It is a great mistake to suppose that it is necessary to be a professional man, in order to have leisure to indulge a taste for reading. Far otherwise. I believe the mechanic, the engineer, the husbandman, the trader, have quite as much leisure as the average of men in the learned professions. I know some men busily engaged in these different callings of active life, whose minds are well stored with various useful knowledge, acquired from books. There would be more such men, if education in our common-schools were, as it well might be, of a higher order; and if common-school libraries, well furnished, were introduced into every district, as I trust in due time they will be. It is surprising, sir, how much may be effected, even under the most unfavourable circumstances, for the improvement of the mind, by a person resolutely bent on the acquisition of knowledge. A letter has lately been put into my hands, bearing date the 6th of September, so interesting in itself, and so strongly illustrative of this point, that I will read a portion of it; though it was written, I am sure, without the least view to publicity.

"I was the youngest (says the writer) of many brethren, and my parents were poor. My means of education were limited to the advantages of a district school, and these, again, were circumscribed by my father's death, which deprived me, at the age of fifteen, of those scanty opportunities which I had previously enjoyed. A few months after his decease, I apprenticed myself to a blacksmith in my native village. Thither I carried an indomitable taste for reading, which I had previously acquired through the medium of the society library; all the historical works in which, I had at that time perused. At the expiration of a little more than half my apprenticeship, I suddenly conceived the idea of studying Latin. Through the assistance of an elder brother, who had himself obtained a collegiate education by his own exertions, I completed my Virgil during the evenings of one winter. After some time devoted to Cicero, and a few other Latin authors, I commenced the Greek. At this time it was necessary that I should devote every hour of daylight, and a part of the evening, to the duties of my apprenticeship. Still I carried my Greek grammar in my hat, and often found a moment, when I was heating some large iron, when I could place my book open before me against the chimney of my forge, and go through with *tupeio, tupeio, tupeio*, unperceived by my fellow apprentices, and, to my confusion of face, with a detrimental effect to the charge in my fire. At evening, I sat down, unassisted and alone, to the Iliad of Homer, twenty books of which

measured my progress in that language during the evenings of another winter. I next turned to the modern languages, and was much gratified to learn that my knowledge of the Latin furnished me with a key to the literature of most of the languages of Europe. This circumstance gave a new impulse to the desire of acquainting myself with the philosophy, derivation, and affinity of the different European tongues. I could not be reconciled to limit myself in these investigations to a few hours after the arduous labours of the day. I therefore laid down my hammer and went to New Haven, where I resorted to native teachers in French, Spanish, German, and Italian. I returned at the expiration of two years to the forge, bringing with me such books in those languages as I could procure. When I had read these books through, I commenced the Hebrew with an awakened desire of examining another field; and, by assiduous application, I was enabled in a few weeks to read this language with such facility, that I allotted it to myself as a task, to read two chapters in the Hebrew Bible before breakfast each morning; this, and an hour at noon, being all the time that I could devote to myself during the day. After becoming somewhat familiar with this language, I looked around me for the means of initiating myself into the fields of oriental literature, and, to my deep regret and concern, I found my progress in this direction hedged up by the want of requisite books. I immediately began to devise means of obviating this obstacle; and after many plans I concluded to seek a place as a sailor on board some ship bound to Europe, thinking in this way to have opportunities of collecting at different ports such works in the modern and oriental languages as I found necessary for this object. I left the forge and my native place to carry this plan into execution. I travelled on foot to Boston, a distance of more than a hundred miles, to find some vessel bound to Europe. In this I was disappointed, and while revolving in my mind what steps next to take, I accidentally heard of the Hall of the American Antiquarian Society in Worcester. I immediately bent my steps towards this place. I visited the Hall, and found there, to my infinite gratification, such a collection of ancient, modern, and oriental languages, as I never before conceived to be collected in one place; and, sir, you may imagine with what sentiments of gratitude I was affected, when, upon evincing a desire to examine some of these rich and rare works, I was kindly invited to an unlimited participation in all the benefits of this noble institution. Availing myself of the kindness of the directors, I spend about three hours daily at the Hall, which, with an hour at noon, and about three in the evening, make up the portion of the day which I appropriate to my studies, the rest being occupied in arduous manual labour. Through the facilities afforded by this institution, I have been able to add so much to my previous acquaintance with the ancient, modern, and oriental languages, as to be able to read upwards of fifty of them, with more or less facility."

I trust I shall be pardoned by the ingenious author of this letter, and the gentleman to whom it is addressed, for the liberty I have taken, unexpected, I am sure, by both of them, in thus making it public. It discloses a resolute purpose of improvement (under obstacles and difficulties of no ordinary kind), which excites my admiration, I may say my veneration. It is enough to make one who has had good opportunities for education, hang his head in shame."

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

COBLENTZ TO MAYENCE.

COBLENTZ—the Confluentia of the Romans—occupies a situation of great beauty on the triangular point of land formed by the junction of the Moselle with the Rhine. The latter river rises in France, and after a winding course of three hundred miles through much picturesque scenery, and passing several ancient towns—among the rest Treves—here falls into the Rhine. The wines produced in the countries on its banks are celebrated for a light pleasant flavour and high aroma, and are chiefly sent to Coblenz for exportation. Both as a centering point for the traffic of the valley of the Moselle, and for the populous district on the middle Rhine, the situation of Coblenz is favourable for commerce; but, unfortunately, from political causes, and particularly from the military character of the place, comparatively little advantage is derived from the excellence of its locality. At present, it possesses 14,000 inhabitants, and a garrison of 4000 men.

It is impossible to pay a visit of only a few hours to Coblenz, without being affected by a sense of the evils incidental to the maintenance of a warlike attitude. Wherever we turn our eyes, we behold the appearances of armed force. Instead of seeing a town generously unboasting itself with ample quays on the Rhine and Moselle, we perceive high loop-holed walls rising along the margins of these fine deep waters, absolutely shutting out commerce, and leaving a petty traffic from a few boats to be carried on by a kind of sufferance at a quay of trifling dimensions situated near the central outlet from the town. Instead of seeing a town stretching freely away into the country behind, and possessing environs embellished with the villas of gentry and merchants, we perceive a closely packed cluster of streets, bounded by ramparts and ditches, and guarded with cannon. Amidst such emblems of barbarism and violence, it excites no surprise to see thoroughfares, mean, foul, and swarming with a

miserable population; even the more elegant and modern parts of the town are marked by certain symptoms of neglect and ruin. The condition of Coblenz is very hopeless. It is the centre-point of a cluster of armed fortresses, forming the impregnable bulwark of Prussia, and must of course follow the fate of that kingdom. First in the list of these military strengths, is Fort Kaiser Franz on the opposite side of the Moselle, flanked by two smaller forts, the Moselle Arrow and Nuendorf—the three guarding the route by the Moselle, and the route to Cologne. Second, Forts Alexander and Constantine, situated on a rising ground overhanging the town on the inland side. Third, and last, the Fort of Ehrenbreitstein, which occupies a broad rocky mount on the opposite side of the Rhine, the valley of which it sweeps right and left, besides commanding the country behind. On looking around, therefore, from the walls of Coblenz, we find ourselves in the heart of, perhaps, the very strongest military post in the world, that of Gibraltar or Malta not excepted.

The rocky knoll of Ehrenbreitstein (the broad stone of honour), with its wreathing loop-holed walls bristling with cannon, rises almost closely from the river on its right bank, and both in height and aspect reminds us of Edinburgh Castle. The fort has long been celebrated for its powers of defence. In the wars of Louis XIV., it held out against and defied that monarch, with all the force he could bring against it. In the wars of the French republic (1793-99), it also held long out against the best generals of France, but was ultimately delivered up in consequence of famine. To such extremities was the garrison reduced by hunger before yielding up the place, that the flesh of cats and horses was sold at from a shilling to two shillings a pound. The French retained the fort till 1801, when they abandoned it, and blew it up. Latterly, it has been rebuilt according to the best principles of fortification. The lines of Byron, commemorative of its shattered condition, will recur to recollection:—

Here Ehrenbreitstein, with her shatter'd wall
Black with the miner's blast, upon her height
Yet shows of what she was, when shell and ball
Rebounding idly on her strength did light:
A tower of victory! from whence the flight
Of baffled foes was watch'd along the plain:
But Peace destroyed what War could never blight,
And laid those proud roofs bare to Summer's rain—
On which the iron shower, for years, had pour'd in vain.

At the foot of rocky precipices, and close upon the Rhine, stands the small town of Ehrenbreitstein—in which, by the way, facing the river, there is an excellent quiet hotel, the Weissen Ross, or White Horse, which I can, from experience, recommend to travellers. The communication between this side of the Rhine and Coblenz, is kept up by means of a platform bridge laid on thirty-seven stout barges, moored in the stream, and measuring 485 paces in length. Following the course of the Rhine up to this point, the country on both banks has belonged to Prussia, but a short way above Ehrenbreitstein, the right bank ceases to belong to that power, and forms part of the duchy of Nassau.

Coblenz is connected with the left bank of the Moselle by a stone bridge of thirteen arches, which are so lofty that the vessels which navigate the stream do not require to lower their masts in passing below them. The view from the bridge up the serpentine course of the Moselle, embraces a landscape of soft beauty, with Fort Kaiser Franz, and a line of picturesque hills in the distance. The waters of the Moselle, at the period of my visit, though not "blue," or any colour but a dull yellow, were all that a poet could wish; and I have little doubt that the banks would be as charming by the "starry light of a summer's night" as they were when lighted up by the declining sun of an autumnal evening. Crossing the Moselle by its massive stone bridge, and passing a rather attractive suburb on the left bank of the stream, we are speedily led to a rising ground, where stands the monument erected over the remains of Marceau, a young general of the French republican army, who was killed at the battle of Altenkirchen, on the 21st of September 1796. At the interment of his body, both French and Austrians, friends and enemies, attended to do honour to departed worth:—

By Coblenz, on a rise of gentle ground,
There is a small and simple pyramid,
Crowning the summit of the verdant mound;
Beneath its base are heroes' ashes hid,
Our enemy's—but let not that forbid
Honour to Marceau! o'er whose early tomb
Tears, big tears, gush'd from the rough soldier's lid,
Lamenting and yet envying such a doom,
Falling for France, whose rights he battled to resume.

Brief, brave, and glorious was his young career—
His mourners were two hosts, his friends and foes;
And fitly may the stranger linger here
Pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose;
For he was Freedom's champion, one of those,
The few in number, who had not o'erstept
The charter to chastise which she bestows
On such as wield her weapons; he had kept
The whiteness of his soul, and thus men o'er him wept.

BYRON.

Returning from this interesting part of the environs of Coblenz, we paid a passing visit to the ancient church of St Castor, a lofty structure with four towers standing on the point of land at the junction of the Moselle and Rhine. St Castor's is an exceedingly old church: it was originally built in the year 836, with foundations resting on Corinthian pillars, and within its walls, in 843, the grandsons of the Emperor Charlemagne met to divide his possessions into Germany, France, and Italy. The church has been partially modernised, particularly at its entrance porch, and does not seem older than the common order of Gothic buildings. Its millennial jubilee was celebrated with great solemnity in 1836. The miserable-looking open square in front of the church, or Casterhof, as it is termed, contains an object of historical interest which is visited by most strangers. This is a substantial stone fountain, which was erected during the occupation of the town by the French in 1812. According to an inscription upon its side, it was erected by Jules Doazan, the French prefect of the department, to commemorate the expedition of Napoleon to Russia. The amusing thing about it is, that the town afterwards fell into the hands of the Russians, and the Russian commandant has inscribed a wickedly satirical effusion below the inscription of the Frenchman. The two inscriptions stand literally as follow:—

An. MDCCCXII.

Memorable par le Campagne

Contre les Russes,

Sous le prefecture de Jules Doazan.

Vu et approuve par nous, Commandant Russe,
de la ville de Coblenz
Le 1 Janvier 1814.

Seen and approved by us, the Russian commandant of the town of Coblenz, the 1st of January 1814! One could hardly have expected such an admirable piece of railery from a Russian; but in 1814 the Russians could afford to laugh at France.

During the excursion-season in summer and autumn, the shore of the Rhine at Coblenz exhibits a busy scene of arrival and departure of steam-boats; and from this point travellers have an opportunity of proceeding in various directions in search of the picturesque. Such are the arrangements of the steam-boat companies, that tourists from Cologne may either proceed directly onward to Mayence without stopping, or stop all night at Coblenz, and proceed in the morning. The journey from Cologne, however, which occupies an entire day, is quite sufficient to fatigue the tourist, and he wisely betakes himself to a hotel, to wait till the morning's light brings a renewal of his toil. The steam-vessels, both of the Rhine and Moselle, lie at the small quay below the bridge of boats, and are reached by a platform or gangway, resting on several barges moored in the water. This is a species of jetty to be seen at various places on the Rhine, and I beg to recommend it as worthy of imitation at places in our own country, where regular piers for the accommodation of passengers do not exist.

Early on the morning of our departure from Coblenz, we secured our places in an excellent steamer, which lay hissing at one of these convenient barge jetties, and the bridge of boats across the river being opened to allow a passage up the stream, our vessel set merrily off on its trip to Mayence. The district of Rhine scenery lying between Coblenz and Mayence, is much more picturesque than that farther down the river. The banks are for the greater part more rocky and precipitous, and shoot up in rugged conical mounts, or vine-clad steeples, from the brink of the stream. Still, however, a highway pursues the edge of the river, along the left or Prussian bank; the solid rock being in various places cut away with great labour and expense, to permit its continuous course. There is also a road on the right or Nassau bank, but it is neither so regular nor so complete as the other. For those who have time to spend in performing the journey upwards by these land routes, stopping at villages and old castles by the way, and inspecting the scenery from the heights above the river, a much more interesting tour may be executed than by sailing in the steam-vessels; but the latter mode of journeying will be found much the easiest, the cheapest, and, I believe, except to decided view-hunters, the most satisfactory in every respect.

The view of the Rhine looking upwards from Coblenz, I have already described as being exceedingly beautiful. At the head of the open reach through which the steamer now threads its way, passing in its course the pretty island of Oberwerth, we perceive, perched on a rocky height on the left bank, the magnificent ruin of Stolzenfels, a castle supposed to have been built in the thirteenth century, and which was destroyed by the French about the year 1690. Immediately opposite is the valley of the Lahn, a river of Hesse and Nassau, which here adds its waters to the Rhine. The banks of the Lahn are equally romantic with those of the Rhine, and are as interesting from the number of old towns and castles. The opening of the valley is strikingly marked by the ancient church of St John standing on the point of land at the

junction of the Lahn with the Rhine, and beyond is seen Niederlahnstein, the first of the towns of Nassau; opposite, on a craggy knoll on the left bank of the Lahn, is the old picturesque ruin of Lahneck castle, which, with that of Stolzenfels across the Rhine, reminds us of the castle of Drachenfels, and its opposite guardian of the pass, Rolandseck. Passing these imposing memorials of a time of feudal warfare, and their respective old villages beneath them, we proceed up a tolerably long reach of the river, between banks richly clad with vine gardens, and are soon opposite Rhenze, a little old town, on the left bank. This is a spot of historical interest. At the distance of three or four hundred paces below Rhenze, and close to the road, are still to be seen four stones of moderate dimensions, part of the ancient and venerable monument called Königstuhle, where the electors of the Rhine frequently assembled to deliberate on the interests of Germany. Unfortunately, the edifice, which was an octagon resting on pillars, was destroyed by the French in 1794. A short way beyond Rhenze we come to the ancient castle of Marksburg, which is still entire, and stands on the top of a high rocky mount overhanging the river on its right bank. It is occupied as a state prison of Nassau.

The Rhine now makes a considerable bend, and we are carried in front of the town and castle of Liebenck. A little farther on, after making another serpentine turn, and passing two or three villages, the vessel approaches the populous, but old and decayed town of Boppard, on the left bank; above the town is an ancient large edifice, once a nunnery, but now forming a cotton-spinning factory. Next, on the right bank, we pass the romantic ruins of two castles, Sternberg and Liebenstein, planted on the summit of two craggy knolls, within less than a hundred yards of each other. Below, at the water's edge, are the church and convent of Bornhofen. Proceeding onwards, the banks become more and more rocky and wild in their character, the river having, in some places, the appearance of ploughing its way through a ravine, whose shelving sides are too steep to afford footing for the vine-dresser, and are shagged only with natural tufts of bushes and trees. Through this wild tract, the Rhine describes a number of short turns, and at each seems to enter a completely land-locked sheet of water, silent as a Highland lake, and occasionally diversified with a small shrubby islet, set as a gem on its glittering bosom.

Proceeding upwards through this wildest part of the river scenery, we have our attention successively called to the castles of Thurnberg and Katzenelenbogen, both in ruins, on rocky knolls on the right bank, and opposite them, on a high cliff on the left, the massive ruined fortress of Rheinfels. This castle, which is the largest on the Rhine, was originally built by the Count of Katzenelenbogen, in 1245, principally for the purpose of enforcing tribute on the passage of vessels on the river. Ten years after its erection, the confederation of free Rhenish towns, enraged at the exactions of the count, marched an army against the castle, and besieged it for fourteen months. They were not successful in their efforts, but the spirit they manifested spread over the country, and led to a general crusade against this and every other robber castle on the Rhine; so that about the end of the thirteenth century, almost every castle, from Mayence to Cologne, was taken and destroyed. Hence, a main cause for such a lengthened series of ruined fortlets. Rheinfels was afterwards enlarged and modernised by the Landgrave of Hesse, but was finally given up to the French in 1794, when it was blown up, set on fire, and completely destroyed. The marks of the conflagration are now visible on its blackened walls and ruined windows. The remains of the fortress, with its gardens, lawn, and vineyards, were purchased for 500 francs, by an individual who has built an inn adjacent, and shows the ruined dungeons and outworks to strangers.

At the base of the cliffy bank of Rheinfels, stands the poor old town of St Goar; and opposite it, on the other side of the river, the towns of St Goarshausen, and village of Neubrückhausen. Immediately beyond St Goar, we come to one of the narrowest parts of the river, overhung with almost perpendicular cliffs, and known by the name of the Lurrie; here, in order to bring out the echoes for which the spot is celebrated, a musket is usually fired, as the steamer passes, by a man placed on the road under the cliff. The river, in passing the strait, is more impetuous and turbulent than is usual in its course, and the spot has received the name of Lurrie, or water spirit, from a wild legendary tale, which describes the dangerous pass as being haunted by a fair female spirit who lures the poor navigator of the Rhine to destruction. There has been no instance, I believe, of her having made any attempt to mislead steam-vessels, or having been seen by any of their passengers. Another legend of the Rhine affixes the name of the Seven Sisters to as many rocks, which at certain seasons, when the stream is low, show their heads above the surface of the water. These, we are told, were seven daughters of the lord of Schomberg, whose castle is adjacent at Oberwesel, and were, for some haughtiness of demeanour towards a prince of the fairies in disguise, transformed into rocks while bathing. Passing, then, these seven unfortunate young ladies, we are speedily at Oberwesel (left bank), a town of two or three thousand inhabitants, and distinguished at a distance by its handsome Gothic church, and the ruins of the

castle of Schoenberg or Schomberg, which looks down from a rocky hillock beyond.

A new reach in the river exposes the small old town of Caub on the right bank, and above it, on a steep rock, the ruins of the castle of Gutenfels. Nearly below Gutenfels, and on a rock in the middle of the Rhine, stands the ancient castle of Pfalz, composed of a central tower and lower buildings around it, the whole walled in, and only approachable by a temporary wooden stair let down to the verge of the rock. Pfalz belongs to Nassau, and served at one time as a toll-house for the river, and as a state prison. To an apartment in this isolated fortlet, also resorted for protection, during the turbulences of the middle ages, the countesses of the palatinate on occasions of their *accouchements*—a fact conveying an impressive testimony of the horrid insecurity of life and person in the age of chivalry and romance. Next, on rounding a bend of the stream, we have before us, on the left bank, the old town of Bacharach, which is said to derive its name from a rock situated in the middle of the river, called by the Romans *Ara Bacchi*, the Altar of Bacchus. The rock is believed to have received this odd appellation, from an idea that when it was prominently visible above the water in summer, there would be a good vintage—in other words, when the summer is dry and warm, the grapes ripen to the greatest perfection, a truth which it would be quite needless to dispute. In passing Bacharach, and casting a glance up the ascending braes above the town, we perceive the shattered ruin of the church of St Werner, consisting of a few vacant Gothic arches, of light and elegant construction. The story of St Werner is too extraordinary to pass unnoticed. He was a pious youth, who lived some eight or nine hundred years ago at Oberwesel, where he was barbarously murdered, though by whom, is not clearly stated. The body having been thrown into the Rhine, instead of floating downwards with the current, as all common bodies it may be supposed would have readily done, was carried upwards against the current, and went ashore at Bacharach, from which it would not budge an inch till taken up and buried in a particular spot above the town, as the body of a canonised saint. This ceremony was speedily performed by the amazed and overawed inhabitants; and to mark their sense of the distinguished honour shown to their town by the murdered body, they erected a church over its tomb. The number of miracles which were wrought in after ages at the shrine of St Werner, are said to have been very considerable.

A short way beyond Bacharach, but on the right bank of the river, we pass the town of Lorch, and the ruins of the castle of Nollingen above it. On the opposite side are seen successively the ruined castles of Furstenthal, Heimburg, Sonneck, and Falkenburg, also the castle of Vautsburg or New Rheinstein. This latter fortlet, which has been restored by the royal family of Prussia, stands on a jagged rock half way up the cliffy bank rising from the margin of the river, and is mentioned as well worthy of a visit by strangers, on account of the style of its architecture, and the ancient armour, carving, embroidery, painted windows, ancient vessels, and other things it contains, all in perfect keeping with the feudal character of the structure.

We now approach a part of the river where the current is so rapid that the steam-vessel is unable to compete with it unassisted, and accordingly, a number of horses standing ready on the right bank are attached by ropes, and aid in bringing the steamer into the placid water at the head of the rapid. In proceeding upwards, about this place, we pass on the right bank, the small town of Asmaushausen, and beyond it, most extensive vineyards, to which it gives its name. The vineyards of Asmaushausen are among the most curious things one sees on the Rhine. Steep hills ascend from almost the edge of the river to a height of about eight hundred feet, and are, over the whole surface, disposed in the usual form of terraces to the very summit. On one of the highest we reckoned twenty-one or twenty-two terraces, resembling the steps in a pyramid, each step being shorter and smaller than that below it, till at the top the terraces were on the most diminutive scale. The sight of this hill, covered with beautiful light green vine plants in full leaf, is one of the most pleasant we behold in the whole course of the journey up the river, for besides the actual beauty of the verdant scene, it testifies to the patient industry of the people, most of whom depend for their subsistence on the precarious harvest of the vines.

On issuing from the pass and rapid at Asmaushausen, and making a bend round the rocky promontory, on which stand the ruins of the castle of Ehrenfels, the steamer may be said to have left the wild and romantic tract of the river, which began at Boppard, and now enters a scene of an entirely different character. The Rhine expands to a greater breadth, the hills retire and slope backwards on each side with easy ascent, and at a short distance farther up, are succeeded by rich level fields and partial elevations. Just at the entrance to this charming district, and on the left bank, is situated the town of Bingen, on an angle of land formed by the junction of the Nahe and the Rhine. The Nahe here forms the boundary betwixt the Prussian dominions and the principality of Hesse, the latter stretching up the left side of the Rhine towards Mayence. On a rock in the Rhine nearly opposite the embouchure of the Nahe, stands

the castle of Maüsethurm, or mouse tower, regarding which, animity and superstition have preserved a tale, that has been turned into verse by Mr Southey, detailing the cruelties of a Bishop Hatto of Mayence, who, while concealing himself in this his tower of strength, was devoured by an army of rats. Unfortunately for the credibility of the story, the tower was not built till two centuries after the death of Bishop Hatto, who, also, instead of being a man of a merciless disposition, was a person of princely munificence, and conferred an important boon on the district, by clearing away the rocks in the river at this spot, and rendering the stream navigable.

Bingen is an admirable starting point for those who wish to explore on foot the beauties of the country on both banks of the river, including the scenery of the Nahe. The soft and beautiful stretch of country commencing on the Rhine at Bingen, is locally styled the Rhinegau, or Rhine country, and within this fertile tract the finest wines are produced. The richest wine district is on the north-east, or right bank of the river, from which the low hills wave far into the distance, and expose to the southern sun an universal garden of vines. First, we have Asmaushausen, then Rudesheim, Johannisberg, and fifty other localities, one after the other, all celebrated for the superior quality of their wines, and lying within the compass of two or three miles on these rich sloping banks. In the midst of this terrestrial paradise—for, dressed in the garb of summer, with the broad Rhine in front, dotted with fertile islands, and sheltered by the hills of the Taunus, it really deserves such an appellation—stands Biberich, the princely residence of the duke of Nassau, and town of the same name adjacent. The palace, which occupies a conspicuous situation near the Rhine, is a large and handsome edifice, built in the old French style. The gardens behind are said to be very beautiful. When at Biberich, we have almost reached Mayence, for, after passing it, and issuing from behind a woody islet in the river, the towers of that ancient city are before us, rising, like those of Coblenz, from the margin of the left bank of the Rhine.

Here let us pause. We have been carried through a tract of not less than fifty miles, forming one of the fairest and most romantic portions of Nature's domains, and unequalled in any part of the world for its great extent, as well as the lavish abundance of its objects of picturesque beauty. Nowhere, certainly, in the whole hundred miles from Cologne upwards, does the scenery possess those qualities of sublimity, and grandeur which we find in such savage regions as Glencroe—the generally limited height of the mountain steeply necessarily precluding any character of that kind—but, taken all in all, for the vast number of exquisite points of beauty, and as combining every thing which constitutes the truly picturesque in nature, with the romance in art, the scenery, it must ever be allowed, is altogether inapproachable.

TRANSPORTATION—AS A PUNISHMENT.

A SELECT COMMITTEE of the House of Commons was appointed, in November 1837, to inquire into the "System of Transportation, its efficacy as a punishment, its influence on the moral state of society in the Penal Colonies, and how far it is susceptible of improvement." The Report drawn up by this committee at the close of their sittings, as well as the evidence brought before them, now lie before us, and present many interesting facts relative to the form of punishment which constituted the subject of inquiry. These facts, and the views and conclusions founded upon them, corroborate, in a remarkable manner, the opinions recently stated in this periodical by Miss Harriet Martineau.

The Parliamentary Committee have arranged the result of their labours under the following heads:—First, as to the history, nature, and amount of the punishment of transportation. Second, as to the apprehension produced by the threat of transportation, and its tendency to prevent crime in the mother-country. Third, as to the effects of transportation on the character of those who have undergone that punishment. Fourth, as to its influence on the moral state of society in the penal colonies. Fifth, as to its economical effects on those communities, and to what extent their pecuniary interests would be affected by its continuance or discontinuance. Sixth, as to the cost of the system of transportation. And, lastly, as to whether it be susceptible of improvement; and if not, what substitute might be adopted with advantage. These heads, it is obvious, have reference to almost every point of interest connected with this subject. We propose to follow the Report through each successive division of the inquiry, though, of necessity, in a brief and general manner.

New South Wales, Van Dieman's Land (both, it is well known, Australian colonies), Norfolk Island (a small island lying about a thousand miles to the east of Australia), and the Bermudas (a group in the Atlantic, opposite to the coast of Carolina), are the penal settlements, at this day, of Great Britain. New South

Wales has received, on an average, for the last five years, 3544 convicts annually, and in 1836 the whole convict population of the colony amounted to 25,254 men, and 2577 women; in all 27,831. The average number of convicts sent to Van Dieman's, and during the last five years, is 2078, and the convict population there amounted, in 1835, to 16,968 persons, of whom 2054 were women. Norfolk Island contained, in 1837, above 1200 convicts, most of whom had been re-transported from New South Wales, for offences committed there; and Bermuda holds about 900 convicted persons. These statements show how large is the number of human beings affected by the punishment of transportation. That punishment is proved, by the evidence in the Report, to be at once extremely unequal and severe. In New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land, to which colonies the following remarks chiefly apply, the greater number of the convicts are distributed among the free settlers as assigned servants; the remainder are mostly retained in the employment of government. In some cases, the condition of assigned convicts is comfortable enough, but this is most uncertain, as it depends entirely on the temper and disposition of the masters to whom chance hands them over. The assigned convict is at the mercy of the most summary laws; the lash, imprisonment, solitary confinement, and labour in irons, are the penalties to which, on the responsibility and at the option of individual magistrates, he may be subjected. That these laws are not inoperative, is proved by the fact that, in Van Dieman's Land, in one recent year, the number of lashes inflicted was about 50,000, and the summary convictions 15,000, though 15,000 was the whole amount of the convicts then in the island. In New South Wales, the number of summary convictions, in 1835, was 22,000, and the lashings frightful in amount. It is to be observed, that we do not here advert to the deservings of the convicts. All of these punishments may have been merited, but our purpose at present is merely to prove the actual severity and painfulness of the state of transportation to the assigned convict population. One excellent authority describes the practice of assignment as "cruel, uncertain, prodigal, and ineffectual, either for reform or example." Not less painful to the parties subjected to it, according to the evidence, is the system of employment under government. Most of the convicts thus distributed work in parties at the roads, and, for the most part, in irons. Their condition is wretched in the extreme.

But, while the pains of transportation are, in reality, thus severe, the effect of such severity, in rendering the threat of transportation a matter of fear to criminals and criminally disposed persons in the mother-country, is entirely lost. The punishment is underrated and laughed at, chiefly in consequence of the exaggerated reports which have got abroad respecting the comforts, wealth, and success in life, which have fallen to the lot of various felons in the colonies. These cases are remembered, while the general mass of convict suffering is forgotten or unheard of. For this and other reasons, the punishment of transportation, as now conducted, becomes almost entirely valueless, as regards its tendency to prevent the commission or crime in the parent land. Abundance of evidence is given in the Report in proof of the ineffectiveness of this conclusion, but it is sufficient for our purpose here to state that such is the fact.

The third head of the committee's investigation regarded the effects of transportation on those who had undergone the punishment. The amount of crime perpetrated in the penal colonies is partly shown by the summary punishments inflicted annually, but the number of convictions for crimes punishable with death has to be added to the sum. The number of executions in New South Wales is so great, that, supposing the state of crime and punishment in England to be on an equal scale, the latter country would display 7000 executions in one year! The crimes in the penal colonies are, indeed, almost innumerable; yet, of the whole recorded amount, according to the late Attorney-General of Van Dieman's Land, not less than three-fourths are committed by offenders whose sentences of transportation have expired! Can any thing more completely prove the total inefficiency of transportation in amending the character of those who undergo it? Again, as to the effects of the present transportation system on the moral state of society in the colonies, the evidence in the Report presents a most frightful picture. Convict servants, male and female, have been known directly to introduce contamination and misery into numberless families, and their less indirect influence is still more corrupting, and subversive of all the better sentiments. The progressive demoralisation of the penal colonies, both as regards the bond and free inhabitants, is but too clearly established by the single statistical fact, that crime has increased in a greater ratio than the population, and, consequently, in a far greater ratio than the number of convicts. "If the existing system be continued," say the committee, in closing their remarks on this head, "the moral condition, it is to be feared, of these colonies, is more likely to be still further deteriorated than improved."

As concerns the pecuniary interests of the penal colonies, and the cost of maintaining the present transportation system, it is unnecessary to say much. The discontinuance of that system would cause an obvious dearth of labourers, but the same cause would send out free labourers in greatly increased quantities; for, undoubtedly, the employment of convicts has had a tendency to bring labour into disrepute with the

classes who would otherwise have emigrated with that view. Such are the numbers of working people at present emigrating to Australia, indeed, that there appears every prospect of a full supply of free labour, ere any great length of time elapses, in that quarter of the world. The expense to the country of the transportation system has all along been very considerable, averaging, since its commencement, £156,398 a-year. But, at present, it is more than treble that amount, and is rapidly increasing every year. In 1836-7, the sum expended on the military establishments, convicts, &c., was £488,013, excluding from the calculation the expenses of Bermuda.

Having considered all these points at some length, the committee consider themselves entitled to infer from the whole, "that the two main characteristics of transportation, as a punishment, are inefficiency in deterring from crime, and remarkable efficiency not in reforming but in still further corrupting those who undergo its penalties; that these qualities are inherent in the system, which therefore is not susceptible of any satisfactory improvement; and, lastly, that there belongs to the system, extrinsically from its strange character as a punishment, the yet more curious and monstrous evil of calling into existence, and continually extending, societies, or the germs of nations most thoroughly depraved, as respects both the character and degree of their vicious propensities. Your committee, therefore, are of opinion that the present system of transportation should be ABOLISHED." Having stated this conclusion, the Report then proceeds shortly to consider the proper kind of punishment to be substituted for the other. Every individual witness, out of the many competent and well-informed ones examined by the committee, declared the free intercourse of the convicts with one another to be the main cause of the spread of crime and immorality. Even the mere collision on the voyage had been repeatedly known to convert a man who had committed a single offence in the moment of temptation, to a hardened, reckless reprobate. Keeping these evils in view, the committee observe, that "the experience of all nations, and more particularly the inquiries which have been instituted of late years, appear to establish the conclusion that some modification of the penitentiary system is best calculated to inspire terror, and to improve the moral character of an offender; and as far as any inference can be drawn from a comparatively short experience, it appears that these two main objects of punishment are most likely to be obtained by that form of the penitentiary system which is known as the separate system of America."

The separate system, as detailed in previous numbers of the present periodical,* consists in the incarceration of delinquents in separate cells, no one criminal having any access to or sight of another criminal during the whole period of confinement, but is well provided with work, and receives the visits of secular and religious teachers, and other functionaries connected with the prison. The beneficial influence of this mode of punishment—a mode which reclaims instead of vitiating offenders—is incalculable, and must in time supersede the worse than useless practices now pursued with reference either to the galleys or to transportation. The main objection to the substitution of the separate system for transportation is, it seems, the very great expense which would attend the building of the necessary prisons. But surely the people of this mighty empire, who have recently given twenty millions to ensure the freedom of the unfortunate Africans, would never hesitate to devote their means to the liberation of so large a body of their fellow-countrymen—erring though they may be—from the bonds of vice, crime, and misery, if once fully assured that such a result was practicable. The site of such prisons or penitentiaries is a matter for further consideration. The Parliamentary committee recommend that the shorter sentences should be undergone at home, and the longer ones abroad, in some place fixed on for the purpose. The advantage of having the principal penitentiaries abroad is obvious. The chances of communication between the prisoners and their friends would be lessened; the distance would render the punishment a greater object of dread; and the opportunities of turning the convict labour to the defrayal of the establishment's expenses, would be much greater. On the other hand, if the prisons were at home, the expenses (of removal, &c.) would be materially diminished, and the eye of the government would be more directly upon them. A mixed system, partly domestic and partly colonial, would probably suit all purposes best. Norfolk Island seems to the committee to be a place well suited for the purposes of a distant penitentiary of this kind, having a healthy climate, a small population, and other advantages for securing the comfort as well as the seclusion of the convicts.

In conclusion, it may be noticed that the committee strongly advise, in case of an alteration in the transportation system, that the new scheme should have some provision for the removal of reformed criminals to new scenes, where their past history may not be known, and where their good conduct may win them a fair and respectable place in society. This seems to them, and certainly is, a most important consideration. Altogether, comparing the probable issue of these suggested improvements in our penal legislation, with the actual consequences of the system as it stands, few will be inclined to say that it would be wise or

proper, on mere pecuniary considerations, to refrain from a trial of the change. The recorded results of the present system present so strong a contrast to the ameliorations in morals and disposition described as attendant on the separating penitentiaries, that every one, it seems to us, must be convinced, both of the necessity for amendment, and of the peculiarly appropriate and suitable nature of the change proposed.

THE TURF.

SOME ten or fifteen years ago—certainly twenty years ago—prize-boxing matches were quite common in England, and, we should suppose, were relished by a large class of the community, for a leading periodical used to entertain its readers with articles, almost monthly, on Boxers and Boxing. Boxing-matches are now of so rare occurrence, that they can hardly be said to exist—the practice of men beating each other to death, for the amusement of hundreds of spectators, is no longer tolerated. Social improvement proceeds only by slow degrees: the people have lost boxing, but they still retain the Turf, or horse-racing, which answers pretty well as a means of moral debasement, and is yet any thing but out of fashion, as the following passages from Mr Grant's "Travels in Town" will help to show.* The author begins with a glance at Epsom races.

"Until twelve o'clock, crowds continue to arrive on the race-course, not only from London, but from all parts of the country within a circuit of twenty or thirty miles. What an immense concourse of human beings! There cannot be less than 250,000 persons there. And see how well dressed the vast majority of them are! Ragged coats or faded silks are but rarely witnessed. Whatever may be the condition of the pocket or the belly, there is no cause of complaint, with very few exceptions, on the score of the back. If there be a lack of money or of food, there is no lack of raiment. And how elegantly dressed are a very large proportion of the immense assemblage! The women are gorgeously so. You would find it a task of some difficulty to point out a score of ill-dressed females within a moderate distance of the place at which you stand. Witness the forest of waving plumes of feathers. You wonder where they all came from; you had no idea before, that London could have furnished such a supply. How brilliant the aspect which the vast numbers of ladies who are present give to the immense assemblage! Their attire is elegance and splendour combined—their persons are handsome—and the charm caused by such a display of beauty and fashion would be complete, but for the unpleasant fact obtruding on your mind, that a very considerable portion of them are of exceptionable character. But let that pass. The face of the adjoining hill, extensive as is the space it embraces, appears as if instinct with life. Persons of all ranks and classes are there crowded together as densely as it is possible for them to be. See also both sides of the race-course, fully a mile and a half in length. Carriages, coaches, phaetons, cabs, carts; vehicles of all sorts, in short, are there ranged as closely as they can be, three or four deep, from nearly one extremity of the course to the other. And so thickly tenanted are they, chiefly with elegantly attired ladies, that it is with difficulty the parties can find standing room. Those large tents you see here and there, and every where, are so many portable gambling places, in which the work of plunder is going on at a fearful rate. Thousands are on the eve of ruin by the result of the impending race; the ruin of the foolish persons who are throwing the dice there, is already proceeding at a most rapid pace.

The horses about to start appear on the field, and the work of betting, as people see them with their own eyes, begins afresh. In a few minutes more, the bell rings to summon the animals to the starting point and the starting position. That moment there is a rush on the part of the tens of thousands who were occupied in amusing themselves in various ways outside, towards the dense masses of men, women, horses, vehicles, &c., which line the margins of the course. A few minutes elapse between the ringing of the bell and the issue of the race being declared. And what an important fraction of time is that to thousands who are present! Their prosperity or ruin—their future happiness or misery in this world—their affluence or beggary—the weal or the wretchedness of their wives and children, are all wrapt up in the events of five or six minutes. The signal is given for starting. 'Go!' shouts a loud voice at the starting post. The horses are all off. Now commences the frightful tempest of conflicting feelings in the breasts of multitudes before you. The horse which a party has backed against the field, starts fair; he is ahead. Imagine, he who can, the hope and joy mingled with fear which agitate such a person's bosom. The animal is distanced by some fleetest steed; the demon of despair seizes the party in a moment, in his iron grasp. He is a ruined man; his wife and family are in one moment hurled from the heights of affluence, to the lowest depths of poverty. He can scarcely support himself; he would fall prostrate on the ground, but that he is kept up by the pressure of the crowd. Had he the means and the opportunity, the probability

is that he would, in the agony of his remorse and despair, that moment destroy himself. This is no imaginary picture—no exaggerated description of the tempest which rages in a man's bosom, when he has been infatuated enough to stake his all on the result of a horse-race, and that result has been adverse. It is only a few years since a case was brought before the public, which fully equalled the one I have here supposed.

The concluding race takes place. It is over! and there is a universal rush towards the road leading in the direction of home. Such a scene of bustle and confusion as is now presented! Vehicles come in collision, and, what is worse, pedestrians are often jammed between two or more of these vehicles. The sufferers shriek, the ladies scream, and the drivers of the vehicles swear at, and abuse, and blame each other. Horses become restive; legs are broken, and bones are fractured. Great injury is done to the limbs of her majesty's subjects: it is fortunate if no lives be lost. The more tender-hearted of the myriads present feel for those who have already suffered, and are filled with fear and trembling lest other and still greater disasters should yet occur. Eventually the ground appears less densely peopled; the immense concourse assembled are now rapidly undergoing the process of dispersion. The majority of the tenants of the vehicles, and of the equestrians and pedestrians, have now forced their way to the road, and are earnestly bound in a homeward direction. Did you ever see such a road! Did you ever witness such extensive lines—all as close as they can be, so as to be able to move—of carriages, cabriolets, carts, horses, and human beings! Never, I will answer for it. You fear there must yet be many accidents before they all get home. Your fears are but too well founded; for I believe there has never yet been a Derby day in which there have not been a greater or less number of accidents, many of them serious: it is well if none prove fatal.

The amount of money which changes hands immediately after the conclusion of the leading races, is immensely great. I have heard it stated by one of the leading sportsmen of the present day, that at least £1,000,000 changes hands by the result of the Derby race at Epsom. Surely there must be an exaggeration here. If there were only half that sum, which I am convinced there is, it would be a very large amount. In some cases particular individuals bet to the extent of £20,000, £30,000, and even £40,000, on a single event. In 1826, Lord K—, one of the most celebrated Turfites of the present day, bet £30,000 to £1000 against a horse called Crusader. In the same year, another sporting character bet £20,000 against General, which was the favourite horse, and won it, but it was commonly believed there was foul play. Mr R—, the distinguished Yorkshire sportsman, won at the Derby race of 1832, the sum of £40,000 by backing St Giles, which was his own horse, exclusive of £2775 in stakes. This was certainly good work for one day.

Horses of great reputation on the turf always bring large sums. From £2500 to £3500 is quite a common price for a first-rate horse. As high as 5000 and even 6000 guineas, has repeatedly been given. One of the well-known proprietors of a great gambling house in Bennet Street, gave 5000 guineas for Ludlow at the Doncaster races of 1832. Some years ago, the Duke of Cleveland gave £12,000 for four horses.

So great is the supposed inequality of the horses that are entered to contest the leading prizes, that it is quite common to bet fifty or sixty to one, against a particular horse. In several cases one hundred to one have been bet that a certain horse would not win. The greatest disproportion I have heard of in the betting on any horse, was in the case of one which ran for the Derby some years ago, when two hundred to one was bet against him.

While some horses never gain more than one prize, others have a continued course of good luck. The mare Fleur de Lis won no fewer than ten out of eleven races. But the horse, which, of all others, continued to run for the longest time, and which gained the greatest number of prizes, was Dr Syntax. This horse continued on the turf ten consecutive years, and ran in the course of that period no fewer than forty-nine times. Out of this number of contests, Dr Syntax won the prize in twenty-six instances. Among the prizes thus gained were twenty gold cups.

All disputes which arise about matters directly appertaining to the turf, must be referred to the decision of the stewards of the Jockey Club. This is the only recognised tribunal in such matters. Its decision is final: there is no appeal from it. The Jockey Club consists of upwards of sixty noblemen and gentlemen of more or less standing in the sporting world. The stewards are three in number. One retires every year to make way for another, the retiring steward having the right to name his successor.

The turf is on the decline. Every friend of morality, and every one who wishes well to his fellow-creatures, will rejoice at this. What are now the leading horse-races, but gambling transactions on an extensive scale! There is a numerous gang of sharpers and black-legs, who make the plunder of simpletons who bet on horse-racing a part of their daily schemes and daily roguery. Their plans are secret, but they are deeply laid, and are carried out with a skill and artfulness which render their success almost a matter of moral certainty. And even where they are detected, it is not, unhappily, until they have fleeced their victims. What villainies have

* Travels in Town, by the author of "Random Recollections of the House of Commons." 2 vols. London, Saunders and Otley.

of late been brought to light, which have been practised at our leading horse-races! But in no instance have they been discovered in sufficient time to save the unsuspecting simpletons whose money was at stake. And what care the unprincipled 'legs' for exposure, when it comes not until after they have pocketed the money of their victims! Nothing at all; for they have no character to lose. And they know the law cannot reach them. Who does not remember the disgraceful transactions which took place at the Doncaster races of 1832! And are not certain transactions of the most unprincipled kind, which occurred at a celebrated race a few months ago, and by which thousands have been ruined, still the subject of animated and indignant remark in all the sporting circles! The affair of the horse Ludlow is still fresh in the recollection of all patrons of the turf; and that of Harkaway, at a very recent race, is not likely to cease to be spoken about for some time to come. Is it not beyond all question, that horses, which otherwise would have won, are often prevented from winning by the most consummate roguery! In some cases they are drugged so as to make them sick; in others, the jockeys are bribed to ride them in such a way as to prevent their coming in first. A very common expedient resorted to by the 'leg' fraternity, when they have made the arrangements to their entire satisfaction beforehand, is to withdraw the horse which was the greatest favourite, by either purchasing him from the proprietor, or pretending to have purchased him. In fact, there is no end to the tricks of the turf. The ramifications of the roguery practised by the mendacious gamblers who are so largely mixed up with all turf transactions, are so varied and extensive, that no calculation or foresight can guard against their effects. So cunningly and skillfully are their schemes for plundering her majesty's subjects laid, that they often, with the view of gulling the public, bet to a certain extent in favour of the favourite horse, though they know he will lose. A little loss in this way is amply made up by secretly betting to a large amount the other way; or by some other private arrangement made among themselves. Another favourite expedient on the race-course is to invent all sorts of rumours respecting different horses—rumours relative to the probability, or otherwise, of particular animals running; and thus raising the odds, or causing them to fall in particular cases, according as their own interests are affected. Scarcely less notorious for the invention of false rumours on the part of a gang of black-legs, is the race-course, than is the Stock Exchange itself. With regard, again, to the running of favourite horses, it is now so common a practice for the parties interested to manage matters in such a way as that they shall not win—that it has of late become customary with the recently initiated, before betting for or against any favourite horse, to do every thing he can to ascertain whether or not it really be meant or intended by the proprietor that the horse shall win.

The public, who know little or nothing of the tricks of the turf, never contemplate the possibility of any person entering a favourite horse, far less of his starting him for the race, without being most desirous that he should win, and, consequently, are victimised without, perhaps, ever suspecting that there was aught else than perfect fairness in the matter. It is well known that many hundreds of pounds have been given to proprietors of favourite horses, to bribe them not to win the race; and it is equally well known that the jockeys destined to ride such horses, have, when not directly bribed by the 'legs' to lose the race, often received through the proprietors two or three hundred pounds for riding in such a way as to cause the horse to make a respectable appearance on the race-course, and thus lull suspicion of any treachery without winning the prize.

The trickery which is practised on the turf may be inferred from the character of the persons who most largely patronise it. Who are these! Notoriously the leading proprietors of gambling-houses in London, and the principal frequenters of those houses. As to gambling noblemen and gentlemen: why, there is not one of any notoriety in our London hells, that is not equally well known on the turf. I could here run over in dozens the names of dukes, of marquises, of earls, and of noblemen and gentlemen of every rank, professed devotees of gambling at the hazard-tables of the hells in town, who are equally notorious for their patronage of the turf. And how many of these are there, who are bankrupt in fortune as well as in character!

Then there are the false notions of honour that prevail on the turf. Such are these notions, that Turfites feel bound to pay, provided they can at all raise the amount, any losses they may incur by betting, even though their tradesmen and families should not only be suffering the greatest privations in consequence of the non-payment of the amount due to them, but should be brought to the verge of ruin on that account. How many poor tradesmen suffered, and how many of themselves or their successors still suffer, from the non-payment by the late Duke of York, of the debts he contracted with them! And yet he always made a point of paying the losses he sustained on the turf. It was the same in the case of his brother, George IV., when Prince of Wales; and it is the same with numbers of noblemen whose names might be mentioned. Such is the morality which obtains on the turf. Such are the notions of honour that are entertained by its votaries.

The turf, then, is a most prolific source of social evil. I am convinced it would be impossible to estimate the

amount of mischief it has done to morals, to families, and to society. It first destroys all the better feelings of one's nature, and then destroys one's fortune. Could all those that are still alive, who have been ruined by the turf, be brought into one place, what a vast and wretched assemblage of human beings would they present!"

AUGUSTUS BROOM,

A SONG.

TUNE—"On a Bank of Flowers."

In a parlour gay, one summer day,
With heat and port opprest,
Augustus Broom, a young bridegroom,
Lay down to take some rest;
When Agnes sweet, his darling bride,
Came in and sat down by his side,
And said, "My dear, your Nancy's here;"
He with a snore replied.
"What, asleep!" said she, "and as yet but three
Weeks since we two were wed;
I thought of a walk, or at least some talk;
Is all your fondness fled?
Do give me some attention, pray,
And let not Nancy have to say,
'That when she has dressed, and done her best,
Her pains are thrown away.
Nay, since you will be snoring still,
I know what I shall do;
Those whiskers fair, beyond compare,
I'll clip a curl or two.
I know you love them passing well,
And would not one for a kingdom sell.
But 'twill serve you right for this shameful slight,
And be a joke to tell."
The deed was done, and she thought 'twas fun,
For hair can grow again;
But when Broom did feel the cold hard steel,
He started up amain.
"My dear," he cried, with a frantic roar,
And quickly off both whiskers tore.
"It is too bad—you would make one mad—
They cost me two pound four!"
February 2, 1838.

ANECDOTE OF LADY —, AUTHORESS OF "AULD ROBIN GRAY."

[By N. P. Willis.]

ONE of the most elegant and agreeable persons I ever saw was Miss Porter, and I think her conversation more delightful to remember than any person's I ever knew. She is still what I would call a handsome woman, or, if that be not allowed, she is the wreck of more than a common allotment of beauty, and looks it. I have passed many months under the same roof with Miss Porter, and nothing gave me more pleasure than to find the company in that hospitable house dwindled to a "fit audience though few," and gathered around the figure in deep mourning which occupied the warmest corner of the sofa. In any vein, and apropos to the gravest and the gayest subject, her well-stored mind and memory flowed forth in the same rich current of mingled story and reflection, and I never saw an impatient listener beside her. I recollect, one evening, a lady's singing "Auld Robin Gray," and some one remarking (rather un sentimentally), at the close, "By the bye, what is Lady — (the authoress of the ballad) doing with so many carpenters? Berkeley Square is quite deafened with their hammering!" "Apropos of carpenters and Lady —," said Miss Porter, "this same charming ballad-writer owes something to the craft. She was better born than provided with the gifts of fortune, and in her younger days was once on a visit to a noble house, when to her dismay a large and fashionable company arrived, who brought with them a mania for private theatricals. Her wardrobe was very slender, barely sufficient for the ordinary events of a week-day, and her purse contained one solitary shilling. To leave the house was out of the question; to feign illness as much so; and to decline taking a part was impossible, for her talent and sprightliness were the hope of the theatre. A part was cast for her, and, in despair, she excused herself from the gay party bound to the country-town to make purchases of silk and satin, and shut herself up, a prey to mortified low spirits. The character required a smart village dress, and it certainly did not seem that it could come out of a shilling. She sat at her window, biting her lips, and turning over in her mind whether she could borrow of some one, when her attention was attracted to a carpenter, who was employed in the construction of a stage in the large hall, and who, in the court below, was turning off from his plane, broad and long shavings of a peculiarly striped wood. It struck her that it was like ribbon. The next moment she was below, and begged of the man to give her half a dozen lengths as smooth as he could shave them. He performed his task well, and, depositing them in her apartment, she set off alone on horseback to the village, and with her single shilling succeeded in purchasing a chip hat, of the coarsest fabric. She carried it home, exultingly, trimmed it with her pine shavings, and on the evening of performance, appeared with a white dress, and hat, and belt ribbons, which were the envy of the audience. The success of her invention gave her spirits and assurance, and she played to admiration. The sequel will justify my first remark. She made a conquest on that night of one of her titled auditors, whom she afterwards married. You will allow that Lady — may afford to be tolerant of carpenters!"—*Pencilings by the Way, in New York Mirror, Dec. 30, 1837.*

CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL.

WE have now completed SEVEN volumes of the Journal: the present number forms the commencement of the EIGHTH. This, in itself, is a commonplace circumstance, and would be undeserving of any notice, if it did not afford us a convenient opportunity of thanking our numerous friends and readers for their continued support of our humble miscellany. Those who wish well to CHAMBERS'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL, will be glad to be informed that the circulation of the work continues on the same unabated scale of advancement as formerly, and at this moment is higher than at any previous period of its history. During the past year, we have printed 3,552,000 sheets, which, divided by 52, gives an average weekly impression of 68,300 numbers. We are not vain enough to suppose that this extent of support to our work has reference to any peculiar capabilities of our own, but is assignable to the taste which now largely prevails for healthful moral instruction and matter of innocent and rational entertainment. It would appear from the success of our periodical, that even in the midst of great social jars, there is in this country a widely spread disposition to rely on the simple and soothing charms of literature for daily thought and amusement. The period at which our work began (February 1832) was apparently most inauspicious for any undertaking of the kind; yet, on the first day of publication, 20,000 copies were sold in Scotland alone; and notwithstanding the agitations in society during the last seven years, the circulation of the work has never at any time declined a single copy; it has, on the contrary, steadily advanced to its present point. Viewed only as a fact in literary history, we think such a circumstance not unworthy of notice, for it helps to throw light on the constitution and feelings of society, and in some measure proves that the people at large, to whom our paper appeals, are desirous of cultivating the arts and pleasures of peace. One great leading principle has guided us, as a pilot through the storms which warred and continue to war around us, and to that we shall steadfastly adhere, so long as we shall be enabled to edit these sheets; that principle is the avoidance of all points calculated to awaken the more bitter class of controversial feelings. WE ADDRESS OURSELVES TO MANKIND AT LARGE—not to a party or a class. We recognise in our readers and supporters only human beings, and care not what country or clime they are of, or what station in society they occupy: it gives us as much sincere gratification to learn that our sheets are read in America, Australia, and India, as to know that they are sought for on the banks of the Tweed or the Thames. Acting from considerations of this nature, and throwing ourselves on the world at large for support, we, of course, seek no special patronage or favour, and without in the smallest degree disparaging the efforts of others, hope only to be permitted to follow out our own comprehensive scheme for the moral and intellectual improvement of our fellow-creatures.

Without relaxing our endeavours to furnish original papers of an interesting kind for the pages of the Journal, it may be mentioned, that we continue to devote a portion of our time to the preparation of the series of works for use in schools and in the private instruction of youth, entitled CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE; also to the series of publications issued under the general title of PEOPLE'S EDITIONS. Both of these series, we are happy to say, have met with a success only inferior to that of the Journal, notwithstanding that the last mentioned has been imitated in different parts of the country. There are now issued sixteen volumes of the EDUCATIONAL COURSE, several of which have been published during the past year, and of the PEOPLE'S EDITIONS seventeen distinct works; others are in a state of preparation. It is an important feature of the PEOPLE'S EDITIONS, that where necessary for their improvement, considerable editorial care is exerted, so that the editions are in many cases superior to those which have hitherto appeared. This peculiar feature of the works—never, perhaps, before attempted to be given to this class of cheap publications—places them, it is humbly represented, on a footing very different from that of mere reprints. Of those now published, Paley's Natural Theology, Franklin's Life, Park's Life and Travels, and the Works of Robert Burns, furnish examples of such improvement; and it is hoped that these will be regarded as a pledge of our anxiety to render the series suitable to the advanced state of knowledge, and acceptable to the enlightened classes of the community.

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INQUIRIES RESPECTING FOOD.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE poor are in general a complete puzzle to the rich. Travellers, after passing hastily through a country to them foreign, somehow contrive to speak very confidently about the condition of the working population. But when any enlightened person goes amongst the poor of his own country, and endeavours to ascertain whether they are well or ill off, it is ten to one that all his inquiries only lead him farther from certainty than he was at the beginning. Ask any hundred Englishmen of the middle class if they believe the labouring population to be in comfort, and the answer, in all probability, of fifty, will be in the affirmative, and of the other fifty in the negative. It is a subject on which the middle classes in general have no exact knowledge, nor do they appear to have the power of obtaining any. Their own situation and wants are so different, that they can form no judgment of the case of the labouring classes, nor of what measures may be calculated to do them good. It was a saying of Mr Walker, the magistrate of Lambeth Street, "Let any scheme for the maintenance of a labouring man be devised by a gentleman, and you will always find that the labouring man will live at a cheaper rate than that estimated." They have ways altogether past the gentleman's finding out. A lively proof of the utter incompetency of gentlefolks to form an estimate of their condition, was afforded a few years ago, when queries as to what families earned, and whether they could lay by any thing, were extensively circulated amongst clergymen and others serving in parochial offices in the metropolis. From some parishes, the answers averred that labouring families earned in all L.49, and could live, but not save, upon it. In other parishes, they were said to earn L.60, upon which, also, saving was said to be impossible. In St Leonard's parish, Eastcheap, a family might earn L.78, from which they could save nothing. In Holy Trinity the Less, the family earnings reached L.93, which afforded spare diet, but on which nothing could be saved. And in St Anne's, Limehouse, where L.100 a-year could be earned by a labourer and his family, still it was barely sufficient for sustenance, and permitted of no saving.* Here we have some families, to all appearance earning twice as much as others, and yet thought by gentlemen to be not a whit more easy in their circumstances. About the same time, when inquiries were made amongst a similar class of persons in Devonshire, as to whether any of the agricultural labourers were able to save from their earnings, some of the gentlemen answered that a few of the labourers had trifling sums in the savings' banks, while others either expressed a doubt if the thing were possible, or flatly stated their conviction that it was impossible; and yet it was found that L.70,000 had been deposited in the savings' banks of the county by about two thousand such labourers, being one out of every ten of that class of men in the district.

While the non-operative part of the community are thus unfitted by the difference of habits and of sphere for coming to a clear understanding of the condition of the working population, there is a want of ascertained principles in political and natural science with reference to this subject, which makes the case doubly perplexing. To a very recent time, nearly every thing done for the relief of the labouring classes in distress was calculated to do them injury rather than good: by following out the first dictates of benevo-

lence in their behalf, a system had been formed, which threatened utterly to demoralise the poor, and make poor the rich; and it is only now that better principles are dawning upon us. We are unsettled upon a scarcely less important point, the amount and kinds of nutriment which are necessary for the health of the labouring classes. This is a subject on which all are alike ignorant, for as yet it has never been the subject, to any serious extent, of philosophical inquiry. It is one, however, of great importance, and we are anxious to do what in us lies, by means of a work of unusual circulation, to turn public attention to it.

Workhouses, prisons, and other places where large numbers are fed on a regular plan, are obviously calculated to afford some data on this point; and we have accordingly done our best to collect from those quarters all that is at present to be learned—for, it may be as well to say beforehand, experiments would require to be made on a large scale, and with the most critical attention, in order to ensure perfectly satisfactory conclusions. Some of the following facts are the result of personal observation and inquiry, and others are derived from a national document already quoted.

The most liberal systematic allowance of provisions that has ever come to our knowledge, is that made to the convicts in New South Wales. It consists of 10½ pounds of meat, 10½ pounds of flour, 7 ounces of sugar, and 2 ounces of salt, with tea and tobacco at the discretion of the master, per week—being at the rate of 48 ounces of solids a-day, one half of those solids consisting of animal food. The next best is the allowance to convicts in the hulks, which consists of 14 pounds 5 ounces of solids, with 7 pints of beer, a-week, being at the rate of nearly 33 ounces of solids a-day, one third of which is animal food. Prisoners between apprehension and trial, in jails conducted on the common old principles, are next best off, having in some districts above 200 ounces of solids a-week, or about 29 ounces a-day, of which two ounces are animal food. Soldiers are provided, by the warrant for the pay of the army, with a pound of brown bread and three quarters of a pound of meat a-day, or 28 ounces solids, not more than sixpence being for this deducted from their pay, the remainder of which may enable them to purchase other comforts. Under the old poor-law, most of the workhouses were conducted on a liberal principle as to provisions. In that of St Mary's, Reading, the weekly allowance to each man, woman, and child, indiscriminately, was 7 pounds bread, 2½ meat, 3 vegetables, 1 pound 9 ounces cheese, and 21 pints of beer, per week, being 13 pounds 13 ounces of solids per week, or 30 ounces a-day, exclusive of beer. In the workhouse of St Lawrence in the same town, from forty to fifty paupers had 150 pounds of meat weekly amongst them. The diet here was so much more ample, and so much more generous, than that of the labouring people generally, that new entrants usually became ill upon it, and were ill for some time, though, after getting habituated to it, they thrived well—and never afterwards left the house. According to a calculation made by Mr Chadwick from official returns, the able-bodied pauper under the old system had, weekly, 112 ounces bread, 84 ounces meat (liable to a reduction of 28 for waste in cooking), 16 ounces cheese, 16 ounces pudding, besides vegetables, soup, porridge, beer, and other comforts, being probably not much less than 30 ounces of solids per day.

A leading object of the authors of the new poor-law was to reduce the diet of all workhouses to the lowest consistent with health, in order that they might not hold out temptations to able-bodied persons who could make a better by labour. It is lower, we

believe, in the south of England than elsewhere, on account of the condition of the labouring classes being there inferior. In the union poor-house of Chorlton-on-Medlock, which we presume to be on a common scale, the diet is as follows. The pauper has on Sunday, for breakfast, 1½ pints rice milk, and 4 ounces of bread; for dinner, 1½ pints milk pottage, and 6 ounces of bread; and for supper, 1 pint of milk, and as much oatmeal porridge as he can take. His breakfast on Monday and all the other days of the week, is the same as the above supper, namely, as much oatmeal porridge as he can take, with a pint of milk, and his suppers on these nights are the same. On Monday and Thursday, his dinner is 4 ounces of cooked meat, and 4 ounces of bread, with potatoes; on Tuesday and Friday, 1½ pint of soup, and 6 ounces of bread; and on Wednesday and Saturday, 2 pints of potato hash, and 4 ounces of bread. The women above sixty have, at their option, tea morning and evening, with 4 ounces of bread and butter, instead of the above breakfast and supper; and the sick have a better diet, under the regulation of the medical attendant. The present writer has not visited this workhouse, but he has carefully inspected that of the borough of Manchester, which, though exempt from the control of the commissioners, is conducted on precisely the same plan of diet. He found that, for 677 inmates, the weekly provisions consisted of 237 pounds of choice beef at 6d., 532 pounds of coarse beef (that is, necks, shoulders, and briskets), at 4d., and 120 pounds of bacon at 6d.—besides the bones, amounting to about 24 pounds; 6 loads flour, 6 loads oatmeal, 18 loads potatoes, 40 pounds rice, 10 pounds tea, 80 pounds sugar, 80 pounds treacle, 80 pounds butter, and 58 pounds cheese, besides beer, &c., being, in all (not allowing for waste), about 33 ounces of solids a-day, whereof 3 ounces animal food. When waste and extra diets are allowed for, the amount may probably be about 30 ounces—a diet not less in quantity, though possibly not quite so generous, as that given under the old system.

Requesting the reader's patience for a few more figures, we shall now describe the diet of two Scottish workhouses, that of the city of Edinburgh, and that of St Cuthbert's, the latter being a parish chiefly consisting of a populous limb or suburb of the Scottish capital. In the former establishment, for an average of 420 inmates, mostly old people (the average age being 62½), the food weekly consists of 21 stones ox-heads, at 1s. 5d. per stone; 5 stone 10 pounds common beef, at 4s. per stone; 3264 six-ounce loaves, 3 cwt. barley and peas, 9½ bolls oatmeal, 560 pints of skimmed or churned milk, 16 pints sweet milk, 72 gallons of beer—besides groceries, wines, and spirits for the sick and aged. This gives about 19 ounces of solids to each person per day, besides milk and beer, and any vegetables which may occasionally be added to the dinner mess. In the St Cuthbert's Workhouse, the weekly consumption of victuals for an average of 524½ inmates, or one-fourth more than those in the City Workhouse, but of whom two hundred are children, is 31 stones of beef (ox-heads, necks, and houghs); 4197 loaves of six and a half ounces, 3½ cwt. barley and peas, 14½ bolls of oatmeal, 399½ gallons milk, and 157 4-5ths gallons beer; exclusive of cabbage, greens, &c. The daily allowance to each person is stated by the parish authorities to be 8 ounces of meal, 2 of beef, 6½ of bread, 1½ of barley (besides greens), making in all 18 ounces of solids, with 4 gills of milk, or a portion of beer instead. In the Bridewell of the city, the allowance is somewhat larger than in either of these instances, being about 22 ounces of solids; but there the inmates are mostly persons in the vigour of life, and who are also kept at labour.

It thus appears, that paupers in England are fed

* Extracts from the Information Received by his Majesty's Commissioners as to the Administration and Operation of the Poor-Laws. Published by Authority (1833). P. 234.

in a much more liberal style than those of Scotland, the former getting about 30 ounces of solids per day, including 3 ounces of the best animal food, while the latter have only about nineteen ounces, whereof less than two are of meat, and that of the least nutritious kind. It now becomes of importance to learn how the paupers in the two countries thrive on their respective allowances. And here a very surprising result meets our eye. The deaths in the Manchester Workhouse, from September 1, 1837, to August 31, 1838, were 295, the average number of inmates being 708. It is to be presumed, of course, that, as the situation is remarkably healthy, the amount of deaths is not greater here than it is in Chorlton-upon-Medlock, or any other workhouse under the new poor-law; but as we have no information on this point, we are content to consider the return as expressly from the Manchester Workhouse alone. In the Edinburgh Charity Workhouse, during the five years preceding 1831, the average annual mortality amongst an average of 400 inmates, was 61 3-5ths—say, for the sake of round numbers, 62. Thus, in the Manchester Workhouse, 1 dies for every 2 and 8-20ths—or about 2½; while, in the Edinburgh Workhouse, 1 dies for every 6 and 9-20ths, or about every 6½; the mortality in Manchester being nearly three times greater than in Edinburgh. We are not quite sure but that children are included in the Manchester calculations, which may give that house some disadvantage in contrast with the Edinburgh one, where there are no children, and the average age is about 62. But, to give it every fair chance, we shall contrast the mortality with that in the St Cuthbert's house, where more than 200 of the inmates are young boys and girls. The mortality in this house during the year 1837 was 83, out of 524½ of average amount of inmates, being 5½ more in proportion than in the City Workhouse, but still only 1 in 6½ of the inmates—a difference which does not materially affect the comparison.

If, then, the proportion of mortality be a fair test by which to judge of health, and if there be no lurking error in our calculations, it would appear that the diet of 20 ounces agrees better with old paupers than that of 30 ounces. We state the hypothesis with deference to the results of more extensive inquiries, and are far from wishing that it should be rashly acted on. But still it rests on such grounds, and meets with such support from other facts, that we feel justified in pressing it strongly upon general notice. It is not the least remarkable of the supporting facts, that we found the medical attendants, both at Manchester and at Chorlton, inclined to suspect, that, though they were acting for the best under the various circumstances of the case, the diet was *over-abundant*; and this opinion they stated, whilst as yet we were unacquainted with the comparative rates of mortality above stated, and had not a single idea on the subject wherewith to lead them.

The returns from prisons supply a tolerably extensive range of facts, all tending to show that there must be some point at which health is best maintained. "In Suffolk, the food given in the County Jail costs 1s. 9d. per head per week (the food of those at hard labour being 2s. 11d.), whilst at Woodbridge Jail the cost of food is 3s. 6d.: at the former jail there were 10, and at the latter 18 per cent. sick. The cost of food at the Wakefield House of Correction, Yorkshire, is stated to be 1s. 8½d., and 6 per cent. of the prisoners are sick in the year; whilst the food at Northallerton is reported to be 5s. 0½d., and there are 37 per cent. of sick in the year. In the Cold Bath Fields House of Correction, which is a smoky neighbourhood, the prisoners receive a diet of 174 ounces of solid food weekly, and the proportion of sick is 4½ per cent. per annum. At the Guildford House of Correction, a diet of 230 ounces of solid food is given weekly, and the proportion of sick annually is 9 per cent.*** Mr Chadwick, in his Report on the Poor under the old system, says, "The health appears, on the whole, to be better in those places where the diet is moderate, than in those where it is more abundant. Mr Hewitt [master of the St George's Workhouse, Southwark] states that the reduction of diet mentioned by him, which was from 169 ounces of solids weekly to one of 134 ounces [this was a reduction which took place in the house under Mr Hewitt's charge], was productive of no bad effects: the paupers maintained on the low diet were as well, if not better than before the change; and few of them comparatively

to those who had been accustomed to live on a more full diet, suffered by the cholera." Still more precise and instructive information on this point has been acquired since the Poor-Law Commissioners were inquiring into the subject. Returns of the diet and mortality in sixty prisons were obtained, and from these it appeared that the latter rose in an exact proportion to the amount of the former. In twenty houses, where the average of weekly diet was 188 ounces of solids, costing 1s. 10½d. to each person, the sick were 3 per cent., and the deaths one in 622 (we presume, per week). In twenty houses, where the average of weekly diet was 213 ounces of solids, costing 2s. 4½d. to each man, the sick were 18 per cent., and the deaths one in 320. And in twenty houses, where the average of weekly diet was 218 ounces of solids, costing 3s. 2d. to each man, the sick were 23 per cent., and the deaths one in 266.

While these large establishments thus exemplify the consequences of *too much*, they also give us facts showing that *too little* is not less injurious. In the Edinburgh Workhouse, at the beginning of the year 1831, a change took place in the management. Much debt had been incurred by the former directors, great waste was suspected to have been practised, and the new men came in with a determination to give a very different appearance to the accounts. They therefore struck off, per week, 1 stone from the meal, 81 pounds from the barley and peas, and upwards of 3 stones from the common beef. The reduced diet was continued for five and a-half years, and whereas the mortality for the similar preceding period had been 61 3-5ths per annum, it was, during this, 77½, an increase of rather more than a fourth. Since the former diet was resumed, the former rate of mortality has been restored. We thus see, as clearly as possible, that the diet had been taken down below the point at which aged unemployed persons can maintain a healthy existence. It was creditable to the gentlemen managers that, on this being shown to them, they reverted to a better diet. Some years later, a similar change took place in the management of the St Cuthbert's Workhouse; but on this occasion, while the expenditure was reduced, the diet was rather improved than diminished. We gave, in our 142d number, an account of the management of this house, from which it appeared that the support of the inmates cost an uncommonly small sum. We have no reason to fear that the diet of the aged amongst these has been below the point of health; but from facts which came under notice last year, it is not to be doubted that the principle of economy has been carried too far in another important respect. During the early part of the past year, the amount of disease among the young inmates was such as to give a startling view of the circumstances in which they are reared and live. Fifty, being nearly one-fourth of the number, were seized with severe and intractable ophthalmia, or disease of the eyes, which in several cases has ended in impaired vision. From November 1837 till June 1838, 17 died of pulmonary consumption; 70 were seized with hooping-cough, and there were 36 cases of fever. In June, 17 were "afflicted with numerous scrofulous ulcers." Two eminent physicians, who were then requested to inspect the house, and give their advice, reported that "the general aspect of a great number of the children, not labouring under actual disease, is not satisfactory, but is indicative of a feeble, unhealthy state of the constitution, which may lay the foundation of disease in after life." These gentlemen traced the evil to scanty diet and scanty clothing—for it appeared that the dress of the children was the same summer and winter, except in respect of shoes and stockings, there being no under-clothing—while the bedding was also insufficient. The managers agreed to remedy the error to a certain extent, granting an afternoon lunch of bread and milk to the children, which, however, on a partial restoration of health, they have since abridged of the milk. In all this, there is, to the best of our belief, the very reverse of ill intention. The committee of rate-payers who form the management are naturally anxious to make that rate as little as possible; they very properly wish to make the workhouse unattractive to all but the helpless; and, ignorant like the rest of the community of the laws which govern the animal system, they do not trace the effects of insufficient and too little varied diet. If enlightened on this point, we have not the least doubt that they, or any other workhouse managers in the same circumstances, would be led by their humanity to establish a somewhat more liberal system. The fact is nevertheless too valuable, as a proof of the evil consequences of a too low diet, to be here overlooked.

Here, for the present, we must take leave of this interesting subject. The consideration of it will be resumed in our next publication.

GRACE BROWN,

A SKETCH FOR MOTHERS AND DAUGHTERS.*

GRACE BROWN was the pet of the village—pretty, lively, and, like all other pets, very self-willed; but the effects of this latter quality were softened down and rendered quite lovable by her open, generous disposition, which would not allow her to injure another, even to gratify that ruling passion. Some said that Grace thought herself sufficiently handsome, and termed it vanity. True, perhaps, when each Sabbath morning found her ready decked for the sunny walk to the parish church on the hill-side, or the week-day's evening saw her in her little chamber window plying her needle—yes, perhaps then, as she caught a side-long glance at herself in the little mirror, she might think it no such great wonder that the young men gazed as they passed her, or that they looked so curiously at the bow-pots and flowering geraniums perched on the sill of her casement—perhaps, too, she might think they cast a glance beyond. But was this vanity? No; Grace was as free of that hateful quality as the bird which carolled so joyously in his bright cage on the cottage wall. Vanity cannot be justly attributed to those who are only conscious of possessing the qualities which are theirs in reality, but to those alone who boast to themselves of perfections which they can never hope to possess. Such was the case with those who termed Grace vain.

One fine autumn evening she sat, as usual, beside her geraniums, over which was hung her little bird Pet; but the leaves of the former hung droopingly, as though to ask of their sweet mistress the usual drop of spring water, and poor Pet chirruped and hopped from perch to perch, and ruffled his yellow feathers to attract her attention, but in vain. No cooling drop greeted the sickly leaf—no tiny finger placed a bit of sugar between Pet's cage wires. And how was this? Was Grace ill? No; but her thoughts were wandering, and although her eyes were fixed full on poor Pet and his companion plants, she neither saw one nor the other. And whither were her thoughts wandering? Only into a neighbouring lane, up which she strolled when the sun was beginning to dip his bright head 'neath the blue tops of the neighbouring hill. It was a very pleasant lane, but as its sides were bounded by high hawthorn and wild rose-bushes, it may be supposed Grace did not go there for the sake of any beautiful prospect, for her whole height was not more than the top of the banks on which the bushes grew. For what, then, could it be? In truth it was that there generally accompanied her thither a very pleasant companion—not her mother—not one of the neighbours' daughters. No; but a young man, the son of a farmer not far distant.

Yes, the truth may as well be told. Grace had given, or thought she had given, her little heart to this companion of her strolls; and, indeed, any one to look on him, might imagine a better choice could not be made. Tall, handsome, and athletic he was, and his eye beamed when he looked on her. But they who knew him better than Grace, said that he was wild and fickle. Neither did they scruple to warn her of that knowledge. But Grace would not believe. How could she, when she saw that, although they spoke against him, they were always ready to welcome him to their own homes? Besides, there was an eloquence far more powerful to the heart and understanding of Grace—more eloquent, more easily believed than aught they could utter. Yes, the eye and tongue of William Clively were the monitors most eagerly sought, and most willingly listened to when found. How could she think he was deceiving her? There was no falsehood in his deep gaze on her—no harshness in his soft voice. But there was one who did not like him, to whom Grace had ever yet been accustomed to pay the most profound submission, because that humility had never been forced, but ever won from her by love. That being was her mother!

She had now been sitting in this deep reverie some ten minutes, from which she was roused by a light hand being laid on her shoulder. The blood mounted to her temples and cheek, for she knew, without raising her eyes, that it was her mother, and she felt conscious that that mother's eye was reading her innermost heart. She also knew she had ought to be afraid, for though at this moment her little heart had been so-belling, her parent's chiding was ever one of gentleness.

"Grace, love," spoke the mother, gently placing her hand on the half-downcast head, "why do you not go forth this evening? See, the sun has almost lost his last bit of crimson in the deep grey. Come, love: you have been sewing all day. Just throw your scarf around you and walk in our garden."

"I would rather not, mamma," answered Grace in a low tone, turning her head still more from her parent, and then, for the first time, casting her eyes on the drooping plants and now sulky little Pet. But she quickly added, "I will water my trees and chirrup to Pet a little, for he seems quite to have the mores."

* We extract this pleasing little story, from a work lately brought under our notice, entitled "Tales and Sketches, Historical and Domestic, by Mrs D. Clarke, late E. A. Ingram." The authoress evidently possesses much taste and feeling, and we hope that her present attractive volume may meet with such success as will induce her to pursue the cultivation of fictitious literature.

* Condensed in a note to the "Extracts, &c.," from the returns of the Prison Discipline Society.

"And how comes it that he has the mopes, love?" again spoke her mamma.

"Ah! I see, mamma," returned the now half-tearful, half-smiling maiden; "I see you have been reading my heart, and that it is useless to keep any thing from you. But though you have seen part that was passing there, you cannot tell all!"

"But I can guess, Grace; and that, perchance, will do as well. I doubt not you thought me very cruel—very inconsiderate in not allowing you to have quite your own way; and I doubt not that you thought I knew very little about it; but sit down, love, and I will tell you a little passage in my own life, and after that I shall leave you to judge for yourself, only first assuring you that I have every proof that William Clively is very wild, and his father quite unable to support him in his present extravagance. See here, love, I have brought my knitting; so take up your work from the window sill, and thus, while we are quite industrious, I will proceed to tell you that my sketch commences when I was about a twelvemonth older than you are now. At that time, Grace, I was circumstanced, too, somewhat as you are. You understand me, love?" Grace blushed and smiled. "I had a rebellious heart, too; and there was one for whom it was rebellious—one whom it had set up as the idol of its idolatry, and one whom, unfortunately, neither of my parents approved. But yet, Grace, I own that I thought my knowledge of his habits far exceeded theirs; and all I knew of him was fair and open. Things continued thus for above eighteen months, at the end of which time my eyes were fearfully opened to his vices—he committed a forgery and absconded; though it is probable, had he staid, no injury would have awaited him, for his friends, who were wealthy and powerful, made up the sum for which he had risked so much, and paid it. Grace, it was some time, even then, before I could perfectly win my heart from its idolatry; but it had seen its error, and my mind was made up to overcome such perversity, and I did. Yes, Grace; I knew what it was to feel cherished affections warring against my own convictions of right. You will perhaps say that he had deserted me, and it might be that pride rose superior to neglect and slight; but not so. He did not desert me—he did not slight me; for though all others were ignorant of his destination, I knew whither he had fled, and from thence received a letter full of affection and repentance for past follies. But, Grace, had I forgiven, or rather overlooked his vice (for I did forgive), I never could have placed confidence in him again; so I wrote him once, but that once was to discard him for ever. From that time I busied myself in work, in tending my garden, in assisting my neighbours, and, indeed, in various ways of which I had not thought before. I saw that people approved my conduct, too; every eye greeted me, every tongue welcomed me in joyous tones; and in time my own heart grew joyous, and felt a lightness it had never known till then, even in its wildest moments of affection for the now unworthy. But I did not know the fulness of the happiness I was to reap from that one era of my life till five years had elapsed. During that period, love, your dear father had wooed me, and knowing from all that he was beloved and respected, he won me, although not a fifteenth part so handsome or so engaging in his manner as he of whom I have been speaking. But he soon taught me to love him—I do not mean with the girlish wildness I had loved before—but with an affection which might last through sorrow, sickness, death! as it has done, dear Grace!"

The tears started to the sweet eyes of Grace, and fell thickly upon the little border on which she was so busily plying her needle, as the thought of her fond father passed across her heart, and smote it for its rebellion against her will to whose care he had so solemnly entrusted her on his death-bed. The mother was also silent for a few moments.

"Well, love," she at length resumed, "you were but a few months old when, one day, I was sitting with you in a small arbour in the garden of the dwelling where we then resided. On a sudden I heard the latch of the garden gate raised, and a poor emaciated looking man toiled up the sunny walk. He appeared in the last stage of wretchedness, and sickness seemed to add its heavy load of misery where already there appeared to be an accumulation of ill. I rose with an intention of inquiring into his condition, and relieving him as far as my means would permit; and, taking you in my arms, I stood before him. But, Grace, I suppose that time had not so changed me as it had done him, for he instantly ejaculated my maiden name! Yes, love, you may well drop your work and raise your eyes. It was indeed he whom I had loved, and persisted in loving, in opposition to my parents' judgment. At that moment your father appeared at the door, and when I looked on you and him, contrasted with the wretched mass of filth that shrunk before me, my heart leaped with gratitude to God for teaching me to subdue my own evil passions. Your father had known, before our marriage, all the circumstances concerning him and myself, so that a few words made known to him the cause of the surprise pictured in both our countenances; and to make me love and reverence him still more, that good man relieved his present wants and provided for his future ones. Yes, Grace, your father fed, clothed, and lodged that repentant creature in a neighbouring cottage till he recovered health and strength—nay, more, he concealed his name from all inquiring ears, and not an

eye which had once known could now recognise George May!" "George May, mamma!"

"Yes, love; George May! The same who used to pay us the yearly visit from London, to evince his gratitude for your father's kindness. The same who died in our village of decline seven years after, leaving you the Bible and Prayer-book as the only legacy which could be bestowed by poor, but repentant, George May! But now, dear, it is growing quite dark; I will go and see our evening meal prepared, and when we have taken that, pray to your Maker, and then retire to your pillow." And so Grace did; and the next morning, when she entered the breakfast room, she threw her arms around her mother's neck, and whispered that she had gained the victory; she, too, would try if her mind might not overcome the erring inclinations of her heart.

Yes, and Grace succeeded; and twenty years after, when she saw a daughter of her own growing up, she remembered how mildly her own mother had won her from her folly; and she felt that, to be obeyed by that daughter, she must remember that herself had once been a wild and wilful being, and that it is only by placing our own hearts in the situation of others, that we can hope to influence them by our precepts.

THE AFFAIR OF THE MACREAS, AN EDINBURGH PIRESIDE STORY.

"THE title of the Affair of the Macraes was that usually given," says General Stewart of Garth, "to a memorable occurrence which took place in Edinburgh in the year 1778." Arthur's Seat, an abrupt and isolated eminence which overlooks the Scottish capital from the south-east, as even our most southerly readers may probably know, was the principal scene of the occurrence in question. In the year mentioned, this hill or height was taken possession of by a strong body of Highland soldiers, who regularly encamped upon it, and held it for several days and nights in the face of the citizens of Edinburgh, and in defiance of all authority, civil and military, in the country. The particulars of this remarkable affair are as follow.

Kenneth Mackenzie, grandson of the Earl of Seaforth attained for his share in the rebellion of 1715, having repurchased the family estates from the crown, and having been, in 1771, restored to the earldom of Seaforth, was desirous of expressing his gratitude for the favours conferred upon him by his sovereign. In the beginning of the year 1778, he offered to raise a regiment for the public service, from among his own tenantry and followers. The offer was accepted, and the Earl of Seaforth speedily had a body of one thousand one hundred and thirty men ready for military duty, according to his promise. Five hundred of these men were from his lordship's own estates, and the remainder chiefly from the estates of Kilcoy, Applecross, and others belonging to gentlemen of the name of Mackenzie, of which Lord Seaforth was the head. But though the most of this body were Mackenzies, the appellation usually given to the regiment throughout the country was that of the "Macraes," or (as the word is pronounced) the "Macraas," which was the designation of a small and primitive clan that had long followed and lived under the Seaforth family. A number of persons of this name were in the regiment, and hence its general title of the "wild Macraas."

In the month of May, these newly levied troops assembled at Elgin, and marched for Edinburgh. On reaching their destination, they were quartered in the castle and suburbs of the city, and in the course of the month of June were formally embodied, under the denomination of the Seaforth Highlanders, or the seventy-eighth regiment of the line. A finer body of men does not seem to have often presented itself on the like occasions, for the thaws and sinews of the whole of the band were found so unexceptionable, that not one man was rejected. For some weeks afterwards, the Seaforth Highlanders were busily engaged in learning the duties of their new vocation, until they were removed, in the month of August, from Edinburgh to Leith, preparatory to embarkation for service. But where was the scene of that service to be? The regiment had been but a short time in Leith, when this question came to be anxiously agitated among them. A degree of mystery seems to have been maintained on this point among the officers and military authorities. The men became suspicious, and would not believe that the Isle of Guernsey, which was spoken of as their destination, was the real quarter whither they were to be conveyed. They, and almost all of the soldiers raised in a similar way from the Highlands, had bound themselves to serve only for a limited period (commonly three years), and had made it a condition that they were not to be sent out of Britain. In fact, having usually their natural chieftains for their colonels, these regiments rather looked upon themselves as having engaged to follow their superiors temporarily to war in the old way, than as having regularly entered the service of the king and government. Hence the strong sensation that was excited among the Seaforth Highlanders when the rumour spread abroad that they were in reality destined for service in the *East Indies*—in short, that they had been expressly sold to the East India Company by the government and by their own officers. The endeavours of the men to ascertain the truth were far from relieving their fears, or ending satisfactorily. Indeed, the author already quoted, General Stewart of Garth, distinctly says that the

regiment was destined for the East Indies, under the impression that these poor Highlanders were "ignorant, unable to comprehend the nature of their stipulations, and incapable of demanding redress for any breach of contract." This intended violation of compact extended also to an alteration in the amount of "pay, and allowance promised." If this unjustifiable purpose was actually entertained, as there is little reason to doubt it was, the projectors of the scheme met with a disappointment. The "wild Macraas" were not so blind or ignorant as had been imagined. Both in the matter of pay and of service they were determined not to submit to any infraction of their just rights.

The smothered displeasure broke out on the morning of Tuesday the 22d of September, when the regiment marched out to Leith Links, in order to enter the boats which were to convey them to the transports lying in the Roads. A scene of great confusion took place on the Links, which is a large field or green close by Leith, and at a short distance from the shore of the Firth of Forth. When ordered to march to the boats, the dissatisfied Highlanders refused to obey. Their officers endeavoured to soothe them, by promises of answering every just demand, and actually prevailed on about five hundred of the body to move to the sands, and embark. But the remainder, amounting to about six hundred men, were deaf to all remonstrances. Feeling the decisive moment to be come, they were resolute in demanding full satisfaction as to their intended scene of service, before they set foot on board the transports. Compulsion was impossible. The men were a powerful and determined band, amply provided with fire-arms, as well as the means of using them. After a considerable time had been spent in vain discussion, the Highlanders seemed at length to feel the necessity of placing themselves in some position, where they might be able to defend themselves against other troops, if such were called in against them. With this view they left the Links, and marched in regular order to Arthur's Seat, with two plaids fixed on poles instead of colours, and the pipes playing at their head. A great concourse of people attended them on the way. Having reached the hill, they ascended it, and took up their position on and around its top, in proper military order. Sentinels were placed, and every other precaution adopted that men could use, who were resolved not to move from the place until fully satisfied, or ejected by force.

It is scarcely necessary to say that this proceeding created an extraordinary sensation among the inhabitants of Edinburgh. The majority, however, of the citizens, and particularly of the poorer orders, were decidedly favourable to the Highlanders, to whom they soon began to carry provisions in abundance. The mutineers, on their part, showed an equal degree of good will towards the people of the town, and received their visits kindly and gratefully. The authorities resident in the city, civil and military, did not view the matter at all in the same light. Immediately on the occupation of Arthur's Seat by the Highlanders, Sir Adolphus Oughton, K. B., and General Skene, the officers first and second in command of the forces in Scotland, dispatched messengers to all quarters for troops. None of these arrived until the night of Tuesday had been passed by the mutineers, if they ought to be so called, on the hill, which their hardy habits enabled them to do without discomfort, even in the end of September. On Wednesday, a large party of the eleventh regiment of dragoons, a body of two hundred men of the Buccleugh Fencibles, and four hundred of the Glasgow volunteers, arrived in the city. This force seemed sufficient to overpower the Highlanders; but, happily, the commanding officers were disposed to try pacific measures. On the Wednesday, several messages passed between the insurgents and General Skene, and ultimately that officer, accompanied by Lord Macdonald, the Earl of Dunmore, and other noblemen and gentlemen, visited the encampment, and endeavoured to reclaim the men to their duty. The Highlanders received their visitors respectfully, but remained firm in their determination not to yield until fully satisfied that all promises were to be kept with them, both as regarded pay and service. The interview ended unsatisfactorily, and the Macraes spent another night on the hill.

On Thursday, a sudden alarm spread through the city. It was rumoured that the Highlanders had made up their minds to march into the city, either with the view of passing through it, or of seizing upon some sheltered post to entrench themselves in. The dragoons and other troops, it was reported, were to be ready to oppose them. This rumour seems not to have been altogether without foundation, for the authorities issued a placard, early on the Thursday, to the following effect:—"All the inhabitants are to retire to their houses, on the first toll of the fire-bell." Further, however, than regarded the pain of seeing their peaceful streets stained with the blood of countrymen and fellow-creatures, the citizens had little reason to feel uneasiness at this reported movement of the Highlanders, for the latter felt deeply grateful on account of the supplies of food and kindness which they had received at the hands of the people of Edinburgh. But no movement of the kind anticipated took place. On Thursday, General Skene and other parties, including the Duke of Buccleugh, renewed their negotiations with the encamped Macraes, endeavouring to induce them to leave their position, and trust to having all their demands satisfied, on full examination

into them. But the Highlanders would not move, without receiving some pledge, of undeniable validity, that the promises originally made to them would be fulfilled. Another night passed away, and during that interval the authorities came to the resolution of granting the demands of the insurgents. On Friday morning, a bond was drawn up containing the following conditions:—Firstly, a pardon to the Highlanders for all past offences; secondly, all levy-money and arrears due to them to be paid before embarkation; thirdly, that they should not be sent to the East Indies. This bond was signed by the Duke of Buccleugh, the Earl of Dumfries, Sir Adolphus Oughton, and General Skene.

On Friday morning, this document was taken to the encamped Macrears by the Earl of Dumfries. The men now at once gave in, and professed their willingness to leave their position, and submit to the orders that might be given to them. They then formed themselves into marching order, and, with Lord Dumfries at their head, left the hill, with the pipes playing, and a crowd of people following them. On reaching St Anne's Yards, they were met by General Skene, whom they saluted with three cheers. The general formed them into a hollow square, and read the articles of the capitulation. He afterwards addressed a short speech to them, exhorting them to behave well and fulfil their duties. They then received billets, and entered into quarters in the city till their embarkation should take place.

It may surprise the reader, that all this while the officers of the regiment should not have been heard of. But, in reality, it was against these gentlemen that the Arthur's Seat insurgents were most grievously enraged, considering them as the parties who ought to have guarded the common soldiers against any deception. They even charged the officers with keeping back the pay due to them. This disagreement was the more remarkable, as most of these officers were cadets of the leading Mackenzie families, to whom the Seaforth men owed a natural allegiance. The officers were highly displeased at the concessions made to the mutineers. On the evening of Friday, these gentlemen even went so far as to publish in the Edinburgh Advertiser the subjoined statement, which was dated from Lawson's Coffee-house, Leith, and was signed "The officers of the 78th regiment." This advertisement said, "As we conceive the terms granted this day to the mutineers of the 78th regiment to be totally inconsistent with the future discipline of the corps, and highly injurious to our characters as officers, we think ourselves bound to take this first opportunity of publicly declaring, that it was transacted without our advice, and against our opinion. We understand Lord Dumfries was the principal agent on this occasion; we therefore think it necessary also to declare, that he was never desired to interfere by any officer in the regiment, and, we believe, acted without any authority whatever." This effusion of spleen, which, most assuredly, would have got its authors cashiered in later days, was not noticed by the commander-in-chief, or the nobleman who, in conjunction with him, had been the instrument of restoring the mutineers to their duty. On the Saturday, Sir Adolphus Oughton caused a military court of inquiry to sit in the Canongate council-house, where the soldiers were called forward to state any complaints they thought themselves entitled to make against their officers. The issue of this inquiry was, that the court considered no foundation to exist for complaints against the officers on the score of pay or arrears; and declared, moreover, that "the cause of the retiring to Arthur's Hill was from an idle and ill-founded report that the regiment was sold to the East India Company, and that the officers were to leave them on their being embarked on board the transports."

Lord Seaforth, the colonel of the regiment, and on the spot at the time, appears to have sided with the officers, and to have been deeply irritated at the resolute conduct of his clansmen. A report having spread abroad that his lordship had been compelled, on the day of the tumult at Leith, to beg his life on his knees from the enraged soldiers, he published a letter declaring that this was an entire falsehood, that the certainty of immediate death would not have procured from him so humiliating a concession, and that he never had any apprehension for his personal safety during the whole affair. However this may be, the mutiny certainly caused a change at least in his lordship's sentiments and intentions. He had never evinced any disposition to go with the corps; but now, when the matter was settled as has been mentioned, he announced his design to accompany the regiment. On Tuesday morning, September 29th, the band who had created this extraordinary disturbance, assembled, according to orders, in front of Holyrood Palace, and, with the Earl of Seaforth and General Skene at their head, marched to Leith, where, in presence of an immense multitude, they went on board the transports with the utmost alacrity and cheerfulness. Immediately afterwards, the vessels set sail for Guernsey, which, being included among the British Isles, was a place to which they might be carried without infraction of the compact made with them.

Thus ended the affair of the Macrears, which, as may be supposed from its nature, was not soon forgotten by the friends of Edinburgh. Most unprejudiced people agreed at the time in regarding it as a noble and spirited instance of resistance to injustice; as there could be little doubt that the government had determined

send these men to the East Indies, in violation of the compact of enlistment. The poor Highlanders might not be actually sold to the East India Company, nor might it be intended that their officers should desert them, but the design to send them out of the kingdom can scarcely be doubted or denied. The very fact that no man was brought to trial, or even confined on account of this mutiny, proves that the matter would not stand investigation before the eye of the country. The encampment, therefore, of the Macrears on Arthur's Seat, is to be regarded as, on their part, an exhibition of manliness as honourable to them, as the cause of it was dishonourable to others.

The Seaforth Highlanders, or 78th foot, remained for some time at Guernsey and Jersey, until, having satisfied themselves that they were not to be sold to the East India Company, they voluntarily offered to go abroad. Having removed to Portsmouth, they, on the 1st of May 1781, embarked for the East Indies, whither their chief accompanied them. They served their country bravely in that region, and afterwards in many other quarters of the globe. They still exist as a regiment of the line, though their number was changed, in 1786, from the 78th to the 72d, by which title they are now known.

THE ATHENS OF AMERICA.

Of all the American cities, there is none, perhaps, which makes a nearer approach to European sympathies, than Boston, the capital of Massachusetts. This city is less merely mercantile than its neighbours, though still not inconsiderably so. The struggle for the grosser elements of human comfort is here less intense. There is here more leisure for all that gives refinement and elegance. Perhaps, also, the English character is here preserved better—some of its features are seen in more primitive purity, as for instance its indomitable attachment to free institutions. To this cause it must have been owing that the war of independence first broke out here, and that a large proportion of the highest men in that struggle were Bostonians, as Adams, Quincy, Warren, Hancock, the Otises, and Knox. The distinction of the city, in a literary point of view, at the present day, is shown not less expressively in the large proportion which belongs to it of the American authors whose names are known in England—Webster, Channing, the Everetts, Sparks, Sprague, Pierpont, Willis, Mrs Child, Dewey, and Wayland, being all of them natives of Boston. As another expressive proof of the diffusion of a literary spirit in the capital of Massachusetts, we may remind our readers of the *Boston Book*, recently noticed in this paper, a kind of album composed of contributions from eighty writers in Boston, men of all ranks and professions. Perhaps there is no other city in the world which could show so numerous a list of literary names, in proportion to the sum total of its inhabitants, which is 80,000.

Considering these circumstances, we have thought it worth while to give in this place a few particulars respecting Boston in its literary and educational character. They are supplied by a distinguished native, whom we recently had the pleasure of seeing in this country:—

Much of the intellectual precedence of Boston is to be traced to its Common Schools. These are not charitable foundations, as the name might seem to imply. They are the result of one of the first legislative provisions made by the new colonies. Those of Boston have always been distinguished for good management and for abundance of produce. A large part of the great men that city has produced, have been first educated at these humble seminaries, which, though alike open to all classes—being sustained by a tax instituted for the purpose, and levied fairly on all classes—no class has ever manifested any fastidious or aristocratic disinclination to countenance and encourage to the fullest extent. True, they do not go far enough for all, and hence an abundance of seminaries of higher rank, for which also Boston is distinguished. Still, the great boast and bulwark of the city has always been its common schools. A dinner or festival on account of these institutions is given annually in a famous public edifice, called Faneuil Hall, much endeared to the citizens by historical associations, and well hung round with portraits of the great characters connected with their annals, at the head of whom are Washington and Adams. To this dinner, which is regulated by the city governor, are invited the various functionaries and dignitaries of that place and vicinity, the president and professors of the university at Cambridge (three miles distant), the governor and other officers of the state, clergymen of all sects, distinguished political personages of the different parties, and all strangers of distinction, of whom at this season (summer) there is generally a considerable number from the south and west in the city. And to this festival we find are invited all the boys to whom prizes have been awarded at the various schools subsequent to the periodical and public examination they sustain on the morning of the day when the dinner is given. A moderate and cheerful meal is taken at a not unreasonable hour, and then sentiments, and speeches, and odes and songs, suited to the occasion, are expected from parties qualified and invited thus

to contribute to the spirit of the occasion. The first men in the United States have often attended at this board. Mr Webster, himself a Bostonian, but claimed by all Americans as common property, and generally looked upon as their future president, has made some of his best addresses in this hall. Mr Everett, now governor of the state, but much more distinguished as one of the leading popular orators, scholars, and writers of his country, has appeared there of late by virtue of his office, as formerly he did by that of his prize. These are gratifying details, and throw a strong light on the character of the Bostonians. It will be interesting to add, in order to show that this spirit is neither dying away, nor confined within any municipal limits, that within two years the legislature of Massachusetts has established a regular Board of Education, the seat of which is in Boston, the chairman Governor Everett, while some of the most eminent citizens of the state are members. This board is to attend exclusively to the Common Schools. Their office is no sinecure, but the members serve without salaries. The secretary alone receives the sum of one thousand dollars—something over £200—for his time and labour; and it is worthy of remark, that the gentleman who has accepted this office is a most conspicuous lawyer, a member of the Boston bar, and who, at the time of his appointment, held, by election, the very honourable station of president of the senate of the state!

The periodical press of Boston is, as might be expected, in a flourishing state. Our information on this subject is not complete; but we know that there are ten or twelve daily newspapers in the city, if not more. Of these papers the majority may be considered well-established and rather profitable concerns—quite as much so as the average of daily papers, we should say—though certainly not on so large a scale of operation as those in London; neither is the circulation of each or any of this *dosen* equal to that of any, perhaps, of the London *ten*—for there are no more in the "Great Metropolis" itself. These sheets are of the ordinary size, if we except two or three. One of the latter is a very popular evening journal, the Transcript, the size of which is so small as to give it, together with its great neatness, a miniature and curious air, which has doubtless contributed to its reputation. The price of this paper is four dollars per annum; that is, for three hundred numbers, which makes the cost of each about one cent and a quarter, or from two to three farthings. There are one or two cheap papers hawked about the streets, containing about as much matter, and conducted with respectable ability, at the rate of one cent each. This is a recent innovation on the regular press at Boston, as it is still more at New York, where one of these cheap papers is said to have a circulation of 30,000 a-day. With this exception, the newspaper press is supported by subscriptions, never for less, we believe, than three months. The larger papers among the dozen we have named, cost generally eight dollars yearly; we know of none above ten dollars, which is the price of the Courier and other journals of immense size at New York. In Boston, we must add before dismissing the subject, there is quite a corresponding proportion of journals published less frequently; of semi-weeklies, tri-weeklies, weeklies, semi-monthlies, and monthlies (several each), as well as a highly respectable magazine, the Christian Examiner, which is issued every two months, and another, still better known, the North American Review, every three. A second Quarterly Review has lately, we perceive, been added to this. The number of daily papers, we believe, is not so great in either New York or Philadelphia. Certainly it sustains no proportion to the much greater population of those places. In Boston, a householder hardly thinks himself able to sit down to his breakfast without "the news;" and it is no caricature to say that we have ourselves seen some of the more decent and well-established apple-venders and candy-women regularly provided with a daily paper—not borrowed, but subscribed for—at their humble stalls under the old trees round "Boston Common." So much for cheap publications, and an universality and disposition to read, in this American city.

Perhaps the prevalence in Boston of lecturing on matters connected with science and literature, forms its most notable feature as an intellectual city. All lecture, or hear lectures. In this lies, indeed, the grand amusement of the city. About the middle or end of October, the lecturing campaign, as it may be called, begins; and then, for four or five months, Boston resembles the *live* so beautifully described by Virgil; such is the universal, and hearty, and steady, but quiet interest taken by all classes in these half-social half-literary and scientific pursuits, which may be considered at once the business and the amusement of the season. We have seen a list of the popular societies of Boston which have courses of lectures, or debates, or both, with sometimes other exercises and exhibitions of like tendency and intention; and this catalogue, could we repeat it here, would be a curiosity. To state the number at a dozen, we are sensible would be falling much short of the mark. There is the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, the Natural History Society, the Boston Lyceum, the Hanover Lyceum, the Mechanics' Charitable Association, the Mechanics' Lyceum, the Franklin Debating Society, &c. &c. Of the first-named of these, Mr Webster is president. It gives weekly lectures by the most eminent scholars

of the country, in a hall which accommodates about one thousand persons, and never fails to be full. The Boston Lyceum, which has existed some ten years, does the same with from two thousand to three thousand, in a great edifice reconstructed for these purposes out of what was once the principal theatre in the city. And so on with the rest. Thus large audiences may be entertained on the same evening in the various halls. Some prefer one course, and some another; and a person may have one or two lectures, if he chooses, each evening of the week, Sunday excepted. The rich and fashionable attend quite as much as any other class; but there is always seen at these lectures an immense number of young men, clerks, and others, many of them from the country. These persons, for about a dollar (four shillings and three pence), find themselves able to attend a course of sixteen or eighteen lectures and debates, and moreover to take any two young ladies of their acquaintance with them, which it is much the fashion to do. The social, moral, and intellectual effects of this system—setting aside all direct literary consideration—can hardly be overrated. We have never seen a spectacle so truly exhilarating as the Boston "Odeon" (the old theatre), well filled in all its galleries and aisles—stage and all—with an animated, well-dressed, quiet audience, of some twenty-five hundred persons, patiently awaiting for half an hour the commencement of a lecture—some distinguished stranger it may be, some eminent citizen, or possibly some not yet eminent but youthful and promising member of the institution itself, whose rising talent it is the generous and noble policy at once of the officers and of the public to encourage. We have heard Webster, the Everetts, Sparks, Dewey, Pierpont, Barber, Spurzheim, the professors of the neighbouring university, the candidates for the presidency, the governors of the state, the distinguished clergymen of every denomination, all and often on these occasions. The reputation of the city, indeed, attracts popular talent from all quarters, and in every department, for the good reason that it finds there a genial reception, and a just and generous reward. Such a community deserves also the happiness and the multi-fold benefits which it must reap from the system it pursues. It deserves its pre-eminence, its high reputation, its good order, its freedom from poverty and crime. Would that the example, both of its condition and of the causes of it, might incite other communities to like liberality, energy, and true wisdom and thrift!

THE OLD LETTER-WRITER OF PARIS.*

AMONG the monuments and memorials of old times and manners still existing in Paris, the *Palais de Justice* (palace of justice) contains beneath its vast roof some of the most interesting and best preserved. This remark applies, in especial, to the beings called Public Writers, who have for ages clung around the establishment in question, and who still adhere to its sides, pent up in their little glass stalls, like oysters to their rocks. For the benefit of those unacquainted with such matters, it is to be observed, that in Paris, as well as in Naples, and many other cities, where a considerable portion of the community cannot boast even of the elements of education, there is an order of persons who live by writing and reading letters, drawing up petitions, and performing the like services for those who are unable to act in these matters for themselves. The Public Writer of the *Palais de Justice* is not remarkable merely as belonging to this class; for in Paris the trade is common, and its professors numerous. But the Public Writer particularly alluded to does not push himself before the public as his modernised brethren do, nor does he seek to attract attention by the exhibition of wonderful specimens of calligraphy—such as a satire of Boileau enclosed in a fiery heart pierced by an arrow, or a sermon of Massillon inscribed within the compass of a copper coin, or a history of Napoleon inclosable in a nut-shell. No placards with "English spoken hire" upon them, indicate the pretensions of the Public Writer of the *Palais de Justice* to the character of an able translator, as they do on the doors of many of his more ostentatious fellows. He keeps his little dusky stall in peace and retirement, as his predecessors have done for centuries, and it is for his preservation of all the antique features of his tribe, that he is an especial object of interest.

My acquaintance with this living memento of other days arose, a number of years ago, out of some rather peculiar circumstances. I was then the assiduous and devoted admirer of a certain lady, the register of whose birth I became anxious to see, partly with the view of assuring myself of her own veracity, and partly with the intention of putting a stop to the remarks and epigrams which various good-natured friends of mine were in the habit of giving vent to on this particular point. Within the precincts of the *Palais de Justice* are kept the registers of births, and thither accordingly I bent my steps. I readily found the register-office I sought, and made my business

known to the head clerk of the place, giving him at full length the name and surname of the party alluded to, and pointing out a period eighteen years back as the best indication I could give to guide the search in question. It is needless to say that I here went upon the authority of the lady herself, and not on that of my bantering friends, who made out that her age was forty at least. The clerk laughed outright when he heard my directions, and remarked, that if all who came to the office had no more explicit instructions to give than mine, it would cost a day to make each individual extract. "We cannot spare time to make the search," continued he, "but you may do it for yourself; or, if you choose to pay a small sum, you may find a person who will do it for you." I expressed my readiness to take the latter step, when he immediately directed me to a little stall, a few steps off, where I would find a person for my purpose. I followed his advice, and soon found myself in the presence of one of the old Public Writers of the *Palais de Justice*.

The office of this personage is deserving of description. It was one of two or three small sheds, laid slopingly to the walls of the *Palais*, and could not be more than six feet long by four wide in the interior. A large part of the outside was glazed, and the proceedings in the inside were hid from the public eye by a green baize curtain, thickly spotted with ink. A desk, supported upon a table, or rather a plank, and two old and fearfully worn chairs, composed the furniture of the stall. On one of the chairs sat the presiding genius of the place, with a small portable fire-grate before him, on which, at the moment, a herring was undergoing the process of cookery, through the help of a rusty black pair of tongs. The oil of the fish was dropping into the embers, and emitting an insupportable smell. The preparer of this delectable dish was a man seemingly about sixty years of age, dressed in threadbare garments of the olden fashion. His countenance was good, and a mingled air of gravity and fun was perceptible in its expression. The most remarkable feature in his physiognomy was the sloping character of his nose and brow, which formed one continuous inclined plane, the length of which was greatly extended by his combed-back hair, terminating behind in one thick queue. What with nose, brow, and hair, the head very much resembled a sugar-loaf. There was, on the whole, a strange mixture of respectability and wretchedness in the appearance of M. Fabry, which was the name of this specimen of the ancient class of public writers, as I afterwards ascertained. I was not long in making my request known to this personage, who, with the most polished courtesy, expressed his willingness to undertake the commission, but informed me that some time would be required to procure the register-books and execute it. Throwing down a louis on the table, I departed, promising to return on the morrow for an answer to my inquiries.

Next day, when I returned at the appointed hour, M. Fabry was alone, and by the increased colour on his cheek, and the fire in his eye, I concluded that the louis had already procured him some of the passing comforts of life. On the desk beside him lay a folded paper, which I conjectured to be the treasure I sought. I stretched out my hand eagerly to seize it, but M. Fabry anticipated my act, and said solemnly, "To what purpose, young man, do you destine this document which you have made me extract?" "What matters this to you?" said I hastily; "are you not sufficiently paid?" "It is because I am too well paid," replied he, "that I make this inquiry. You cannot have fallen heir to this lady, otherwise you would probably be in mourning. I fear, therefore, that you seek this extract with some evil design." I answered angrily that there was no such purpose in my thoughts. "Young man," he returned, "your trembling hand betrays you. I beseech you, if the suspicion I have expressed be correct, to have patience at least till to-morrow, and get this extract from some other hand than mine. For the repose of my few remaining days, I entreat you not to make me again the blind instrument of some act of vengeance!" Struck by his serious tone, and incited by curiosity, I asked him if he had to repent of some culpable act of his life, assuring him, at the same time, that in my case he could have no room for any regret.

"My life," said M. Fabry, "has been all spent in this little place, and yet this has been a more favourable scene for acquiring a knowledge of the human heart, than any other, perhaps, that could be pointed out. This place is to me full of remembrances of all kinds—of mirth, misery, and crime." The speaker fell for some moments into a reverie, which I did not break in upon. "Poor young man," resumed he at length, as if soliloquising upon some recollected incident, "poor young man, there he stood, a few paces from my door, trembling with hope, joy, and love, while a beautiful girl entered stealthily into my presence, and dictated to me these few words, 'This evening, at six, in the alley de Berry.' Oh, how I hastened to pen these sweet words, almost participating in the rapture which they were to give to the youth without. The girl got the line, issued, and I saw her slip it furtively into the hands of the young man, when each stole away by their own side." "Well! what happened?" said I, for M. Fabry had stopped. "It happened," continued he gravely, raising his head, "that the next morning the young man was found in the alley de Berry, robbed and murdered; it happened that I had been the instrument of entrapping and leading a poor youth to assassination." "It was frightful," ejaculated I. "Yes,"

rejoined M. Fabry more cheerfully, "but all the associations of this place are not of so terrible a character. On the contrary, most of them are of the mirthful, the pleasing, or, it may be, the ridiculous cast. For the convenience of the damsels of the street St Denis, in their communications with the young shopmen and tradesmen around, I have copied the New *Eloisa* twenty times over. And then my poetry: I flatter myself it is of the most ingenious sort. Some of my fellow-writers have a hundred copies of verses, to suit all occasions. I have but one copy of verses, for my part, and yet, with a very little change, it suits all occasions as well as theirs. Suppose a son wishes to address a father on his birth-day. Thus runs the commencement of the verse:—

'Accept, on this most loved of days,
The homage which a son now pays.'

And so on. Suppose a daughter is the addressing party, then all the change required is,

'The homage which a daughter pays.'

Or if a brother,

'The homage which a brother pays.'

If a king is to be addressed by his subjects, the verse still answers the demand,

'The homage which your people pays.'

M. Fabry paused, and appeared to be much pleased when I commended the universal utility of his verse. He had warmed with his subject, and continued to describe to me how many petitions he had drawn up, how many public defaulters he had been instrumental in denouncing, and various others of his professional feats. "But there is one portion of a public writer's practice more productive of profit than any other, though God forbid that I should ever pursue it. Every line is paid with gold, yet I would rather have my hand cut off than that it should gain a coin in this way!" "To what do you allude?" said I, rather surprised at his earnest vehemence of tone. "To anonymous letter-writing," returned he. "By the hands of those of my calling, most commonly are the secret shafts launched which pierce and rankle in the bosom of society. Oh, sir, beware of anonymous letters! Read them not; cast them from you. For even when sent in sport, their consequences are often horrible. Listen to what fell under my own eye. Some years ago, Juan de Varre, a young advocate of high promise, espoused Eliza d'Arnoule. The pair were tenderly attached to each other, though their characters were somewhat different, Juan's being calm, grave, and firm, while his wife was of ardent temperament and quick feelings. M. d'Arnoule, his father-in-law, thought that Juan paid too constant attention to the duties of his profession, to the exclusion of all social pleasures; and on one occasion was particularly pressing in his wish that the young advocate and his wife should go to a masked ball, which was to take place in the city. Juan excused himself, on the score that he was under the necessity of going to plead a cause at Senlis on that day. When M. d'Arnoule turned to his daughter, he found her also indisposed to go, through deference for her husband's wishes. Piqued at this, M. d'Arnoule laid a plot for bringing his daughter and Juan to the masquerade in spite of themselves.

He came to me," continued M. Fabry, "and requested me to write two letters, the one to Juan, informing him that his wife was going to the ball to meet another person, although she had shown no desire to go with her husband; and the other was addressed to his daughter, containing the information that Juan's business at Senlis was a deception, and that he was going to the ball, to fulfil an appointment with a black domino, bearing on her arm bracelets tied with blue ribband. These letters were sent off unsigned. The consequence was, that, when the hour came, the young wife, concealed under a mask of the kind described, rushed to the scene of the masquerade, her bosom in a whirl of conflicting emotions. The bacchanalian licence of the scene almost frightened her into retreat, but while she stood apart, a figure masked and cloaked passed her. It was the very air, gait, and person of her husband. 'Is it you, Juan?' she whispered. 'Yes, it is I,' said the mask, in similar tones. These words convinced the young wife that the information given to her was correct, and that her husband now mistook her for the person whose dress she wore, and whom he had come to meet. Though every word uttered by the masked figure cut her to the very heart, she, taking the speaker for her husband, encouraged his attentions, in the burning desire to know the whole depth of his perfidy. Shortly, however, she felt herself sick at heart; she could not sustain the character of an impostor, and hastened away from the odious scene. On issuing from the gateway, a pale and awful figure stood there, in the full light of the lamp; a figure without a mask; the figure of Juan. The wretched young wife saw him, uttered a dreadful and appalling shriek, and fell prostrate at his feet! Juan scarcely looked at her, but sprang over her body, and stood front to front with the masked figure who had followed her steps. Few words passed between them. They retired a short way aside, drew their swords, and in a few minutes the unknown personator of Juan fell lifeless on the ground.

M. d'Arnoule was the first person who found his daughter where she had fallen. The unhappy lady was conveyed to her home, and restored to life, but never again to reason. She yet lives, indeed—lives to be a fire of perpetual remorse to her father, and an object of undying pity to Juan, who learnt the whole story of the two letters from myself. Behold, young

* We have translated this graphic sketch from a French work, entitled "The Hook of the Hundred and One."

man," said M. Fabry, in conclusion, "behold one instance of the results of anonymous letters, written with innocent intentions!"

M. Fabry had held my paper in his hand all this while, and he now gave it to me. After this, he fell into a musing state, from which I did not attempt to arouse him. I bade him good evening, and took my way homewards, so much occupied with the thoughts of what I had just heard, that my own trifling matter of inquiry was entirely forgotten; and from that day to this, I never hear of an anonymous letter without having brought to my recollection the admonition of the Old Letter-Writer of Paris.

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

MAYENCE, WORMS, MANNHEIM, AND HEIDELBERG.

WE have now reached Mayence, and after a lengthened navigation up the lower and middle divisions of the Rhine, landed on a broad and generally level district, bounded in the extreme distance with lines of hills, and constituting what may be termed the upper platform of Germany. We are now in the midst of a number of small principalities or dukedoms, which, thirty years ago, formed the Confederation of the Rhine, and are at present, with their respective sub-sovereignities, integral parts of the German empire.

The situation of Mayence, close upon the left bank of the Rhine, at a short distance below the spot where the Maine falls into the right side of that river, is both agreeable and suitable for an entrepôt of commerce; but, as in the case of Cologne and Coblenz, the town labours under the cankered evil of a military system of things, and is consequently deprived in a great measure of its natural advantages. The history of Mayence resembles that of every town on the Rhine—originally begun by Romans in the first century—taken by Germans—falls into the hands of the Frankish kings—becomes a temporal principality of archbishops—these succeeded by dukes—now a city of Hesse Darmstadt, and a garrison of the German confederation, for protection of the left bank of the Rhine. The town, which contains 31,000 inhabitants, is environed with strong fortifications, and, according to custom, the Rhine is all but shut out and prevented from serving the purposes of commerce, in consequence of erections along the edge of the water. The accommodation for river craft is on the same trifling scale as at Coblenz. In the interior of the town there are several good streets and places, with various indications of improvement, but most of the best houses have strongly stanchioned windows, and in almost every street we see a barrack of soldiers. The garrison is composed of the troops of two nations, Prussia and Austria; the former are, as usual, a smart body of men in blue uniforms, while the Austrians, in their dirty white dresses and mustachioed countenances, seemed to us as ill-favoured a set of men as could well be conceived. How melancholy is the reflection, that the place whence the glorious art of printing emanated and spread over the civilised world, every where enlightening and freeing from oppression, should itself be still surrounded, and literally crammed, with emblems of violence!

Notwithstanding the uncomfortable condition of the streets, we spent a day by no means unpleasantly in exploring the antiquities and principal public buildings of the city. First of all, in the course of our rambles, we sought out the spot where Guttenberg had lived when he set up his first printing-press. This we found in a narrow crooked alley, environed with tall massive stone buildings, one of which, a casino or club-house, now occupies the site of Guttenberg's dwelling. Nothing, therefore, remains at the place to satisfy the curiosity of strangers, and we proceeded to the neighbouring market-place, where the statue of Guttenberg has been erected by the munificence of the citizens and others. This object greatly disappointed our expectations. It is a clumsy gigantic figure in bronze, cast by Crozatier of Paris, from a model by Thorwaldsen, and stands on a pedestal of some ten or twelve feet in height. Perhaps it may be reckoned a sort of crime to find fault with any thing done by a great name, but I must in justice confess, that a coarser or more tasteless work of art never came under my observation. From viewing this very poor object, we adjourned to the Cathedral, which stands behind, on the same side of the market-place, and is a handsome old edifice of red sandstone. In 1793, it was bombarded by the Prussians, and made a forage-magazine for their horses, but has since been completely cleaned and restored in those parts which were destroyed. The marks of the balls fired against it are visible on the great folding

doors next the market-place. These doors are of solid brass, and, besides being of an imposing height, are remarkable for being covered with ancient and scarcely legible inscriptions, which I was told are charters of privileges given to the town by one of its archbishops. The interior of the building contains a number of fine old carved monuments, and has several altars with embellishments of the usual kind.

The most beautiful of all the sights at Mayence is that of the Rhine, which fortunately no institutional arrangements can destroy. From the lofty windows of the hotels in the exterior street, the river is seen flowing past with a breadth and majesty of appearance apparently as great as at Cologne. Opposite the centre of the town, there is a platform bridge resting on forty-seven barges moored in an even line in the water, and nearly in the same situation as a stone bridge built by Drusus, the Roman general, but long since destroyed. By the bridge of boats a ready communication is kept up with Nassau, Frankfort, and all other places on the right side of the Rhine. The wide and flat vale through which the Rhine winds its course before it passes Mayence, is fertile, and well clothed with woods, vines, and hop plants, as far as the eye can reach; and through this richly decorated district, the river, diminishing as we ascend, may be traced to Worms, Mannheim, and other towns on its course. Rising among the mountains of Switzerland, and gathering accessions to its magnitude as it advances, the Rhine pursues a course—generally towards the north-east—of about nine hundred miles in length, upwards of six hundred of which afford an uninterrupted navigation. At Mayence, the larger class of steamers cease to ply, and others of a smaller kind are used for ascending to a point near Strasburg, where water conveyance terminates.

Taking a private land conveyance from Mayence, our little party set off on an excursion through the interesting tract of country lying immediately beyond that city, comprehending a portion of the territories of Hesse Darmstadt, Baden, and Bavaria, it being our intention to return by Frankfort and Nassau. In making this agreeable round, which was calculated to show us the appearance of things in these small German states, the first place of any moment we touched at was Worms, a town of singularly ancient and decayed appearance. Worms is situated on the left bank of the Rhine, in the midst of a flat and fertile region, chiefly devoted to the cultivation of the vine, and celebrated in the lyrics of the old German poets or Minnesingers, as the Wonnegau, or land of joy. In the middle ages, Worms was a populous city of considerable note, and is famed in history as the seat of a number of diets of the German empire, at one of which, presided over by Charles V., in 1521, Luther appeared to answer for the propagation of what were called his heretical doctrines. Since these its days of greatness, Worms has sunk into the condition of a small country town, though yet possessing a certain dignity in its melancholy decay. The greatest blow which fell upon it, was the bombardment by the French in 1690, when a vast number of its houses were destroyed, and their situation is now marked by vine gardens within walled enclosures. The interior of the town consists of a single good street, lined with tall mansions inhabited by persons of an inferior order, and a number of back lanes and detached buildings, many of them vacant and desolate in their aspect. In a piece of open ground behind the main street stands the Cathedral, a building of red sandstone, and dating its foundation as far back as the beginning of the eleventh century. The original part of the edifice is in the Gothic style, but the larger portion, which appears more modern, is of the remarkable style of architecture called the Byzantine, the interior arches being all rounded, and the pinnacles and dome fretted in the Moorish taste. The building contains a number of excellent pieces of sculpture, and the high altar at the east end is environed with ancient carvings in oak, which it would be worth any young artist's trouble to visit, even from Great Britain.

From Worms we proceeded onward to Mannheim, which we reached in about two hours. Mannheim is one of the prettiest towns in Germany, and occupies a delightful situation on the right bank of the Rhine, which we crossed by a bridge of boats. We see here no confinement within walls, no dirty, narrow lanes, and none of that generally poverty-stricken appearance which meets us at every turn in the towns we have passed through. Mannheim consists of a series of pleasant open streets, crossing each other at right angles; the houses clean, of dazzling whiteness, and only three stories in height. There are also several large squares,

surrounded with buildings of a superior order, and on one of the sides of the town near the Rhine, stands the palace, a structure of extraordinary extent and magnificence. Mannheim, though not the capital, is the principal city in the dukedom of Baden. Before its annexation to this power in 1802, it was the capital of the palatinate, a state now merged in the adjoining principalities. The town has been built almost entirely within the last century. In the present day, it is thriving apace, both as a place of residence for a respectable population, among whom are two or three hundred English, and as a seat of manufactures. The general society of the town is said to be excellent; a spirit of perfect toleration prevails, and the cost of living is exceedingly moderate. At the time of our visit, the price of bread was about a penny, and beef threepence, a-pound; consequently, the charges for other things, the produce or manufacture of the district, were in proportion; yet, we were told, there are cheaper places of living in this quarter of Germany than Mannheim, but I should hardly think possessing superior attractions in other respects. In the environs of the town there are some pleasant walks, both on the banks of the Rhine, and on the left bank of the Neckar, a river which falls into the Rhine a short way below Mannheim. The palace, which we were conducted over, is of modern architecture, having been built by Karl Philip, Elector Palatine, in 1720, when he removed his court from Heidelberg. It is in the form of a centre and wings with façades, covering a large space of ground, and containing altogether 443 apartments; one wing remains in the condition of a blackened ruin since the bombardment by the Austrians in 1795. A long suite of rooms, fronting a beautiful lawn overlooking the Rhine, forms the residence of the grand-duchess Stephanie, whose amiable manners shed a lustre over the society of the town. From the rooms devoted to this lady's court, we went through a series of galleries containing a collection of pictures, to which no traveller, as far as I am aware, has done justice. The peculiarity of the collection consists not in its boasting of many chef-d'œuvres of great masters, but in the excellence of pieces by painters of generally inferior celebrity. Judgment, not name, has guided the choice, and we accordingly find a number of pictures done with exquisite skill. The best are by Bergheim, Spranger, Le Seur, Guido, Remi, Cuypp; Peters, a sea storm; Roos, cattle; Murille, satyr and peasant; Teniers, boors drinking and dancing; Evertingen, rocky landscape; Wouven-manna, warlike rapine; Mayer, landscape with cattle; Rembrandt, Christ before Pilate, and Christ writing on the floor; Tinteretto, Crucifixion; Ruysdael, landscape; and, lastly, Houderotter, birds. These, however, are a mere scantling of this finely selected collection, which no description can convey a correct idea of. Adjoining is a gallery of casts, forming a studio for young artists. On the lower floor of one of the wings of the palace is an extensive museum of objects illustrative of natural history, and is particularly rich in fossils, stones, minerals, and petrifications; an exterior arcade is filled with ancient Roman stones.

Having gratified ourselves with a visit to all that was interesting in this neat German town, the place to which we next directed our route was Schweitzingen, once a seat of the electors palatine, and now belonging to the grand-duke of Baden. Schweitzingen consists of a quiet and rather pretty village, with a stately old whitewashed chateau at the head of its principal street, and behind which are spread out a series of extensive gardens and pleasure-grounds, in the formal French style of a past era. The designer was the famous Le Nôtre, who, under the auspices of Louis XIV., laid out the garden of Versailles, to which the present bears a marked resemblance. On entering by the portal at the chateau, the eye at once embraces the interior of the principal garden, disposed over an extensive flat, with basins from which leaden figures are busy spouting water, marble statues, trim even walks, and parterres of flowers, the whole bounded by close-cut hedges and lofty trees planted in lines, so as to form long and imposing avenues. Penetrating among the hedge-alleys, we are conducted from one curiosity to another, artificial grottoes, rocks and waterfalls, ruins of the temple of Mercury, the temple of Minerva, the bird's fountain, bath-house, a mosque, and so forth—all in a state of good preservation, and looking as if only lately come from under the hands of the designer. Yet, how dull and melancholy is the scene! The sun shines brightly overhead, the flowers bloom, the jets of water play, and all is kept as trim as if the elector palatine still held court in the adjoining chateau; but except a passing stranger, moved by curiosity, there is no one to witness the exhibition; the show is without spectators, and the whole mechanism seems to subsist only as a preserved specimen of what used to delight courtiers of the ancient regime. The gardens, and all the oddities about them, were begun to be constructed in 1743, by the direction of the Elector Charles Theodore, and required twenty years to finish. The vast sums which must have been expended in completing the work, it is impossible to calculate—and all to produce a toy, which is now thrown aside and forgotten.

Schweitzingen lies nine miles south from Mannheim, and at a similar distance west from Heidelberg, to which we now traced our way. The roads in Baden are as excellent as they are in Prussia, being macadamised in the usual manner; and by an easy drive of an hour and a half, we reached the valley of the Neckar early in the evening, while still sufficient light remained to show us the magnificent ruined pile known in history

and romance as the Castle of Heidelberg. The town of Heidelberg, one of the oldest in Germany, occupies a confined situation in the valley of the Neckar, just within the range of mountains called the Odenwald, which forms the eastern boundary of the wide flat vale of the Upper Rhine, through which our route has lain. From the left bank of the Neckar, the streets and lanes of the town stretch upwards on the base of a hill, on which, over all, in the midst of masses of foliage, stand the ruins of the castle, majestic even in their shattered decay. The valley of the Neckar, at this its opening, though not wide or picturesque, offers a scene of much beauty. Immediately opposite the side on which Heidelberg stands, rises a hill which is covered to the summit with vine gardens, and at the foot is ornamented with several handsome villas, somewhat in the English style. From between the hills on both sides, the Neckar, a stream navigable for small vessels and rafts, is seen to issue after a long serpentine course, and on gaining the open country pursues its way to the Rhine. At Heidelberg it is crossed by a stone bridge of six or seven arches, and from the further extremity of which the most picturesque view of the castle is to be obtained.

The town of Heidelberg is long and straggling, consisting of tall antique stone buildings, with moss-grown tiled roofs. Some of the edifices are embellished in front with variously carved figures and inscriptions, having survived the general destruction to which the town has at different times submitted from the hands of warlike assailants. At present, the population amounts to about 13,000. The town has been long noted as the seat of a university, which, since the district came under the jurisdiction of Baden, has been munificently endowed by the grand-duke and his legislative assembly. The university has nevertheless declined in prosperity, in consequence of an attempt on the part of the students, a few years ago, to revolutionise Germany. The institution forthwith incurred the displeasure of Prussia; and by a law now in force, no youth from the Prussian dominions is permitted to study at the university of Heidelberg. As a transient visitor of the town, I am of course unable to pronounce any opinion either on the character of the instruction communicated, or on the qualifications of the professors; as for the students, their loud yellings in the street during most part of the night, formed, as we thought, a sufficient testimony of their wildness, without at all taking into account the slovenliness and general recklessness of their appearance. It is not the burghers of Heidelberg who are to be the regenerators of constitutional government in the wide bounds of modern Germany.

The chief object of interest which came under our notice in exploring the ancient streets of Heidelberg, was the church of St Peter, an old and handsome Gothic structure standing in the open market-place. It was neither, however, the appearance nor the antiquity of the edifice that gave it an interest in our eyes, but the event in history of which it had been the scene. Jerome of Prague—a name which can never die—here first promulgated his reforming sentiments in religion, and on the door of St Peter's church nailed the theses containing those doctrines which he afterwards sealed with his blood. He was publicly burnt at Constance in 1416, and his ashes thrown into the Rhine, about a year after his friend and fellow-labourer John Huss had undergone a similar fate. It is impossible, therefore, to pass the door of St Peter's without feeling that species of emotion which a visit to scenes of deep historical interest is calculated to excite. Heidelberg, as is well known, became celebrated for the share it took in the reformation at the middle of the sixteenth century, when there was issued from it, by the direction of Frederic III., elector palatine, a catechism or rule of faith, which till this day is in use in certain reformed continental churches.

From the market-place, in which St Peter's church is situated, a steep ascending alley leads to the castle, which occupies a prominent shoulder of the hill over the town, and encloses within its walls several acres of ground. The ruins, which are altogether of red sandstone, exhibit a bold and magnificent front, consisting of a central edifice, like a dwelling-house, with rows of windows on different floors, flanked at the eastern angle by a huge round tower, the corresponding tower at the other corner being gone, leaving a shattered gap as if it had been torn off by violence. The edifice, when entire in all its parts, was one of the largest feudal strongholds in Germany, and formed not only an almost impregnable fortress, but a splendid palace. The oldest part dates from the beginning of the fifteenth century, and the parts of a more modern erection, resembling what we call the Elizabethan style, were added in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries by the electors palatine, who made the castle their chief place of residence. The palatinate, it is almost needless to remind the reader, was the quarter in "High Germanie" which formed, during the seventeenth century, a favourite battle-ground to the European powers, and Heidelberg, as the capital and tower of strength of the district, came in for more than an ordinary share of the horrors of military devastation. The town has been repeatedly bombarded, burnt, and pillaged, the last and greatest of the attacks upon it being in 1693, when the castle, on being taken by the French, was blown up and destroyed, and the inhabitants of the town were exposed to cruelties which are too horrible to describe. The castle was afterwards restored as a fitting residence for the court of the elector palatine, but was, in 1764,

struck by lightning, which, setting fire to the fabric, was the means of reducing it to its present condition.

After ascending by the long slanting path from the town, we reach the great vaulted entrance, and thence by a winding passage below the central building, attain the inner square of the castle. Here the exceeding elegance of the architecture strikes the eye, and our first sensation is a feeling of deep sorrow, to see so much beauty of design in the splendid roofless walls doomed to an irretrievable decay. The side of the quadrangle which forms the front of the castle, is in the best state of preservation; it contains the chapel, still in good order, and beneath are vaults of considerable extent, in one of which stands the celebrated tun of Heidelberg. After seeing the chapel, and the apartments which had at one time been occupied by the Princess Elizabeth, daughter of James I. of England, and wife of the elector palatine, we descended to the vault containing the tun. This huge cask, which occupies an entire cellar, is adjusted in a peculiar manner on its side, and the upper part is covered by a platform with a rail, to which visitors ascend by a stair. A trap-door in the platform may be called the bung to this monstrous vessel, and there exist means for drawing off the liquor at the end, as in an ordinary butt. According to the statement of the person who shows, and seems to be the guardian of the tun, it measures thirty-three feet in length by twenty-four in diameter, and can contain 283,000 bottles, or about 800 hogshheads. It was constructed by one of the former lords of Heidelberg, for the purpose of holding wine, and its size was intended to be emblematic of the overflowing abundance of the vintages in the beautiful country around. It has not been used since 1769, or shortly after the conflagration which rendered the castle desolate.

The view from the projecting bulwarks of the castle across the vale of the Neckar, although exceedingly grand, is inferior to that obtained from a projection of the hill above, whence the eye stretches over the extensive valley of the Upper Rhine, and is only interrupted by the Vosges mountains in France, waving along the western horizon. The extreme flatness of the land brings into view innumerable towns and villages scattered over the scene, the distant church towers seemingly growing out of a sea of verdure variegated with the yellow tints of autumn, while, winding through the beautiful landscape, the Rhine is seen at intervals glancing in the rays of the setting sun. We must, however, withdraw from the contemplation of this fair scene. The shadows of evening are deepening in the lovely valley of the Neckar below us, and we must descend to prepare for the fatigues of another day.

WEAPON-SCHAWING.

In the commencing chapter of *Old Mortality*, Sir Walter Scott has given an accurate and interesting description of one of the Weapon-Schawings of old Scotland, with all the formalities and sports thereupon attending. In every county or shire these local militia meetings, for such (it is scarcely necessary to say) was their character, took place annually, and received the name of Weapon-Showings, from the arms and accoutrements of the assembled force being then and there inspected by the sheriff of the district. There are two places in the county of Peebles, or Tweeddale, which still retain the respective names of King's-Muir and Sheriff-Muir, originally derived from their being the scene of these periodical musters. The King's-Muir is a level piece of ground, situated close by the town of Peebles, the capital of the shire; and the Sheriff-Muir, a spot of similar character about two miles to the west of the same ancient burgh. A roll of one of the musters on the King's-Muir is still extant, and the statements which it contains will give a better idea of the nature of this species of militia force, and of the appearance of those who composed it, than could be obtained in any other way. The preamble of the roll runs thus:—"At that part of the Barrow-Muir of Peebles, called the King's-Muir, in presence of James Nasmyth of Posso, sheriff-depute of the sheriffdom of Peebles, on the 15th day of June 1627, being the ordinary day and place appointed for the mustering and showing of weapons of the said sheriffdom, COMPEARED the barons and others underwritten, and gave in their musters and showing of weapons in manner following." Then begins the list of names.

"Walter Brown, in Wester Haprew, bailie to my Lord Yester, in his lordship's name, well horsed, with jack, plet sleeves, steel bonnet, pistol and sword, accompanied with threescore and five horsemen, and four footmen, all with lances and swords, dwelling on noble Lord Yester's lands, in the parishes of Peebles, Lyne, Stobo, and Drummelzier.

James Chisholm, in Glenholm, for my Lord Earl of Wigton, well horsed himself, accompanied with seven horsemen, with lances and swords, dwelling on the said noble Earl's lands, in the parish of Glenholm.

Sir Archibald Murray of Darnhall, well horsed, with a collet, accompanied with forty-two horsemen, with lances and swords, ten jacks and steel bonnets, within the parishes of Kilbucho and Eddleston."

These are specimens of the followings brought to the Weapon-Showing by the larger proprietors of the county, whose duty it was to appear with a body of men proportioned to the extent of their estates, and who, indeed, usually took a pride in thus exhibiting

their greatness. The roll presents the lesser personages commonly as follows:—

"John Sander of Foulage, present for Foulage and Melin's land, well horsed, with jack, plet sleeves, and steel bonnet, sword and lance; within the parish of Peebles.

Thomas Thomson, in Bonington, present, horsed, with lance and sword; parish of Peebles.

Robert Porteous, for Winkston, present, with a buff-coat, a pair of pistols and a rapier; within the parish of Peebles."

Even these brief extracts will show sufficiently that this Weapon-Show armament, which amounted in all to 294 horsemen and 10 footmen, must have been rather a motley one, as regarded weapons, dress, and other points. Some individuals even came without any arms whatever; as in the subjoined case:—"William Brown of Logan, present, well horsed, with lance and sword; and a horseman with nothing; parish of Glenholm." As regarded the nature and appearance of the horses, also, there would in all probability be a still greater degree of incongruity than in the case of dress or arms; some of the steeds being clean-limbed bits of blood from the stables of my lord, while others came rough from the farmer's plough. But, uncouth and strangely varied as the King's-Muir assemblage was in point of external appearance, there was a still more striking variety in the characters of the parties composing the troop, if we may believe Dr Alexander Penneucik, who was long a member of the corps, and who has described one of its meetings. Dr Penneucik, who was a gentleman of good family and estate in Peeblesshire, and practised besides as a physician in the county, is well known as the author of a *History of Tweeddale*, first printed and published in 1715. A number of poems were appended to the topographical work, and from one of these we shall make some extracts, which paint most humorously the militia corps of Tweeddale. The piece was written on occasion of Argyle's invasion in 1685. The whole militia of the country was ordered out, to be in readiness to oppose him, but his speedy capture and death rendered their term of service short and bloodless. In the following description of the troop, Dr Penneucik gives the parties introduced their territorial designations. "Drummellear" is Hay of Drummelzier (ancestor of the Hays of Dunse); "Stenhop" is Murray of Stanhope; "Hayston" Hay of Hayston (ancestor of the present Sir Adam Hay); and so on.

The merry month of May was in her pride,
And loyalty seem'd Scotland's lovely bride,
When bold Argyle, that lofty little man,
Through Neptune's regions with arm'd squadrons ran.
The royal trumpets sound, the drums do beat,
And troops march through the country soon and late:
The gentry rise in arms, in splendid manner,
And thrust in throats to brave Bellona's banner;
Crying, mount, march, charge, spur up your avers,*
And fight like Scotsmen under valiant Clavers.
Drummellear chosen was, for heart and hand,
The loyal Tweeddale blades for to command.
As is his due, we rank him first in place
For his rare charms of body, mind, and face.
Young Stenhop, our lieutenant, bravely can
Approve himself a stout and prudent man.
What shall I say of our three Brigadiers,
But that they are incapable of fears,
Of strength prodigious, and of looks so froward.
That every glower they give would fright a coward.
To view but Hairhop's great red Roman nose
Would fly a rebel's heart into his hose.
Strong are his bones; his looks they are so big,
That every word he speaks would kill a whig.
Kind Callins with his cut-lugst next appears,
The second of our warlike Brigadiers:
His arms like Sampson's, and with every leg
That might a rammer be to great Mons Meg.†

No cure nor comfort want we in its kind,
To give content to body or to mind:
For Doctor Penneucik is our physician,
And Kickmaleerie fiddler's our musician;
The Doctor's courage none, I think, dare doubt,
'Tis known he sheds more blood than all the troop.

After being in camp forty days, the poet proceeds to tell us, all the members of the loyal Tweeddale troop began to be heartily tired of their soldiering experiment.

Stout Kaillie claws his shoulders, and exclaims,
"Must I not clip my sheep, and spane my lambs?
I'll turn tail on Friday without failie,
In spite of all the troop, or deil tak Kaillie."
And yet for all this heat and fiery fury,
Good honest Kaillie to the last did tarry.

The result of the affair of course was, that the honest men were sent home to clip their sheep and spane their lambs, which operations even lairds or land-proprietors did not in those days disdain to conduct or superintend in person. In conclusion of this sketch of a militia troop of old times, we may observe, that the author of the poem from which extracts have now been given, is a personage not unworthy of a name among our Scottish poets and writers of the seventeenth century. He was an attentive observer of the rural manners of his district, and paints them, both in prose and verse, with much force and humour. He was held in great esteem among the gentry of Tweeddale, and seems himself to have been a rare specimen of the old Scottish gentleman and scholar.

* Horses. † A cut-lugged horse, or one nicked in the ears.
† A large cannon in Edinburgh Castle.

FANNON'S MARE,

A SKETCH FROM THE SOUTHERN STATES.

THE exploits of Fannon, the famous partisan of Randolph, would make a body of facts more interesting than any tale of fiction. He was a reckless fellow—bloody-minded as the hounds of Hayti. He sometimes slew the helpless and innocent in cold blood—the coward! But he had that instinctive tone and bearing of authority that kept his people within the metes and bounds of his own despotic will. He and his party were one day resting themselves by a spring; lounging here and there on the green grass in the shade of the trees. One of his subordinates, a big strong man, had got mad with him. His rage had been boiling in him for several days; and some fresh affront at the spring caused his anger to become ungovernable—he drew his sword and rushed at his captain, swearing he would kill him. Fannon had stretched his slight form on the sward, and was resting with his elbow on the ground and his hand under his head. His devoted followers were around him, and he heard the click of their locks as they cocked their rifles. "Let him alone!" cried Fannon, in his quick sharp tone. He lay still; calm and self-possessed, with his keen dark eyes fixed on the raging lieutenant, as he made a tremendous plunge at his breast. But when the stroke came, its object swerved away like a snake, and the baffled man plunged his sword into the ground. Quick as lightning Fannon's sharp blade passed through his gigantic frame—"Thus, and thus, I punish those who disregard my authority!" and his eyes glowed and sparkled like a serpent's. The man sank to the earth for ever.

But "Fannon's Mare" is written at the top of this sheet; and she is the heroine of this present writing. Achilles had his Xanthus and Balius, and Podargus; Alexander had his Bucephalus; McDonald had his Selim. Fannon was a man of blood like them, and like them he had his favourite and trusty charger; and Fannon's mare was worthy of her owner, or "even a better man." He called her the Red Doe, from her resemblance in colour to a deer. She was a rare animal—fleet, powerful, intelligent, docile as a lamb—and her owner valued her, I dare say, above king or country, or the life of his fellow man. She bore him proudly and fearlessly in the bloody skirmish or the quick retreat. When he stood in the noisy council of his partisans, or in the silent ambush, the faithful brute was by his side, ever ready to bear him whithersoever he would.

Down on the east of Little River the partisan and some four or five of his followers one day captured a man by the name of Hunter, a political opponent, from the country about Salisbury. This was sufficient cause of death, and Fannon told the man he should hang him. Hunter was evidently a man of the times; but what could he do, alone and defenceless, with a dozen bitter enemies! It was a case of complete desperation. The rope was ready, and a strong old oak threw out its convenient branches. Fannon told him he might pray, for his time was come! The poor man kneeled down, and seemed absorbed in his last petition to a throne of mercy. Fannon and his men stood by; and the trusty mare stood among them with the reins on her neck. They began to be impatient for their victim to close his devotional exercises. But they soon discovered there was more of earth than heaven in Hunter's thoughts; for he suddenly sprang on Fannon's mare, bowed his head down on her powerful neck, pressed his heels on her flanks, and darted away like the wind!

The rifles were levelled in a moment—"Shoot high! shoot high!" cried Fannon; "save my mare!" The slugs all whistled over Hunter's back, save one that told with unerring aim, which tore and battered his shoulder dreadfully. He reeled on the saddle and felt sick at heart; but hope was before him, death behind, and he nerved himself for the race. On he sped. Through woods and ravines and brambles did that powerful mare carry him, safely and swiftly. His enemies were in hot pursuit. They followed him by the trail of blood from his wounded shoulder. He came to Little River; there was no ford; the bank was high, and a deep place in the stream before him. But the foe came—he drew the rein and clapped his heels to her sides, and that gallant mare plunged recklessly into the stream. She snorted in the spray as she rose, pawed the yielding wave, arched her beautiful mane above the surface, and skimmed along like a wild swan. Hunter turned her down stream in the hope of evading his pursuers; and she reared and dashed through the flashing waters of the shoal, like lightning in the storm-cloud.

But Fannon was on the trail, and rushing down the bank with all the mad energy that the loss of his favourite could inspire. Hunter turned the mare to the opposite bank; it was steep—several feet of perpendicular rock—but she planted herself on the shore at a bound; and then away she flew over the interminable forest of pines, straight and swift as an arrow—that admirable mare!

On and on did the generous brute bear her master's foe, till the pursuers were left hopelessly behind. Late in the evening Hunter rode into Salisbury, had the slug extracted from his shoulder, and after lingering some time with the effects of his wound and excitement, finally got well. And that gallant mare, that had done him such good service, he kept and cherished till she died of old age.—From the Southern Citizen, quoted in the New-Yorker.

SONG OF PEACE.

BY ROBERT GILFILLAN.

Awake the song of peace—
Let nations join the strain;
The march of blood and pomp of war
We will not have again!
Let fruit-trees crown our fields,
And flowers our valleys fair;
And on our mountain steep—the songs
Of happy swains be there!
Our maidens shall rejoice,
And bid the timbrel sound;
Soft dreams no more shall broken be
With drums parading round.
No tears for lovers slain
From lovely eyes shall fall;
But music and the dance shall come
In halcyon joy to all!
The rider and his steed,
Their path of fame is o'er;
The trumpet and the trumpeter
Shall squadrons rouse no more!
No fields of victory won
With blade and battle-brand!
A nobler triumph shall be ours—
A bright and happy land!
Too long the man of blood
Hath ruled without control;
Nor widows' tears, nor orphans' sighs,
Could touch his iron soul!
But, lo! the mighty's fallen—
And from his lofty brow
The chaplet fades that circled there—
Where are his trophies now?
Look to the countless graves,
Where sleep the thousands slain!
The morning songs no more call forth
The stirring bands again!
The din, the strife is past
Of foe with falling foe—
The grassy leaves wave o'er their heads
And quiet they rest below!
Sound high the harp of song,
And raise the joyous strain;
But war's rough note be it no'er heard
To swell the chords again.
Put all its trappings past—
Vain pomp of bygone years—
To ploughshares grind the pointed swords,
To pruning-hooks the spears!
Come, man, to brother man,
Come in the bond of peace;
Then strife and war, with all their train
Of dark'ning woe, shall cease.
Come, with that spirit free,
That art and science give;
Come, with the patient mind for truth,
Seek it, and ye shall live!
Then earth shall yield her fruits—
The seasons forth shall bring,
And summer fair shall pour her sweets
Into the lap of spring!
While autumn, mellow, comes
With full and liberal hand,
And gladness then shall fill each heart
Through all the happy land.

WALPOLIANA.

[A second series of gleanings from the miscellany of pieces under that title by Horace Walpole.]

LORD WILLIAM POULET.

Lord William Poulet, though often chairman of committees of the House of Commons, was a great dunce, and could scarcely read. Being to read a bill for naturalising *Jemima*, Duchess of Kent, he called her, *Jeremiah*, Duchess of Kent.

Having heard south walls commended for ripening fruit, he showed all the four sides of his garden for south walls.

A gentleman, writing to desire a fine horse he had, offered him any equivalent. Lord William replied, that the horse was at his service, but he did not know what to do with an elephant.

A pamphlet, called "The Snake in the Grass," being reported (probably in joke) to be written by this Lord William Poulet, a gentleman abused in it sent him a challenge. Lord William professed his innocence, and that he was not the author; but the gentleman would not be satisfied without a denial under his hand. Lord William took a pen, and began, "This is to certify, that the buk called the Snake"—"Oh, my lord," said the person, "I am satisfied; your lordship has already convinced me you did not write the book."

HOURS OF COMPOSITION.

I wrote the "*Castle of Otranto*" in eight days, or rather eight nights; for my general hours of composition are from ten o'clock at night till two in the morning, when I am sure not to be disturbed by visitors. While I am writing, I take several cups of coffee.

APPLAUSE, THE NURSE OF GENIUS.

One quality I may safely arrogate to myself: I am not afraid to praise. Many are such timid judges of composition, that they hesitate, and wait for the public opinion. Show them a manuscript, though they highly approve it in their hearts, they are afraid to commit themselves by speaking out. Several excellent works have perished from this cause: a writer of real talents being often a mere sensitive plant with regard to his own productions. Some cavils of *Mason* (how inferior a poet and judge!) had almost induced *Gray* to destroy his two beautiful and sublime odes. We should not only praise, but hasten to praise.

AUTHORS AND ARTISTS.

I have always rather tried to escape the acquaintance and conversation of authors. An author, talking of his own works, or censuring those of others, is to me a dose

of ipecacuanha. I like only a few, who can, in company, forget their authorship, and remember plain sense.

The conversation of artists is still worse. Vanity and envy are the main ingredients. One detests vanity, because it shocks one's own vanity.

Had I listened to the censures of artists, there is not a good piece in my collection. One blames one part of a picture, another attacks another. Sir *Joshua* is one of the most candid; yet he blamed the stiff drapery of my *Henry VII.* in the state bed-chamber, as if good drapery could be expected in that age of painting.

CRITICISM.

It is prudent to consult others before one ventures on publication—but every single person is as liable to be erroneous as an author. An elderly man, as he gains experience, acquires prejudices too: nay, old age has generally two faults—it is too quick-sighted into the faults of the time being, and too blind to the faults that reigned in his youth; which having partaken of, or having admired, though injudiciously, he recollects with complaisance.

BON-MOTS.

I have made a collection of the witty sayings of *Charles II.* I have also a collection of bon-mots, by people who only said one witty thing in the whole course of their lives. *Charles II.* hearing a high character of a preacher in the country, attended one of his sermons. Expressing his dissatisfaction, one of the courtiers replied, that the preacher was applauded to the skies by his congregation. "Ay," observed the king, "I suppose his nonsense suits their nonsense."

CONTEMPORARY JUDGMENTS.

Contemporaries are tolerable judges of temporary merit, but often most erroneous in their estimate of lasting fame. *Burnet*, you know, speaks of "one *Prior*;" and *Whitlocke* of "one *Milton*, a blind man." *Burnet* and *Whitlocke* were men of reputation themselves. But what say you of *Heath*, the obscure chronicler of the civil wars? He says, "one *Milton*, since stricken with blindness," wrote against *Salmasius*; and composed "an impudent book, called *Iconoclastes*."

FACE-PAINTING.

Lady Coventry, the celebrated beauty, killed herself with painting. She bedaubed herself with white, so as to stop the perspiration. *Lady Mary Wortley Montagu* was more prudent: she went often into the hot bath, to scrape off the paint, which was almost as thick as plaster on a wall.

HEROISM OF A PEASANT.

The following generous action has always struck me extremely; there is somewhat even of sublime in it:—A great inundation having taken place in the north of Italy, owing to an excessive fall of snow in the Alps, followed by a speedy thaw, the river *Adige* carried off a bridge near *Verona*, except the middle part, on which was the house of the toll-gatherer, or porter, I forget which; and who, with his whole family, thus remained imprisoned by the waves, and in momentary danger of destruction. They were discovered from the banks, stretching forth their hands, screaming, and imploring succour, while fragments of this remaining arch were continually dropping into the water. In this extreme danger, a nobleman, who was present, a Count of *Pulverini*, held out a purse of one hundred sequins, as a reward to any adventurer who would take a boat, and deliver this unhappy family. But the risk was so great of being borne down by the rapidity of the stream, of being dashed against the fragment of the bridge, or of being crushed by the falling stones, that not one, in the vast number of spectators, had courage enough to attempt such an exploit. A peasant, passing along, was informed of the proposed reward. Immediately jumping into a boat, he by strength of oars gained the middle of the river, brought his boat under the pile, and the whole family safely descended by means of a rope. "Courage!" cried he, "now you are safe." By a still more strenuous effort, and great strength of arm, he brought the boat and family to shore. "Brave fellow," exclaimed the count, handing the purse to him, "here is the promised recompense." "I shall never expose my life for money," answered the peasant. "My labour is a sufficient livelihood for myself, my wife, and children. Give the purse to this poor family, who have lost all."

FEMALE QUARRELS.

A man of rank, hearing that two of his female relations had quarrelled, asked, "Did they call each other ugly?" "No." "Well, well, I shall soon reconcile them."

POISSARDES.

The *poissardes* or fish-women at *Paris*, form a sort of body-corporate. In the time of *Louis XIV.*, the Dauphin having recovered from a long illness, the fish-women deputed four of their troop to offer their congratulations. After some difficulties, the ladies were admitted by the king's special command, and conducted to the Dauphin's apartment. One of them began a sort of harangue, "What would have become of us if our dear Dauphin had died? We should have lost our all." The king meanwhile had entered behind, and being extremely jealous of his power and glory, frowned at this ill-judged compliment; when another of the deputation, with a ready wit, regained his good graces, by adding, "True, we should have lost our all—for our good king could never have survived his son, and would doubtless have died of grief." The neatness of this unexpected turn was much admired.

PREJUDICES.

Our passions and prejudices ever mislead us. There is a French bon-mot on this topic. A curate and his wife had heard that the moon was inhabited; a telescope was borrowed, and the lady had the first peep. "I see," said she, "I see two shades inclining towards each other; they are, beyond doubt, happy lovers." "Poh!" said the curate, looking in his turn, "these two shades are the two steeples of a cathedral."

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

A WEST INDIA SKETCH.

BY THE OLD SAILOR, AUTHOR OF "TOUGH YARNS," &c.

"A negro has a soul, an please your honour," said the corporal (doubtfully).

"I am not much versed, corporal," said my uncle Toby, "in things of that kind; but I suppose God would not leave him without one any more than thee or me." STRANK.

MAHAICA CREEK, although bearing so humble a designation, is in many parts half a mile in breadth; and after collecting the waters of several tributary streams, empties itself into the sea, between the fifth and sixth degrees of north latitude, on that part of the coast of South America formerly known as French, then Dutch, but now British Guiana. The planters on both shores of the creek take advantage of its aid to send their produce down to vessels that come to load at the entrance, or else ship it in colonial sloops, to be conveyed round to the river Demerara. The tide is extremely rapid, and at low water the channel is so narrow and shallow as to render it unnavigable for any vessels except those of very light draught; therefore great caution is required to catch the proper time to descend.

Most of the planters whose estates lie adjacent to the stream, are provided with handsome boats, rowing with from four to eight oars; and as the negroes are rather partial to such excursions, they make excellent boatmen, and vie with each other in the speed and appearances of their little craft, which generally have a raised roof abaft, to shelter passengers from the intense heat of the sun.

I was visiting my friend Mitchell (who managed a very large estate that the creek divided into two parts), and had expressed a great desire to inspect an Indian encampment, about forty miles up the Mahaica from the place of his residence, near the ferry that forms the line of communication between the east coast of Demerara and the colony of Berbice. It was indeed a most beautiful place in which the proprietor of that plantation had pitched his tent, and though on a perfect level, yet the best had been made of situation, by the disposing of the surrounding trees, with all their exquisite loveliness of colour in foliage, flower, and fruit, so as apparently to exclude that distant prospect which in reality did not exist. But the proprietor had made an ample fortune, and returned home to England, leaving Mitchell with a handsome salary, and privilege to act as his deputy; for, notwithstanding all the attractive splendour of nature, attired in her richest costume, notwithstanding the luxury of West India enjoyments, notwithstanding that hundreds of slaves were ready to the utmost extent of obedience to a beck or nod, there was one small winged insect—the mosquito—that did more to terrify and torture its victims than the royal tiger of Bengal, or the kingly lion of Southern Africa; and from that pestiferous little creature all are equally ready to flee.

The smoke-wreaths had been scarcely wafted away from the daybreak gun, when Mitchell aroused me to say that his boat was waiting for us at the ferry, and the morning delightfully cool. A cold bath, and a cup of delicious coffee and a roasted plantain whilst dressing, occupied only a few minutes, and by the time the sun had jumped up on to the verge of the horizon to see what the world was about, we were embarked and gallantly flying up the stream, propelled by six stout negroes, each in a glossy suit of nature's own tailoring; in fact, except the cloth round their loins, they were as naked as they were born.

The day before had been intensely hot, and the night till two in the morning had been extremely sultry, but the cold squishy chill that now made us tremble and shake, appertained more to the icy regions than to the torrid zone; but as the day advanced, the influences of the master spirit prevailed, and a more genial warmth diffused itself. We had also a breeze soon after starting, and the men laid on their oars and spread the canvass; and as we glided smoothly along, I must own

that the beauty of the river scenery was delightful to the eye, especially as there was nothing on either hand in the distance to draw the attention away from objects immediately in the vicinity; in truth, the sight on both sides was bounded by the towering trees upon the banks of the stream, except where a break opened to a plantation residence, and in one or two places a space had been cleared, and sugar-houses erected.

As we proceeded higher up, the creek became more narrow, and as the lofty trees prevented the wind from reaching our sail, it was consequently lowered, and the negroes once more took to their oars: the ever green foliage in all its variety of shade; the splendid plumage of the birds, as they flashed to and fro in the sun; the long pennons of crimson flowers that waved on high from the branches; the delicious scent of the orange blossom—all grew into greater luxuriance, whilst the only sounds that disturbed the stillness which would otherwise have prevailed, was the voice of the whip-poor-will, whose notes here became "who—who are you?" the scream of the parrot or parrotet, and the ever-changing tones of the mocking-bird.

Suddenly, on a signal from their spokesman, the negroes struck up a song, to which they kept time with their oars. The leading songster sang a line solo, taking up any occurrence that crossed his mind at the moment, or that took place in our progress. Thus, when the looms of the oars were thrown aft to replunge the blade in the water, the leader sang his line, whatever it might be, and as they one and all took their stroke together, every voice united in a general chorus. The first subject was connected with our voyage. The leader commenced—

We da boy for pull da boat,
to which the rest instantly rejoined—
Sing cheery row!

then the first line was repeated, and the response again followed; and it was extremely rare that a subject was alluded to more than once; indeed, as the scenery and circumstances were changing, he was seldom at a loss for a theme; and when it flagged, some sly hit at the manager, myself, or their fellow-negroes, supplied the deficiency. There was something extremely musical in the tone and manner of singing, that rendered it any thing but unpleasant; and as it acted upon the energies of the negroes, to incite them to greater exertion, we had no objection to it. Two or three other lines I remember were—

Sun him get abud da bush,
Sing cheery row;
Sun him get abud da bush,
Sing cheery row.
Captain hab da grog-bottell,
Sing cheery row;
Captain hab da grog-bottell,
Sing cheery row.

At one time the voice of the leader became low and solemn as he pronounced—

Poor Charley neber cum again,
Nigger boy cry oh!
Poor Charley neber cum again,
Nigger boy cry oh!

There was something exceedingly plaintive in the tone of the leader, as well as the response, and Mitchell informed me that they referred to the death of a favourite slave belonging to his plantation, who had been drowned at that very spot about twelve months previous. The motion of the oars was equally slow with the utterance of the singer, and several other allusions to the deceased were made in the same mournful strain, till all at once the leader shouted—

Alligator in da mud,
Sing cheery row;
Alligator in da mud,
Sing cheery row.

And true enough my friend pointed out to me, at a few yards' distance, what appeared to be part of the trunk of an old tree, but its motion and its glistening

eyes soon betrayed its real character, and with a noise something between a heavy sigh and a groan, the creature slid into the water, and disappeared.

"There was a rather melancholy story about poor Charley," said Mitchell; "but as you have not yet breakfasted, you would perhaps prefer waiting till you have, before I narrate it."

"It would perhaps be more unpleasant for you to tell than for me to hear," answered I, "as you must be somewhat exhausted; therefore I will not tax your breath."

"You speak merely from your own experience, my friend," said he; "I am so well insured to the climate, that it has become perfectly natural to me; and, therefore, as there is no time like the time present, you shall have the narrative at once:—Poor Charley was one of the finest and best domestic slaves in the colony, always ready when wanted, and willing to perform his duties with perfect good humour; but there were times when the blood of the white man that ran in his veins would stir his pride; for, though holding so inferior a station, he was in fact the son of a man of rank, title, and distinction, who held one of the highest offices in Demerara. His mother was a domestic in the establishment of Sir Richard, and I have heard, for I never saw her, that she was a remarkably well-made woman; and as negroes are extremely fond of showing off their figure to the best advantage, it may naturally be supposed that Celia was not a little proud in displaying her handsome person; indeed, but for her colour, she might have been considered a beauty. At all events, she attracted the notice of the baronet, who carried her with him to England. There, however, her heart sickened at the indignities which were heaped upon her on account of her colour; and as she pined for her kindred and her home, she was sent back to the colony, with a handsome sum of money, and promises of emancipation. The vessel quitted England, but whatever were Sir Richard's good intentions, or whether the fault was his or not, no instructions were forwarded to procure the poor girl's freedom; and when she landed in George Town, she was immediately claimed for the estate, and was once more a slave. Still implicitly relying on the promise of her master, she submitted to her hard fate, and looked forward with eagerness for the period to arrive when she should obtain her papers, and her child be born free. The money she had received (together with other valuables) was placed in the manager's hands for security, and she pleased herself in airy speculations as to its appropriation.

Several months passed away; her time for delivery drew near, and still no instructions arrived. It is true the labour imposed upon her was but nominal: she did pretty well what she pleased; but, somehow or other, after negroes have breathed the air of England, they return with strange notions of liberty and freedom! Celia keenly felt the disappointments, as vessel after vessel arrived without the promised letters, till at length intelligence came that Sir Richard had lost his life in a duel he had provoked; the estates had passed into the hands of the next of kin, and Celia was yet a slave. Rage, grief, and vexation, brought on premature labour, and the unhappy girl, after bringing forth a fine boy, which she attempted to destroy, was found by the nurse, after an absence of only a few minutes, a lifeless corpse. Intelligence of the circumstance, together with a full statement of particulars, were sent to the new proprietor, who was a needy and avaricious man. He knew nothing, and would know nothing, of Celia or her infant; but as the property was no more, and a slave by law cannot hold property, he directed that the money deposited by the poor girl in the hands of the manager should be placed to his own account and uses. Thus was Charley ushered into the world a helpless orphan slave; but the manager was a humane and generous-minded man: he kept the child in the house with every care as if it had been his own; no menial

occupation was ever allotted to him; he gave considerable promise of quickness of intellect, and by stealth one of the overseers taught him to read and write. As he grew older, his history was unfolded to him, and he felt a conscious superiority over his fellows. In time he became strongly attached to a young Creole upon a neighbouring estate, who was somewhat similarly situated with himself; for she was also a slave, though both her parents were yet living. Charley was well aware that the freedom he enjoyed was held by a very frail tenure—the change of a proprietor or a manager might consign him to labour in the field, for it rested solely on the caprice of his owner or his agents. Andrews was, as I have already said, a worthy soul, and at his own personal risk and expense he availed himself of an opportunity of sending the youth to England.

Heavy and sad was Charley's parting with Sophia, for both their natures had been polished by instruction, and their attachment was pure and ardent; but the object Charley had in view embraced the future prospects of both, namely, emancipation from slavery; and though they were well aware that the negro taint would exclude them from the society of white people, yet, if free, with the restoration of his mother's money, they could maintain themselves and be happy in each other's society. Thus they softened the affliction of separation, and, sanguine in their expectations, they did not contemplate a disappointment. But unhappily it came; for although Charley succeeded in behalf of Sophia, yet his own proprietor peremptorily refused his request for freedom, or a restitution of that which had been so unjustly taken from him. But the owner being about to dispose of the estate, Charley was of too much value to be allowed to remain in England, and the laws would not sanction his removal by force. Duplicity was therefore called into operation; inducements were held out, and fair promises made, which, coupled with the young man's earnest desire to bear good news to Sophia, prevailed upon him to embark for Demerara; but the very same vessel brought out a transfer of the property to other hands, and Charley, on his landing, discovered that he had been very cruelly betrayed. It certainly was a villainous transaction, for at the very moment that the promises of emancipation were making, the individual who promised had sold the young man with the estate. Andrews was superseded in his management, and a harsher man appointed; but, through the intervention of some influential gentlemen in the colony, Charley was disposed of and purchased by my principal, who placed him as a sort of clerk and butler over the household. The papers to emancipate Sophia had been forwarded by the young man, who could not now aspire to an union with a free woman, and her means were not adequate to buy his liberation; but the devoted girl determined to toil with unceasing industry to effect such purpose, whilst I endeavoured to promote their views by the means within my power. His trip to England had given Charley more exalted views of human nature than could be afforded by a slave colony. He had been a free man, had mixed unrestrainedly with the whites, and received many a hearty welcome. It is true he discerned that one man in England did more work than any three negroes, and that extreme wretchedness and distress, such as the West Indies never witnessed, was prevalent amongst the poor; but he likewise enjoyed that liberty which is congenial to the home soil of my native land, and he doubly felt the degradation of being again a slave. Still the amiability of his disposition, and his constant readiness to oblige, endeared him to every one; and, jealous as the negroes are of favouritism, they nevertheless made every exception as far as Charley was concerned, and were themselves amongst the first to do him honour. At length our proprietor sailed for home, and I was left in sole management, with permission to free the poor fellow as soon as his purchase-money could be raised. By dint of perseverance on the part of Sophia, and some small sacrifice on mine, the required amount was forthcoming; and as it was thought best to do the thing quietly, so as not to make any unpleasant impression on the other slaves, I sanctioned Charley's visit to George Town to take up his freedom. Never shall I forget the mingling emotions which prompted the poor fellow's expressions when he received his papers, and was declared a free man. There were anxious doubts as regarded the future; regret at parting with those whose kindness he had experienced; and joy, irrepressible joy, that there was no longer a barrier between him and Sophia. But, above all, there was a deep utterance of fervent gratitude to providence for its merciful interference in his favour. Confound the fellow, the remembrance makes a child of me!"

Mitchell's voice faltered, and there was a moisture in his eyes as vivid retrospection came over his mind; and during his recital I could not help being struck with the fact, that long habit and prejudice struggled against the operations of a kindly disposition; and the latter frequently caused him to controvert his arguments in favour of the former. The boatmen could hear very little if any thing of our conversation; but seeing us earnestly engaged, they ceased their chaunt, for they guessed poor Charley's history was the theme: still they narrowly watched our looks, and spoke in an under tone to each other; and when my friend could no longer repress his feelings, the spokesman suddenly burst forth in a loud song that was really startling, on

account of the previous stillness, though it expressed the honest sentiments of the negroes' hearts—

Massa Mitchell berry good man,
Sing cheerly row;
Massa Mitchell berry good man,
Sing cheerly row.

The heart-expressed animation with which this was sung, was evidently pleasing to the manager, who looked at me with a smile, as much as to say, "You see the fellows are happy enough," and I returned it with another, to express my gratification; at the same time I felt more assured than ever, that men who are capable of evincing strong feelings of a grateful nature, were not exactly of the class of those who should be kept in bondage. In a minute or two my friend waved his hand for silence, and proceeded.

"Well, Charley was at length a free man, and every thing being settled to his perfect satisfaction, we returned to the plantation; and as Sophia was then located upon an estate well up the creek, he insisted upon starting at once, to be himself the bearer of the glad intelligence. He should have had the boat, but the water had fallen very considerably, and he could not brook a delay of four or five hours. Away he went; and next morning, feeling a desire to witness the happiness of the attached couple, I manned the boat and rowed up; but having my attention attracted to an alligator that was dragging a body down the mud bank, at the place the chaunt of the men pointed out, we drove the creature away, and to my great horror and amazement discovered that his prey was no other than the lifeless remains of poor Charley. How he lost his existence, will probably remain amongst those mysteries which cannot be solved. At first it was conjectured that he had perished in attempting to wade across, but there was great improbability in this, as he was an excellent swimmer; then again his drowning was attributed to alligators, which are here pretty numerous, though small; but there were some who did not scruple to say that he had been murdered by a disappointed rival—for there *was* a rival in the case—but nothing certain was ever ascertained. As to Sophia, the unfortunate girl could not sustain the heavy affliction, and in less than a month she was laid in the same grave with her lover. Now you have had poor Charley's story, and I must look out for some place where we may get a feed."

"And a most melancholy story it is," said I. "Poor fellow, he deserved a better fate. But as for a breakfast, where will you find a house of entertainment in this wilderness?"

"Every plantation we come to has a resident, and any one of them would give us a hearty welcome," returned he. "We have no hotels or inns here—hospitality without money and without price if you like to stop for a week. But I cannot make up my mind as to whom we shall quarter ourselves upon. About two miles higher up is old Johnny Maclean, the burgher captain of the district, an honest hearty old fellow that has been twenty years at sea before he squatted down in his present place. Then there's Squire Aubrey, precise and particular, every thing in grand style, and like clockwork. Next, we should find Macarthy, as free, and as generous, and as glorious in his living, as a prince. Which do you prefer?"

"I must leave it entirely in your hands," said I; "but if possible pick out some interesting character."

"It shall be so," said Mitchell, looking out ahead upon the left bank of the river, where the varied green of the foliage and the bright hues of the flowers were delightfully blended together, and giving the boat a sheer in shore; "we will stop at Hammerton's."

I was going to inquire who Hammerton was, but the question was delayed by the peculiar mournful cadences of the negroes as they continued their chaunt. Their voices sank yet lower, as the leader, having looked towards a clump of plantain and papaw trees, uttered,

Old man tan upon da shore,
Sing saafly row;
Old man tan upon da shore,
Sing saafly row.

"Hush, Sam—hush!" said Mitchell; "leave off your song: he is indeed there, bending over the grave of his child."

"Massa Hammerton like for hearce we peak too much sorry," answered Sam, the leader of the chaunt.

"And who is Hammerton?" asked I, as Mitchell gave the boat a sheer in to a sort of jetty that ran out into the stream, and the next minute her nose was fast upon the shore. Mitchell did not answer my question, but pointed to the clump of trees before mentioned, beneath which I perceived a small marble monumental urn, and bending over it, with one hand resting on the top, was an elderly man, who, on our landing, immediately quitted the spot of his apparent meditation, and came towards us: he was tall, and when at his full height, in the days of strength, had measured six feet three inches in altitude. At that time he must have been a perfect giant in the muscular power of his frame; but now grief and age, like the storms and ice of winter to the foliage, had shorn him of those attributes for which he had once been so much admired. His arms were of more than ordinary length in proportion even to his vast body, and his hands were of such dimensions as to excite astonishment at their size. His dress was a mixture of court fashion and shabby genteel, with an enormous broad-brimmed hat that completely shaded his features; but when he removed it on our approach, with the most perfect gentlemanly ease, I could perceive that time and sorrow

had ploughed deep furrows on a countenance that indexed a benevolence of heart. His welcome was cordial, and given with a politeness of manner that marked him as one well acquainted with all the courtesies and accomplishments of polished society; yet there was a singularity in every thing that he did, which plainly manifested he was no servile imitator of other men, but a perfect original in himself.

"You have come to breakfast with me, I hope, Mr Mitchell," said he, after I had been formally introduced. "Your friend, you say, is desirous of seeing all that the colony can present to the view; I shall be proud to show him my plants."

Of course I expressed my thanks, and we walked towards the house, through grounds laid out very differently to any that I had yet seen: the soil was kept perfectly clean, and there was great order and regularity, whilst the shrubs had more the appearance of an experimental nursery than a plantation for immediate profit. There was the bread-fruit tree, carefully planted out; various kinds of almond-trees; the cocco-tree, with its large green bulbs; the shaddock; and numerous others.

The house, like its master, was falling into decay, and the interior was in a very ruinous condition, though there yet remained several traces of former comfort, and in some detached parts even of elegance. It was entirely on a ground floor, with a lofty roof resembling the bungaloes of the East; but the winds of heaven played through between the rafters, and in the wet season the rain took the same course, so that a dry corner was indeed a blessing; but as the showers were few and far between—sometimes four or five months—the inconvenience was not much felt.

The exterior situation of the house was such as fancy may picture, but which neither the pencil of the artist nor the pen of the writer could adequately describe. There was the garden in front, with its eternal summer of beauty stretching down to the river, whilst on each flank the tall mora, piercing a hundred feet into the air, raised its proud head, adorned with streamers of bright red flowers that wreathed its brows; the parasite, that drew its nourishment from the tree, sapped its vitality, and smiled in gorgeous array whilst it inflicted death. From the branches hung the curious nests of the mocking-birds, waving to and fro in every breeze, whilst creatures of the most lovely plumage hovered amongst the leaves, mingling all the colours of the rainbow. Flights of parrots in their variegated hues—flocks of the scarlet as well as the white flamingo—hundreds of birds about the size of a thrush, with rich jet glossy black wings, body, and tail, but the head and small portion of the breast of a deep crimson; there, too, was the little humming-bird, glistering and glancing like detached sun-beams hovering round the flowers, and then darting away with the rapidity of lightning; it was indeed a sweet, a heavenly spot for solitude, with the clear blue sky above, and the choicest of nature's productions below.

The back of the dwelling was also a garden in the form of an immense amphitheatre, the area of which was preserved by the towering trees; here were pine-apples in exquisite profusion, and all the delicious tropical fruits in greater perfection than I had ever seen them before; in fact, the proprietor employed his whole time in experimentalising on the productions of the earth, under the ardent hope of rendering future benefits to his fellow-creatures.

Our breakfast was a usual one in the West Indies, as far as materials went, but nothing could be whiter than the cloth that was spread over the table, and the massive old-fashioned plate, and the costly service of china displayed without ostentation—as the common utensils in constant use contrasted strangely with the extreme wretchedness of the great room—whilst the warm breeze, laden with the perfumes of the orange blossoms, and the mellifluous fragrance of ripe pines, came through the open windows, almost overpowering the sense.

The conversation was on general topics, and I found Mr Hammerton the finished gentleman in politeness of demeanour, the scholar, the man of science, well versed in literature and classical lore, a human monarch of nature's own creation, on whom a diadem could have conferred no additional honour, a philosopher and a Christian. Such were the ideas which two hours' intercourse with this remarkable man forced upon my mind, and my desire momentarily increased to ascertain something of his history; for, notwithstanding all that I have endeavoured to describe him, there was at times a wildness in his manner, and a fierce gleaming in his eyes, that seemed to be nearly allied to a derangement of intellect.

At parting, I very candidly and warmly expressed the gratification I had enjoyed during my visit; nor could I forbear from hinting my surprise that so much seeming intelligence and worth should be thus buried in the wilderness. Never shall I forget the look he gave me; what its meaning was, I could not then well divine. We were standing near the jetty, and only a few feet from the clump of trees, beneath whose shade was that monumental urn; his eyes flashed with fierceness; his long arms were extended at full length, and his large hands spread as if to repulse me with horror; whilst his tall body swayed to and fro with agitation, and a succession of heavy groans seemed to rend his very heart: thus he stood for more than a minute; then suddenly turning round, he strode amongst the trees, and fell prostrate, or nearly so, with his arms encompassing the tomb.

"We must render him assistance, Mitchell," said I,

although I undisguisedly own that the circumstance had produced an impression of alarm.

"No, massa—nebber!" responded an aged negro, who had followed us from the house; "let him a be spose you please; he for come better, by littlee minute when you all gone. He for taalk too much dis morning; make him tink sorry for noder time long ago."

"You are right, Cesar," observed Mitchell; "but look well after him, boy; I was in hopes he had quite recovered from these attacks."

"My massa for good deal much better," said Cesar, "but da tranger dere," pointing at me with his chin, "he hab face all same; palaver all same as da poor picanniny em bury in de bush." The fallen man moved. "Go, massa, go," continued the negro; "you no top longer; Golamity bless Massa Mitchell; go den quick, and no let em boys sing em chant hearee, spose you please."

We hastily embarked, and the boatmen, who had witnessed the scene, were too eager to get away from the place to require any orders to stretch out; they bent manfully to the oars, and in a few minutes we swept round a point of land that entirely separated us from the spot. I eagerly inquired of Mitchell the meaning of the strange and remarkable incidents which I had witnessed. He gave me a brief outline of Hamerton's history, that only served to prompt my curiosity, and induce me subsequently to collect all the information I possibly could, and which shall, in my next paper, be presented to the reader.

THE FORTUNES OF M. OUVARD, THE CONTRACTOR.

It is not the least striking circumstance connected with the French Revolution, that, while the more generous natures were eagerly perilling life in behalf of the political views they respectively entertained, or in defence of the national frontiers, there was a set of acquisitive natures, which recognised nothing in that great struggle, but a means of more rapidly successful money-making. While Danton, Desmoulins, Carnot, and their associates, had their attention concentrated on the hall of the Convention in the Tuilleries—while the nation was in a state of bankruptcy and starvation, and the armies were provided with no requisites but the resolution to die, if necessary, in defence of their country—the Exchange was the haunt of a tribe of men who might be described as trading on the miseries of their fellow-creatures, and getting rich on their impoverishment. Many of these persons suffered in the confusion, but others survived with the fortunes they had acquired. One of the most remarkable of them was a certain M. Ouvrard, who afterwards became eminent as a contractor for the armies under Napoleon and the restored Bourbons. This person published his life a few years ago, and from a copious review of that work, which has come under our attention, we obtain the following curious particulars:—

He was the son of an extensive proprietor of paper-mills on the borders of Bretagne and Poitou. At the breaking out of the Revolution, when as yet but twenty years of age, he had the sagacity to perceive that a greatly increased demand for paper must be one of the certain consequences of the era of political contention on which the nation was entering; and he therefore commenced his career by buying up the product of a number of paper-manufactories for the ensuing two years. An immense profit was the reward of this speculation, and he then removed to Paris, where for some years he moved in the first revolutionary circles. Bonaparte was of the number of his acquaintance, and of him he tells a curious anecdote:—A certain decree of the Committee of Public Safety allowed "cloth sufficient to make a uniform" to every officer in "active service." Bonaparte, among others, applied for his share of this distribution, but was refused by the issuing commissary, upon the ground that his brigade was not actually in the advance. On this he went to Madame Tallien, who gave him a letter of recommendation to the authorities concerned; and, thus armed, the man who was to sway the destinies of Europe made a second application, and actually obtained cloth to make himself the *habit, et culotte d'uniforme*. It is to be remembered, in connection with the anecdote, that there was at this time a miserable deficiency of all the necessaries and conveniences of life in Paris, so that the anxiety of Bonaparte to obtain a suit of clothes might not altogether be in consequence of his poverty as an individual. By the time that the Directory was established, Ouvrard had amassed great wealth, and was thus enabled to trust the new government to the extent of ten millions of francs. He was interested, of course, in the existence of the Directory, and had no good will to the usurping views with which Bonaparte returned from Egypt. But nothing could arrest the fall of this body. On the celebrated 18th Brumaire, when it ceased to exist, Ouvrard breakfasted with Barras, the leading director. A table was laid for thirty guests, for usually there were not fewer; but on this morning, the covers had no guests before them.

Ouvrard and Barras were sitting alone, in no very happy mood, when Talleyrand came in to demand the resignation of the latter, which was instantly complied with. A few days afterwards, Bonaparte applied to Ouvrard for a loan of twelve millions of francs, on behalf of the state. Instead of complying, he made inquiry respecting his previous loan of ten millions to the Directory. The consequence was, that he was mulcted of part of what he considered his due upon that loan, and arrested for alleged misconduct in respect to his contracts for the service of the marine. In the course of the legal proceedings against him, the amount of his vast wealth came to be discovered. It exceeded twenty-nine millions of francs, upwards of one million two hundred thousand pounds of English money. While a notorious money-gatherer, he was the reverse of sordid in his personal habits. At his seat at Raincy, he kept open house, whether he might be present or not, and gave the most splendid entertainments. Here he was visited by some of the most important personages of the day; among the rest, by Lord Erskine and Mr Fox, during the short peace of 1802. The persecutions instituted and kept up against him by the Bonaparte government, did not preclude his entering into large transactions with him. In the year 1800, he took the contract for provisioning the army by which the power of Austria was broken on the plains of Marengo. In 1802, when there was a scarcity of corn, he contracted with the government for the importation of a large quantity. In 1803, he took the marine contracts again (the old ones being still unsettled) for a fresh term of six years. In the next year, he contracted for a very considerable loan; and presently afterwards, in despite of all differences, he was sent to Madrid by Bonaparte, to negotiate the payment of the Spanish subsidy of sixty-two millions of francs to France.

Getting money from the treasury of Spain was a hard task to set an ambassador about; and the first reply of the Spanish minister to the suggestion deserves to be quoted, as a formula in the way of getting rid of such applications. "*Monsieur, nous avons la meilleure volonté, mais pas un ecu!*"—(My friend, we have the best inclinations, but not a coin.) M. Ouvrard, however, whose mind was always on the watch for opportunities of realising wealth on a large scale, resolved to do some business in the country on his own account. He undertook an immense importation of wheat in a time of dearth, projected loans, canals and other public works, and at one time seemed as if he had a great mind to purchase Spain out and out. Something approaching very near to this was actually done by our speculator. He contracted to furnish all the naval and military requisites of the state for a term of years, and made a bargain with the king, Charles IV., for the whole trade of his colonies in South America, the profits to be divided between his most Catholic majesty and the contractor. Upon this project, which Ouvrard speaks of in his Memoirs as an "*acte sans exemple*," "the greatest commercial and political enterprise which had ever been conceived or attempted," Napoleon put an extinguisher in the shape of an imperial decree. In its defence, the projector says that it might have stimulated the energies of Spain, and enabled it in some measure to meet the demand made upon it by the French government. But Bonaparte had a bad opinion of all contractors, whom he considered as only a kind of plunderers, and, being incensed at the scheme of Ouvrard, he caused him to be arrested, and placed in the St Pelagie. From this period, 1809, our speculator continued to spend his time chiefly in prison for several years, but did not lose any part of his enormous wealth, nor was his power to conduct great transactions diminished. Bonaparte, and his government, while heartily detesting him, knew his value, and could not altogether dispense with him. He was therefore allowed a little liberty on several occasions. In the beginning of the year 1812, there being some difficulty as to the supplies of provisions in Paris, the Baron Pasquier, then Prefect of Police, came to him in jail to take his opinion on the subject; and immediately afterwards, from the same place, he addressed a memorial to the emperor on the subject of furnishing subsistence for the army in the projected campaign in Russia, offering, upon certain conditions, himself to undertake the service. In this paper he clearly predicted the evil consequences which would arise from Napoleon's plan of "making the war support the war;" that is, taking free provisions every where. Ouvrard knew that provisions, under such circumstances, would become too scarce to allow of the army moving. In some interviews he had with Bonaparte, while still a prisoner, he endeavoured to enforce this truth, but without effect. In October 1813, the Duke of Rovigo (Savary) came to Ouvrard in the St Pelagie, and offered him his liberty on condition that he would construct a new plan of finance. He rejected the offer, and was soon after liberated in consequence of the advance of the allies.

Money is no bigot to particular shades of opinion, or to particular dynasties. As soon as the Bourbons had settled themselves anew in France, Ouvrard proposed to them a scheme of finance, which they were favourably listening to, when Bonaparte returned. The first thoughts of the restored emperor turned to the wealthy man whom he had left a prisoner in St Pelagie. Ouvrard agreed to produce 50,000,000 of francs against a given quantity of new *rentes*. How far this transaction had proceeded when the battle of Waterloo took place, we are not aware; but on the return of the discomfited emperor to Paris, when he found it necessary to abdicate and quit the French territory, he applied to

Ouvrard for a loan of a personal nature, requesting the advance of a large sum in South American securities, for which he proposed to engage his personal demesnes and those of his family. Ouvrard instinctively felt the insecurity of this pledge, and declined the loan. He even refused to take charge of a number of chests which the fallen emperor wished to leave in safe custody. In all this there was certainly no failure of gratitude in our speculator, for Bonaparte had never treated him in any other way than as a wretch whom it might be occasionally convenient to make use of, and whom to imprison, to "squeeze," and to load with opprobrious epithets, was, he thought, nothing more than fair.

Having got safely through all the turmoils of this period, Ouvrard lived to be of important service to the Bourbons. For several years he was the chief negotiator of all their government loans—in short, the Rothschild of France. When the French army proceeded under the Duke d'Angoulême to put down the constitutional government in Spain, a sad lack of foresight was manifested in the furnishing department. Ouvrard, no doubt aware of the state of the army in this respect, contrived to be by chance at Bayonne at the moment when it was about to cross the Bidassoa. All was in confusion. There were no rations, no forage, no magazines, no means of transport. It seemed as if three months would be necessary to furnish the proper stores. Strictly speaking, there was wheat for ten days, but no mills or sieves to make it into flour—no ovens, no bakers. The artillery had neither horses nor drivers. No dilemma could have been more suitable as an opportunity for M. Ouvrard showing his talents. Accordingly, on the very day after his arrival at Bayonne, the Duke d'Angoulême sent for him, and offered him the entire contract for all the services of the advancing army; he accepted it, relying (as he says) entirely upon the force of money to raise supplies even in an enemy's country; and the detail of the measures which he took to that effect shall be given as nearly as possible in his own words.

On the first signature of this contract, orders were given for the army to pass the Bidassoa; but M. Ouvrard's supplies were not to commence until four days after. "On the first day, the troops lived as they could—which was not without some trouble; and the arrangements of the government agents gave but an unsatisfactory idea of their talents; and uncassiness began already to show itself in the army. On the second day, no one disguised his suspicions. General Terlet found it almost impossible to procure forage for the few artillery horses that he had; the soldiers spoke openly in their bivouacs of the ill appearance of affairs; and the old troops, who had served in the Peninsula before, said plainly, 'Thus Spain always has been our destruction, and always will be! Here, we are but a day in the enemy's country, and already there are no provisions.'

By this time we were at Tolosa—on the next day my contract and supply was to commence. The Military Council assembled; I was sent for, and interrogated, 'Where are your magazines—what are your resources?' 'To-morrow the army will receive its regular issues.' 'We must have ten days' provisions at once for the second corps.' 'To-morrow the second corps shall receive ten days' provisions.' 'Well, but we want more than these mere promises. Your magazines—your dépôts—where are they?' I refused to answer, because I knew that my views would not have been credited. The Council adjourned; met again; adjourned again; and again met.

I had called together (this is in Tolosa) all the authorities; the priests, the merchants, all the persons of every description who had any credit, any influence. 'Gentlemen,' I said, 'the army is here: it does not desire to live at your expense: but you will feel that it must be fed: assist me in procuring provisions for the troops to-day, that they may not take your own out of your mouths to-morrow. We want bread, meat, vegetables, forage, horses, carriages. You know your country and its resources; away with you, therefore, into the neighbourhood, and inform your relations, your friends, every body you see, of this. Every thing that is brought I will pay for in ready money. I will do more; for every thing that is brought to me before eight o'clock to-morrow morning, I will pay ten times its value; nine times the worth for all that comes before nine o'clock; eight times for all that comes before ten; and so following. Now, here is money in advance for all! Away, and lose no time about the business.'

You may always rely, that men will be true to their own interest. By sun-rise next morning, the tops of the hills were covered by people of all sexes and ages, each hurrying before the other, to get the reward of the highest price. An event took place which I had not prepared for. The soldiers, uneasy about their supply, fell upon this crowd before it reached my stores, and pillaged it in an instant. Every thing was gone! The peasants came running to me. 'Monsieur, I had arrived before eight o'clock; they have plundered me of my goods!' 'How much were they worth?' 'So much.' 'Here is the money; go away, and bring more: when you come again, you shall not be plundered.' In short, the army had its full supply. It cost me dear, this system, in the first instance; but that we paid for every thing, and paid well, was soon known. Commodities then came in from all quarters; and when the supply became abundant, the prices fell accordingly."

This single transaction may give some idea of the penetration and ingenuity of Ouvrard, and will pro-

bably impress the conviction that, after all, his enormous wealth could not be altogether undeserved. His life—we are not aware whether it be yet concluded—affords a remarkable proof of the influence which money must always exercise in human affairs, and of the importance which it never fails to confer on those who possess it in large quantities. Ouyard was treated almost as a felon by Bonaparte; yet, even while thus regarded, his wealth brought not only the emperor's first ministers, but the emperor himself, to seek his counsel and assistance. He affords, at the same time, a proof that money may be possessed in unparalleled quantities, and that all this importance may be attached to its possessor, and yet the owner of it may not enjoy so much respect as is attached to many a poor man.

GREAT CAVE OF GUACHARO.

AMONGST the many subterranean recesses which are met with in different parts of the world, few are more remarkable, and none less known generally, than the Cave of Guacharo, in the republic of Venezuela, in South America. Indeed, until Humboldt published his masterly delineation of this quarter of the globe, Europeans were ignorant of its existence, although it had been long known to the Spanish missionaries, and was for generations a place of awe and terror to the natives. It is situated near the picturesque and delightful valley of Caripe, which lies to the west of the Gulf of Paria, in about ten degrees of north latitude. In a country where a love of the marvellous is a prominent feature of the mental character, a cavern whose unexplored recesses give birth to a river, and which is inhabited by myriads of nocturnal birds, whose terrible cries awaken all the echoes of the dreary subterranean, is of course a never-failing subject of conversation, and the attention of Humboldt was very soon drawn to it. He thus describes his visit to the cave:—

“At the foot of the lofty mountain of Guacharo, we were only four hundred steps from the cavern, without yet perceiving the entrance. The torrent runs in a crevice, which has been hollowed out by the waters; and we went on under a cornice, the projection of which prevented us from seeing the sky. The path winds like the river; at the last turning we came suddenly before the immense opening of the grotto. The aspect of this spot is majestic even to the eye of a traveller accustomed to the picturesque scenes of the higher Alps. I had before this seen the caverns of the Peak of Derbyshire, where, extended in a boat, we traversed a subterranean river, under a vault two feet high. I had visited the beautiful grotto of Tresheimschitz, in the Carpathian mountains, the caverns of the Hartz, and those of Franconia, which are vast cemeteries of bones of tigers, hyenas, and bears, as large as our horses. Nature in every zone follows immutable laws in the distribution of rocks, in the exterior form of mountains, and even in those tumultuous changes which the exterior crust of our planet has undergone. So great a uniformity led me to believe that the aspect of the cavern of Caripe would differ little from what I had observed in my preceding travels. The reality far exceeded my expectations. If the configuration of the grottoes, the splendour of the stalactites, and all the phenomena of inorganic nature, present striking analogies, the majesty of equinoctial vegetation gives at the same time an individual character to the aperture of the cavern. The Cave of Guacharo is pierced in the vertical profile of a rock. The entrance is toward the south, and forms a vault eighty feet broad and seventy-two feet high. This elevation is but a fifth less than that of the colonnade of the Louvre. The rock that surmounts the grotto is covered with trees of gigantic height.” The learned traveller then goes on to describe the vegetation, remarkable alike for its beauty and exuberance, round the mouth of the cavern, and proceeds—“We measured the way by means of a cord, and we went on about four hundred and thirty feet, without being obliged to light our torches. Daylight penetrates even into this region, because the grotto forms but one single channel, which keeps the same direction from south-east to north-west. Where the light begins to fail, we heard from afar the hoarse sounds of the guacharo birds; sounds which the natives think belong exclusively to those subterranean places.” The guacharo is a bird about the size of a fowl, with dark bluish grey plumage, and having on the head, wings, and tail, large heart-shaped white spots edged with black. Its eyes, which are blue, are injured by the blaze of day, and, like the owl, it prefers the darkness. It quits the cavern at nightfall, especially if the moon shine. “It is difficult,” says Humboldt, “to form an idea of the horrible noise occasioned by thousands of these birds in the dark part of the cavern; it can only be compared to the croaking of our crows, which, in the pine forests of the north, live in society, and construct their nests upon trees, the tops of which touch each other.”

About midsummer, the Indians kill enormous numbers of these birds for the fat which covers some parts of their bodies in thick layers. The slaughter takes place amongst the young brood, who are dislodged from their rocky nests by means of long poles, the old ones all the while flapping their wings over the heads of the destroyers of their young, and uttering appalling cries of distress. The fat is melted in pots of clay, and, when prepared, appears to be of the consistency of molasses, is transparent, inodorous, and so pure that it may be kept more than a year without becoming rancid. The oil obtained from the guacharos

has been used by the natives from a high antiquity, and the Catholic missionaries make use of it in their lamps. The destruction of birds is very great, in comparison with the quantity of unctuous matter obtained; and it is supposed that the race would long since have been exterminated, had not several circumstances contributed to its preservation. In the first place, the Indians seldom have the courage to penetrate far into the cave, from superstitious motives. Mystic ideas are connected with these nocturnal birds, and their realm of darkness. They believe that the spirits of their fathers sojourn in the gloomy recesses of the subterranean; and with them, to go and mingle with the guacharos is to rejoin their ancestors—to die.

The cavern continues to wind in the same direction, to be of the same breadth, and to retain its original height of about seventy feet, for a distance of 1458 feet, beyond which it begins to contract in its dimensions. Throughout its length flows a stream of water, in some places thirty feet in breadth and two feet in depth, but from what source this subterranean river comes, no one has yet been able to tell, as the roughness of the cavern, and various impediments, prevent the progress of explorers beyond a certain point. On issuing from the mouth of the cave, and running a few leagues, the stream joins the river Santa Maria, whose waters ultimately fall into the Gulf of Paria. Humboldt was astonished to find the cavern abounding in vegetation considerably beyond the distance which the sun's light penetrated. It appears that seeds which are carried into the cave by the old birds to feed their young, spring up wherever they can fix themselves in the mould that covers the calcareous encrustations. Blanched stalks, with some half-formed leaves, were found to have attained the height of two feet. It is well known, that, when light is excluded from plants, they become pale and disfigured, of which an instance, on a grand scale, was here afforded. In advancing, the vault gradually began to contract in height; and in proportion as it became lower, the cries of the guacharos sounded more shrill and piercing. The Indians at last refused to proceed any farther, and Humboldt was compelled to retrace his steps to the free air and the light of day. He found that a Catholic bishop had penetrated much farther than he, having measured nearly 2500 feet from the mouth to the spot where he stopped, although the cavern, to all appearance, extended a great deal deeper. Some have asserted that it is miles in length, but this is not credited by more sober thinkers. It is, however, undoubtedly one of the most spacious grottoes known in the limestone formations.

In connection with this cave we may add a few sentences on the origin of caverns in general, so interesting in a geological point of view. If there be one man more than another entitled to offer an opinion on the subject, it is Humboldt, who has examined so many both in the old and in the new world. He thinks that their formation must be referred to causes totally different. With regard to the largest and most remarkable class, those of the limestone and gypsum formations, the horizontal direction of the galleries, and their gentle and uniform slope, obviously point to an aqueous origin; that is, running water, by erosion, has gradually enlarged clefts already existing, and carried off the more friable parts. Amongst primitive rocks, real grottoes are only found in the calcareous formations. When analysed, stalactites are found to exhibit all the characters of a chemical precipitate. It is known that a small quantity of carbonic acid is sufficient, after long contact, to give to water the power of dissolving a portion of carbonate of lime. Humboldt remarks, that the Jura limestone, to which the grottoes of the valley of Caripe belong, abounds so much with caverns in both hemispheres, that some German geologists have called it *hohlenkalkstein*, that is, cavern-limestone. The form of these subterraneans depends partly on the nature of the rocks in which they occur, and partly on the agent which has been at work in their formation. “From what I have seen,” says our learned traveller, “in the mountains of Europe and the cordilleras of America, caverns may be divided, according to their interior structure, into three classes. Some have the form of large clefts, or crevices, like veins not filled with ore; such as the cavern of Rosenmuller in Franconia, Eldon-Hole in the Peak of Derbyshire, and the sewers of Chamacasapa, near Tasco, and Tehuilotepic in Mexico. Other caverns are open to the light at both ends; these are rocks really pierced through—natural galleries, traversing a solitary mountain. Such are the Hole-berg of Muggendorf, and the famous cavern of Danto in Mexico. A third form, and the most common, exhibits a succession of cavities placed nearly on the same level, in the same direction, and communicating with each other by passages of greater or less breadth.” We are then to consider the caverns which are found in calcareous rocks as produced by the action of water, but those belonging to the volcanic rocks appear to result from gaseous emanations, acting in the direction in which they find the least resistance. Fire, too, occasionally has acted like water in carrying off substances. A cavern in the Mauritius, or Isle of France, is supposed to have originated in the melting of a mass of glance-iron by a volcanic eruption. Mephitic and deleterious gases of various kinds are often found in the caverns of gypsum mountains. Humboldt observes, that in these cases it is not the sulphate of lime which acts on the atmospheric air, but the clay slightly impregnated with carbon, and the fetid limestone, which are so often mingled with the

gypsum. Unless the caverns of the calcareous formation contain animal remains, they are not liable to these decompositions of the atmospheric air. None of these have hitherto been discovered in Caripe.

In conclusion, we shall briefly refer to a few of the most remarkable caves known. Some of them are of a truly amazing depth. That of the Peak of Derbyshire, already mentioned, has been sounded by a line of more than 9600 feet, without any bottom being found. Near Fredericksdal, in Norway, there is a cavity, into which if a stone be precipitated, two minutes elapse before it is heard to reach the bottom; and hence it has been concluded that its depth is upwards of 11,000 feet, more than two miles. In Carniola there are numerous caverns, one of which at Adelsberg is said to afford a subterranean walk of several miles. Some caverns present very remarkable phenomena. There are those from which, in the heat of summer, an ice-cold wind issues with great violence. Others, again, have their walls glazed with ice in autumn, and in December this coating melts away. The caverns most interesting and most curious for their natural productions, are those from whose roofs water, impregnated with calcareous matter, has dropped, and which either remains suspended from the vaults in the shape of long crystals, or, falling to the ground, assumes a variety of fantastical forms, often bearing a singular resemblance to various vegetables and animals. These are called stalactites, and it is this circumstance which confers such celebrity on the grotto of Antiparos, situated in the island of the same name. The floors of many caverns are covered with petrified bones. These are vast natural cemeteries, where whole generations of beings have been deposited in some of the revolutions which the globe has undergone. Some caverns contain wells, or sheets of water, so large that they have acquired the name of subterraneous lakes. We have seen that a river issues from the Cave of Guacharo—there are others which exhibit the same phenomenon; and what is more extraordinary, there are some which receive very large streams, which lose themselves in the interior, and are seen and heard of no more. Norway presents us with several, where, as the explorer treads along the arched and calcareous floor, he hears the roar and dash of invisible torrents under his feet. Volcanic caverns are numerous and remarkable. There is one at Satur in Iceland, above 5000 feet in length, and having three of its sides or walls covered with a greenish-black varnish, a volcanic vitrification. From the roof depend long spikes of lava, and through the chinks in many places the rays of the sun are admitted. But, perhaps, the most splendid of all known subterraneans is our own Fingal's Cave, in the island of Staffa. Here we find thousands of majestic columns of basalt supporting a lofty roof, under which the ocean rolls in everlasting murmurs.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A NEW KIND OF CANDLES.

THERE is a new method of making candles, which perhaps few of our readers have heard of. The object of the manufacturers is to make tallow candles resemble wax candles, both in appearance and burning, and this they accomplish in a surprisingly successful manner. The process employed to transform the tallow into a substance like white wax, is very ingenious. It consists in various operations of boiling and purifying, which we do not consider ourselves at liberty to describe; and, at a certain stage, the tallow is run into moulds, so as to form cakes of about an inch in thickness, and a foot or two in length and breadth. These cakes, when cool, are piled one upon the top of another, but with a layer of coarse mat between, to keep the cakes from sticking to each other. The pile of cakes thus interspersed with mats, is next put into a press of enormous power; and pressure being applied, a dark yellow oil is squeezed from the cakes. No screw-press can give force sufficient for this operation: a hydraulic press is used, wrought by a steam-engine, and the oil is seen pouring like a shower down the sides of the pile, and running away in troughs at the bottom. After the oil has been sufficiently expelled, the cakes are taken out, and they seem as hard as a piece of board; in short, the tallow has been *warified*, and has lost both the smell and the taste of grease. The cakes are now ready to be melted and run into candle moulds in the usual manner; but something else is wanting to complete the process. The wicks consist of three strands of cotton plaited together, and upon these the candles are moulded. The plaiting of the wicks is of much importance. In common tallow candles, it is observed that the wick in burning stands up in the centre of the flame, and, therefore, weakens the light. Snuffing remedies this evil, though only for a minute or two, and constant snuffing is a serious annoyance. When the wicks are plaited, they do not stand up in the flame. As the candle consumes, the burnt wick curls aside out of the flame, and presents a nose to the atmosphere, by which the substance of the wick is dispersed without any snuffing, as in the case of wax candles. So close, indeed, is the resemblance which these compressed tallow candles have to candles of wax, that no person, without careful examination, could discover the difference, while they are only about one-half the price. It was a Frenchman, we believe, who discovered the process of making candles on this principle, but it has been brought to perfection only by English capital and perseverance. At the large establishment of Messrs

Edward Price and Co., at Vauxhall, which we lately visited, candles are now made according to this ingenious process of manufacture to an inconceivably large amount; and, though far inferior in brilliancy of light to our own beautiful gas, they are unquestionably a great improvement on the old kind of tallow candles, which, indeed, they must entirely supersede in warm climates.

ADVICES (USELESS).

The practice of buckling a leathern belt round the waists of children—particularly round little boys—which has lately come into fashion, is, we observe from a late medical work, discommended as frequently injurious to growth. The writer, who is Mr Hare, surgeon in Leeds, in treating of curvatures of the spine, thus observes:—"A custom at present prevails to a very considerable extent, of using a leathern belt buckled round the waist of boys, when they commence wearing their clothes of woollen cloth; this practice, unless adopted with great care, has a direct tendency to produce a contracted state of the chest and upper part of the abdomen, similar in effect, though not in degree, to that produced by corsets in growing girls: it is hoped that it is only necessary to point out the evil, and that parents will at once see the necessity of avoiding it."

Mr Hare, in the same work, presents a number of lamentable cases of curvatures of the spine, consumptions, and other diseases, produced by tight lacing; but that is a subject of which it is not of the smallest use to speak, with the hope of remedying the evil; our young women have got a crotchet into their heads that small waists are handsome—though, by the way, we never heard any gentleman say so—and, consequently, no species of admonition will cause them to desist from the pernicious practice of squeezing themselves out of shape. A medical friend lately suggested the propriety of our making publicly known the injury which girls and young ladies also suffer by a strange practice lately introduced, of wearing the shoulders of their frocks down upon their arms. The injury, he told us, does not consist in the exposure of the whole neck and shoulders to the atmosphere, though that, no doubt, is something, but in the prevention of a free motion of the arms, by which the chest is confined, or prevented from expanding in a natural manner. We make this known through the wide circle of our readers, but without expecting that the notice will cause a single young lady to alter the fashion of her attire. Like tight lacing, the silly custom of exposing the shoulders and pinning down the arms, must be left to run its course.

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

HEIDELBERG TO FRANKFORT.

THE route which we have now to pursue is from Heidelberg to Frankfort, being the commencement of our return homeward. The road lies along the base of the Odenwald range of mountains, and, consequently, in our progress northwards, we have on our left that large flat plain of the Upper Rhine, which has been described in the preceding article. Crossing the stone bridge over the Neckar, and shortly afterwards turning round the corner of the projecting hill opposite Heidelberg, the plain is before us in all its green fertility, while the lofty peaks of the Odenwald on our right are observed at intervals to be crowned with ruined castles, once the abode of feudal or robber chiefs. On account of its proximity to the bergs or mountains, the road has been called the Bergstrasse, and is pursued by all travellers who are in quest of romantic scenery.

From Heidelberg to Frankfort, the distance is, I should suppose, forty miles, the town of Darmstadt lying at about two-thirds of the way; and, therefore, while the calash is jogging on at an easy pace, and we are about to leave the territory of Baden behind us, I will embrace the opportunity of making a few general remarks on the condition of things in this quarter of the world.

The appearance of the country through which we had travelled, differs very materially from what is seen anywhere in Britain. There are no gentlemen's houses scattered about, even in the midst of the most beautiful scenery; no substantial farm-buildings; no cottages by the roadside; and, in fact, no isolated dwellings of any description. The whole population is congregated in towns or villages, and in most instances these places are either walled, or show some remains of a state of defence; every town, at least, is guarded by soldiers stationed at barriers at its entrances. The gentry, whom I presume to be the proprietors of the land, live entirely in the towns. The peasantry, who conduct the agricultural operations, live in the villages; and every village is thus little else than a number of farm-houses, barns, and stables, standing in a cluster. Perhaps a number of the small farmers in these villages are proprietors of the bits of land they cultivate; but if this be the case, it does not seem to elevate them above the general level of the rural population. A state of poverty appears to prevail over the whole territory. No doubt, some are better off than others; but, taking the bulk of the people in the villages of

Hesse-Darmstadt, Bavaria, and Baden (also of Nassau, which I shall by and bye have to describe), they seem to be more miserable in their condition than the peasantry of England or Scotland. Their houses are commonly built of wattle and yellow mud, and are dreadfully cold in winter, for want of fuel. Their clothing is scant and coarse, and in many places I observed that the women who were working in the fields had no shoes. Their food, as I was informed by those acquainted with their habits, is of the most meagre kind; rye and barley bread, potatoes, apples, milk, and a little butter and cheese, are their principal articles of diet. Though most of them cultivate vines, they dare not eat a grape, and of the wine they must not drink a drop—all, like the Irishman's pork and beef, goes to pay the rent, and what does not press so sore in the Irishman's case, the taxes. In Baden, I observed that tobacco is cultivated to a considerable extent; but whether this materially adds to the comforts of the people, I am unable to say.

The want of capital in these countries is very striking. The soil is light and sandy, and evidently possessed of considerable productive power, but the style of cultivation is a perfect burlesque on farming. A strange old-fashioned wooden plough, mounted on wheels, is drawn by two cows yoked together at the horns; and to see these poor little animals walking patiently with the machine after them along the fields, would inspire any person with pity. All the farm-carts are also drawn by cows yoked in the same manner, and the drivers are generally grotesque figures in blue linen smock-shirts and three-cornered cocked hats. In short, the whole arrangements for cultivating the ground, carrying the produce to the villages, and preparing the corn for market, are on the most primitive scale, hardly advanced, I should think, beyond the processes mentioned in the book of Ruth, and other parts of the Old Testament. Notwithstanding all this, the crops of grain were tolerable, and gave token of what they would be under a right system of management. Neither in the open country nor in the villages did we see any stackyards; such a thing is unknown, for the farmers cannot afford to keep their produce on hand till a good market occurs. Thus limited in their ways and means, the poor German farmers receive comparatively small prices for their grain, and hence the lowness of the cost of provisions. Generally speaking, every article of native produce is only half the price it is in this country; in other words, when we are paying eightpence for four pounds of bread, the German is paying no more than fourpence. As the wages of labour correspond to these low prices, the cost of manufacturing articles is much less than it is in Britain, and must doubtless tend to injure the sale of British manufactures, not only in this part of the continent, but in those countries to which the cheaply produced German goods are sent. A cotton factory which we saw on the Rhine near Mayence, and another which we observed in the course of erection at Mannheim, cannot fail to be conducted at a half, and most likely a third, of the outlay for wages that would be incurred at Manchester or Glasgow.*

In alluding to the subject of German manufactures, I am reminded of an arrangement now prevailing all over the countries on the Middle and Upper Rhine, and also the other parts of Northern Germany, which has a most injurious effect on the transmission thither of British goods; I mean the Prussian League. Formerly, every principality, great and small, was independent as regarded commerce, and had its own body of officials for exacting duties on the transmission of goods. This was a most vexatious system for travellers, as they were searched at every barrier, and greatly delayed in their journey; but it did not practically exclude goods arriving from foreign countries, and was not complained of by merchants. Quite a new arrangement now prevails. There are no barriers or custom-houses at the dividing boundaries of the different states. The traveller may go where he pleases, and nobody stops him; he is only made aware that he is entering a different state by seeing a peculiarly striped post, blazoned with a coat of arms, stuck up on the side of the road. The importation of foreign manufactured fabrics is, however, annihilated. The confederacy, or league, has rendered the whole of Northern Germany, as respects commerce and custom-house duties, but one great principality, of which the King of Prussia is monarch; and as it is the object of that personage to encourage the manufactures of his own kingdom to the exclusion of those of all foreign powers, Prussia is, in point of fact, becoming the fountain whence a most extensive and populous region in central Europe is supplied with manufactured articles.† The signs of this are very

* Mayence is celebrated for manufactures in leather, particularly boots and shoes. The leather (calf) is soft and smooth, being obviously prepared in a superior manner to what we see in this country. I bought a pair of boots of this fine leather for 14s., being about the half of what such articles would have cost me in Edinburgh. The boot-maker mentioned that he kept a vast number of men—a hundred, I think he said—employed in making boots and shoes for exportation to nearly all parts of the continent.

† I believe that the larger proportion of British fabrics formerly introduced into Germany, were smuggled from certain free importing states into those districts from which they were legally excluded. Frankfort used to be a centre whence British goods were dispersed to a large extent by smugglers; of course, the Prussian cordon, which now surrounds the various states, has stopped this underhand species of traffic.

conspicuous in the drapers' shops of Cologne, Coblenz, Mayence, Mannheim, and other places, where nearly all the goods are of a continental make, and chiefly from Elberfeld on the Lower Rhine. The Prussian League seems altogether to have been a masterly stroke of policy, and nothing is now wanting but capital to render the countries over which it operates the seat of a system of manufactures as great as that which has hitherto characterised Great Britain.

It is not the least gratifying symptom of improvement in these countries, that the people are becoming daily more intelligent, in consequence of the universal establishment of schools. In Prussia, as is well known, school education is conducted on the most extensive principle, parents being compelled by law either to send their children to a school of their own choice, or to the common school provided by the state. The whole expense incurred for school-houses, teachers, books, &c. is liquidated by the government. The natural consequences of this munificent system of education are the spread of general intelligence, a higher tone of morals, and diminution of crime. The benefits of such an enlarged system of education are not, however, confined to Prussia; an example is set to the small states round about, which they feel themselves impelled to follow. I found that among the poor peasantry of Hesse Darmstadt and Nassau, schools are widely established by the vigilant and paternal care of the governments, and nothing prevents the whole juvenile population from being instructed but the disinclination of the parents to lose the services of their children during school hours. From a printed statement which I procured at Mayence, it appears that at the close of the year 1834, there were in Hesse Darmstadt 350 schools, attended by 32,708 pupils, being about a 24th of the entire population. Up till the year 1821, education was greatly retarded by the jealousies of the three principal sects, Roman Catholics, Calvinists, and Lutherans, each of whom made an ineffectual struggle to support schools for itself; in 1821, the parish of Mölsheim began to see the hopelessness of such an arrangement, and united its three schools into one; other parishes followed the example, and now there are no schools of a common order adapted for particular sects. "Much opposition (says my authority) was on the part of some conscientious Christians made to this arrangement, from a fear that the religious faith of their children might be shaken through the amalgamation of sects together, but this feeling is fast dying away; and now, where separate churches do not exist for the different forms of worship, the religious duties of each are alternately performed on the same day and under the same roof." And with respect to the influence of education on the manners of the people, "it soon became perceptible, in the diminution of crime and drunkenness throughout the country, how beneficial was the system adopted." These scraps of information are not of great value; but, as showing, however feebly, that the human mind is advancing in intelligence, not by any means standing still or retrograding, in the countries on the Upper Rhine, I have taken the liberty of bringing them under the notice of my readers.

We may now, after this long digression, proceed on our way to Frankfort. Passing through several antique villages, and catching a glimpse, now and then, of a ruined castle on the vine-clad heights which skirted our path, we at length reached the town of Darmstadt, the capital of the grand-duchy. It is pleasantly situated on a very gentle slope, with a western exposure, and consists of rows of handsome white houses crossing each other at right angles, like the streets of Mannheim. At the head of the main street stands the palace, an old edifice of red sandstone, plastered, but much of the plaster fallen off, so as to have rather a shabby appearance. Near the palace there are some beautiful walks in a park tastefully laid out with wood and water, and open to the free entrance of the public. The town has a singularly clean appearance, and though exteriorly dull to strangers, is not without a spice of gaiety in its composition. Inhabited principally by *rentiers*, or those who live on small patrimonial revenues, it offers various means of amusement in the form of theatrical entertainments, balls, concerts, and assemblies, varied with field-sports. During the late reign, Darmstadt enjoyed the highest reputation for its musical entertainments, for the grand-duke was passionately fond of music, and supported a band of operatic performers. So absorbed was he in this pursuit, that, disregarding the usual etiquette of a court, he constituted himself leader of the orchestra in the public theatre, and there, in a conspicuous seat appropriated to himself, might be nightly seen fiddling and grinning with all the usual energy of the character he so fitly represented.

Departing from this neat little capital of a German state, a ride of a few hours through an open country brings us to the neighbourhood of Frankfort. On gaining the summit of an ascent on the road from Darmstadt, and emerging from a long avenue of lofty trees, we have before us, in looking northwards, a wide fertile valley, through which flows the Main towards the west, and at the distance of a few miles falls into the Rhine above Mayence. In the middle of the valley, and on the right bank of the Main, stands the city of Frankfort, which we shortly reach, on passing through a suburb on the left bank of the river, and crossing its long stone bridge.

Frankfort was the most English-looking town we had seen on the continent. In driving into its suburbs,

which are lined with elegant villas, one might almost be made to believe that he was entering the outskirts of London. The reason for this is, that Frankfort is a free town, the capital of its own small territory of a few square miles, and, by the good sense of its governors, has been stripped of its walls and fortifications, leaving the town to expand where taste or opulence may direct. The situation has no strikingly romantic feature, but is exceedingly beautiful, and highly advantageous for commerce. After witnessing the unhappy manner in which the waters of the Rhine are shut out by walls and military erections from the towns of Coblenz and Mayence, it was exhilarating to perceive that the Maine at Frankfort is lined with capacious open quays, and that these are in some places as highly ornamented with elegant mansions as are the banks of the Seine at Paris. The Maine is a broad, but not deep river, and is navigated by vessels of a moderate size, engaged in traffic, and in carrying passengers to and from Mayence. The interior and environs of the town have been greatly improved in recent times, one of the chief alterations being the opening of certain wide thoroughfares through the clusters of narrow streets and alleys. I know no street, indeed, in any city, which surpasses in width, or in the grandeur of its edifices, the great central thoroughfare called the Zeil. Some of the hotels in this street can be compared only to magnificent palaces, with accommodations to an astonishing extent. That at which we remained during our stay, provided dinner for a hundred persons daily, in table-d'hôtes at different hours, to suit the habits of Germans and English. It is also worth while to mention, that, notwithstanding the splendour of the establishments, and the excellence of the viands and attendance, the cost of living in one of these hotels is not more for a whole week than would be paid in certain hotels in London for a single day.

Frankfort is the seat of the German Diet (or assembly of envoys from the different German states), and consequently possesses, to a certain extent, the character of a capital. Here reside ambassadors from the chief European powers; and as these live in a style above the rank of common citizens, they assist in giving an air of aristocratic elegance to the society of the town. Unfortunately for its character of a free town, Frankfort has for some time been guarded by a troop of Austrian and Prussian soldiers, who are stationed at the various entrances. The cause of this awkward predicament was the foolish attempt made some time ago by a body of students from a neighbouring state, to revolutionise Germany, and make Frankfort the centre-point of their rebellious operations. Besides the Austrian and Prussian soldiers, there are some local troops constantly under arms; and at the main guard-house, at the centre of the town, may be observed two or three field-pieces standing ready for use, should occasion require. It can hardly be supposed that the free city of Frankfort feels itself very comfortable thus surrounded and filled with emblems of force, and, it may be, of civil disaster.

The population of Frankfort, which is 40,000 in number, among whom are 5000 Jews, is chiefly engaged in manufacturing and mercantile pursuits, the place having long formed a favourite central depot in the commercial and banking transactions of Germany. The wealthy family of the Rothschilds sprang from a small banker and negotiant in this town, and here one of the brothers resides. The principal merchants in the town live in a style of much magnificence, and are celebrated not only for the ease and liberality of their manners, but for their encouragement of the fine arts. One of these gentlemen, Mr Bethman, possesses a piece of sculpture of exquisite beauty, which no traveller omits to visit. This wonder of modern art is the figure of Ariadne sitting in a graceful posture on the back of a tigress; the group is the size of life, and sculptured out of a single block of pure white marble, by Dannecker, an artist of Stuttgart. Placed in a pavilion in the midst of a beautiful garden and shrubbery, open to the visits of strangers, the figure of Ariadne forms a rare object of attraction, and fails not to charm all who behold it. The perfect elegance of the design is not less striking than its singular chasteness; and as a work of art, it must be ranked next to the products of the higher class of ancient Grecian sculptors. Young men studying to attain a high degree of excellence in the art of sculpture, could not do themselves a greater service than by visiting Dannecker's Ariadne at Frankfort.

From viewing this almost unparalleled object of art, we proceeded to visit other places usually shown to strangers, but an account of these can afford no interest to readers, and I merely state that we were, by the kindness of a friend on the spot, introduced to the Seckenberg Museum of Natural History, which is of great extent, and particularly rich in ornithological specimens. By the unwearied exertions and enthusiasm of a single individual, M. Edouard Ruppel, the collection has risen to the first rank in museums of this description. From a pure love of science, and to raise the fame of his native town, that gentleman travelled over various parts of Asia and Africa, every where collecting rare animals, whose skins he transmitted to Frankfort for preservation.

While at Frankfort, I, according to custom, made some inquiries respecting the state of primary education, and also visited such schools as appeared worthy of attention. Common-school instruction, as I found, is as general here as any where in Holland, there

having been a great extension and improvement of the schools within the present century. Besides various schools conducted for special objects and by particular sects, there is a large model seminary established by the governors of the town, at which a liberal course of instruction is given to pupils of both sexes. It possesses a number of masters and instructresses, and 520 pupils attend the various classes. No special religious instruction is given, so that children belonging to all sects attend. There is a school of a similar kind for children belonging to a humbler order of society, at which are charged certain small fees, which the town contributes when the parents are unable to pay them. This is unquestionably a less objectionable mode of educating the poor than that of placing them in separate schools, as in Holland, and is practically that which has always been in use in the parochial schools of Scotland.

The environs of Frankfort, including a pretty little island in the river Maine, have, since the demolition of the town defences, been laid out in the form of pleasure-grounds, with charming serpentine walks through them, for the use of the inhabitants. During the fine evenings in summer, these are crowded with well-dressed persons of all ranks and conditions, for the purpose of healthful recreation in walking, or to hear bands of music which occasionally play for their amusement. In our visit to the walks during these evening entertainments, the same feeling came over us that we had experienced on witnessing similar scenes in Holland, namely, that the people of continental towns enjoy far more positive enjoyment in out-of-door recreation than we can lay claim to in this busy money-making country.

It was not without considerable regret that we felt ourselves compelled to depart from Frankfort, which is evidently much in advance of many towns in this quarter of Germany. The course of our journey carried us a few miles in a north-westerly direction to Wiesbaden in Nassau, which will form the subject of the next article.

A ROYAL ODDITY.

JAMES, styled Sixth of Scotland and First of Great Britain, who reigned over the former country nearly sixty years, and over England and Scotland united for twenty-three, has been treated by our historians in their usual grave manner. No mistake could be greater. This monarch was simply an oddity; and his acts, instead of being rigidly censured and praised as those of an accountable person, should be considered as illustrations of the science of insanity. He was not, let it be observed, either fatuous or a maniac. But it is an error proper to our present state of ignorance on the subject of mental philosophy, to suppose that those only are of unsound mind who are glaringly unfit to conduct ordinary affairs, and make a tolerable appearance before society. There is a class of cases, in which we see large capacity, good powers of expression, and even some appearance of what is called genius or talent, but where all is upset and ruined by some strange whimsicality, or weakness, exhibiting itself in a devotion to trifles and vanities, or perhaps in a ridiculous selfishness, possibly not unaccompanied by tendencies to more serious faults. The difference between men of this sort and thoroughly insane persons seems analogous to that between pottery of bad material and make, and that kind which has only received so slight a flaw in the finishing that it is not unfit for sale and use. The common sense of mankind, even in his own age, led them to surmise that the mental imperfection of James was not original in his constitution, but the result of circumstances which took place a few months before his birth. These circumstances are well known. A band of armed men, including her own husband and some of her principal councillors, burst into a room where Mary was sitting at supper, and slew her favourite Rizzio almost in her presence. Unsheathed weapons flashed that night in her eyes, and she afterwards declared that at one moment, while the lights were extinguished, she felt the muzzle of a pistol laid to her bosom. Her child, she said, should yet revenge the indignity; but the laws of nature decreed otherwise. He was only rendered, by this event, the weakling who, when grown to man's estate, so far from troubling himself about the long bygone outrages which she suffered before his birth, had not even the spirit to resent the scarcely disguised murder which was perpetrated upon her before his eyes. A drunkard nurse added to the evil by giving him vitiated milk; and, although a crowned king at thirteen months, he was not able to walk till his sixth year. Under Buchanan he showed considerable capacity for learning; but though he came to know much, and could talk most surprisingly of what he knew, nothing—not even Buchanan—could make him a wise man. His weakness was shown in youth by his giving himself up to dissolute favourites, and by the want of all firm and dignified principle in his government. He at the same time manifested literary talents which, if his personal conduct could have been kept out of view, must have inspired respect. A moral poem of his on Pastime, published when he was only eighteen, is equal in language and thought to the best contemporary verse among his subjects. No one, in truth, knew better than James all that could be said on any moral theme; and we are quite serious when we aver that his advice to his son, in the work entitled the *Basilicon Doron*, form a treatise of very great merit

and excellence. But not one of the good principles which he knew and understood seems to have ever entered into, or become influential over, his own ordinary conduct. While, in discourse, or in writing, he seemed a sage, he was personally a votary of childish follies, a profane jester, and a tippler. His ancestors had all found it necessary to buckle their swords to their sides before they were of age, in order to defend their thrones and their country, and almost all of them had been gallant and heroic men; but he shrunk from the sight of a glancing weapon, and courted peace when there was no peace, purely from want of all manly courage. It is not, however, strictly true that he never drew or used a sword, as is generally said. On one occasion, when irritated to an unusual degree by the contumacy and turbulence of his cousin the Earl of Bothwell, he rushed at one of the party of that traitor with a drawn sword, and would have killed him, if not restrained by some of his attendants. This, perhaps, will only be deemed the exception which confirms the rule.

During his exclusively Scottish reign, he was engaged in perpetual squabbles with the clergy. They were possessed of great popular influence, and claimed an exemption from all secular control. He, on the other hand, aimed at a supremacy over them, such as Elizabeth enjoyed over the English clergy. Many whimsical circumstances marked the struggle. Andrew Melville shook him on one occasion by the sleeve, and called him "God's silly vassal." Another had one Sunday intruded himself into the pulpit of the church which James attended, with the design of telling his majesty a little of his mind. The king, seeing him, called to him to come down. The minister refused. James repeated the order, and a ridiculous altercation took place between them, which was at last concluded by the minister coming down and leaving the church, with half the people, but not till he had told the king that a day would come when his conduct on this occasion should stand up in judgment against him. In those days, the minister of Prestonpans would call at Holyroodhouse, to remonstrate with the monarch on account of certain alleged omissions of religious duty; and when James was attacked in his palace by one of his turbulent nobles, another preacher would not scruple to tell him to his face, in the pulpit, that for his indifference "God had made a noise of crying and sent fore-hammers to his door." An Edinburgh pastor named Bruce—ancestor of the Abyssinian traveller—plainly told the king one day that he might take his choice between the Earl of Huntly and him: either give up Huntly's friendship or Bruce's, for both he could not retain. James never forgot the vexations to which he was thus exposed.

Poverty added not a little to the difficulties of his Scottish reign. His revenues were so small, that, without a pension of five thousand pounds a-year from Queen Elizabeth, he would have been unable to maintain a guard. His expedition to Denmark to bring home his queen, was only rendered possible by the kindness of one or two of the Fife ports, which furnished the necessary vessels. All the preparations for a decent reception to her majesty on her arrival in Scotland, were the result solely of the beneficence of the citizens of Edinburgh. His letter to these gentlemen from Denmark, in which he entreats them to have their dunghills removed from the streets against his coming, is a most amusing illustration of the habits of his people, as well as of his grotesquely familiar manners. In another letter written at this time from Denmark, he tells his young favourite Lord Spynie to be industrious in his courtship of a certain wealthy widow:—"Mind Jean Lyon," he says, "for her auld tout will mak you a new horn." There is a letter of his preserved by a landed family in Ayrshire, in which he makes serious application to the representative of that day for the loan of his silk stockings, that he might make a decent appearance before a certain Spanish ambassador. A good humour not easily conquered got him over all the difficulties of this part of his life triumphantly. This was perhaps his most conspicuous quality, and it was one which served, in his case, as in that of his witty grandson, to extenuate many grave offences in the eyes of the people. Not long after his accession to the English throne, when hunting at Royston, one of his dogs was found to have a paper tied round his neck, containing these words:—"Good Mr Jowler, we pray you speak to the king (for he hears you every day, and so doth he not us), that it will please his majesty to go back to London, for else this country will be undone; all our provision is spent already, and we are not able to entertain him any longer." The king laughed at the joke as heartily as any. On another occasion, a pasquin reached him, in which he was very abusively treated. As he read, he kept saying, "If there were no other men in England, this rogue must hang for it;" till at last he came to the concluding couplet—

"Now God preserve the king, the queen, the peers,
And grant the author long may wear his ears!"

when he burst out a-laughing, and dismissed the thing with the remark, "By my saul, thou shalt, for me; thou art a bitter, but a witty knave." Cruelties are charged against James: his treatment of Raleigh, in particular, is one of the most painful passages in our history. It will be found, in all such cases, that his fears were excited to an unusual degree. Timidity made him clement, as well as cruel; his treatment of the Gunpowder conspirators was a noted example. But good nature was unquestionably the supreme feature of

his character. Of this a noted proof is given by his biographer Wilson. In the latter part of his life, when various perplexing affairs had made him irritable, having occasion to refer to some papers relating to the negotiations with Spain for a bride to his son, he could not for a long time recollect where they were. At length he came to the conclusion that he had placed them in the hands of his ancient and trusty Scotch servant John Gib. Gib assured him that he had not received the papers. The king grew angry, and persisted in saying that Gib must have them. The man then threw himself at his master's feet, and offered himself for immediate death if he should be proved to have got the papers. James, in his rage, kicked the faithful servant. Gib rose and said, "Sir, I have served you from my youth, and you never found me unfaithful: I have not deserved this from you, nor can I live with you longer after this disgrace. Fare ye well, sir; I shall never see your face more." He then left the royal presence. Soon after, another person connected with the court, hearing of what had happened, came to inform the king that the papers had been placed in his hands; and he forthwith produced them. James instantly dispatched a courier to bring back Mr Gib, saying he should never again eat, drink, or sleep, till he should see him. On the return of the indignant servant, the king of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, knelt down before him, and humbly asked his pardon, nor would he rise till it was pronounced. There is folly here, but at least it is not the folly of an ill-natured man.

The figure and aspect of the king have been made familiar by the admirable portraiture of the Great Novelist, the materials of which have been chiefly derived from the contemporary work of Anthony Weldon. He wore clothes thickly quilted, to repel the daggers of assassins; shambled in his gait, in consequence of the weakness of his limbs; and, having a tongue too large for his mouth, could not drink without bespattering the bystanders. He had a meagre beard, and a skin so soft and irritable, that he could not bear to wash it. He rode clumsily, and was often thrown in hunting. Though fond of the society of handsome and well-dressed young men, he was himself indifferent about clothes, never making a change as long as they would last. Upon the whole, his appearance was not uncomely. He was full of strange antipathies. The chief were tobacco, ling, and pork—the last being a national dislike. His Counterblast to Tobacco is often talked of, but rarely read. Any one who should look into it, could scarcely fail to be amused by its quaint humour. It was a saying of the king, that, if he had occasion to entertain the sovereign of a certain region not describable by name to polite ears, he should make the feast consist of ling for fish, pork for the second course, and a pipe of tobacco for digestion. Ben Jonson has taken notice in a masque of the whole of the king's known dislikes, classifying them under the different senses. Gipsies, squinteyes, unchaste women, and women who ruled their husbands, are the chief antipathies of his sight. As for those of his hearing, we may give them in Ben's own words:—

From a fool, and serious toys;
From a lawyer three parts noise;
From impertinence, like a drum
Beat at dinner in his room:
From a tongue without a file
Heaps of phrases and no style;
From a fiddle out of tune,
As the cuckoo is in June;
From the candlesticks of Lothbury,*
And the loud pure wives of Banbury,†
Or a long pretended fit,
Meant for mirth, but is not it,
Only time and ears outwearing,
Bless the sovereign and his hearing.

The olfactory distastes of our monarch were not much unlike those of most men who possess the sense. The gustatory antipathies were those already mentioned, with the addition of oysters, fried fish, and "bad venison and worse wine." Lastly—

Both from bird-time and from pitch,
From the bristles of a hog,
Or the ring-worm in a dog,
From the courtship of a briar,
From St Anthony's old fire,
From a needle, or a thorn,
In the bed at e'en and morn,
Or from any gout's least grutching,
Bless the sovereign and his touching.

In this long nosology of nervous weaknesses we have only another proof of the constitutional infirmity which has already been attributed to the British Solomon.

Weldon informs us that James was "very witty, and had as many ready jests as any man living, at which he would not smile himself, but deliver them in a grave and serious manner." When a Scotch courtier complained to him that the English termed his countrymen beggarly, "Wait a little, man," said James, "and I will soon make them as beggarly as the Scots." Soon after his English accession, he was told of a cow which had been brought from Scotland into England, but, not liking her quarters, had found her way back into her own country. "My only wonder," said the king, "is how she contrived to get over the Border!" Once, being engaged in knighting some unworthy candidate for equestrian honours, who appeared very bashful, James said, "Nay, look up,

man: I have more reason to be ashamed than thou." The jests of those who sought to ridicule his profuse distribution of honours, are shamed by this self-accusing *mot* of the guilty man. Mr Phineas Pett, the king's ship-builder, was accused by some malignant persons of producing insufficient work. The king resolved to satisfy himself of the truth or falsehood of the accusation, and personally inspected some of the work. The wood was said to be cross-grained, but, on inspection, proved to be perfectly good, when James exclaimed, "Why, the cross-grain, methinks, is in Pett's accusers, not in his work." There is here little wit; but what there is, is on the side of truth—as is also the case with the following. Two gentlemen, noted for agility, trying to outjump each other in the king's presence, he said to the individual who jumped farthest, "And is this your best? Why, man, when I was a young man, I would have outleaped this myself." An old courtier, who stood by, thought this a good opportunity for making favour, and struck in with, "That you would, sir; I have seen your majesty leap much farther myself." "O my soul," quoth the king, as his usual phrase was, "thou liest. I would, indeed, have leapt much farther, but I never could so far, by two or three feet." "Thae folk," as the king said when the acclamations of his English subjects first rang in his ears, "wad spoil a gude king."

Such were a few of the traits of this oddity upon a throne—a man conspicuous by the accident of birth and situation, but who, if born in the humbler walks of life, would have never, in all probability, been more than a somewhat eccentric schoolmaster—very self-sufficient about his place and his learning, very frolicsome among the boys, and much noted by the ale-house fireside for his quaint sayings and his liking for cakes and ale.

PERILS OF BOYHOOD.

It is amazing how many perils one passes through, uninjured, in the season of boyhood. Few persons there are who can look back upon their early life without calling to remembrance various hairbreadth escapes, terrible in the retrospect, though almost unheeded at the time of their occurrence. If it should chance that any one has no such recollections connected with the period of his childhood, let him once marry, and have three or four boys, or even girls, running up and down his dwelling, and he will soon gain vicariously, or by proxy, a full sense of the infantine dangers and escapes alluded to, which it was not his fortune to acquire the knowledge of in his own person. If he does not, once a-day at least, become deeply convinced that the man would be a great benefactor to his species who could contrive to make a house comfortable without windows, fires, or stairs, why, then, he may think himself one of the most lucky of mankind. Nor are juvenile perils confined to the quarters hinted at. Every sharp-pointed instrument, every edge-tool, in domestic use, will prove a source of perpetual alarm to the parental eye. In an ode to his son, "aged three years and five months," Thomas Hood so admirably illustrates this point, that we cannot make the matter clearer than by quoting a portion of the piece.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into my ear)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)
Light as the singing-bird that wings the air
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore a-fire!)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touched with the beautiful tints of dawning life
(He's got a knife!)
Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balm and breathing music like the south
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
(I tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

The preservation of little men and women, amid all these hazardous chances, shows the assertion of the poet, that "Heaven lies about us in our infancy," to be true in the most extended sense of the words. From a fall, which would seemingly have sent any of his full-grown contemporaries to the shades, a youngster of a few years' growth rises uninjured in lithe and limb. A tumble, that would lend any spectator to anticipate a flattened nose for life, only causes the young sufferer to scratch the member in question with an awkward look, hovering between crying and laughing, and easily determined the latter way by any passing incitement. It is with the animal as with the vegetable world. The sapling bends to the blast, and sustains no injury, when the gnarled oak is laid low. So is it with animals; and a happy provision of nature it is, that the physical constitution of human beings, at the period when they are least fitted to avoid injury, or to defend themselves against it, should be least accessible to hurtful impressions of any kind.

But a tithe of the casualties to which the defective knowledge and incautious fearlessness of young people, and of boys in particular, expose them, has not been enumerated, and, indeed, cannot be computed. A better exposition of the truth of this cannot, perhaps, be given, than by taking an individual case, and detailing the perilous accidents by flood and field which have fallen to the share of one person—the writer of these observations.

The first material danger, out of the route of ordinary and natural liabilities, to which it was my lot to be subjected, was one which occurred too far back to be within the reach of my own memory. My native place was on the Tweed, and our family dwelling so close to its waters, that the level green composing the bank of the river was resorted to as a proper place for drying and bleaching the linen of the household. One of its members was conducting this operation on one occasion, when I, then just able to walk, issued from the garden gate, and, seeing a well-known person on the green, proceeded without delay to join her. This would have been a very easy matter, had there not been a dam or mill-lead of considerable depth and strength of current between me and the green. A wooden foot-bridge formed the passage on common occasions, but the use and mystery of bridges then formed no part of my stock of acquired knowledge, and I plumped into the water. The person who had been with me in the garden, had, in the meantime, missed me, and, on issuing from the gate, beheld me rolling over and over, in rapid progress towards the end of the dam, where it debouches into the Tweed. Being lame, however, my late companion could do little else than call loudly to all within hearing. Before any one could come to the spot, I had been carried to the foot of the dam, a distance of a good many yards, and was in a fair way for a voyage down the main stream. But it chanced that a decent old man was engaged in watering his cow in the Tweed, near the place. He saw what had occurred, and rescued me from the waters in a guise which would have excited the strongest sympathies of the Humane Society.

A few more years had passed away, when a second accident, of a nature more unpleasant and equally dangerous, signalled my career. On the occasion of the drowning, those who had charge of me were to blame; but in this new affair I was in a measure a free and rational agent, and was receiving the due punishment for a fault. Being in the house of a relation, I found by chance a window open on the second floor, and naturally took advantage of the circumstance to stretch my head out, and to put myself, in short, into as great peril as possible. At a little distance below, there stood a decent old weaver, with his arms folded, his head uncovered, and his pipe in his mouth, luxuriously enjoying the mid-day interval of labour. As I marked the calm content of his attitude, the demon of boyish mischief suggested to me what glorious fun it would be if I could but let drop a small object on his head, and then retreat before he knew where it came from. The suggestion was not to be resisted. The consummate repose of the smoker was too provoking. Nobody was behind to prevent me. Once, a failure; twice, thrice, still unsuccessful. The man was too far off. Drawing back my mischievous person to increase the impetus, I made a fourth great effort. Whether the deed was accomplished at this trial or not, I cannot say; for, in making the attempt, I lost my balance, flew over the window, made a clean somersault, and came smack on the flag-steps below. The shock caused a temporary insensibility, but there was no material damage done. My kind relative, on whose premises the thing took place, cried, on seeing me senseless, "Aih, mercy on us, a' the teeth are knocked out o' the laddie's head!" Fortunately, this was not the case, and more fortunately still, I was no way lamed by the tumble. I shudder, however, when I think at this hour that a slight difference in the mode of that fall must have been fatal. The very height, by permitting a complete circumgyration, saved me.

The next accident of a serious kind which befell me, was of a very odd nature. Being accustomed to spend the school-vacation at a farm-house in the country, where a near relation lived, I was, of course, much about the stables and byres (places where the cows are housed and stalled) during that period. On one occasion, while playing with another boy, some six or seven years old like myself, it came into my head that I would enact the part of a cow—perhaps I might have enacted a calf more to the life. But a cow I would be, and for this purpose endeavoured to get hold of the iron chain with which the cows are loosely bound by the neck to the head of the stall. But, in the absence of the cattle, this chain was linked upon a high nail above my limited reach. However, I clambered up the sides of the stall, and, as I could not get down the chain to make a regular cow of myself by putting it round my neck, I put the open hook or link at the end of it into my mouth, and then thought myself, no doubt, as like a cow in its stall as could be, though in reality much liker that junior member of the cow community already alluded to. Scarcely had I been thus chained, when my foot slipped, and down I fell. The chain, though blunt, went right through my cheek, about half an inch from the left corner of my mouth. Fortunately, my feet just could touch the ground, and the chain was not forced by my weight to tear its way out. Here was a situation to be in! Extricate myself I could not, nor could my companion do it for me; so that I was compelled to undergo this novel species of hanging, with my neck stretched, and my head turned up sideways in the air like a jack-

* A street in London, where brass candlesticks were made; this manufacture being, of course, a noisy one.

† The people of Banbury were remarkable for puritanism.

daw looking at a silver spoon, until my comrade ran for assistance. I could not even enjoy the pleasure of crying or screaming, though it is probable that I did both abundantly when my kind old grandmother came and liberated me from my awkward position. Following her old-world ways, she washed the wound with whisky, I remember, and, be the proceeding wise or not, a rapid cure was effected. Here again I shudder when I think that if I had been alone, I might have been suffocated with blood; or what a tear would have been the consequence, if my legs had been a little shorter! The hole has left, as it is, only a mark that may pass very well in a crowd for a dimple. It may be called the mark of my second vaccination.

These are some of the most remarkable of the accidents that have fallen to my share, and they are surely pretty well for one individual. But these are not all. An occurrence, as ugly to look at as any of them, befell me shortly after my unfortunate attempt to make a horned nowt of myself. A horse had run away on the streets of my native town, and was causing a little stir. Seeing a crowd standing at the corner of a cross street, I made for the spot to learn all the whatabouts of it. As I approached the assemblage, I stumbled and fell, exactly while the horse was scampering up by another way. It passed over me, and, to the eyes of all men, set one or more of its feet upon my body. I lay stock still, and those who lifted me expected to find some part of my bodily configuration bruised to a jelly. But such was not the case. The horse had put one of its feet on my chest, but beyond a slight mark, no other result was visible. I remember perfectly that I did lie in bed for a day or so; not on account of any suffering, however, but because the sympathy of those around proved extremely palatable, coming in the shape of strawberry baskets and other such seasonable donations.

Not knowing exactly whether these sketches of individual experiences in the accident way may have much interest for the reader, I may bring them to a close, without descending to such minor events as tumbles from trees and the like, though some of these might seem perilous enough. It is not intended to attempt the extraction of any special moral from such reminiscences. If pages, in truth, were devoted to the attempt, what more emphatic conclusion could be arrived at than is contained in the brief sentence already quoted, "Heaven lies about us in our infancy;" which words have many shades of meaning, and one most applicable here.

LORD EXMOUTH.

ADMIRAL LORD EXMOUTH (formerly Mr Pellew) was noted in boyhood for an extraordinary degree of daring and spirit. "While he was a midshipman in the *Blonde*," says Mr Osler, in his *Life of the Admiral*, "he did the ship's duty with a smartness which none of them could equal; and as every one takes pleasure where he excels, he had soon become a thorough seaman. At the same time, the buoyancy of youth, and a naturally playful disposition, led him continually into feats of more than common daring. In the spring of 1776, General Burgoyne took his passage to America in the *Blonde*, and when he came alongside, the yards were manned to receive him. Looking up, he was surprised to see a midshipman on the yard-arm standing on his head. Captain Pownoll, who was at his side, soon quieted his apprehensions, by assuring him that it was only one of the usual frolics of young Pellew, and that the general might make himself quite at ease for his safety, for that if he should fall, he would only go under the ship's bottom, and come up on the other side. What on this occasion was probably spoken but in jest, was afterwards more than realised; for he actually sprang from the fore-yard of the *Blonde*, while she was going fast through the water, and saved a man who had fallen overboard. Captain Pownoll reproached him for his rashness, but he shed tears when he spoke of it to the officers, and declared that Pellew was a noble fellow."

The number of human beings whom he saved from death, by his personal exertions, in the course of his long career, is said to have been very great. Perhaps the most notable of all his actions of this order is the following:—"On the 26th of January 1796, when the *Indefatigable* was lying in *Hamoaze*, after having been docked, the *Dutton*, a large East Indiaman, employed in the transport service, on her way to the West Indies, with part of the 2d or Queen's regiment, was driven into Plymouth by stress of weather. She had been out seven weeks, and had many sick on board. The gale increasing in the afternoon, it was determined to run, for greater safety, to Catwater; but the buoy at the extremity of the reef off Mount Batten having broke adrift, of which the pilots were not aware, she touched on the shoal, and carried away her rudder. Thus rendered unmanageable, she fell off, and grounded under the citadel, where, heaving round, she lay rolling heavily, with her broadside to the waves. At the second roll, she threw all her masts overboard together.

Sir Edward (he had then been knighted) and Lady Pellew were engaged to dine on that day with Dr Hawker, the excellent vicar of Charles, who had become acquainted with Mr Pellew when they were serving together at Plymouth as surgeons to the marines, and continued through life the intimate and valued friend of all the brothers. Sir Edward noticed the crowds running to the Hoe, and, having learned the cause, he sprang out of the carriage, and ran off

with the rest. Arrived at the beach, he saw at once that the loss of nearly all on board, between five and six hundred, was inevitable, without some one to direct them. The principal officers of the ship had abandoned their charge, and got on shore, just as he arrived on the beach. Having urged them, but without success, to return to their duty, and vainly offered rewards to pilots and others belonging to the port to board the wreck, for all thought it too hazardous to be attempted, he exclaimed, "then I will go myself!" A single rope, by which the officers and a few others had landed, formed the only communication with the ship, and by this he was hauled on board through the surf. The danger was greatly increased by the wreck of the masts, which had fallen towards the shore; and he received an injury on the back, which confined him to his bed for a week, in consequence of being dragged under the mainmast. But disregarding this at the time, he reached the deck, declared himself, and assumed the command. He assured the people that every one would be saved, if they quietly obeyed his orders; that he would himself be the last to quit the wreck, but that he would run any one through who disobeyed him. His well-known name, with the calmness and energy he displayed, gave confidence to the despairing multitude. He was received with three hearty cheers, which were echoed by the multitude on shore; and his promptitude at resource soon enabled him to find and apply the means by which all might be safely landed. His officers in the meantime, though not knowing that he was on board, were exerting themselves to bring assistance from the *Indefatigable*. Mr Pellew, first lieutenant, left the ship in the barge, and Mr Thomson, acting master, in the launch; but the boats could not be brought alongside the wreck, and were obliged to run for the Barbican. A small boat, belonging to a merchant vessel, was more fortunate. Mr Edsall, signal midshipman to the port admiral, and Mr Coghlan, mate of the vessel, succeeded, at the risk of their lives, in bringing her alongside. The ends of two additional hawsers were got on shore, and Sir Edward contrived cradles to be slung upon them, with travelling ropes to pass forward and backward between the ship and the beach. Each hawser was held on shore by a number of men, who watched the rolling of the wreck, and kept the ropes tight and steady. Meantime a cutter had with great difficulty worked out of Plymouth pool, and two large boats arrived from the dockyard, under the direction of Mr Hemmings, the master-attendant, by whose caution and judgment they were enabled to approach the wreck, and receive the more helpless of the passengers, who were carried to the cutter. Sir Edward, with his sword drawn, directed the proceedings, and preserved order; a task the more difficult, as the soldiers had got at the spirits before he came on board, and many were drunk. The children, the women, and the sick, were the first landed. One of them was only three weeks old, and nothing in the whole transaction impressed Sir Edward more strongly, than the struggle of the mother's feelings before she would entrust her infant to his care, or afforded him more pleasure than the success of his attempt to save it. Next the soldiers were got on shore; then the ship's company; and, finally, Sir Edward himself, who was one of the last to leave her. Every one was saved, and presently after the wreck went to pieces.

Nothing could equal the lustre of such an action, except the modesty of him who was the hero of it. He would have assigned the whole praise to others in his report of this deed. But the truth was known, and the freedom of the town of Plymouth, and a service of plate from the Liverpool merchants, were voted to him in acknowledgment of the act.

A LONDON FOG.

MOST of our readers, we have no doubt, will have heard of that famous but foul congregation of vapours, called a London Fog, which, when it chooses to appear, casts a pall of thickest darkness over the Great Metropolis, changing day into night, and mystifying and confounding the myriads of human beings that dwell therein. This phenomenon, however, does not present itself every day, or even every year; it arrives only during certain states of the weather, and chiefly in winter, when the wind brings up the cold thick vapours from the German Ocean, and mingles them with the smoke of the metropolis. When the fog hangs over the streets to only a partial extent, there is produced a peculiar opacity in the air overhead, which is humorously but correctly defined as a "peas-soup atmosphere," from its resemblance to that dull yellow liquid. But when the fog arrives in all its force and substantiality, the atmosphere is beyond peas-soup pitch; and it is so dense and murky, that it may almost be felt and handled; and passengers on the streets can no more see through it than could fishes see through perfectly muddy water.

On the 23d of December 1818, London was enveloped in a fog, the most dense that had been witnessed for several years. The thickness of the vapour in the early part of the day was not so very great as to be attended with extraordinary inconvenience; but the opacity gradually increased, and in the city, where the fog is always the most dense, there was, about four o'clock, no possibility of discerning an object at the distance of a few paces. The carriages and waggons moving along the streets were not discoverable from the flag-ways, and the passengers on the latter derived very little aid from the lights in the windows, or from the lamps, as most of the shops, from fear of accidents, were shut, and the lamps afforded but a very feeble twinkling light, not visible until a near approach. The coachmen alighted from their boxes to lead

their horses, and the link-boys were in great numbers to offer their assistance; but with every possible care and precaution, the passengers, both on foot and in carriages, seldom succeeded in making their way without mistakes—and horses and carriages frequently deviated from the streets to the flag-ways, to the imminent danger of the foot-passengers.

The noises made by the people in the streets were frightful—some shrieking from terror when surprised by the sudden approach of a horse or a carriage; others calling out to their fellow-travellers to warn them of danger, or anxiously inquiring their way; and many whistling and singing to make known that they were approaching. In a number of cases, the company deserted their carriages, which remained stationary, the coachmen not knowing where they were. Various sums, from half-a-crown to ten shillings, were obtained by link-boys for conducting a carriage through a single street. Nor was the presence and influence of the dense accumulation of vapours felt only out of doors. In the theatres, the actors on the stage were barely visible to the audience; and even private houses, though closed, and well furnished with fires, were filled and darkened by this unwelcome visitant. Between eleven and twelve o'clock, however, the rattling of carriages which had regained the power of motion, indicated the departure of the fog, and by midnight the metropolis had nearly resumed the appearance usually presented by it at that hour. Many, many thousands, who had been surprised at a distance from home, were then able for the first time to make their way to their firesides, and rejoin their anxious and alarmed families.

The fog, while it lasted, afforded a golden opportunity to thieves and pickpockets, and of this they failed not to avail themselves. A most daring gang of thieves paraded Piccadilly, and committed extensive depredations on the public with impunity. About the hour of five o'clock, several ladies, who had hired a coach, alighted near the barracks at Knightsbridge, and in consequence of the intense fog, they employed a link-boy to light them as far as the Strand. While they were proceeding along near the Cannon Brewery, a dastardly fellow came up with a link blazing in his hand, and dashed it among the ladies, six in number, which threw them into the utmost confusion. The lighted stuff that was annexed to the link stuck to the ladies' dresses, and burned them very much. At this instant a great many persons came up, who attempted to save the females' dresses from burning, and cried shame at the fellow's wanton act. In the confusion, which was evidently created for the purpose of robbery, one of the ladies was deprived of a scarf, and several persons around also lost their property at the same moment. Various other depredations were committed about the same period, along Piccadilly and elsewhere. The different roads leading to Kensington, Hammersmith, and other suburbs, were rendered most dangerous by footpads. It was a benefit night for the coachmakers. A foreign gentleman driving through Temple-Bar, met a broad-wheeled waggon on the city side, which, coming in contact with his chaise, dashed it to pieces. Almost every street presented a similar misfortune. Two of the mails, passing along the Strand about seven o'clock, ran against each other, and were both stopped at a shock by the locking of the wheels. The coachman was thrown from one of them by the concussion, but escaped, fortunately, with a few bruises. There were various cases, nevertheless, where the injury was of a more deplorable character. Several persons were run over by carriages, and killed, in the attempt to cross streets.

These are but a few of the misfortunes attendant on a London fog. The robberies in shops and houses were without number. Thieves would enter a place of business, ask for some article under pretence of purchasing it, and in one instant snatch up something and make off with it. If they once got into the fog, pursuit was out of the question. Altogether, such a visitation can only be regarded as a most serious calamity to the metropolis.

THE DOGS OF TWEEDSMUIR.

THERE used formerly to be at the kirk of Tweedsmuir, in Peeblesshire, as many dogs as there were men, on account of the difficulty which the farmers and shepherds of that pastoral district had in preventing their dogs from following them. The dogs, in general, behaved pretty well, and lay below the seats; still, noisy quarrels among them sometimes took place, and on these occasions the minister had to order the beadle to turn out the disturbers of the peace. With these exceptions, they kept in tolerably good order till the congregation was going to disperse. From long attendance at church, they knew when this breaking up was about to take place. The signal for uproar was the rising of the minister in the pulpit to pronounce the blessing. As soon as he did so, they used to rush pell-mell to the door, barking and screeching for joy to be let loose, and therefore not a word could be heard. At length, the minister, honest man, bethought himself of a plan to get quit of these disturbances. He told the members of the congregation that it would be better for them all to keep their seats till the parting benediction was over, and then they would all rise and walk leisurely out. This was tried, and it did remarkably well; however, it happened one day that the minister of the parish was absent, and a stranger was in the pulpit, who, when he arose to pronounce the blessing after the last psalm, was surprised to see the congregation continue sitting, which is against all rule and custom. At last an old grey-haired shepherd called out to him, "On, just go on, sir, go on; we are only sitting a wee to cheat the dogs; but when you have done, we'll all rise and go out quietly."

In consequence of a press of matter, the second article of "Inquiries respecting Food" is postponed till our next number.

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INQUIRIES RESPECTING FOOD. SECOND ARTICLE.

THE facts adduced in the former paper on this subject went to show that, in the case of aged paupers, and individuals under confinement with light or no labour, a certain moderate amount of aliment is best fitted to preserve health. It was shown that aged paupers could live in a certain degree of healthiness when fed with about twenty ounces of solids (about two of these being animal food) per day, but, when this food was a little reduced, mortality was greatly increased amongst them; and also that, in a house where the same class of persons had about thirty ounces of solids (three of these being animal food) per day, a much greater mortality resulted. Other circumstances were mentioned, all of them tending to show, that, above a certain point in the supply of aliment, the increase was accompanied by a corresponding increase of sickness and mortality. These facts are of considerable importance to all classes. If there be a healthy medium for aged unemployed persons of the humbler order, there must be a healthy medium for individuals of every description, and in all imaginable circumstances. How far this medium is exceeded in the case of the non-operative and affluent classes, and how far they consequently, though unconsciously, become liable to that increase of sickness and mortality shown to take place in overfed prisoners and paupers, is well worthy of being investigated—though it is not our purpose now to occupy ourselves with these questions.* What we are for the present most anxious about is—How far the food of the labouring classes squares with the medium calculated to give the greatest amount of health in their peculiar circumstances.

Here, it must be observed in the first place, we have to deal with an order of men in the prime of life, and subject to considerable bodily exercise, in many cases in the open air, so that the waste in their systems, and the consequent demand for nutriment, must be considerably higher than in the class of aged and unemployed paupers. We have few data for

ascertaining the amount of solids constituting the healthy medium in their case. We are, however, assured by excellent authority, that the prisoners at hard labour in the Edinburgh Bridewell live healthily upon thirty-one ounces of solids per day.* Probably, if we take this as a fair medium for men working as prisoners, and make a small extra allowance for the exposure to fresh air, and the greater mental stimulus of free labourers, we shall reach a proper allowance for adults of the latter class in thirty-two or thirty-three ounces of solids per day, part of this being animal food.

We are now to inquire if the operative classes do generally enjoy this amount of aliment, or even the lower amount of twenty-two ounces. Here it is unfortunately out of our power to present a very large array of specific facts; but yet we hope, by one means and another, to give a certain degree of satisfaction on the subject. The rural labourers, who constitute a very large portion of the whole community—probably a fourth—fall to be first considered. In Scotland, they are divided into three classes—young men who board in the farm-house and receive wages, married men who live as cottars and receive certain allowances in food and money, and women who work in the fields at certain seasons for a stated weekly pittance. Of these, the first may be considered as upon the whole well off, seeing that their employers are in some measure obliged to see them properly fed.† But the married farm-servants and their families do not fare so well. They generally have, besides their wages, a free cottage and piece of garden ground, with a right of pasturing a cow: the whole, we have been informed, is usually calculated as equal to about eleven shillings a-week. They in most instances have what appears a sufficiency of food, but it is almost exclusively of oat and barley meal, potatoes, milk, and cheese. Animal food is almost unknown in their houses. A very small piece of the annually killed pig is taken now and then to help out their vegetable diet—probably once a-week at the utmost—while many cannot afford even to use their own pork, and consequently see butcher's meat only by accident. The ploughman submits to this fare with a marked appearance of patience and content, for resignation has been inculcated upon him from his earliest days as a religious duty, and he probably supposes that the whole question is whether or not his palate shall be gratified. But, though content, he suffers nevertheless; the labour, not supported by proper food, is in some measure taken out of his natural strength; and the consequence is, that he *breaks down*, as it is called, at a comparatively early period of life, and, becoming unfit any longer to act as a ploughman, is obliged to leave farm-service. He now becomes an occasional or day labourer, probably at the roads, where he does not realise nearly so much as before; or perhaps he is altogether unfit for work, and obliged to depend on

the kindness of his children, or the stinted allowance of the parish. At the best, he is a prematurely exhausted and infirm man, in a more or less helpless situation. The female field-labourers, when employed, earn only eightpence a-day—they necessarily live in as sparing a manner as the married men-servants, and are unable to provide any thing for the future. Accordingly, ceasing to be fit for work about fifty, they inevitably become destitute, and have to depend for the remainder of their lives upon the charity of their neighbours or a parochial allowance. The number of such poor women in almost every small rural town in Scotland, is distressing to think upon. Though unfit for active exertion, their good constitutions, and the healthy air of their locality, give them a tenacity to life which usually carries them through many years of extreme penury. They obtain food but in mouthfuls, but still it is enough to keep in life. Habitual piety, as in the other case, gives them resignation, and even cheerfulness; but this ought not to blind any enlightened or humane inquirer to the real nature of their situation. The fact is, they live in a condition to which that of most domestic animals is luxury. The parish rarely offers to such persons more than a shilling a-week, and that offer is so clogged with conditions, and its receipt made so intolerable to all honest feeling, that it is as often rejected as taken. Individuals, on the other hand, occasionally give some scraps from their table to succour these poor old women; but this succour is very trifling. Sometimes they earn a few pence by knitting a pair of stockings. On making some inquiries lately as to their mode of life, in a particular town, we found it altogether a mystery. Nothing like the usually understood means of supporting life could be traced as within their reach. We found that some had not seen white money for years—and this was within a few miles of a wealthy city. The only chance for such persons seems to be an acute illness, for then some little attention is apt to be paid to them. But, generally, this is not the nature of their ailments. They take "sore legs," glandular swellings, ulcerous complaints, and other severe maladies, the unavoidable consequence of poorness of living, and usually quite incurable, their blood being too thin to allow the constitution to rally. And thus they linger on from year to year, in a state very nearly parallel to that of the worn-out male-labourers, till death reluctantly puts an end to their sufferings. When we contemplate this distressing picture of the rural labouring class, how painful a contrast it seems to form with the spectacle of the cottage brood of rosy white-haired children, which meets the eye in every part of the country, as well as that presented by any collection of youthful rustics at their sports on the village green. Burns, somewhere describing the hardships of the cottager's life, says that, nevertheless,

Sturdy o'lels and buirdly hixies
Are bred in sic a way as this is.

And it may be so. In childhood and youth, the condition of the rural class is not in general bad. Their food is of the light kind which agrees with the young, and all the other circumstances of their condition are healthy, and favourable to the development of great strength. But when they at length fall under the iron doom of severe labour, with unproportioned aliment, their case becomes very different; and the rosy children, athletic young men, and "buirdly hixies," come at length to be visited with severe and premature infirmities, and end by being as pitiable a spectacle, as they were originally a delightful one.

In England, according to the best knowledge we can gain, the condition of farm-labourers is not much different from what it is in Scotland. The stories which

* Overfeeding is not the only error to which persons in easy or comparatively easy circumstances are liable. Underfeeding is also, from various causes, by no means uncommon. Some, having the evils of excess very strongly impressed on their minds, run to the opposite extreme, particularly in the food which they order for their children. Others, from an undue desire of saving, pinch themselves and their families to an injurious extent. The pleasure of reflecting on their self-denial reconciles them to the privation, and they look no farther. These persons must be informed that the moral feeling will have no effect whatever in making up for the physical deficiency, or repairing its fatal consequences. They will get thin-blooded, and become liable to distressing ailments, and be cut off before their time, whether the privation be for a good or a bad end; nor will the saved money be of one-tenth the avail in patching them up, which it would have been in keeping them sound. Many persons, also, from a principle of self-denial, or other mistaken views, take too large a proportion of vegetable food, or adhere to it alone, and deny themselves variety. Now, all of man's teeth, except eight, are of the kind invariably found in animals which live on flesh; and the fair inference is, that he was in a large measure designed by nature to live on flesh too. He therefore contravenes nature, and subjects himself to all the appropriate punishments, if he does not eat flesh, and that in sufficient quantity. As for variety, it is perhaps one of the most important principles in dietetics. Nature itself points it out to us, by making a too frequent repetition of all except the simplest elements of diet disagreeable. Many things at one meal are not desirable, though neither is the principle of *one dish* altogether a sound one. What is wanted is a variation to a certain extent in the diet of one day from the diet of another day.* If this be attended to, a smaller quantity of food will preserve the same degree of health.

* The want of variety is a prevalent error in public asylums. The managers of such institutions might effect a great improvement in this respect, with little or no addition to the expense.

* On first entering the house, there is generally a slight falling off in the prisoners, apparently in consequence of the mere fact of the change. In a week or two, they settle into a very healthy state, and continue so generally for six months, when the confinement begins to affect them.

† In a southern district of Scotland, this class of farm-servants, having fourteen pounds a-year besides their board, are in general able to save a good deal of money, which they amass in banks, and which only their subsequent entrance upon the condition of matrimony dissipates. Cases are numerous of this class of men saving enough to stock small farms of their own, from which in time they advance to larger concerns, so that they ultimately take their place amongst the yeomen of the district. Indeed, a great number of the farmers of this district were originally farm-servants, or are the children of persons who were so.

are told of their frequent meals of bacon and solacing draughts of ale, refer to exceptions, not to the general rule. In harvest, and at other times when there is a pressure of work, the labourers may occasionally be treated in this manner; but the most of them live in cottages upon the same light fare as the Scottish married *hynds*. How can it be otherwise, for example, in the south of England, where the weekly wages of a farm-labourer rarely exceed ten, and sometimes are as low as eight and even seven shillings a-week? We had lately an opportunity of making personal inquiry into the subject in Cheshire, and satisfied ourselves that, in that district, the farm-labourer is as much a stranger to animal food (excepting milk), and lives in all other respects as poorly, and rears his family with as much difficulty, as the generality of the same class of men in the north. In 1833, when Mr Chadwick made the inquiries as to the food of convicts, soldiers, &c., which were specified in the former article, he found that the independent labourers enjoyed a much inferior amount of aliment—those within the range of his observation being enabled by their earnings to eat only 119 ounces of bread per week and three ounces of bacon—we presume, exclusively of the quantities required for a wife and average number of children. This is only at the rate of 17½ ounces of solids per day—considerably less than what is given by the public to aged paupers who have nothing to do. It was a general point of evidence with those called before the Poor-Law Commissioners in 1833, that the poorer class of rate-payers fared much worse than the inmates of the workhouse, inasmuch that, when once any one got a taste of workhouse life, and found it so much better than his ordinary one, he could rarely be induced to leave that asylum. Mr Drouet, the resident governor of Lambeth Workhouse, stated this very strongly with reference to the people about Gosport. He said he had often seen the poor rate-payer dining on potatoes, and that for days together, while the paupers had a comparatively sumptuous dinner. The very poor rate-payers, he said, hardly ever think of such things as beer and butter, except on Sundays. "I have known," said he, "a rate-payer, if he is a poor agricultural man, go out in a morning, with a bottle of milk and a piece of bread (perhaps a pound) made of flour with the bran in it, and when he returned home, he would expect a supper of potatoes, with a little skimmed milk thrown over it; this skimmed milk was perhaps given him by the neighbouring farmer. This is common," adds Mr Drouet, "about Gosport, and also in Bedfordshire and Northamptonshire." From the various accounts kept by shopkeepers with agricultural labourers, which Mr Chadwick had seen, he drew the fact, that, supposing the children to eat meat as well as the parents, the amount of that kind of food to each was not above four ounces a-week at an average; a sum much below what is due to health even in children. When the physicians examined the children in the St Cuthbert's Workhouse, last summer, and found so many of them suffering under ophthalmia and other diseases, one of the features of defective diet which they laid most stress upon was their getting rather less than an ounce of animal food per day.

The large class of artisans, as they realise higher wages, ought to be much better off than the rural labourers, and no doubt most of them enjoy sufficient food, while others, from mismanagement of their earnings, do not live any better, or so well, and subject their systems, moreover, to much gratuitous injury, as it may be called, by their use of spirituous liquors. The skilled factory labourers are, in general, able to provide themselves with a sufficiency of food, and do so; but the unskilled, who are the larger number, obtaining much smaller wages, can scarcely be in the same situation. Here, accordingly, there must be the same privations, and the same premature decay, as amongst the overtasked and underfed of the rural population. Labourers connected with the arts and manufactures have, moreover, this additional disadvantage, that they generally live in dense clusters, and in comparatively unhealthy situations. Wherever they are, there is sure to be gathered a refuse of their own and of all other classes, the indescribable poor and abject of a large city. Amongst these, or amongst themselves, arise epidemic distempers, from which all alike suffer greatly; for that poorness of body, uncleanness, and density, which have occasioned the disease, also disable them for overcoming it.

There thus appears considerable reason to believe that, in the most numerous class of our community, that of the unskilled labourers, rural and manufac-

turing, *underfeeding* prevails to a great extent. It is very desirable that the facts were thoroughly ascertained by extensive inquiry, and that its consequences were traced in a philosophical spirit through the labyrinth of our social condition. But in the mean time it is scarce possible to doubt that the evil does largely exist, and not only in times of scarcity, but at all times. Neither can we be at a loss to catch a general sense of the many evils which flow from it: We see one of them in a sufficiently alarming form, when, during some severe winter, labour being arrested and food scarce, the demon Fever takes possession of a large city, and decimates the poorer of its inhabitants. To make more plain what we mean, we may advert to the city of Glasgow, where, in 1837, there were twenty-one thousand cases of dangerous fever, being just about a tenth of the inhabitants; and these mostly took place during a season of scarcity amongst the poor. When such epidemics arise, though they are first occasioned by deficient food and comfort, and first seize those who are so circumstanced, they readily spread to the well fed and well clothed, who, while socially separated by an immense gulf, cannot help being locally near. Then it is that we see lives fall, to redeem which, in the hour of peril, physicians would and could be given, as readily as the physician's fee—fathers snatched away from the midst of their youthful families, or sons or daughters, perhaps sole children, removed from the presence of the most loving of parents—all this from no failure in the individuals concerned to obey the laws of health, but merely because hordes of their fellow-creatures do not enjoy the aliment which nature has declared to be necessary. Nor are these the only evils which the wealthy or easy suffer from the co-existence of an underfed class. Where any large portion of the community is in this predicament, there must be moral as well as physical diseases. "The pressure of poverty," says an eminent writer, "is unfavourable to the growth of refinement and morality; and crime and turbulence are never so much to be dreaded as during times of scarcity, and manufacturing or agricultural distress. Bodily health, satisfied appetite, and peace of mind, are great promoters of individual morality and public tranquillity; and whenever these are encroached on in any great class of the community, discontent and crime are sure to follow. In legislation, this principle is seldom attended to, and laws are consequently enacted merely for the suppression of the result, while the source from which it springs is left altogether unnoticed, and in the fullest activity."* It may be added, that, where children are underfed, as they are in many public asylums, as well as in the houses of their indigent parents, a fourth and spreading evil results, for from these children afterwards arises a wider circle of human beings, who inherit their weakness of body and mind, and in turn give rise to still wider circles, characterised by the same imbecilities, and who are ever ready to become the recipients and communicators of epidemic disease.

To ascertain the healthy medium of aliment, and inquire if the people at large are fed up to that point, are philosophical matters which we have conceived ourselves at liberty to investigate. As far as we can judge of our own motives, we make these investigations in the spirit of science, and with the proper object of all science in our view, namely, the improvement of the happiness of the people. If we have produced any conviction in the public as to the two points in question, we must have done much good, for it is impossible that such a conviction can exist in so enlightened and so humane a community as that of Britain, without leading more or less immediately to good results. The forms of philanthropy in our country are numberless. A list of the charitable societies in London alone, is of wearisome length. The sick, the blind, the aged, are all cared for. The negroes in our colonies call up our sympathies. The aborigines of less intimately connected settlements are the subjects of benevolent feeling. There are even statutes to protect the sensations of beasts of burden. Can we doubt, in such circumstances, that a deficiency of aliment in a large section of our industrious community, if such shall be proved to exist, will fail to prompt measures for its correction? Fully to investigate the causes of the existing evils, and their most likely remedies, would be inappropriate here, as it could not fail to lead us upon ground which is denied to us by the nature of our paper. We are only able to advert to one or two points, which the bulk of our readers will probably think of minor importance, though in this they may not be strictly correct. We think, then, that much improvement in the food of a vast number of individuals might be effected by a better economy of their means. Prosperous or non-prosperous, England spends twenty-four millions per annum on the single article of gin, which, instead of tending to compensate for low diet, aggravates its effects. Can we doubt that every aggression which moral forces can make upon this mass of error must add to the real comfort of the people? Even when the money of the labouring classes is laid out on more salutary articles, it is apt to be disposed of in an unthrifty manner. From improvidence and ignorance,

these classes both buy and cook their victuals under great disadvantages. We are forcibly impressed with this conviction when we learn how far money goes, under enlightened and systematic management, for the support of the poor. In workhouses, where, as already seen, the food is better than that enjoyed by many independent labourers, the weekly cost for each person is usually very small—in Edinburgh less than 1s. 6d. per week, in Manchester 2s. 4d., and scarcely any where above 3s. The daily dinner of the 420 inmates of the Edinburgh city workhouse (exclusive of bread) costs only about 16s.; and a few years ago, an individual made a profit for himself by contracting to furnish the people in the Gosport workhouse in food and clothing, and pay all the expenses of the establishment except rent and taxes, for 2s. 6d. a-head weekly—the fare being to all appearance both abundant and good. It is impossible, of course, for a single family to furnish itself as cheaply as a large number; but still the above facts go far to prove that the earnings of poor families must in many cases be ill managed, and might be made to go farther. As far as the evil lies here, we may of course hope that the progress of the temperance cause, and of education, will effect good. With regard to other sources of the evil, we must leave them to be investigated elsewhere.

MR SCROPE'S ART OF DEER-STALKING,

ILLUSTRATED BY MESSRS. LANDSEER.*

This large and beautiful volume belongs to a class of books whose titles are calculated to have the same startlingly cheering effect as the pronunciation of such words as *Twelfth Night* in England, or *New-Year's Day* in Scotland, or the *Twelfth* of August in either England or Scotland, is apt to have. It takes us instantaneously from the dust, the care, the struggles, and the weary drudging monotony of this intolerably industrious world, and places us all at once by the side of green nature, at leisure, in peace, and in a refreshing coolness and ease. The effect is like that of going home from school for the holidays, books being all for the time tossed to any where. Many of our readers will require to be informed that deer-stalking is an art still practised in the Highlands of Scotland, amidst the wide-spread moorish and mossy solitudes which have there come in place of the ancient forests. The deer is still to be found in those regions in considerable numbers; but it is an animal of an extremely watchful and easily alarmed character, so that infinite stealthiness is required in those who would bring it down with the rifle. Hence deer-stalking becomes a profession, or, in the other circumstances, a sport, of great nicety, and one by which considerable local distinction is to be gained. Of late years it has been occasionally practised by young men of fashion—the class to which Mr Scrope appears to belong—but always in connection with native sportsmen of humbler rank. In the present work, its whole mysteries are treated of, as practised in the district of Athole, and many personal adventures are related in that pleasant manner which a book referring to field-sports can scarcely fail to assume.

In the chapter on the Necessary Qualifications for a Deer-Stalker, we find that he must be a patient, abstemious, and hardy person, to a degree which would forbid nine out of ten to attempt it, besides having all the following requisites:—"Your consummate deer-stalker," says Mr Scrope, "should not only be able to run like an antelope, and breathe like the trade-winds, but should also be enriched with various other undeniable qualifications. As, for instance, he should be able to run in a stooping position, at a greyhound pace, with his back parallel to the ground, and his face within an inch of it, for miles together. He should take a singular pleasure in threading the seams of a bog, or in gliding down a burn, *ventre à terre*, like that insinuating animal the eel—accomplished he should be in skillfully squeezing his clothes after this operation, to make all comfortable. Strong and pliant in the ankle, he should most indubitably be; since in running swiftly down precipices, picturesquely adorned with sharp-edged, angular, vindictive stones, his feet will unavoidably get into awkward cavities, and curious positions; thus, if his legs are devoid of the faculty of breaking, so much the better—he has an evident advantage over the fragile man. He should rejoice in wading through torrents, and be able to stand firmly on water-worn stones, unconscious of the action of the current; or if by fickle fortune the waves should be too powerful for him, when he loses his balance, and goes floating away upon his back (for if he has any tact, or sense of the picturesque, it is presumed he will fall backwards), he should raise his rifle aloft in the air, *Marmion* fashion, lest his powder should get wet, and his day's sport come suddenly to an end. Steady, very steady should his hand be, at times wholly without a pulse. Hyacinthine curls are a very graceful ornament to the head, and accordingly they have been poetically treated of; but we value not grace in our shooting jacket, and infinitely preferring our man, like Dante's *Frati*, *che non hanno coperto il pelo al capo*, because the greater the distance from the eye to the extreme point of the head,

* Dr Combe on Digestion and Dietetics.

* Murray, London.

so much the quicker will the deer discover their enemy, than he will discover them. His pinnacle, or predominant, therefore, should not be ornamented with a high finial or tuft. Indeed, the less hair he has upon it the better. I leave it to a deer-stalker's own good sense to consider whether it would not be infinitely better for him to shave the crown of his head at once, than to run the risk of losing a single shot during the entire season. A man so shorn, with the addition of a little bog earth rubbed scientifically over the crown of his head, would be an absolute Ulysses on the moor, and (other things alike) perfectly invincible."

In imitation of Franks's Northern Memoirs, an angling-book of the time of the Commonwealth, Mr Scrope has partly given his book a colloquial form, some of the persons introduced being invested with fictitious names. Thus he himself is Tortoise, while a friend and learner bears the appellation of Lightfoot. The inferior persons who attend the party, and whose stores of native anecdote and shrewd sayings help the book considerably, rejoice in their proper ordinary names of Peter Fraser, Sandy, Harry, &c. These things being premised, the reader will understand the following piece of a deer-stalking adventure, which we present as a pretty fair specimen of the work, though only what is technically called a "quiet shot." MacLaren having descried a hart, the party, after doffing their caps, "advanced, sometimes on their hands and knees, through the deep seams of the bog, and again right up the middle of the burn, winding their cautious course according to the inequalities of the ground. Occasionally the seams led in an adverse direction, and then they were obliged to retrace their steps. This stealthy progress continued some time, till at length they came to some green sward, where the ground was not so favourable. Here was a great difficulty; it seemed barely possible to pass this small piece of ground without discovery. Fraser, aware of this, crept back, and explored the bog in a parallel direction, working his way like a mole, whilst the others remained prostrate. Returning all wet and bemired, his long serious face indicated a failure. This dangerous passage then was to be attempted, since there was no better means of approach. Tortoise, in low whispers, again entreated the strictest caution. "Raise not a foot nor a hand; let not a hair of your head be seen; but, as you value sport, imitate my motions precisely: everything depends upon this movement. This spot once passed successfully, we are safe from the hinds." He then made a signal for Sandy to lie down with the dogs; and, placing himself flat on his stomach, began to worm his way close under the low ridge of the bog; imitated most correctly and beautifully by the rest of the party. The burn now came sheer up to intercept the passage, and formed a pool under the bank, running deep and drumly. The leader then turned his head round slightly, and passed his hand along the grass as a sign for Lightfoot to wreath himself alongside of him. "Now, my good fellow, no remedy. If you do not like a ducking, stay here; but, for heaven's sake, if you do remain, lie like a flounder till the shot is fired. Have no curiosity, I pray and beseech you; and speak, as I do, in a low whisper." "Pshaw, I can follow wherever you go, and in the same position too." "Bravo; here goes then. But, for heaven's sake, do not make a splash and noise in the water, but go in as quiet as a fish, and keep under the high bank, although it is deeper there. There is a great nicety in going in properly: that is a difficult point. I believe it must be head foremost; but we must take care to keep our heels down as we slide in, and not wet the rifles. Hist, Peter: here, lay the rifles on the bank, and give them to me when I am in the burn." Tortoise then worked half his body over the bank, and, stooping low, brought his hands up on a large granite stone in the burn, with his breast to the water, and drew the rest of his body after him as straight as he possibly could. He was then half immersed, and, getting close under the bank, took the rifles. The rest followed admirably. In fact, the water was not so deep as it appeared to be, being scarcely over the middle. They proceeded in this manner about twenty yards, when, the ground being more favourable, they were enabled to get on dry land. "Do you think it will do?" "Hush! hush! he has not seen us yet; and yonder is my mark. The deer lies opposite it to the south: he is almost within gunshot even now." A sign was given to Peter Fraser to come alongside, for they were arrived at the spot from which it was necessary to diverge into the moss. In breathless expectation they now turned to the eastward, and crept forward through the bog, to enable them to come in upon the flank of the hart, who was lying with his head up wind, and would thus present his broadside to the rifle when he started; whereas, if they had gone in straight behind him, his haunches would have been the only mark, and the shot would have been a disgraceful one. Now came the anxious moment. Every thing hitherto had succeeded; much valuable time had been spent; they had gone forward in every possible position; their hands and knees buried in bogs, wreathing on their stomachs through the mire, or wading up the burns; and all this one brief moment might render futile, either by means of a single throb of the pulse in the act of firing, or a sudden rush of the deer, which would take him instantly out of sight. Tortoise raised his head slowly, slowly, but saw not the quarry. By degrees he looked an inch higher, when Peter plucked him suddenly by the arm, and pointed. The tops of his horns alone were to be seen above the hole in the bog; no more. Fraser looked anxious, for well he knew that the first spring would take the deer out of

sight. A moment's pause, when the sportsman held up his rifle steadily above the position of the hart's body; then, making a slight ticking noise, up sprang the deer; as instantly the shot was fired, and crack went the ball right against his ribs, as he was making his rush. Sandy now ran forward with the dogs, but still as well concealed by the ground as he could manage. "By heavens, he's off, and you have missed him; and here am I, wet, tarred, and feathered, and all for nothing; and I suppose you call this sport. If you had killed that magnificent animal, I should have rejoiced in my plight; but to miss such a great beast as that! Here, Peter, come and squeeze my clothes, and lay me out in the sun to dry. I never saw so base a shot." "Hush, hush! keep down. Why, the deer's safe enough, Harry." "Truly I think he is, for I see him going through the moss as comfortably as possible." "We must loose a dog, sir, or he will gang forrat to the hill." "Let go both of them; it will be a fine chance for the young dog; but get on a little first, and put him on the scent; the deer is so low in the bog that he cannot see him." Fraser now went on with the hounds in the leash, sinking, and recovering himself, and springing from the moss-hags, till the dogs caught sight of the hart, and they were slipped; but the fine fellow was soon out of the bog, and went over the top of the Meallowr. All went forward their best pace, plunging in and out of the black mire, till they came to the foot of the hill, and then with slackened pace went panting up its steep acclivity. "Now, Sandy, run forward to the right, if you have a run in you, and get a view with the glass all down the burn of auld Heclan, and then come forwards towards Glen Deery, if you do not see the bay there. Come along, Harry; the deer is shot through the body I tell you." "Sanguie di Diana! what makes him run so, then?" "Hark! I thought I heard the bay under the hill. No; 'twas the eagle; it may be he is watching for his prey. Hark again; do you hear them, Peter?" "I didna hear naething but the pleva; sure he canna win farther forrat than auld Heclan; he was sair donnered at first, but he skelped it bravly afterwards: we shall see them at the downcome." True enough they did; for when they passed over the hill to the south, the voice of hounds broke full upon them, and they saw the magnificent creature standing on a narrow projecting ledge of rock within the cleft, and in the mid course of a mountain cataract; the upper fall plunged down behind him, and the water, coursing through his legs, dashed the spray and mist around him, and then at one leap went plumb down to the abyss below; the rocks closed in upon his flanks, and there he stood, bidding defiance in his own mountain hold. Just at the edge of the precipice, and as it seemed on the very brink of eternity, the dogs were baying him furiously; one rush of the stag would have sent them down into the chasm, and in their fury they seemed wholly unconscious of their danger. All drew in their breath, and shuddered at the fatal chance that seemed momentarily about to take place. Fortunately the stag (sensible perhaps of the extreme peril of his own situation) showed less fight than wounded deer are apt to do; still the suspense was painfully exciting, for the dogs were wholly at his mercy, and as he menaced with his antlers, they retreated backwards within an inch of instant dissolution. "For heaven's sake, Lightfoot, stay quietly behind this knoll, whilst I creep in and finish him. A moment's delay may be fatal: I must make sure work; for if he is not killed outright, deer, dogs, and all, will inevitably roll over the horrid precipice together. Ah, my poor gallant Derig! Tortoise crept round canny, cannily towards the fatal spot, looking with extreme agitation at every motion of the dogs and deer; still he dared not hurry, though the moments were so precious. Of the two dogs that were at bay, Derig was the most fierce and persevering; the younger one had seen but little sport, and waited at first upon the motions of the older, nay, the better soldier; but his spirit being at length thoroughly roused, he fought at last fearlessly and independently. Whenever the deer turned his antlers aside to gore Tariff, Derig seized the moment to fly at his throat, but the motions of the hart were so rapid that the hound was ever compelled to draw back, which retrograde motion brought him frequently to the very verge of the precipice, and it was probable, that as he always fronted the enemy, he knew not, or in the heat of the combat had forgotten, the danger of his situation. The stag at length, being maddened with these vexatious attacks, made a desperate stab at Derig, and in avoiding it the poor dog at length lost his footing; his hind legs passed over the ledge of rock, and it now seemed impossible for him to recover himself. His life hung in the balance, and the fatal scale appeared to preponderate. Still his fore-legs bore upon the ledge, and he scraped and strove with them to the utmost; but as he had little or no support behind, he was in the position of a drowning man, who attempts to get into a boat, and being also like him exhausted, the chances were considerably against him. In struggling with his fore-legs, he appeared to advance a little, and then to slip back again, gasping painfully in the exertion; at length he probably found some slight bearing for the claws of his hind-feet, and, to the inexpressible relief of every one, he once more recovered his footing, and sprang forward at the deer as rash and wrathful as ever. Tortoise had at length gained the proper spot—the rifle was then raised; but when all hearts were beating high in sudden and nervous expectation of a happy issue, the dogs were unfortunately in such a position that a shot could not be fired from above without risk to one of them, and the danger was fear-

ful as ever. Three times was the aim thus taken and abandoned. At length an opening: the crack of the gun was heard faintly in the din of the waterfall; the ball passed through the back of the deer's head, and down he dropped on the spot, without a struggle."

THE BLIGHTED ONE,

A TRUE TALE.

As I advance in life, I am sensible that the recollections of my early days revive more strongly every hour, and those departed friends whose converse charmed, and whose powers of mind instructed, my youth, live again continually before me, and seem to cheer my solitary home. Sometimes the image of one favourite companion of my youthful hours predominates over the rest—and such a one has for some time past exclusively haunted my memory.

This friend possessed the art of story-telling, or "l'art de raconter," as the French call it, in so superior a degree, that I am now going to do what I ought to have done years ago, and indulge myself by putting down on paper the last of his true histories which I heard him relate. I believe my memory has retained it unimpaired, because the strong interest which it excited served to preserve it from decay, as gums preserve, unhurt by time, the bodies of the dead.

Perhaps my readers will not be as pleased with the tale as I was when I heard it—if so, I only wish they had heard my old friend relate it himself. I wish they had seen his folded arms, his sometimes glistening eye, his occasional and graceful action, and, above all, had heard the varied inflections of his deep melodious voice, as he related to his attentive auditors the tale of THE BLIGHTED ONE.

He was a great traveller, and on his return from one of his summer excursions, I expressed my hopes that he had met with something worth relating. "I think I have," he replied, with a benevolent smile; "but, like our friend Sancho, I must not be interrupted when I once begin, or I cannot go on. I must be sure you are not expecting any one else this evening." We told him we expected no one. Immediately folding his arms, and leaning his head against the wainscot, he began his narrative.

"You know," said he, "that I always ride on the outside of a stage-coach from taste, as well as from economy—because I love to see as much of the landscape as I possibly can; and I try to sit next the coachman, because he knows not only to whom the seats we pass on the road belong, but can sometimes tell one interesting anecdotes of the owners themselves—so I am sure of being entertained on my journey if so placed, at least as long as the many glasses of spirits which my companion thinks it right to drink on the way, have not marred his powers of description."

Well, I was so fortunate on my last journey from London to C— as to get my favourite seat, and it was next an unusually pleasing driver. I found he was a family man—had a wife he seemed fond of, and one child, a little boy, whom he was afraid of losing; and as he saw that I sympathised in his feelings, he was the more disposed to gratify my curiosity. At length, after a very prosperous journey, we saw the abbey church of C— in the distance, and we were not long in reaching the inn.

When the coach was about to stop, my attention was drawn towards an elderly woman, meanly but neatly clad, who was looking up to the coach with an expression of anxious impatience in her eye, which forcibly interested me.

The coachman saw her also, and dashing away a tear, said, "Ah! poor soul! there she is again, and there she has been every day for years; and now that I am a parent myself, and an anxious one too, I feel the more for her." This speech increased my interest in the poor woman, who, now that the coach had really stopped, and the passengers were getting down, drew quite close to the wheels, and looking up in the coachman's face with an expression which evidently unmanned him, said in a hurried voice, "Is he come to-day?" "No, dear soul!" he replied, "but he will come to-morrow, you know!" "Yes, yes," said she, "he will come to-morrow!" She then hurried down the street, followed by a respectable young woman, who shook her head mournfully at the driver as she turned away.

I had paid all demands upon me, and might have gone in search of a place to N—, but I could not stir till I had an explanation of what seemed so interesting to a sentimental traveller like myself, and I asked the coachman if I might speak a few words to him. "I see what you want to ask," he replied; "and as soon as I have done all my duty here, I will walk with you to the inn where the other coach starts from."

I thought him a long time about his duty, but at last he joined me, and we walked down the street together. "You want to know all about that poor woman," said he. "Indeed I do." "It is a sad story, sir:—She and her husband, respectable little tradespeople, had one child, and a fine lad he was; but he was more fond of play than work, and his father was

* One of the greatest improvements of the present day is that in Stage-coachmen, who are now patterns of sobriety, and have learnt to know their worst enemies are glasses of spirits.

a severe man. His mother doated on him, poor soul! and he loved her dearly. But not to be lengthy: when he was eighteen, poor Willie did something, I do not know what exactly, which put his father in a great rage, and in spite of his wife's tears and prayers, he struck his son, and turned him out of doors. I have always heard the poor lad did not deserve it; certain it is that he was wrong in one thing: he told his father he saw him for the last time, for he would never come back to be struck again! And he enlisted directly, and left C— with the soldiers.

Oh! the agony of the poor father when he had slept on his rage, and rose the next morning! The poor mother had not slept at all, and they both went in search of their now pardoned son. But he was gone! And by a very affecting letter to his mother, they learnt that he was ordered to the West Indies! and they were not rich enough to effect his discharge! So he sailed, and it broke his father's heart.

On his deathbed he left loving messages and his blessing to his poor boy, and said he died of a broken heart, from the recollection of his harshness to him.

Well, time went on, and the poor widowed mother might be said to live only for and in letters written by Willie; and every letter was full of love and piety. At last came a letter from him to say he had been at death's door with a bad fever, and was so weak still after it, that the medical men had ordered him home, as his only chance of life.

"Oh! I shall nurse him well again!" the poor mother said, all fear lost in the delight of having him restored to her; and when the time came for the vessel's being due in which he sailed, busy as a bee was she in preparing for his coming.

At last he wrote to say he was landed, that he had almost recovered his health and strength in the voyage, and should be at C— on such a day. That morning the poor mother went to the coach-office long before the hour announced the approach of the stage. It came, but she could not see her son on the outside; perhaps he was inside, and she ran eagerly forward to look in at the window, but he was not there. "Where is he! Where is my boy?" she cried to the driver, who had not as yet observed her. Now, sir, that driver was a good sort of man enough, but he did not understand a parent's feelings; and what do you think he replied! "Your son! poor soul! he is not come indeed!" "But he will come to-morrow, then; is there not a letter to say so?" "No, mistress; your poor son will come no more! He fell off the coach coming from Portsmouth to London, and was killed on the spot!"

I, a little boy then, was present at this scene, and never shall I forget the shriek with which she repeated the word "killed!" and then fell back as if it had struck her to the heart! She was carried home insensible, and we all hoped she would never recover. But it was ordered otherwise. She recovered to life the next day, but not to reason; for the first words she uttered were, "I must get up and dress myself, or I shall not get to the coach in time to meet Willie!" And, finding she was able to dress herself and walk as usual, her niece, who lived with her, she whom you saw to-day, let her go out, and she reached the coach as the horn blew. Oh! it was very affecting to see that poor bereaved creature go up to the coachman and ask again if her son was come! The driver that day was a neighbour of hers, and, having heard the tale, he replied kindly and cleverly, "No, he is not come to-day, but perhaps he will come to-morrow." "Yes, yes," she replied with a smile that wrung the heart, "he will come to-morrow," and away she hurried. And, sir, she has come to that coach-office, and asked the same question, received and repeated the same answer, for, as I told you to-day, many many years! "But surely, sir, she does not suffer much, does she?" "I trust not," I replied; "and this hope born of despair is, probably, the merciful ordering of Divine Providence for her relief." "Ay, so I think," he replied; "but, heaven bless you, sir! here is your coach, and it is now setting off." "I hope we shall meet again," I said, shaking him by the hand, and off we drove.—But it is late (added my friend), and I must defer the rest of my story, for it has a sequel, till to-morrow; and we unwillingly let him depart.

He came again early the next evening; we were alone, and he resumed his narration.

"Well, I went on to N—, and at the end of a week I returned to C—, and the three-horse diligence, by which I then travelled, went to the same inn as the London coach, and we reached it just as the horn of the latter was heard in the distance, and, waiting at her accustomed place, was the poor bereaved mother.

Again I heard the eager question, and the kindly spoken and well-meant reply. I saw the hope renewed which was, I knew, to end again in at least temporary despair. And, impelled by a feeling which I could not resist, I followed her and her companion to their dwelling. But I would not tap at the door till I had given them time to settle themselves again, and then I gently

knocked. The niece, a woman of a very benevolent countenance, opened it, and asked me to walk in, like one used to see callers, who came probably from the same motives as I did. Her aunt was sitting by the fire, and busy knitting, moving backwards and forwards with a seesaw motion of her body, which, I thought, was accelerated as she glanced her wild eyes over me. I bowed courteously, taking off my hat as I did so, for I felt myself in the 'venerable presence of misery,' as Sterne calls it; but she scarcely bowed in return, and seemed evidently to forget I was present. I therefore turned to ask questions of her niece, beginning by saying that I knew her poor aunt's story.

She readily answered me, and told me what an amiable lad Willie was; and had his father, as she said, been more kind to his little faults, he might have been alive and doing well. But he was not, and he drove Willie away. "Oh, sir," cried she, "what a scene of sorrow and remorse I saw, when they found the poor lad was gone past recall! Sorrow is bad enough, but remorse is far, far worse to see. Well, it broke his poor father's heart, and as he forgave his son, I hope God forgave him!" Here there was such a degree of increased movement in the poor sufferer, that I felt afraid she understood what we were saying, and begged the niece would speak lower. She told me that she had tried, in very bad weather, to keep her aunt from going to the coach, but that it brought on such a fit of phrensy that she dared not do it again; and I hope it will please the Almighty to take her," she added, "when she grows too infirm to move." "Does she always knit?" "Yes, sir, and all she does is against Willie comes; stockings, comfortable—she is always employed about him. See, sir—(opening a drawer)—all the drawers are filled with her work, and the kind neighbours get them sold for her, as she does not miss them, and that helps to get her many little comforts." "Does she like to have money given her?" "Yes, and all she gets, she says is for him." I then took out a piece of money—"Give it to her yourself," said the niece; and when I offered it, she snatched it eagerly and said, "ay, for him—yes, yes!"—looking up in my face with a sort of smile of woe—"he will come to-morrow!" Then, starting up, she put it below a little black shade of her son which hung up over the chimney-piece, the frame of which she had decorated with flowers, and all the bits of finery she could find.

I felt so interested in 'this stricken deer,' that I wanted to multiply question on question, especially as I was so much attracted by the feeling and right mindedness which all the niece's answers showed. I thought I should weary her, but I allowed myself to ask one question more, and that was, where the young man had been buried; and she was telling me all about the accident, when it was evident that the poor aunt went backwards and forwards in her chair in evident agitation, murmuring to herself, 'yes, yes, he will come to-morrow, he'll come to-morrow!' And fearing that I had done harm, I hastily withdrew, telling her I trusted we should meet again.

This circumstance convinced me still more of what I had before suspected, that maniacs, whom nothing can prevail upon to speak, and who seem to know nothing, understand all that is said, and therefore have their feelings often unnecessarily wounded, and I really felt like a criminal when I left the poor woman's house.

From C— I returned home." "And never told us this tale before!" cried I; "how could you be so unkind?" "I never had an opportunity; but let me finish it now—I have not done yet. This summer I went north again, and always intending to get to C— at last, I wished to arrive there just as the London coach should come in; but I was too late, and I saw my friend the driver walking up the street, all his duties over for the time. My first question was for his sailing boy. It was quite well, and he and his wife so happy and thankful, he said. 'And the poor widow!' 'You will be glad to hear,' he replied, in a serious and solemn tone, 'that she is no more. She died a few days ago, and she is to be interred this evening!'

For a moment I was disappointed, for I had reckoned on seeing her again, but the next minute I rejoiced in her release; and having expressed my wish to go to the house, and attend the funeral, my friend encouraged me to do both, assuring me that her excellent niece would be gratified by it. Accordingly I went, and found two or three men and women in mourning, sitting with the niece in the room below. The latter was affected at seeing me, and, as if divining my wishes, she said, 'Would you like to see her, sir! the lid is not yet screwed down,' and I followed her into the chamber of death. 'She makes a sweet corpse, sir!' said she, unveiling the face of the dead. 'She does indeed!' 'She looks like herself now, sir, for she was a very handsome woman before she knew sorrow! Dear me! when the last blow came upon the others, it seemed to wither her up at once like! Her dark hair was all grey in no time! It seemed as though a blight had come over her!' 'Ay, indeed she was a blighted one!' replied I; 'but she is now where the weary are at rest.' 'No doubt,' she answered, tears trickling down her cheeks as she spoke; 'and what a blessed thing it was, sir, that she knew her Creator in the days of her youth, for she was prevented all preparation for her latter end in one moment!' 'Did she recover her senses before she died?' 'In death I think she did; she was seized suddenly with fainting fits, and for two days went from one into another, but the third day she recovered from them entirely, and hearing the well-

known horn, she started up in the bed, said she must rise and dress, or she should be too late at the coach; and she made an effort to get up, but, with a mournful look, fell back again. A change came over her countenance, and, looking round at those nearest her bed, she seemed to be seeking for some one whom she could not find; and somehow we thought that the whole truth came over her mind in a moment; for she clasped her hands together, and looked up to heaven with such a piteous face! Then saying with great effort, 'Mercy! Lord Jesus!' she fell back with a sigh, and all was over!"

And all was over, and there she lay before us in the solemn stillness of death, whom I had so lately seen in restless, and probably at times, in *indescribable* suffering! and I gazed upon her pale and placid face with even pleasurable emotion.

'Sir,' said the niece, 'do you not think she is now reunited to her child! Oh! sir, what a joyful meeting must theirs have been! Tell me, sir, do you not believe that we shall meet those we have loved in another world?' 'I do indeed believe it,' I replied, 'and I trust she now knows the truth of this belief; however, be that as it may, she is where the tears are wiped away from all eyes.' 'Yes,' she falteringly replied, 'and she is joining, I trust, the song of the redeemed.'

It was now time to close the coffin; so, having given a last look to the unconscious dead, I left the niece alone to gaze her last also, and ran out of the house.

It was a fine spring evening when my friend the coachman, and myself, joined the funeral procession. There were many followers, for the story was known, and the afflicted woman, who had always been an object of general respect, had become one of general pity; and many strangers, like myself, had been induced to see her carried to her last home.

Many of the graves in the churchyard to which we bore her were covered with primroses and violets—a new sight to me. It was full of people, and even the idle boys, who had often, no doubt, made a mock of her when she was alive, and called her mad Miriam as she hurried along, seemed to be awed into silence by the solemn seriousness of the other spectators. The clergyman read the beautiful service of the Church of England with deep feeling; and when all was over, and we had heard that indescribably affecting sound of the first dust thrown upon the coffin, I turned away, but I fancied that all present withdrew, like myself, with relieved and rejoicing hearts, because a sufferer was at rest.

The next day I left C—, and the coach in which I was, passed the churchyard in which poor Miriam lies, and I eagerly looked out for her grave. I had marked the spot exactly, and, as I expected, the hand of faithful affection had already covered with the fresh and blooming flowers of spring the grave of the *Blighted One*.

There, I have done; now, tell me how you like my story!"

A. O.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.

A YEAR or two ago, a description was given in this Journal, of the Adelaide Gallery, an establishment recently set on foot in London for the advancement of scientific knowledge, and for its dissemination, in a pleasing way, among the great body of the people. The Polytechnic Institution is another metropolitan establishment of the same order, which has lately been incorporated by royal charter, and of which we purpose to give some account in the present article.

The title of "Polytechnic," conferred on this institution, implies its having in view the advancement of the "various arts and sciences." To the furthering of practical science, more particularly in connection with agriculture, manufactures, and other branches of industry, are the views of the institution directed. For these purposes, a large and convenient edifice has been built, having its public entrances at No. 309, Regent Street, in the west end of the city. The front of this structure is extremely elegant, and the whole building extends backward for a length of three hundred and twenty feet, affording abundant space for the numerous divisions required in the interior. The principal of these divisions may be thus enumerated. 1st, The hall of manufactures; 2d, The great hall; 3d, The gallery of the great hall; 4th, The theatre, or lecture room; 5th, The chemical laboratory; 6th, The boiler room; 7th, The engineer's workshop; 8th, The geological room; 9th, The room containing the block-cutting machinery and naval models; 10th, The bazaar of the benevolent repository (a particular association of ladies, in connection with the institution, for disposing of works of art and ingenuity for charitable purposes). To these divisions of the establishment may be added a reading-room, where periodicals and newspapers are furnished for the use of an especial class of subscribers, who pay annually a sum of three guineas for the conjoint privileges of the reading-room and institution. The annual subscriber's ticket, for the institution itself, is one guinea, and the cost of admission to non-subscribers one shilling. For this latter sum the visitor may view

* When I was first intending to write down this story, told me by my friend in my youth, I was much mortified to find myself forestalled by a similar anecdote, related in that unique and most amusing book, "The Doctor," vol. iii. pp. 66 and 67. That "great known unknown" says the fact is related by Dr Uwin in his Treatise on Disorders of the Brain. But he tells it of a lady, and says the lost object was her husband, and that this lady, for fifty years, went to the spot where she expected to meet her husband, saying, like poor Miriam, "He is not come yet, I will return to-morrow!" Though alike, it does not follow that the stories are the same; but I am very sure, that, so my friend was not given to deceive, my story is a true one, and very likely so is Dr Uwin's, as the same cause might have the same effect.

the whole contents of the establishment, hear the daily lecture upon some branch of natural philosophy, and witness, at fixed hours mentioned in the bills, the operations of the microscope and diving-bell, as well as various magnetic and electro-magnetic experiments.

Though opened to the public only in August 1838, the Polytechnic Institution is already rich in contents. The hall of manufactures, which is forty-five feet long by forty wide, has six divisions, the first of which exhibits a small printing establishment. The printing-press is Wayte's self-inking one, which is represented as saving the labour of one man entirely, and the frames and case-racks are upon an improved plan. This division contains also models of larger printing-machinery. A second division of this hall exhibits the workshop of an optician; a third, a glass manufactory; a fourth, weaving by power-looms; a fifth, the workshop of a turner; and a sixth contains a rotary or revolving steam-engine of six-horse power, upon a plan invented by the Earl of Dundonald (late Lord Cochrane), who states the advantages of his engine to be "a circular motion originated from one solid part, incapable of derangement." It is scarcely necessary to say, after this enumeration, that the hall of manufactures presents to the visitor many objects of interest. He may purchase specimens of all the various kinds of manufactures, and, if possessed of a taste for making optical instruments, for glass-blowing, for turning, or for printing, will have full opportunities here of learning the best mode of fitting up small private establishments in any of these branches.

The principal staircase of communication leads from the hall to a spacious apartment, devoted to the purposes of a charity bazaar, and supplied with the numberless articles of taste and ornament usually found at fancy fairs, by the association of ladies alluded to. Directly over the hall of manufactures is the lecture room, capable of containing five hundred persons, and where a lecture is delivered every day, at two o'clock, on some branch of science. In this theatre the largest hydro-oxygen microscope ever constructed is exhibited. The screen for the display of the magnified objects contains four hundred and twenty-five square feet, and the power of the instrument is proportionally immense. Behind the apartments now mentioned, is the great hall, which is entered from the main staircase, and which measures one hundred and twenty feet in length, forty feet in width, and the same in height. This noble apartment has a gallery passing around its whole extent above. The most prominent objects in the great hall are the two canals in the centre of the floor, which are united at one end in a deep cistern, and present altogether something of the form of a horse-shoe. The superficial extent of this sheet of water is seven hundred feet, and the gross amount of the fluid ten thousand gallons. The principal use of these canals and their uniting reservoir, which last portion of the water is much deeper than the rest, is to exhibit all the operations connected with naval architecture, and to show the practical operation of the diving-bell and other diving apparatus. In connection with the former of these objects, the canals and the space between them present the models of a building dock, launching slip, dry dock, graving slip, and pier, as well as of canal locks and other structures of much importance. There are also many beautiful and complete models of vessels, foreign and British, and of portions of vessels, or improved instruments belonging to them. Altogether the canals afford in this respect an admirable field for the study of naval architecture.

The diving-bell requires a more detailed notice. This machine is capable of holding four or five persons, and at certain times visitors have the choice of descending in it into the reservoir. The diving-bell is composed of cast-iron, open at the bottom, with seats around, and is of the weight of three tons. The interior is lighted by windows or openings, in the rounded crown or top, of thick plate glass, which is firmly secured by brass frames screwed to the bell. The machine is suspended by a massive chain to a large swing crane, with a powerful crab, the windlass of which is grooved spirally, and the chain passes over into a well beneath, where the compensation weights hang, arranged so accurately that the weight of the bell in the reservoir is counterpoised by them at all depths. Two powerful air-pumps of eight inch cylinder supply the bell with air, which is readily conveyed by leather pipes to any depth. Such is the diving-bell of the Polytechnic Institution. It is put into action several times daily, in presence of many spectators. No inconvenience is ever occasioned to those who descend, and real danger is almost impossible, as the whole ten thousand gallons of water can be let off in the space of one minute at any time! It is scarcely necessary to say that the principle of the diving-bell is the same as that which preserves the inside of a glass tumbler dry, when plunged into water with the mouth downwards. Another exhibition accompanies that of the diving-bell in the great hall of the institution. A diver, from the "Submarine and Wreck-Weighing Association," descends to the bottom of the reservoir, clothed in a water-and-air-tight diving-dress. A large helmet, furnished with eyes or windows of glass, encloses the diver's head, and he is furnished with air by means of flexible tubes. By taking a model of a ship with him to the bottom of the reservoir, and there affixing to it close bladders or cones filled with air, the diver makes the little vessel rise spontaneously to the surface, and thus shows in miniature the objects of the Submarine Association to which he belongs. That society proposes to raise sunken ships, and also to

keep up sinking ones, by affixing to them, in this manner, large air-and-water-tight bags or vessels, which may elevate them to, or maintain them at, the surface, on being inflated with air by the air-pump. We do not know whether this plan has succeeded on a great scale, but, certainly, the diver effects his object perfectly in the reservoir.

The great hall is surrounded by glass presses or cases, in which a vast number of useful, rare, and curious models of all kinds, are enclosed, with here and there some fine painting, bust, or other ornamental object, to add variety to the scene. Perhaps one of the very greatest curiosities in the whole building is the Mosaic portrait of the king, George IV., which stands in a small room at the west end of the hall. Our readers may be at some loss at first to understand what is meant by a Mosaic picture. The one now alluded to is composed of about two millions of separate stones—pebbles, jaspers, and many others—all polished and laid together so as to form one smooth continuous surface, while arranged so, at the same time, as to colours, as to give an excellent likeness of George IV. Not one speck of paint was used in the composition, which occupied the artist, Moglia, a period of five years. The natural hues of the stones were the only dyes employed by the artist. This extraordinary portrait is for sale, and the price asked for it is one thousand guineas.

Handsome side stairs lead the visitor to the gallery of the great hall. This place also is sided all along with glass cases, containing various models and other objects of interest, interspersed here and there with paintings and busts. At each end of the gallery there stands a large metallic reflector, the one placed precisely opposite to the other. The reflection of sound, as well as of heat, is strikingly exhibited to the visitor by these reflectors. Though distant from each other one hundred feet, the slightest whisper, emitted in front of the one, may be heard in the focus of the other; and a piece of meat may in like manner be cooked in the focus of the one when a fire is placed in the focus of the other. It is impossible here to do justice to the general contents of this gallery. Hydrostatic beds, clocks, orreries, anatomical and agricultural models, with numerous articles of virtu, have been collected for the gratification of the spectator. Even the paintings are of a very superior order, there being originals by Rubens and Salvator Rosa in the gallery. We can only particularise a few, however, of the remaining objects to be seen about the great hall and its gallery.

In one of the glass cases there is to be seen what is called "an hydrostatic paradox." The machine to which this name is given is a long vertical tube, rising out of a flat bellows. A person standing on the bellows can raise himself by blowing down the tube. The principle is the same here as that which enables a small column of water to burst a strong barrel when thoroughly filled. The column of air or of water bears on all parts with equal weight, and thus effects what was at first thought so wonderful as to be termed the hydrostatic paradox. A still more remarkable instrument is the powerful electro-magnet, which is to be seen daily in operation. This instrument is simply a bar of soft iron, bent into the form of a horse-shoe magnet, around which is wound a series of convolutions of insulated copper wire. When a voltaic current (or current from a voltaic or galvanic battery) is made to circulate through these coils, and, consequently, at right angles to the axis of the iron bar, powerful magnetic effects are instantly developed, and the bar of soft iron becomes for the time a magnet of immense power, being capable of supporting the enormous weight of one ton, or 2240 lbs. This power exists only during the maintenance of the voltaic current; when this ceases, the bar of soft iron returns instantly to its original state, and is magnetic no more. Among the electro-magnetic instruments there are some others not less remarkable than the preceding. There are also models of land carriages, where the intended moving power is electro-magnetic.

The geological room, attached to the great hall, is not yet completely furnished; but, in the mean time, there is a loom in it, called a Jacquard loom, where the delicate and difficult operation of weaving figured silk is to be daily beheld. The room containing the block-cutting machinery, must be to many one of the most interesting portions of the establishment. All the blocks for the service of the British navy are made from machines of this description, which drive saws of various kinds, and chisels, and go through all the successive operations of boring, morticing, shaping, scoring, drilling, &c., till they bring the rough timber to the condition of the finished block.

The chemical laboratory, the boiler room, and the engineer's workshop, adverted to at the commencement of this paper, are on the basement story of the building, beneath the hall of manufactures. The laboratory is calculated to be of great service to private experimentalists and patentees, who may wish to prosecute inquiries, with competent assistance, into any particular and intricate point connected with some branch of manufacturing industry. Such purposes were in the view of the founders of the laboratory. Two steam-engine boilers, and other machinery, are to be seen in the boiler room; and a forge, and other apparatus, in the engineer's workshop. On this basement story, also, visitors have an opportunity of daily witnessing various plans of economical cookery in practical operation. Not unimportant lessons may here be learned respecting the saving of fuel, and other matters of consequence in every-day life.

It is scarcely necessary for us to observe, in conclusion, that of the plan and objects of such institutions as this we highly approve. Indeed, the feeling of approval seems very general, if we may judge from the number of visitors who are constantly to be seen in the various apartments of the Polytechnic Institution; and as the establishment is yet in its infancy, it is but reasonable to anticipate that, as its contents grow more varied and interesting, the support given to it will continue to increase. We hope and trust this will be the case.

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

THE BRUNNENS OF NASSAU.

We have arrived in Nassau, a German duchy, to which allusion has occasionally been made in the previous articles. Nassau is a hilly district, bearing a considerable resemblance in its moderately high mountains and narrow fertile valleys to the southern part of Scotland, and contains altogether about 350,000 inhabitants. On the west, from the vicinity of Frankfurt to near Ehrenbreitstein, it is bordered by the Rhine in the most romantic part of its course. The title of the duchy is derived from the exceedingly ancient castle of Nassau, standing on the river Lahn in the heart of the district; and from two sons of Otho, the feudal proprietor of that stronghold in the tenth century, sprang the present Duke of Nassau and the King of Holland—the latter being from the younger of the sons. The house of Nassau, therefore, in its two branches, is entitled to be ranked as one of the oldest of the reigning families of Europe.

The duchy of Nassau is the beau-ideal of a nice little sovereignty. With great external beauty, the country is sufficiently fertile in its low winding valleys for any reasonable wish; on its sloping hill-sides are vineyards producing the finest of the Rhenish wines; its climate is in a high degree salubrious; and it possesses a large share of mineral wealth, particularly coal and iron, while its slate forms a large article of export. The most remarkable thing about Nassau, however, is its mineral springs, which have been resorted to by real or imaginary valetudinarians since the days of the Romans, and are now visited annually by thousands of persons from all parts of northern Europe. These mineral springs, or brunnens, as they are called, have within the last few years been made favourably known in England by means of various highly interesting works, among which I need only allude to "Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau," by Sir Francis Head, and the "Spas of Germany," by Dr Granville; so much, indeed, has been lately written respecting the Nassau waters, that I should consider it useless to say any thing about them, if I did not know that these unpretending papers pass into the hands of many readers, who cannot have had an opportunity of seeing any of the published works on the subject.

The springs of Nassau are of widely different temperatures and qualities, some being as hot as 150 degrees of our common thermometer—that is, nearly as hot as the hand can endure on being plunged into them, and others being quite cold. They rise in various parts of the country, from the bottoms of hills; and wherever they have made their appearance, there has a town, or at least some dwellings for visitors, been planted. The places of greatest resort are four in number, Wiesbaden, Schlangenbad, Langen-Schwalbach, and Ems. Speaking in a general manner of the waters at these places, the author of "Bubbles from the Brunnens" observes—"From the hills burst mineral streams of various descriptions, and besides the Selters or Seltzer water, which is drunk as a luxury in every quarter of the globe, there are bright sparkling remedies presented for almost every disorder under the sun:—for instance, should our reader be consumptive, or, what is much more probable, be dyspeptic, let him hurry to Ems; if he wishes to instil iron into his system, and to brace up his muscles, let him go to Langen-Schwalbach; if his brain should require calming, his nerves soothing, and his skin softening, let him glide onwards to Schlangenbad; but if he be rheumatic in his limbs, or if mercury should be running riot in his system, let him hasten, 'body and bones,' to Wiesbaden, where, they say, by being parboiled in the Kochbrunnen, all his troubles will evaporate."

Entering the country from the farther extremity, we, in the course of our journey, first reached Wiesbaden, the capital of the duchy, and principal place of resort by visitors. Wiesbaden is a handsomely-built town of modern appearance, situated in a valley surrounded with hills, but having a pleasant exposure and inclination to the south, or in the direction of Bibrech on the Rhine, from which it is only a few

miles distant. It is in a particular manner protected from the north and north-east winds by high swelling hills, and is therefore allowed to be as suitable for a place of abode during winter as summer. The various rows of neat stone houses, which compose the principal streets, contain all classes of private lodgings for strangers; and besides these, there are several large hotels, which, during our stay, were crammed with temporary residents. The greater number of the latter public establishments are in the neighbourhood of each other in the more confined part of the town, and are so placed to be near the source of the chief hot spring, which is conveyed by pipes to their baths. There are altogether fourteen springs, though it is believed they are from one main source in the north-west part of the mountain overhanging the town, as they resemble each other in quality and temperature. The chief is the Kochbrunnen (boiling spring), which rises in a small open court or place, and is environed with a wall, except at a spot where steps descend to the brink of the water. Approaching this enclosure, we perceive a cloud of vapour rising from the surface of the spring, as from a hot caldron. The water is of a dull yellow appearance, by no means inviting, and is at the temperature of 150 degrees Fahrenheit, which it maintains during every season of the year. In the morning it is drunk in large quantities by the visitors, a person dipping and filling their glasses at a small charge. The taste of the water is very peculiar, and has been compared by some writers to weak chicken broth. "When I (says the author of the 'Bubbles') declare that it exactly resembles very hot chicken broth, I only say what Dr Granville said, and what in fact every body says, and must say, respecting it; and certainly I do wonder why the common people should be at the inconvenience of making bad soup, when they can get much better from Nature's great stock-pot—the Kochbrunnen of Wiesbaden. At all periods of the year, summer or winter, the temperature of the broth remains the same; and when one reflects that it has been bubbling out of the ground, and boiling over, in the very same state, certainly from the time of the Romans, and probably from the time of the flood, it is really astonishing to think what a most wonderful apparatus there must exist below, what an inexhaustible stock of provisions to ensure such an everlasting supply of broth, always formed of exactly the same eight or ten ingredients, always salted to exactly the same degree, and always served up at exactly the same heat. One would think that some of the particles in the recipe would be exhausted; in short, to speak metaphorically, that the chickens would at last be boiled to rags, or that the fire would go out for want of coals; but the oftener one reflects on these sort of subjects, the oftener is the old-fashioned observation repeated, that, let a man go where he will, Omnipotence is never from his view!"

Very wonderful things are told of the curative powers of the waters. According to Dr Granville, gout, rheumatism, paralysis, and other serious complaints, yield to a full course of bathing and drinking. My own idea is, that the chief and direct benefit consists in the promotion of intestinal action with relief to the skin, and that these, united with fresh air, exercise, and change of diet and scene, lead to all the cures which we hear of being performed both at this and the other watering-places.

Our residence during our short stay was at the Eagle Hotel, an establishment surpassing in size all the inns which had hitherto come under our notice. It possesses a spring of mineral water, second only in strength and heat to the Kochbrunnen; and this, by giving it a degree of superiority over other establishments of the kind, crowds it with customers. The lower floor of a large wing of the building is occupied entirely with bathing closets, into which the water is conducted in a prime state of warmth, as may be required by the various bathers.

It being a Sunday which we chanced to spend in Wiesbaden, an opportunity was afforded us of seeing the town in its holiday dress, and also in what manner the day was spent in the capital of the Protestant state of Nassau. Judging from external appearances, there was no difference between the mode of spending the Sunday here and at Cologne, or, I may add, at Brussels. All the shops, with the exception of a few of what may be called the more respectable, were open from morning till night, and unless that there was attendance at church to a comparatively small extent, there was really nothing to indicate that it was the day of rest. The scene in the dining-hall of our hotel went beyond anything I ever witnessed in the form of hubbub. Let the reader only conceive the idea of an immensely large apartment, resembling a ball-room, filled with tables at which there sat down two hundred and forty persons to dinner; then imagine the hurrying of waiters, the loud talking of the people—the Germans are horrid talkers—and the deafening play of drums, trumpets, and hautboys, in the gallery; the whole forming a scene of the most distracting nature, which it was out of our power to endure. Hastening away as soon as possible from this "quiet Sunday dinner," we proceeded to the eastern environs, where, close by a pretty piece of park scenery, and near the public thoroughfare from Frankfurt, stands the grand object of attraction in Wiesbaden. This is the Kursaal, a handsomely built edifice, of a single story in height, but covering a considerable space of ground, and containing a number of magnificent apartments devoted to public entertainments and gambling.

Reaching towards it on one side, like an extensive wing, is a long open colonnade, the inner side of which is laid out as shops for the sale of jewellery, drapers' goods, shoes, books, toys, pictures, and other objects, all which wares were exposed in gay profusion on stalls, as in a bazaar. On proceeding to the grounds behind, we found them already fast filling with company, while hundreds of persons, scattered about on chairs and forms, were busy sipping coffee supplied by the active attendants of the Kursaal.

Curious to observe what was going on within doors, we sauntered through the laughing and chatting groups of smokers and coffee-drinkers into the great central hall or saloon of the edifice. This saloon, which may be one hundred and thirty or one hundred and forty feet in length, and fifty feet in height, is elegantly embellished with painting and gilding, and is striking in effect, from possessing a gallery all round, supported by thirty massive Corinthian pillars of red marble. In this splendid apartment, balls and concerts take place during certain evenings of the week, and a table-d'hôte is prepared daily at the usual small dinner charge for all who are pleased to attend. At the table-d'hôte on Sunday, the Duke of Nassau, who resides at a hunting-seat in the neighbourhood, ordinarily gives his presence, which has the effect of causing the establishment to be visited by the elite of Wiesbaden society. To an Englishman, nothing seems more strange than this species of intercourse between the sovereign of a state and the throng of visitors at a watering-place in his dominions. Such things, however, excite no surprise in continental society, in which there is a familiarity between high and low—at least between all whose conduct bears the stamp of politeness—that could not for a moment be sanctioned in Britain, notwithstanding all its freedom, and the democratic nature of some of its institutions.

Previous to our entrance into the great saloon, the long dinner tables had been cleared away, and two men were just in the act of bringing in a rather heavy-looking iron-bound box, which they placed in the middle of the floor. Next, they set down a table of a particular construction, and opening the box, drew out several bags of coins, consisting of gold and silver pieces, which they arranged in heaps upon the table. Lastly, they planted in the centre of the table the usual instrument of gaming—a revolving horizontal dish and ball. The perfect business-like coolness with which these preparations were made, was deeply interesting. We had heard of gaming-tables, but never before had seen one. Not that England cannot show such things, but happily they have the discredit of being illegal, and do not fall within the every-day experience of the middle classes. Here, however, there was no disguise, no illegality—the whole affair was quite open, and all ranks had an opportunity of venturing their money. Shortly, the directors took their seats, a crowd of men and women gathered round, and the play commenced. I anxiously watched the very curious scene. There was no lack of players, but I kept my eye on three in particular. One was a gentleman, who, with a firm calculating countenance and undisturbed air, risked a gold piece at each roll of the ball, and seemed tolerably successful; after a certain length of time, when he had pocketed at least half-a-dozen Frederick d'ors, he walked away, as if satisfied with his day's work. The other two persons were females; one was an elderly lady, apparently about sixty years of age, perhaps seventy, and the other a peasant, seemingly the wife of a neighbouring rustic—a woman, for instance, who had come to town to sell the butter and cheese which she had made during the week, and now, mingling with nobles and gentry, was perilling her sorry earnings upon the gaming-table. The old lady was entranced in the game; she was losing; her throat wrought in agony, like an exhausted pump; now, she gained a thaler, and her spirits rose; she had, as she imagined, got the turn; but no: again luck was running against her; she could endure it no longer, and retired out of sight to give room to a new comer. The peasant woman was moderately successful. She never risked more than a silver coin about the value of half-a-crown, and her tactics consisted in always laying the money on the same colour. Red was her favourite. She staked a piece on a corner patch of red every roll of the ball. I think she must have gained a dozen pieces before she retired, yet she did not appear any way elated; she might have lost previously at some other table, or on the previous Sunday, and had now only won back the amount of her losses. At all events, I set her down as a being who was on the high road to ultimate ruin, and I hoped that she was not a proper sample of the peasantry of Nassau.

The establishment of the rouge-et-noir table in the grand saloon, did not excite particular attention. There was, as we observed, another table of the same kind in a side apartment fully as well attended, and from a room adjacent were heard the laughter and shouts of billiard players equally busy at their game. It rather excited our surprise to see no English at any of these gaming tables, the players being either Germans or French; perhaps they preferred attending the opera, which was proceeding in another quarter of the town, but of this we had no opportunity of judging. Disgusted with the racket and irrationality which every where met the eye, and finding not a single spot at our hotel where quietness could be obtained, we early in the evening ordered the calash to be yoked, and, stowing ourselves in it, fled from Wiesbaden to a scene

which we hoped would be more congenial both to our feelings and to the peaceful character of the day.

It was a lovely autumnal evening as our carriage wound its way over the rounded heights of the Taunus mountains in the direction of Langen-Schwalbach. At every step we were reminded of the resemblance to our own Scottish mountain scenery. Leaving the lower vales, thickly clad with apple-trees and vines, we found, as we ascended, that the hill-sides became brown and heathy, and were here and there enriched with plantations of hardy timber, which gave shelter to the arable fields of the upland farmers. All was placidly calm as a Sunday evening ought to be. The small forests of larch and oak which lay open to our path, and into which we now and then penetrated a short way, were silent as a desert far from the haunts of man. The inhabitants of a small hamlet sat at their doors, in their holiday dresses, enjoying the tranquil scene, and showed, by their appearance, that they at least rested from their labours one day in seven. Having gained a considerable altitude on the ascending braes, a splendid view of the Rheingau presented itself on our left, through an opening in the woods. The whole expanse of the river, with its rich banks from Bingen to Mayence, lay spread out like a picture, and we for a moment felt how far these glorious works of Nature transcended those which mankind usually create for their contemplation and amusement. From this point the road to Langen-Schwalbach proceeds in a northerly direction at a greater distance from the Rhine, which is hence shut out from the view of the traveller. Those, however, who wish to visit Schlangenbad, turn to the left, and are conducted by a steep descending path to that place of resort.

Schlangenbad, which unfortunately we could not afford time to visit, consists of little else than two large boarding-houses, with baths and springs for the accommodation of visitors. It is the most retired of all the brunns of Nassau, and is chiefly resorted to by persons who are desirous of enjoying country air with the softening and cheering influences of its cosmetic waters. On this latter account, it is, I believe, most in favour with ladies, particularly those who find the necessity for remedying the injuries of time. The mineral spring of Schlangenbad owes its purifying and softening properties to muriates and carbonates of lime, soda, and magnesia, held with a certain quantity of carbonic acid in solution. Its name signifies the Serpent's Bath, there being a plentiful variety of snakes, though of a harmless kind, in the vicinity. The author of the "Bubbles" is ecstatic in his description of the delicious influence of the water on the skin, though not more so than other writers. "The baths at Schlangenbad (says he) are the most harmless and delicious luxuries of the sort I have ever enjoyed; and I really quite looked forward to the morning for the pleasure with which I paid my addresses to this delightful element. The effect it produces on the skin is very singular; it is about as warm as milk, but infinitely softer; and after dipping the hand into it, if the thumb be rubbed against the fingers, it is said by many to resemble satin. Nevertheless, whatever may be its sensation, when the reader reflects that people not only come to these baths from Russia, but that the water, in stone bottles, merely as a cosmetic, is sent to St Petersburg and other distant parts of Europe, he will admit that it must be soft indeed to have gained for itself such an extraordinary degree of celebrity—for there is no town at Schlangenbad, not even a village; nothing, therefore, but the real or fancied charm of the water could attract people into a little sequestered valley, which, in every sense of the word, is out of sight of the civilised world; and yet, I must say that I never remember to have existed in a place which possessed such fascinating beauties; besides which (to say nothing of breathing pure dry air), it is no small pleasure to live in a skin which puts all people in good humour—at least with themselves. But besides the cosmetic charms of this water, it is declared to possess virtues of more substantial value: it is said to tranquillise the nerves, to soothe all inflammation; and from this latter property, the cures of consumption which are reported to have been effected, among human beings and cattle, may have proceeded. Yet whatever good effect the water may have on this insidious disorder, its first operation most certainly must be to neutralise the bad effects of the climate, which to consumptive patients must decidedly be a very severe trial; for, delightful as it is to people in robust health, yet the keenness of the mountain air, together with the sudden alternations of temperature to which the valley of Schlangenbad is exposed, must, I think, be anything but a remedy for weak lungs." With respect to the precise influence of the water on the body—"it is, in my opinion (continues the same writer), a sort of corrosion which removes tan, or any other artificial covering that the surface may have attained from exposure and ill treatment by the sun and wind. In short, the body is cleaned by it just as a kitchen-maid scours her copper saucepan; and the effect being evident, ladies modestly approach it from the most remote parts of Europe."

Wishing every success to those among our fair readers who may make the attempt to preserve the beauty of their complexions by a dip in the wonder-working waters of Schlangenbad, we proceed on our way to Langen-Schwalbach, where we propose to set up our staff of rest for the night. The sun had just sunk behind the western hills as our calash drove

down the steep winding road that conducts us into the valley in which this secluded village with its famed brunns is situated. Agreeably to a previous recommendation, we took up our quarters at the Allée-Saal, or Hotel du Promenade, a house of enormous size, situated on a woody bank at the head of the village. Here, though crowded with inmates, there was a degree of repose which one might search for in vain in Wiesbaden. Yet here, also, in the principal saloon, was there placed a rouge-et-noir table, glittering with its heaps of gold and silver, and surrounded by a few players—a circumstance which showed us pretty plainly that gambling forms one of the peculiar attractions of the brunns of Nassau.

On the morning after our arrival, we rose with the early dawn, in order to explore betimes, ere the visitors awakened from their slumbers, the whole mechanism of Langen-Schwalbach. But here I must stop for the meanwhile; my space is exhausted; and it will not be for a week to come that I can introduce the reader to what met my eyes in the course of our ramble.

SNAKES AND SNAKE-CHARMERS.

It is only on visiting, and residing for a time in India, that one can become thoroughly sensible of the immense benefit conferred by St Patrick upon Ireland, when he preached his famous

"sarrfin,
That gave the frogs and toads a twist,
And banished all the varmin."

among which we may reasonably include snakes of all kinds and degrees. To new-comers in Hindostan, and particularly to those of nervous temperament, these creatures constitute a source of perpetual alarm. Their numbers are immense, and no place is sacred from their visitations. Just fancy the agreeable surprise resulting from such little occurrences as the following, which are far from being rare. You get up in a morning, after a feverish night perhaps; languidly you reach for your boots, and upon pulling on one, feel something soft before your toes, and on turning it upside down, and giving it a shake, out pops a small snake of the carpet tribe (as they are called, probably from their domestic propensities), wondering what can be the cause of his being thus rudely ejected from his night's quarters. Or suppose, at any time during the day, you should be musically inclined; you take your flute from its resting-place, and proceed to screw it together, but find, on making an attempt to play, that something is the matter, and on peeping into it, discover that a little serpentine gentleman has there sought and found a snug lodgement. Perhaps your endeavour to give it breath with your mouth makes Mr Snake feel his habitation in the instrument uncomfortably cold, and, ere you are aware of his presence, he is out, and wriggling among your fingers.

Such incidents as these cause rather unpleasant starts to those who are new to Hindostanic matters, though the natives of the land, or persons who had been long resident in it, might only smile at the new-comer's uneasiness, and tell him that these little intruders were perfectly harmless. But even with the assurance of this fact, it is long ere most Europeans can tolerate the sight and presence of these snakes, much less feel comfortable under their cold touch. Besides, it is but too well known that all these creatures are not innoxious. Well do I remember the fright that one poor fellow got in the barracks at Madras. He had possibly been indulging too freely over night; at least, when he rose in the morning in question, he felt thirsty in the extreme. Yawning most volitionally, he made up to one of the room windows, where stood a large water bottle or jar, one of those long-necked clay things in which they usually keep fluids in the east. Upon taking this inviting vessel into his hands, he observed that there seemed to be but little water in it, yet enough, as he thought, to cool his parched throat; and he had just applied it to his lips, when something touched them—certainly not water, whatever else it might be. He hastily withdrew the vessel from his mouth, though still retaining it in his hands, when, to his amazement and horror, a regular cobra, the most deadly and dangerous of all the common serpents of India, reared its hideously distended and spectacled head from the jar, not a foot from its disturber's nose. "Oh, murder!" cried the poor fellow, who was a son of Erin; and as he uttered the exclamation, he dashed bottle, snake, and all to the ground, and took to his heels, nor stopped until he was a full hundred yards from the spot. Here he told his story in safety, and the intruder was in good time got rid of by the cautious use of fire-arms.

Very different from the conduct of this fellow was that of one of his comrades in the same barracks, who was exposed to an almost unprecedented trial from a similar cause. In the vicinity of the barracks assigned to the European soldiers in India, there is usually a number of little solitary buildings or cells, where the more disorderly members of the corps are confined for longer or shorter terms, by order of the commanding officer. In one of these, on a certain occasion, was locked up poor Jock Hall, a Scotsman belonging to Edinburgh or Leith. Jock had got intoxicated, and being found in that condition at the hour of drill, was sentenced to eight days' solitary imprisonment. Soldiers in India have their bedding partly furnished by the Honourable Company, and find the remainder for themselves. About this part of house furnishing, however, Jock Hall troubled himself very little, being

one of those hardy reckless beings on whom privation and suffering seem to make no impression. A hard floor was as good as a down-bed to Jock, and therefore, as he never scrupled to sell what he got, it may be supposed that his sleeping furniture was none of the most abundant or select. Such as it was, he was stretched upon and under it one night in his cell, during his term of penance, and possibly was reflecting on the impropriety of in future putting "an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains," when, lo! he thought he heard a rustling in the cell, close by him. At this moment he recollected that he had not, as he ought to have done, stopped up an air hole, which entered the cell on a level with its floor, and also with the rock, externally, on which the building was planted. A strong suspicion of what had happened, or was about to happen, came over Hall's mind, but he knew it was probably too late to do any good, could he even find the hole in the darkness, and get it closed. He therefore lay still, and in a minute or two heard another rustle close to him, which was followed by the cold slimy touch of a snake upon his bare foot! Who in such a situation would not have started and bawled for help? Jock did neither; he lay stone still, and held his peace, knowing that his cries would most probably have been unheard by the distant guard. Had his bed-clothes been more plentiful, he might have endeavoured to protect himself by wrapping them closely around him, but this their scantiness forbade. Accordingly, being aware that, although a motion or touch will provoke snakes to bite, they will not generally do it without such incitement, Jock held himself as still as if he had been a log. Meanwhile, his horrible bed-fellow, which he at once felt to be of great size, crept over his feet, legs, and body, and, lastly, over his very face. Nothing but the most astonishing firmness of nerve, and the consciousness that the moving of a muscle would have signed his death-warrant, could have enabled the poor fellow to undergo this dreadful trial. For a whole hour did the reptile crawl backwards and forwards over Jock's body and face, as if satisfying itself, seemingly, that it had nothing to fear from the recumbent object on its own part. At length it took up a position somewhere about his head, and went to rest in apparent security. The poor soldier's trial, however, was not over. Till daylight, he remained in the same posture, flat on his back, without daring to stir a limb, from the fear of disturbing his dangerous companion. Never, perhaps, was dawn so anxiously longed for by mortal man. When it did come, Jock cautiously looked about him, arose noiselessly, and moved over to the corner of his cell, where there lay a pretty large stone. This he seized, and looked about for the intruder. Not seeing the snake, he became assured that it was under his pillow. He raised the end of this just sufficiently to get a peep of the creature's crest. Jock then pressed his knee firmly on the pillow, but allowed the snake to wriggle out its head, which he battered to pieces with the stone. This done, the courageous fellow for the first time breathed freely.

When the hour for breakfast came, Jock, who thought little about the matter after it was fairly over, took the opportunity of the opening of the door to throw the snake out. When the officer whose duty it was to visit the cells for the day, was going his rounds, he perceived a crowd around the cell-door examining the reptile, which was described by the natives as of the most venomous character, its bite being invariably and rapidly mortal. The officer, on being told that it had been killed by a man in the adjoining cell, went in and inquired into the matter. "When did you first know that there was a snake in the cell with you?" said he. "About nine o'clock last night," was Jock's reply. "Why didn't you call to the guard?" asked the officer. "I thought the guard wadna hear me, and I was feared I might tramp on't, so I just lay still." "But you might have been bit; did you know that you would have died instantly?" "I kent that very weel," said Jock, "but they say that snakes winna meddle with you, if you dinna meddle with them; sae I just let it crawl as it liket." "Well, my lad, I believe you did what was best after all, but it was what not one man in a thousand could have done." When the story was told, and the snake shown to the commanding officer, he thought the same, and Jock, for his extraordinary nerve and courage, got a remission of his punishment. For some time, at least, he took care how he again got into such a situation as to expose him to the chance of passing another night with such a bed-fellow.

It has frequently been asserted that the most tremendous of the snake tribe, the boa-constrictor, does not now exist in Hindostan, and has not done so for a considerable time. This statement is to be taken with some reservation. When our Anglo-Indian army were called to the field a few years ago, to teach a lesson to an obstinate native potentate, two of our soldiers left a temporary encampment of the troops, in order to indulge in a bath. They had a portion of jungle to cross, and, in doing so, the foot of one of them slipped into a sort of hole. This proved to be an old elephant-trap; that is to say, a pit of considerable size dug in the earth, and covered over with branches, sticks, and such like matters, so as to deceive the wild elephant into placing his mighty weight upon it, when he sinks, and is unable to get out again. The soldier got his foot withdrawn from the trap, though at the cost of his shoe, which the closeness of the branches caused to come off. Little did the poor fellow know at the moment what a fate he had narrowly escaped! But he

soon became sensible of it. On looking down to see whither his shoe was gone, and if it was recoverable, he beheld a sight, which, but for the hold he had of his companion's arm, would have made him yet totter into the pit from sheer horror. Through the opening made by his foot, he saw an enormous boa-constrictor, with its body coiled up, and its head curved, watching the opening above, and evidently prepared to dart on the falling prey. Hurrying from the spot, the two soldiers informed some of their officers, who immediately came to the trap with fire-arms. The creature was still there, and, indeed, had most probably remained in the place for a length of time, preying on the unfortunate animals, great and small, which tumbled into its den. Ball and swan-shot, both used at once, brought the reptile's life to a close, and it was got out of the hole. It proved to be fifteen feet long, and about the general thickness of a man's thigh. The skin and scales were most beautiful. It was intended to make two cases of the skin, for holding the regimental colours, and would have been large enough for the purpose. But it was entrusted to unskilful hands, and got withered and wasted in the preparation.

The Hindoos, or at least the serpent-charmers among them, pretend, as is well known, to handle all sorts of snakes with impunity, to make them come and go at a call, and, in short, to have a cabalistic authority over the whole race. These pretensions are necessary to the exercise of their profession, which consists, in part, in ridding private houses of troublesome visitants of this description. One of these serpent-charmers will assert to a householder that there are snakes about his premises, and, partly from motives of fear and partly from curiosity, the householder promises the man a reward, if he succeeds in showing and removing them. The juggler goes to work, and soon snakes are seen to issue from some corner or another, obedient to his call. The performer takes them up fearlessly, and they meet like old friends. In fact, the opinion of the more enlightened residents in India is, that the snakes and their charmer are old friends; that he hid them there, and, of course, knew where to find them; and, moreover, that having long ago extracted the poisonous fangs, he may well handle them without alarm. Still, a large portion of the community, Europeans as well as natives, believe that these charmers have strange powers over the snake tribe. In Madras, however, while I was there, this belief received a sad shake by a circumstance which occurred. One of the most noted serpent-charmers about the district chanced one morning to get hold of a cobra, of considerable size, which he got conveyed to his home. He was occupied abroad all day, and had not time to get the dangerous fang extracted from the serpent's mouth. This, at least, is the probable solution of the matter. In the evening he returned to his dwelling, considerably excited with liquor, and began to exhibit tricks with his snakes to various persons who were around him at the time. The newly caught cobra was brought out with the others, and the man, spirit valiant, commenced to handle the stranger like the rest. But the cobra darted at his chin, and bit it, making two marks like pin points. The poor juggler was sobered in an instant. "I am a dead man," he exclaimed. The prospect of immediate death made the maintenance of his professional mysticism a thing of no moment. "Let the creature alone," said he to those about him, who would have killed the cobra; "it may be of service to others of my trade. To me it can be of no more use. Nothing can save me." His professional knowledge was but too accurate. In two hours he was a corpse!

I saw him a short time after he died. His friends and brother jugglers had gathered around him, and had him placed on a chair in a sitting position. Seeing the detriment likely to result to their trade and interests from such a notion, they vehemently asserted that it was not the venomous bite which had killed him. "No, no; he only forgot one little word—one small portion of the charm." In fact, they declared that he was not dead at all, but only in a sort of swoon, from which, according to the rules of the cabalistic art, he would recover in seven days. But the officers of the barracks, close to which the deceased had lived, interfered in the matter. They put a guard of one or two men on the house, declaring that they would allow the body to remain unburied for seven days, but would not permit any trickery. Of course, the poor serpent-charmer never came to life again. His death, and the manner of it, gave a severe blow, as has been already hinted, to the art and practice of snake-charming in Madras.

THE DEAD LANGUAGES.

The custom of Plutarch's time was very different from those of ours, where the greatest part of our youth is spent in learning the words of dead languages. The Grecians, who thought all barbarians but themselves, despised the use of foreign languages, so that the first elements of their breeding was the knowledge of nature, and the accommodation of that knowledge, by moral precepts, to the service of the public and private offices of virtue. By this liberal sort of education, study was so far from being a burden to them, that in a short time it became a habit; and philosophical questions and criticisms of humanity were their usual recreations at their meals. Boys lived then as the better sort of men do now, and their conversation was so well bred and manly, that they did not plunge out of their depth into the world when they grew up, but slid easily into it, and found no alteration in their company.—Dryden.

MOVEMENT FOR THE EARLIER SHUTTING OF SHOPS.

OUR short note on this subject in the publication of the 5th January has brought us a communication from the Committee of the *Association of Drapers' Assistants* (of the city of London) for shortening the *Hours of Business*; from which we learn, that "although a considerable number of employers have expressed their sense of the utility and practicability of closing their shops at the hours requested by the assistants, yet, in consequence of its being necessary for the interest of those parties that the practice should be universal, the object which was sought has not been attained." Our correspondents add, that they have nevertheless been in some degree rewarded for their exertions, by seeing much good result from them elsewhere. "The question which was first raised by them has since been agitated not only in their own trade, but in almost every other, and not only in London, but in almost every considerable town in England. The result has been in some cases the establishment of the hours sought for, and in nearly all cases that of an earlier hour than had hitherto been customary." This is so far gratifying; and we would hope that, in a little time, it may be found possible to effect the same reform in London, an agreement of the principal houses as to a particular hour being all that is necessary for that purpose.

The Committee request us to give a more particular account of the institution from which the shop-keeping classes in Edinburgh derive the benefits of literary and scientific knowledge after the hours of business are closed. It was established about seven years ago, and the movement for an earlier shutting of shops took place about the same time, as a necessary means of enabling the business classes to attend. Men in trade, whether as principals or assistants, may be said to constitute the nine-tenths of the association, and the business is managed by a committee of the members, without any aid from, or connection with, persons of a more elevated grade. From three to six series of lectures are delivered during the course of every winter. Several hundred persons pay a guinea each, for which they are entitled to attend all the lectures that may be delivered: others take tickets for particular courses only, while there is also an occasional attendance, for which sixpence of admission-money is charged. Altogether, the association usually disposes of funds to the amount of four or five hundred pounds per annum. The usual hour of shop-shutting being eight, the lectures commence at half past, and last rather longer than an hour. They take place every evening excepting Saturday, each lecturer having one or more evenings for his particular subject. Chemistry, Geology, Astronomy, Electricity and Galvanism; Natural History, Human Physiology; Phrenology, Moral Philosophy, History; Musical Harmony; the Fine Arts; are among the subjects which have been treated, the lecturers being usually very respectable of their kind, though paid in rather a sparing manner. Females form a portion of the audience.

In Glasgow, associations of the working and shop-keeping classes for hearing lectures are numerous. Our readers will recollect the description given in the *Journal* of the 10th of November, of one which took its rise in a conviction on the part of the advocates of "total abstinence," that some social amusement of an innocent kind was required as a substitute for the vicious ones newly given up. We lately had an opportunity of witnessing a meeting of this body. A large hall was densely crowded by working-men and females, all in decent guise, and on a platform stood a square piano-forte, beside which sat several persons, apparently the directors of the amusements. We heard two comic songs given by amateurs of the operative order, and a beautiful duet from two others: The enjoyment of the audience, who might be five hundred in number, seemed intense. This weekly musical meeting of the working-classes, which costs only two-pence to each person, has been imitated by an association of the trading-class, who meet in the Trades' Hall, and pay sixpence each. Here a lecture of a philosophical nature is delivered, lasting rather less than an hour; after which there is a series of musical performances, vocal and instrumental, and of recitations. The addition of musical to philosophical entertainment seems to us a judicious step; and we hope that the plan will be followed elsewhere.

Since our notice of the Glasgow association in November, we have heard of the establishment of similar societies in different country towns in Scotland, chiefly through the activity of Mr M'Pherson from Glasgow, who has been most zealous in promoting their extension. Among other places, we may mention Dunfermline and Kirkcaldy, both busy and intelligent seats of population in Fife; also Linlithgow, a respectable old burgh in West Lothian. Some efforts, we believe, have likewise been made in Edinburgh to establish cheap musical entertainments of a similar nature, though we have not yet heard of their permanent organisation. There cannot be the least doubt of the success of such associations, so long as they are sustained on a perfectly respectable but unpretending footing, suitable both to the feelings and the pockets of the class for whom they are intended. We may add, that gentlemen amateur players, of whom there are always a certain number in every town, might render no small assistance to such institutions by occasionally affording their gratuitous services.

All of the associations that we have ever heard of are doing good, while in none is there any feature that calls for disapprobation. In fact, they are part, and an important part, of a great movement now going on for the improvement of mankind and the lessening of human pains and sorrows. Let us not forget that, as a preliminary to their very existence, a shortening of the hours of business is in most places necessary. To this cause, then, we heartily wish success: may it be early and complete, and may it be lasting!

NEW USES FOR TURF.

WE have found the following account of the value of turf as applied to the arts, in an Irish paper—the *General Advertiser* of Dublin:—

"Ireland has a valuable resource for its reviving industry in its abundant supply of turf. It has been stated that turf could be had on some of the great inland waters of Ireland at 1s. a ton; but let us suppose that good mountain turf could be had for 2s. a ton, two tons of such may make about one ton of charcoal. Turf is charred in Ireland by two methods. The horse-shoers, in those parts of Ireland where coal is much enhanced by carriage, make turf charcoal in small quantities as they want it: a cone of dry turf is built on hard ground, covered partly with dust—it is then inflamed, closed up with dust, and extinguished by water. But on the Mourne mountains and in Roscommon, a chamber is dug in the bog, filled with dry turf, which, when sufficiently inflamed, is smothered by the wet stuff thrown out to form the chamber in which the charcoal was formed. This process produces a greater quantity of charcoal than the former method, and more cheaply. Two tons of turf, which will make one ton of charcoal, may be had in some places in Ireland for four shillings, whereas a ton of wood charcoal, at the great iron-works in Gloucestershire for instance, will cost four pounds. To compare the prices of these fuels in the British market, we must add the expense of charring and freight to the first cost of that from the Irish turf; still the Irish charcoal will in most places be much lower than the British wood charcoal. But is it as good? Not for the use of the high furnaces which go from forty-five to sixty-five feet of elevation. The pressure of the contents of the high furnace acting on the copious ashes of turf or turf charcoal, may obstruct the draught; but in the processes of refining bar-iron, and in the making of steel, I suppose it to be as good. But charcoal of any kind is not used in many of the high furnaces of Great Britain. In the four great processes by which iron is brought from the ore to finished bar-iron, namely, fusing, refining, puddling, and reheating, one hundred tons of finished bars requires a thousand tons of coals, for four hundred and thirty of which, turf or turf charcoal may be substituted. Under the boilers of the steam-engines that supply power either for blowing the fires, shaping the metal, or for the production of other necessary forces, the use of coals or coke seems unobjectionable; but wherever the fuel and metal are in contact, charcoal gives a better metal than coal or coke, being free from sulphur and other contaminations. The processes for making refined iron and steel enhance the value so much, that refined iron is double the price of cast iron, and the best cast steel has its value increased in a far greater proportion. In all these processes, charcoal must be preferred to coke, and this, next to the quality of the ore, is a chief cause of the superiority of the Swedish over the British iron. Some of the iron-masters of Britain are well aware of the value of turf fuel. The proprietor of a large work in Gloucestershire bought an estate containing turf bog to supply his works: the plan, however, was laid aside, from the difficulty of transport. We have five millions of acres of waste land. Let us suppose half of these are covered with turf bog from one to twenty feet deep, having a specific gravity a little less than water, and containing, probably, four to six parts water, to one of inflammable matter. Of what immense value, then, is the turf we possess and neglect! It could not be all converted into charcoal in a few years; no, and so much the better. But much more turf might be made than can be on the present system, if a plan mentioned in an early number of the *Journal des Mines* was adopted. Turf partially dried was thrown, without order, into a house which was adapted for the communication of heat without flame, and the escape of vapour; in which it was exposed to the heat of 200 degrees Fahrenheit, and rapidly dried; thus the preparation of turf might become a continual employment, independent of season or weather. We therefore command a vast supply of a fuel nearly as valuable as the best used in the British iron-works, and in some situations cheaper than the worst. I have heard that there are extensive iron-works in England where the coals cost more at the mouth of the furnace than 12s. per ton.

In the year 1827, iron was made in Great Britain in 284 furnaces, to the extent of 690,000 tons, which being converted partly into castings, and partly into bars, rods, and plates of malleable iron, was worth £6,290,000. It has greatly increased since. 240 vessels freighted with iron articles sailed from England to America in less than twelve months after the great fire in New York. Here is abundance of fuel in Ireland, and demand in England; how are they to meet? By cheap railroads from the turf mountains to water carriage. The Americans make railroads for £1,000 a mile; we have labour and iron cheaper than they, but it is better to imitate them than the British, who can afford to spend £70,000 per mile on railroads. Where should they first be made? From Dublin to near Lough Bray, where, before the military road was begun, a ten-foot rod was driven into the bog with little resistance. The turf might be conveyed to Dublin by a railroad, and thence to Liverpool; the waggons may descend by their own weight to Rathfriland, and draw up lime, tools, and industrious hands to cultivate one hundred square miles of neglected valuable mountain, adjoining a city where many thousand good labourers are perishing for want of employment.

There will be also a demand for turf, charred or not, for the steam-boats. By this fuel the heat can be expeditiously raised. In London, charcoal is sold for lighting fires. In conservatories, turf charcoal has been found by the Dutch preferable to wood charcoal, when used in open braziers, so as to warm the house without the expense of flues. It was said to answer particularly with orange trees. From a series of four experiments which were made, as detailed in the *Annales des Mines*, and also from experiments carefully made in this country by Dr Stokes, it was found that the calorific power of charcoal made from peat was equal to that of wood charcoal. The experiment by Dr Stokes was the evaporation of a certain quantity of water, by the two descriptions of fuel, in the same apparatus, and under the same circumstances."

A PICTURE OF WAR.

I shall select but one description of a battle scene amongst the myriads which present themselves on every hand. It is from "Napier's History of the Peninsular War," and relates to the scene after the storming of Badajoz:—"Now commenced that wild and desperate wickedness which tarnished the lustre of the soldier's heroism. Shameless rapacity, brutal intemperance, savage lust, cruelty and murder, shrieks and piteous lamentations, groans, shouts, imprecations, the hissing of fires bursting from the houses, the crashing of doors and windows, and the reports of muskets used in violence, resounded for two days and nights in the streets of Badajoz! On the third, when the city was sacked, when the soldiers were exhausted by their excesses, the tumult rather subsided than was quelled, the wounded were then looked to, the dead disposed of! Five thousand men and officers fell during the siege, and of these, including seven hundred Portuguese, three thousand five hundred had been stricken in the assault. Let any man picture to himself this frightful carnage taking place in a space of less than a hundred yards square. Let him consider that the slain died not all suddenly, nor by one manner of death; that some perished by steel, some by shot, some by water, that some were crushed and mangled by heavy weights, some trampled upon, some dashed to atoms by the fiery explosions; that for hours this destruction was endured without shrinking, and that the town was won at last; let any man consider this, and he must admit that a British army bears with it an awful power." I may fairly ask, did Christianity ever contemplate such a scene as this? The wounded were three days and nights bleeding to death—and so were they at Waterloo; and I am entitled to ask, where was it not so?

Cold was the bed where many a graceful form
That day was stretched by death's relentless storm;
In heaps they lay, and agonised with pain,
Filed with the corpses of their comrades slain.
No heart, affectionate and kind, was there,
To soothe their spirits with a parting prayer;
No watchful eye beheld their final hour,
Save that All-seeing and Almighty Power,
Before whose judgment-seat they took their stand,
War in their heart and vengeance in their hand.

—From a Speech at the Peace Society's Meeting.

ABSURDITIES.

To attempt to borrow money on the plea of extreme poverty.—To lose money at play, and then fly into a passion about it.—To ask the publisher of a new periodical how many copies he sells per week.—To ask a wine merchant how old his wine is.—To make yourself generally disagreeable, and wonder that nobody will visit you, unless they gain some palpable advantage by it.—To get drunk, and complain the next morning of a headache.—To spend your earnings on liquor, and wonder that you are ragged.—To sit shivering in the cold because you won't have a fire till November.—To suppose that reviewers generally read more than the title-page of the works they praise or condemn.—To judge of people's piety by their attendance at church.—To keep your clerks on miserable salaries, and wonder at their robbing you.—Not to go to bed when you are tired and sleepy, because "it is not bed time."—To make your servants tell lies for you, and afterwards be angry because they tell lies for themselves.—To tell your own secrets, and believe other people will keep them.—To render a man a service voluntarily, and expect him to be grateful for it.—To expect to make people honest by hardening them in a jail, and afterwards sending them adrift without the means of getting work.—To fancy a thing is cheap because a low price is asked for it.—To say that a man is charitable because he subscribes to an hospital.—To keep a dog or a cat on short allowance, and complain of its being a thief.—To degrade human nature in the hope of improving it.—To praise the beauty of a woman's hair before you know whether it did not once belong to somebody else.—To expect that your tradespeople will give you long credit if they generally see you in shabby clothes.—To arrive at the age of fifty, and be surprised at any vice, folly, or absurdity, their fellow-creatures may be guilty of.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

HEALTH OF LONDON.

Although London stands low, in point of salubrity, in comparison with the provinces of England, it stands very high when compared with most of the continental cities, and even states. With all the boasted advantages of the climate on the Mediterranean shores, the settled salubrious seasons of France, the glowing atmosphere and serene blue sky of Italy, we find England, and even its gigantic, crowded, and almost boundless metropolis, enjoying a greater share of health, and consequently possessing a higher value of life, than the inhabitants of almost any foreign city or state in Europe, or perhaps in the world. It stands with respect to Paris in the scale of health, as 40 to 32; to Leghorn as 40 to 35; to Naples as 40 to 28; to Rome as 40 to 24; and to Vienna as 40 to 22. The mortality in the latter city being as high as 1 to 22, or in other words, nearly five per cent. of the whole population die annually.—*London as it is.*

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THE HEROINES OF BURNS.

It is generally known that the fine impassioned songs of Burns were mostly written with regard to real women—in some instances, of no great beauty in the world's estimation, and in most of very humble rank, but almost always genuine flesh-and-blood women of this world, whom the poet was pleased to admire for the time being. In this respect he was very different from the poets of a former age, with their supposititious Daphnes and Phillises—with Burns, to quote a line of old MacLaurin, Lord Dreghorn,

"— Nelly, not Neera, was her name."

Plain, downright Annies and Nannies, and Tibbies and Jeanies, they were every one of them. He was a great poet—more particularly a great lyrical poet—perhaps we may say the very greatest that has ever lived; and wherever he had been born, there was it certain that the women, whether in silk or druggot, must have been made immortal. He rose in Kyle, amongst a simple peasantry, the female part of which wore short gowns and sometimes no stockings, and were accustomed to wield the muck-fork and the sickle, like the men themselves. But then it was Burns who had alighted amongst them, and the haberdashery of the imagination was ready to deck every one of them as finely as if they had been Sacharissas or Vanessas. It may afford some amusement to the reader to be introduced to such particulars of these persons as have been handed down to us.

We have the poet's own authority, that the first flame in his bosom was kindled in his fifteenth autumn by "a bonnie sweet sonsie lass," who was assigned to him as his partner on the harvest-field. She was unwitting at first of the power she had acquired over him, and he himself did not know, as he tells us, "why he liked so much to loiter behind with her, when returning in the evening from their labours; why the tones of her voice made his heart-strings thrill like an Æolian harp; and particularly why his pulse beat such a furious rattan when he looked and fingered over her little hand, to pick out the cruel nettle-stings and thistles." Love brought poetry to its aid, and he now composed his first verses, beginning "Once I loved a bonnie lass, and aye I love her still"—a very poor set of rhymes truly, but curious as the first tunings of so sweet an instrument. Her name appears to have been Nelly Blair, and, like many of his subsequent flames, she was a house-servant. The daughter of an individual in whose house she at one time served, communicated, through a newspaper, a few years ago, her recollections of Burns's visits on the occasions when "rockings" were held in the house. These were meetings of the rustic youth of both sexes, at which the lasses plied their spinning-wheels (formerly their rocks—hence the name) and the lads knitted stockings, the entertainment consisting of songs, and a light supper of country fare. Often did this lady meet Burns at the head of a little troop, coming from a distance of three or four miles, to attend these meetings, with the spinning-wheel of some lass over his shoulder, and a hundred jokes in his mouth to keep the party in merriment. Often had the lady of the house to find fault with her damself next day, for their lack of alacrity, the result of Burns's too late sitting at his courtship with Nelly Blair.

Another of his very early Dulcineas was a certain Isabella Steven or Stein, who lived near his father's farm of Lochlee. He was then about seventeen. But, alas, she was an heiress—her father a laird; that is to say, the proprietor of probably twenty acres of moorland, with a cot-house and garden. She therefore looked

high, and the consequence was that the poet had occasion to write his song—

"Oh, Tibbie, I hae seen the day,
Ye wadna been sae shy;
For lack o' gear ye lightly me,
But troth I carena by.
Yestreen I met you on the muir,
Ye spakna, but gae'd by like stour;
Ye geck at me because I'm poor,
But fient a hair care I," &c.

Thus we find that in the humblest spheres of life, there are nice distinctions of grade; altogether unrecognisable, possibly, to one observing at a little distance, like that between stars of the fifteenth and sixteenth magnitudes, yet with immense gulfs between, for all that. Tibbie, by virtue of her father's two or three fields, passed like stour the tenant's son whose name was ultimately to be great in both hemispheres.

His next serious fit of passion took its rise while he was studying mensuration at Kirkoswald. The fair maid's name was Peggy Thomson, and he celebrates her in his song "Now westlin win's and slaughtering guns;" she became the wife of a person named Neilson, and long lived in Ayr. But the particulars of this case need not be here entered into, as they have already been introduced to our readers.*

About the time when he was two or three and twenty, his attachments came in such thick and rapid succession, that there is no individualising them. Scarce a lass existed in the happy parish of Tarbolton who had not been a transient object of worship to Robert Burns. There was one whom he celebrates under the name of Montgomery's Peggy. To this girl, who had been reared in rather an elegant way, he made love, merely to show his parts in courtship; he got really in love, and was then refused. "It cost me several heartaches," he says, "to get rid of the affair." Another, named Anne Ronald, the daughter of a farmer, is said to have been the "Annie" of his lively song of "the Rigs o' Barley." The heroine of "My Nannie O," that most exquisite of songs, was Agnes Fleming, the daughter of a farmer at Caldecotthill, near Lochlee, and at one time a servant.

"Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she's bonnie, O;
The opening gowan, wat wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nannie, O."

Was ever rural maid so canonised? He was not only a lover himself, but an abettor of the loves of others. "A country lad," he says, "seldom carries on a love adventure without an assisting confidant. I possessed a curiosity, zeal, and intrepid dexterity, that recommended me as a proper second on these occasions; and I dare say I felt as much pleasure in being in the secret of half the loves of Tarbolton parish, as ever did statesman in knowing the intrigues of half the courts of Europe." We once conversed with an aged man in Tarbolton, who had served Burns partly in the same capacity; they would go together at night to houses in which lived girls admired by the poet; and these girls it was the duty of John Lees to ask out for his friend, who meanwhile waited near the door. When he had succeeded in bringing out any favourite lass of the poet, he became of course *Monsieur de Trop*, and Burns would then say to him, "Now, Jock, you may gang hame." The old man seemed greatly to relish his recollections of these adventures.

At about four-and-twenty, while still assisting his father in the small poor farm of Lochlee, he became acquainted with the young woman whom he addresses in several of his published letters as "My dear E—." From these letters he appears to have at first made

sure of obtaining the young woman's hand, but to have been finally rejected. It is probable that this person was the heroine of his song, "From thee, Eliza, I must go," which seems to have been written when he contemplated leaving her for a distant clime. The letters are in surprisingly pure English, and of a more moderate and rational complexion than the most of his compositions of that class, while the song ranks with his best.

"Farewell, farewell, Eliza dear,
The maid that I adore;
A boding voice is in my ear,
We part to meet no more.
The latest thro' that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That thro', Eliza, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh."

Eliza long survived the poet, and, if we may judge from the following obituary notice of her, she must have been a person somewhat above the common standard. "At Alva, on the 28th ult.," in the 74th year of her age, Mrs Elizabeth Black, relict of the late Mr James Stewart, vintner there. Though called upon to discharge the uncongenial duties connected with a humble public-house, and early deprived of her partner, Mrs Stewart, in her guarded walk and conversation, during the many years she spent in Alva, threw such a moral halo around her character as secured for her the unceasing esteem and good wishes of her fellow-villagers. * * She was Burns's ELIZA. She was born and brought up in Ayrshire, and in the bloom of youth was possessed of no ordinary share of personal charms. * * She early became acquainted with Burns, and made no small impression on his heart. * * She possessed several love-epistles he had addressed to her. It was when Scotia's bard intended emigrating from his own to a foreign shore that he wrote the stanzas beginning, 'From thee, Eliza, I must go'—the subject being of course Elizabeth Black."

This brings us to Highland Mary, the most interesting of all Burns's heroines. He was now the joint tenant with his brother of the little farm of Mossiel, in the parish of Mauchline. Mary Campbell, for such was her name, was as lowly a lass as any whom he ever admired, being the dairy-woman at Colonel Montgomery's house of Coilsfield. There is a thorn near the house, beneath whose boughs the poet lover often met his simple mistress. He celebrates her charms, and the happiness he enjoyed from these stolen interviews, in the song of "the Highland Lassie."

"Nae gentle dames, though e'er so fair,
Shall ever be my muse's care,
Their titles a' are empty show,
Gie me my Highland lassie, O.
Oh, were yon hills and valleys mine,
Yon palace and yon gardens fine,
The world then the love should know,
I bear my Highland lassie, O."

The design of going in search of fortune to the West Indies was still upon him, and he is found asking this mistress if she will accompany him:—

"Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary,
And leave auld Scotia's shore,
Will ye go to the Indies, my Mafy,
Across the Atlantic's roar?"

At length he resolved to marry her, and endeavour to remain contented at home; and they met on the banks of the Ayr, "to live one day of parting love," previous to a visit which she was to pay, in anticipation of her marriage, to her relations in Argyle.

* In the 304th number of the Journal, published November 25, 1837.

* The year is recent, but unknown, in consequence of the notice having been out carelessly from a newspaper. It was probably about 1837.

shire. In the song of "Highland Mary," the history of this precious day is written in immortal light. Mary, as is well known, sickened and died at her father's house in Greenock, leaving to the poet an image which never forsook him in all his after days, whether of joy or sorrow. Six or seven years afterwards, when a married man at Ellisland, he observed the anniversary of her death in a way which showed the depth of his feelings respecting her. In the evening, he retired to his stack-yard, in a state of great apparent dejection, and threw himself on a mass of straw, with his face upturned to the sky. There he lay for hours, notwithstanding the kind remonstrances of his wife. When he came into the house, he wrote down, with the facility of one copying from memory, the grandly melancholy hymn beginning,

"Thou lingering star, with lessening ray."

We have treated Highland Mary shortly, for her story has been often told. We shall afford more space to the lady who next presided over the imagination of the bard—the celebrated Jean Armour. The father of this young woman was a master mason or builder, of some substance, in the village of Mauchline. She was rather above the middle stature, of dark complexion, and irregular features, but of a fine figure, and great gentleness of nature, and a very agreeable singer and dancer. According to her own story, she and Burns first saw each other as she was one day spreading out clothes on the green to be bleached. As he passed by, his dog ran over some of the clothes; she called to the animal in no gracious terms, and requested his master to take him off. The poet made a sportive allusion to the old saying of "Love me, love my dog;" and some badinage was interchanged. Probably neither knew on this occasion who the other was; but their acquaintance was not to stop short here. We are enabled to continue its history by John Blane, a decent old man now residing in Kilmarnock, who was at this time Burns's plough-boy and bed-fellow. There was a singing-school at Mauchline, which Blane attended. Jean Armour was also a pupil, and he soon became aware of her superior natural gifts as a vocalist. One night there was a "rocking" at Mossgrill, where a lad named Ralph Sillar sang a number of songs in what was considered rather good style. When Burns and Blane had retired to their sleeping-place in the stable-loft, the former asked the latter what he thought of Sillar's singing, to which Blane answered that the lad thought so much of it himself, and had so many airs about it, that there was no occasion for others expressing a favourable opinion—yet, he added, "I would not give Jean Armour for a score of him." "You are always talking of this Jean Armour," said Burns; "I wish you could contrive to bring me to see her." Blane readily consented to do so; and next evening, after the plough was loosed, the two proceeded to Mauchline for that purpose. Burns went into a public-house, and Blane went into the singing-school, which chanced to be kept in the floor above. When the school was dismissing, Blane asked Jean Armour if she would come to see Robert Burns, who was below, and anxious to speak to her. Having heard of his poetical talents, she said she would like much to see him, but was afraid to go without a female companion. This difficulty being overcome by the frankness of a Miss Morton—the Miss Morton of the Six Mauchline Belles—Jean went down to the room where Burns was sitting, and from that time her fate was fixed.

The subsequent history of this pair is well known. Jean ultimately became the poet's wife, and the partner of all of weal or woe which befell him during the Ellisland and Dumfries periods of his life. It is rather remarkable that, excepting two or three passing allusions, Jean was not the subject of any poetry by Burns during the earlier period of their acquaintance, nor till they were seriously and steadfastly married. He then, however, made up for his former silence. It was during the honeymoon, as he himself tells us, and probably while preparing a home for her on the banks of the Nith, that he composed his charming song in her praise—

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lies,
The lassie I loe best;
Though wild woods grow, and rivers row,
Wi' mony a hill between,
Yet day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.
I see her in the dewy flowers,
Sae lovely, fresh, and fair,
I hear her in the tunefu' birds
Wi' whisla charm the air;
There's na a bonnie flower that springs,
By fountain, shaw, or green,
Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean."

Not long afterwards, he infused his love for her into the still more passionate verses beginning, "Oh, woe I on Parnassus Hill!" of which one half stanza conveys a description certainly not surpassed, and we are inclined to think not even approached, in the whole circle of British poetry—the vividness and passion rising in union from line to line, until at the last it

reaches a perfect transport, in which the poet involves the reader as well as himself.

"I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jump, thy limbs sae clean,*
Thy tempting lips and roguish een—
By heaven and earth, I love thee!"

Mrs Burns is likewise celebrated in the song, "This is no my ain lassie," in which the poet describes himself as meeting a face of the fairest kind, probably that of some of the elegant ladies whom he met in genteel society, but yet declaring that it wants "the witching grace" and "kind love" which he found in his "own lassie;" a very delightful song, for it takes a fine moral feeling along with it. Of "Their Groves o' Sweet Myrtles" we are not so sure that Mrs Burns was the heroine, though, if the wives of poetical husbands always had their due, she ought to have been so. Jean survived in decent widowhood for as long a time as that which formed the whole life of the poet, dying so lately as March 1834. She was a modest and respectable woman, and to the last a good singer, and, if we are not greatly mistaken, also a tolerable dancer. She had been indulgent to her gifted though frail partner in his life, and she cherished his memory when he was no more.

Here for the present we must stop: the Ayrshire poet somehow contrived to admire so many ladies, that there is no rumpling them all into the compass of a single paper. We shall speedily resume the subject.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

ANIMALS PRESERVED IN TIMBER AND STONE.

MANY instances of the discovery of torpid, but still living animals, inclosed in timber and stone, where they must have been secluded from air and nourishment for long spaces of time, are on record; but the phenomenon has never, as far as we are aware, engaged the attention of men of science, probably from a dread which these men seem to have of the vulgarly wonderful. The phenomenon has certainly been, as it could not fail to be, the subject of vulgar wonder; but yet it is one which is also calculated to throw some valuable light on matters of science, as we hope to show before concluding the present paper. We shall, in the first place, enumerate a variety of cases.

Mr Smellie mentions, in his *Philosophy of Natural History*, that, in the *Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences* for the year 1719, we have an account of a toad found alive, and healthy, in the heart of an old elm. He also mentions that in the year 1731, another was discovered in the heart of an old oak, without any visible entrance to its habitation: "from the size of the tree," he adds, "it was concluded that the animal must have been confined in that situation at least eighty or a hundred years." Monsieur le Cat, a member of the Royal Academy of Sciences at Rhodan, in 1756, published a paper on this subject, in which he mentioned several remarkable instances of the phenomenon—as the finding of two worms in the centre of a block of marble by the statuary of the king of Spain, a crayfish in the midst of a piece of marble near Tivoli, and a number of frogs at Guadeloupe in the rock through which the king's physician there was digging for water. At Cassel, about this period, in a stone quarry, three toads were discovered lying together in a cavity of the rock: they were at first quite lively, but died in half an hour.

Of the discovery of single toads in large blocks of stone, the instances are so numerous, and so much alike in their details, that it would be tedious to state them all, or any considerable number of them. In most of the instances that have fallen under our attention, the animal is described as lying in a hole of about its own size, the sides of which were discoloured. In all cases, the animal appeared torpid at first, but speedily became reanimated, and lived for a little while, usually about an hour, but sometimes for a much longer space. Sandstone appears to be the species of rock in which such animals are most frequently found, and usually the original situs of the animal is stated to have been at a considerable depth under ground. The *Gentleman's Magazine* for April 1773 mentions a large live toad having been found in a lump of coal at the Lathom coal-works in Lancashire, a hundred and eighty feet under ground.

In Chillingham Castle, the splendid old seat of the Lords Tankerville in Northumberland, there was once a chimney-piece of sandstone, from which a live toad was said to have been taken. The circumstances, as far as known, were thus described by a topographical writer about sixty years ago:—"In that part of the chimney-piece of the hall, which lay transversely from side to side, there was a hole of an irregular figure, plainly corresponding with the parts of an animal. Its greatest length was about seven inches, and its greatest depth, which was in an oblique direction, about five. The inside was encrusted with a dark brown substance, of a close texture, that was perfectly smooth and even, as if it had been polished. In another chimney-piece, at Harton Castle, there was a like hollow, nearly of the same dimensions, which ap-

peared to be the other half of the mould; but both are now destroyed. That part of the stone which was at Harton, has been broken and defaced, I know not how; and the late Earl of Tankerville having a few years ago caused a window to be made where the fireplace was, this part of the chimney-piece was broken by the workmen, and built into the wall. There is, however, still remaining a large frame that used to hang over the mantel-piece, in which is the resemblance of a coat of arms, a large toad in the field, the crest a toad-stool, with a less toad upon it; the mantling is of snakes interwoven; the carving on the frame itself is serpents and effets, and the following inscription is written in large letters of gold, in two ovals, one on the left side of the arms, and the other on the right." [The inscription we omit, as it is in very quaint Latin, but what follows is a translation of the first part of it:]—

Hither, Stagyrte,
If you would see a phenomenon more wonderful than Euripus,*
Come hither;
Let seas ebb and flow as they may, and let him be a Lunatic
Who despoils the moon of her (tidal) honours.
Behold here a novelty, such as neither Africa presents to thee
Nor the Nile with her fabulous sands—
A fire and pure flame,
Existing though shut out from vital air.
From the dark recesses of the cut rock which you see,
The hands of the obstetrical stone-cutter gave light
To a living toad.

Notwithstanding the numerous cases of the discovery of stone-inclosed toads, which have been from time to time laid before the public, many naturalists in modern times have professed not to be convinced that such a thing is possible in nature. Sir Joseph Banks was of this number: he said, that in his whole life he never, with all pains, could trace such a tradition or account to any credible authority, so that it could be recorded as a fact. In consideration of this incredulity, and to set the bare question of possibility at rest, the Rev. Mr Comber, rector of Oswaldkirk, near Brough, in Westmoreland, was at the pains to obtain a regular affidavit before a magistrate, respecting the finding of a frog in a huge block of millstone grit on Stainmoor, by four men engaged in repairing a highway. This event took place on the 25th July 1832. The four men, in their declaration, say that they "were astonished, on splitting a large block of more than a ton weight, by a lively yellow frog springing out of a cavity in the centre of the said solid rock, where it had been as closely embedded as a watch in its outer case, without any communication with the surface nearer than eight inches. The said frog was taken up by one of us, when it discharged a considerable quantity of black fluid; it was safely conveyed to Brough, and given to Mr Rumney, junior, surgeon, in whose possession it now (January 21, 1833) continues, in a healthy lively state." The whole document is printed at length in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for August 1834; so that, we presume, the fact of the existence of live animals of certain kinds in situations where they must have been shut up from air and light for ages, can no longer be reasonably disputed.

Out of a number of cases of toads found in timber, which have come under our attention, we shall quote one which was stated a few years ago in an American journal: we are unfortunately unable to give the date, or the name of the work:—"A short time since, we published an account of the discovery of a snake, inclosed in a solid mass of hard coal, at the depth of 150 feet from the surface of the ground, in a coal-pit in England. The following article, communicated from Middleton, Connecticut, contains a parallel case of a different animal, inclosed in a different but not less extraordinary prison in this country:—At Mr Stephen Miller's mill, in that place, was sawed an uncommonly large pine log, from which six boards were taken out of each side. The log contained 220 rings or grains, one of which is annually formed by the growth of the tree. In the middle of the log was found a hollow place about two feet long, and about the size of a man's hat crown. When the tree was felled, the hole must probably have been nine or ten feet from the earth. From this hollow place, when opened at one end by the saw, hopped out a pretty large toad, rather blacker than usual, and displaying as much activity as is common to its family. After a few hops it jumped down the sawpit, plunged into the mill-pond, and disappeared. As there was no hole in the sides, or in any part of the log, except directly in the centre, it is supposed by some that when the tree was young, the toad, then probably extremely small, had crept into some little defective aperture, since closed up by the growth of the tree, and had remained there ever since, gradually more and more inclosed, as the pine increased in size. As the tree grew, the hole must have grown in proportion; so that, in process of time, the toad must of course have been greatly relieved from his cramped position, and finally accommodated with a snug drawing-room, to which nothing was wanting but the company of his friends.

If, according to the Pythagorean doctrine of transmigration, this recluse had once been a MAN, and if

* Euripus was the name given to a portion of the *Ægean Sea*, near the island of Eubœa, which was said to present the remarkable phenomenon of a tidal ebb and flow seven times in the twenty-four hours. Judging from this inscription, Euripus seems to have been one of Aristotle's great marvels. On this the inscription is founded. The sands of the Nile are called "fabulous," because it was said they gave birth to animals. Shakespeare, who seems to have known all things, says, "Your serpent of Egypt is bred now out of your mud by the operation of your sun; so is your crocodile."

* This phrase is apt to displease an English ear: but the displeasure vanishes when its Scotch meaning is understood—namely, the reverse of clumsy.

the wand of an enchanter could have restored him to his human form and voice, it would have been pleasant to learn from him some particulars of our country at the distance of two centuries past, and to listen to garrulous old age recounting the history of days of yore. He was, probably, when released from prison, the oldest living creature in the United States. Admitting the HUMANITY of the toad, conjectures might vary, whether, in his pristine form, he might have been an Indian Sachem of the Pequot or Mohegan tribes, or one of the old settlers of Plymouth, New York, or Virginia. A calculation of probabilities, founded upon the supposed period of his incarceration in the tree, would naturally incline minute chronologists to the adoption of the former conjecture in preference to the latter.*

It becomes of importance to ascertain what are the animals which are occasionally found in these situations. Toads are certainly the species most frequently found; and the reader has seen recorded an instance in which the prisoner was a frog. In August 1821, at Auchtertool, in the county of Fife, as David Virtue, a stone mason, was dressing a block of sandstone, with a view to its serving as a millstone, he found, embedded in it, a *living lizard*. The account of the circumstances in Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine states that the creature "was about an inch and a quarter long, of a brownish-yellow colour, and had a round head, with bright sparkling projecting eyes. It was apparently dead, but after being about five minutes exposed to the air, it showed signs of life. One of the workmen very cruelly put snuff in its eyes, which seemed to cause it much pain. It soon after ran about with much celerity, and after half an hour was brushed off the stone and killed. When found, it was coiled up in a round cavity of its own form, being an exact impression of the animal. This stone is naturally a little damp; and about half an inch all round the lizard was a soft sand, the same colour as the animal. There were about fourteen feet of earth above the rock, and the block in which the lizard was found was seven or eight feet deep in the rock; so that the whole depth of the animal from the surface was 21 or 22 feet. The stone had no fissure, was quite hard, and one of the best to be got from the quarry of Cullaloe, reckoned perhaps the best in Scotland." In May 1837, at Buckhaven, in the same county, as some workmen were quarrying stones on the beach for the erection of a harbour, they discovered a cavity fully eight inches deep, in which was a fish about six inches long, resembling the kind called in that place a *sea-cat*. When taken out of the stone, it appeared stiff and dead, but in a short time it began to show symptoms of animation, and it lived for a few hours. Round the inside of the cavity, there was a fine coat of clay, about a quarter of an inch thick.* In November 1820, as a woodman in the employment of Mr Pringle of Clifton was engaged in splitting timber for railings in the woods close by the lake of the Hlaining, near Selkirk, "he discovered in the centre of a large cherry-tree a *living bat* of a bright scarlet colour, which he foolishly suffered to escape, from fear; being fully persuaded (with the characteristic superstition of the inhabitants of that part of the country) that it was 'a being not of this world.' The tree presents a small cavity in the centre, where the bat was inclosed, but is perfectly sound and solid on each side."—*Caledonian Mercury of the day*. Though we consider it worth while to include this case amongst others, we cannot allow it to pass without the remark, that the nature of the animal in question could scarcely, in the circumstances, have been very correctly judged of by the woodman.

In December 1827, as some workmen in the employment of Mr Atkinson, cabinet-maker, Liverpool, were sawing up a log of zebra-wood, fourteen feet long, and four feet and a half square, they found near the centre, an insect, about two inches long, and rather more than an inch in circumference, resting in an oblong cavity, a little wider than the bulk of its own body. It had apparently eaten its way a few inches through the wood. A naturalist, to whom the creature was shown, pronounced it to be the larva of some species of *Prionus*, and said that, in proper circumstances, it would go through the two ensuing stages of its existence, and be in the second a splendid winged insect. Such larvae are sought for in recesses within trees in America, and eaten by the natives as a delicacy. The creature continued to exist for some time in a box, manifesting great activity in the use of its mandibles.

It would thus appear, as far as authentic accounts are to be obtained, that the animals found inclosed in rock or timber are all of them inferior to the mammal class; that the kinds most frequently found are of the fish and reptile classes; and that, in some instances, insects and crustacea are found so inclosed.

In two points, philosophy seems called upon, in an especial manner, for explanation—how were the animals so placed, and how have they been kept in existence during such a long course of years? With regard to the first question, we conceive it to be sufficiently answered, with respect to stone inclosures, by the well-known facts developed with regard to the formation of rocks. The kinds of stone forming the inclosure are invariably sedimentary, that is, formed as a residuum of heavy matter at the bottom of collections of

water. When the bed of rock forming the Cullaloe quarry was a soft mass of sand, there could be no difficulty in the deposition of a toad or lizard within its ample bosom. Many animals are found in a fossil or petrified state in that class of rocks, and the only difference between the two cases is, that in the one life has been preserved, while, in the other, it has been extinguished, and the mass of the animal's body transformed into the same matter as the surrounding rock. It would thus appear that the inclosed animal, in which life has been retained, must have possessed, by virtue of that life, a power of resisting the influences which petrified its dead companions—a power in some measure analogous to that possessed by the living fibre of the stomach to resist the action of acids which immediately dissolve dead animal matter, and even corrode the hardest metals.

With regard to animals inclosed within trees, it must be obvious that they had sought a temporary home or shelter in what was a chink in the timber when they entered; that they must have there fallen into a state of torpor; and that, during their sleep, the chink had been closed up, so that the influences which usually awake torpid animals to new life never visited them, and they were allowed to slumber on for ages.

This brings us to the phenomenon of the very long protracted life of the stone-inclosed animals. First, as to the length of life experienced by these creatures. We here derive some light from the researches of modern geology. The rocks in which such creatures are found are usually of the less ancient formations. The millstone grit, in which a frog was found upon Stainmoor in 1832, is one of the newest rocks; and sandstone, in which so many others have been found, may be called middle-aged. Still, with respect to ordinary chronology, these rocks are of vast antiquity. It is not by any means extravagant to suppose that the toad found at Lathom coal-works—which leapt out from its recess at an old woman's fireside, and for some days ate, breathed, and performed all its natural functions, as well as its obscure brethren generated a few months before in the neighbouring ditches—was many thousands of years old. How, it must be asked, has life been protracted for so great a length of time, without any of its usual supporting means? The mind here naturally adverts to the familiar wonder of *hibernation*, or that state of dormancy in which some animals pass the winter; but we find that it is the opinion of M. Geoffroy St Hilaire, a first-rate authority on such matters, that the state of the stone-inclosed animals is different from this, and we rather think that the appearances justify his conclusion, the condition of an animal during hibernation being by no means one of complete torpor. According to this eminent naturalist, "we must conclude that there exists, for organisation under such combinations, a state of neutrality intermediate between that of life and death—a state into which certain animals are plunged in consequence of the stoppage of respiration, when it takes place under certain circumstances. This," he adds, "is observed in a certain degree in the crustaceous animals; vital action is probably suspended in them in such a manner that the excitation of certain agents is required to awaken them and put them in motion." It is perhaps no very bold venture to suggest that the condition under which this torpor commenced was—at least in certain of the creatures concerned—that of freezing. When the attendants of Captain Franklin fished in the Coppermine River, the fish froze as they were taken out of the nets. In a short time they became a solid mass of ice, and by a blow or two with a hatchet were easily split open. If, in this completely frozen state, they were thawed before a fire, they recovered their animation. Now, suppose that the fish found in the rock at Buckhaven had, when frozen by some chance, been inclosed in a mass of sand, and that, while it continued in that state, the sand became hardened, so as to close it up completely from all influences which could alter its condition, it seems no more surprising that it should have retained life for hundreds of thousands of years, than that it should have done so for a month or a week. As it is well known that frogs, found frozen in ice, also recover their animation when thawed, the protracted existence of that class of animals is in like manner accounted for. Nor, when we recollect Dr Franklin's anecdote of the flies which he took from a bottle of Madeira and revived in the sun, do we find any difficulty in supposing that creatures of that grade in creation may have preserved life for ages, in cavities within stone and timber, not perhaps by virtue of being frozen, but by being thrown by other means into a state of torpidity equivalent to that condition. It is to be kept particularly in mind, with regard to this torpid state, that it supposes a complete cessation of all the animal functions. No waste can take place in such circumstances; consequently, there can be no need for food. The lungs or gills are arrested in their play; consequently, there can be no need for air. At the same time, the fibre and juices of the animal's entire system are thoroughly preserved, so that no corruption or deterioration of any kind can befall them. Hence, when the state of torpor ceases, the life and all its proper functions recommence, whether at the distance of a few months or of unnumbered centuries.

Should these views be correct, a curious geological question will arise. The plants found in the sedimentary rocks, under what are now temperate and even frigid latitudes, are of the kinds which now grow in warm countries only. Hence it has been presumed

that a high temperature once prevailed at those parts of the earth. Whether this high temperature was occasioned by propinquity to the sun's course, as in the tropical countries of the present day, or by some local circumstances, such as the existence of deep sun-exposed recesses in the earth's surface, or by other and unknown causes, are points as yet unsettled amongst geologists. Now, here comes in a new fact, seemingly proving that low degrees of temperature, sufficient to freeze animals into torpidity, had also prevailed occasionally in those climes. How far existing theories would require to be modified in order to admit this new fact, we shall leave to more profound speculators in this interesting science than we can pretend to be.

THE CONTINENTAL BLOCKADE,

A STORY.

THE Continental Blockade was one of the gigantic ideas of Napoleon. Master of the whole of Europe, either directly or indirectly, he still found all his schemes thwarted by the indomitable opposition of England, and, to weaken this enemy, whose whole strength and wealth lay avowedly in her commerce, he exerted all his power to close the ports of the continent against her shipping. To a certain extent, he was successful. Almost the whole line of the shores of Europe was blockaded against the British shipping; but the natural consequence was, that a contraband system was established, which undid the effect of the whole blockade. Even France itself, which might be supposed to follow up the emperor's wishes with the greatest strictness, had been too long accustomed to depend on Britain for commercial supplies, to be able to do entirely without them. In spite of the closest watching on the part of Napoleon's officials, large quantities of smuggled goods were introduced from Britain into the Channel coasts of France. It was at one of the French ports in this quarter, that the following incidents took place, which will be more intelligible after this explanation of the state of matters at the time of their occurrence.

The port in question, like others in France, had suffered severely from the blockade, in as much as its shipping lay idle and useless, through fear of the terrible enemy which held the mastery of the seas. The inhabitants of the port consequently endured very considerable privations, and a portion of them were not unwilling to profit by the visits of smugglers from the other side of the Channel. Others, again, and among these all the old sailors who had fought against Britain, would have died sooner than have smoked a bit of tobacco, or drunk a glass of rum, that had been brought into the port in violation of the blockade. One day, an old privateer captain, named Scipio, was seated with a number of old mariners like himself, on the deck of the *Halecyon*, a dismantled hulk which Scipio had taken in other days from the English, and which now stood in a corner of the harbour, converted into a stationary residence for the privateer and his associates. "Is it not shocking," said Scipio to his companions, "that the port should have abundance of tobacco, sugar, coffee, and other articles, when it is certain that for many weeks not a merchantman has cast anchor in the harbour?" "Shocking," repeated every one around. "My friends," said Scipio, "we are daily and nightly betrayed. The blockade is not respected. Though we have custom-house officers and coast-guards, they are worth nothing. There is some connivance between the townspeople and the English, which enables the smuggler—for it is one vessel, I am convinced, that does the whole mischief—to approach the coast, always at the very moment when the coast-guard are out of the way. These wretches of grocers would sell their country for profit." "If you are right, Master Scipio," said one of the seamen, "the smuggler should not be far off now, since the guard-sloop is gone for a day or two." Scipio turned his head slowly to the west as he heard this remark, and gazed on the long line of blue waters before him. In an instant he cried, "My glass! my glass! that villainous smuggler is there again!" The old privateer's telescope was handed to him, and, after arranging it, he sank gradually on one knee, and swept the horizon with his experienced eye. From sea he turned his gaze to land, and examined that portion of the prospect with equal attention. "What, in the name of wonder, brings that girl in the blue robe so often to that rock by the sea side? And at such a distance from the town too! She must have a purpose!"

The old mariners around could not comprehend the meaning of Scipio's remark. "The smuggler," said one, "what of the smuggler?" Scipio rose smartly to his feet, as if roused from a reverie. "The English smuggler is about to land somewhere not far off this night, my friends; and shall we allow it? No! though the guard-sloop be away, we shall find some boat or another to carry us to sea, and I am sure we are men enough, old as we are, to stop for once the smuggler's pranks. I shall go this instant, and demand letters of marque from the commissary of marine. There is treachery somewhere, my friends, but we shall make the blockade be respected!" The ancient mariners cheered old Scipio with spirit, as he departed on his errand to the house of the commissary. "We shall make the blockade be respected," cried they.

Scipio was not long in reaching the house of the commissary, from whom he had to receive the letters of marque, or commission, necessary to enable him to

* The particulars of this case are obtained from the *Fife Herald* and *Edinburgh Courant* newspapers.

fulfil the purpose he had in view. But when he arrived at his destination, he found that the commissary was just about to sit down to dinner. A servant, however, showed him into an elegant hall, and promised to announce his wish to see the commissary. Scipio sat here for nearly half an hour, biting his nails at the thought that the night was advancing, and the smuggler would soon have his business done. The impatient old privateer, at length seized the bell-rope, and rang it violently. A servant reappeared, and, after an apology, on account of there being company at dinner, informed Scipio that the commissary would be glad to hear his business to-morrow. "To-morrow!" cried the veteran; "tell your master that I want a letter of marque, that the English smuggler is in sight, and that in an hour or two, if not prevented, his cargo will be landed, and the blockade broken!" The domestic disappeared, and soon returned with a message to Scipio to wait till after dinner. Scipio sat down, thinking the meal might be soon over. But first course, second course, and dessert, successively passed by under the eyes and nostrils of the privateer, and more than an hour was taken up with them. Scipio was now enraged beyond bounds, and he burst through the crowd of servants into the dining-room, where the commissary of marine sat at the head of a splendid party. "Master commissary!" cried the angry and unceremonious seaman, "why have I been kept waiting for nearly two hours in your hall, when I only want a slip of paper, and when you have been told that a smuggler is on the coast, and is violating the blockade?" The guests sat astonished at this speech. "I don't require to be taught my duty," cried the commissary; "leave the house, fellow." "I will go," returned Scipio, in tones as high; "but I will say to the whole town that you have refused me a scrap of writing which would have given me the right to battle these foes of my country! There are traitors here! There are some who know but too well the place and the hour for the smuggler's descent—" Suddenly the irritated veteran came to a pause. His eye had fallen on the young daughter of the commissary, and he remained gazing upon her in a species of stupor. This pause in the angry discussion gave an opportunity to a young lieutenant in the naval service, who was present, to rise and approach the privateer. Scipio permitted the youth to lead him out of the room and the house without a word of resistance. "Scipio, my old friend," said the lieutenant, when the two were alone, "what is the cause of this conduct?" "Oh, Master Augustus, it was I who made a man, a seaman of you; and if you have any kindness for me on that score, get me a letter of marque, and a boat of any kind, and let me go and punish that rascally smuggler!" "Your demand may be reasonable, or may not, Scipio," said the young officer, "but you took a strange way to prefer it to the commissary, and on the night, too, of his only child's betrothing." "What! that girl whom I saw just now?" asked the old mariner. "Even so," was the reply; "that very young lady at whom you stared so strangely." "And to whom may she be betrothed?" said Scipio. "To me, my old friend," returned the lieutenant. Scipio gave a long "whew!" and then was silent for a minute or two. "Master Augustus," said the veteran at length, "you will have a wife who is strangely fond of the sea-shore." "I do not comprehend you, Scipio," said the youth. "Ah, Master Augustus," replied the old privateer, gravely, "beware how you marry that girl. Well might I look in amazement at her. She is an enemy to her country, or has some base connection with its enemies. For several months past I have seen her clamber along the rocks, day after day, at some distance from the port; and I am certain that it is she who gives signals to the English smuggler, and lets him know when it is safe to land his cargo." "Scipio, you are mad!" exclaimed the officer; "the daughter of the commissary of marine, my Cecile, give signals to a smuggler! This is pure raving!" "It is no raving, Master Augustus," returned the veteran; "I cannot be mistaken. The dress, the figure, every thing tells me that she is the same person on whom my glass has been fixed a thousand times. Ah, beware, Master Augustus!" The young officer was confounded by the old seaman's pertinacity in making this assertion. "Come to-morrow evening to the Halcyon," said Scipio, "and you will probably be convinced by the evidence of your own eye-sight." The bewildered lieutenant gave his consent to this arrangement, ere the two parted for the evening. Scipio was so strongly attached to the youth, that this discovery, so deeply affecting his happiness, drove the letters of marque almost out of the old man's mind. Too much time, besides, had been spent to render them now available. But the privateer was right. On the following day, it was well known in the town that the English smuggler had discharged a cargo not far from the port.

For several successive evenings after the one described, Scipio and the young officer of marines watched the rocks along the coast from the deck of the Halcyon, and on each occasion were disappointed. No Cecile, nor any body resembling her, appeared to confirm the veteran's statement, and Augustus by degrees became convinced that Scipio's conjecture was utterly unfounded. The daily sight of Cecile was enough of itself to overthrow all jealous suspicion. As the enamoured officer gazed on her slight but exquisite form, and her lovely countenance, as yet almost childish in its beauty, or listened to her sweet voice as it accompanied the motion of her delicate fingers on the harp, he thought he must have been mad to imagine for one moment that a creature so young, so tenderly nurtured, should take

up the task which Scipio had assigned to her, even if it could be supposed that her father should be so false to his official trust as to countenance the contraband trade. And then, as to the chances of her loving another, how could the lieutenant believe this to be the case when her truth-speaking lips so openly avowed her affection for himself? No, no; Scipio had seen some fisherman's daughter on the rocks, if he had seen any body at all. Such was the train of thought that passed through the mind of Augustus as he sat by the side of Cecile on the fourth or fifth day after their betrothal. "But a few days now, Cecile," murmured the lover, "and you will be mine—mine for ever." "Would that the time were come, Augustus," said the daughter of the commissary. "Fool that I was to doubt her love!" thought the officer. "Ah, Cecile!" said he aloud, "you make me too happy." At this moment the pair were interrupted. The commissary himself entered the room, a cold, stern, reserved person, most unlike his daughter in seeming temperament. "Augustus!" said the commissary, "there are bad news of our cruisers. You will have to depart to-morrow for the eastern part of the Channel." Cecile grew pale, and cast her eyes on the ground; and when she raised them to reply to the adieu of her lover, they were filled with tears.

On the morning, Augustus set off to join the frigate to which he was attached. On the evening of the same day, Scipio sat at his post on board the Halcyon, with his glass in his hand. His gaze was turned long, long to sea, and at length he directed it to the land. He had no sooner done so, than a sort of yell escaped him. "Is not this horrible, abominable!—the very day of his departure!" cried the old seaman; "there she is again on the rocks; her blue dress, her figure, nay, her face, her mouth, her eyes—I see them all as plainly as if she were two paces off! It must be she! Treacherous, wretched girl! Oh, my poor Master Augustus!" As Scipio uttered these exclamations, he turned his glass again to sea. "By heavens, there goes the smuggler already! Already does he know the time to be favourable, and again the blockade will be broken, while I lie here idle, and can do nothing." Convinced of the connection of the commissary with the smuggler, Scipio did not again go on the needless errand of seeking letters of marque, but formed many bitter resolutions of exposing him. At the same time, Scipio prayed most earnestly for the speedy return of Augustus. The old man was gratified in his wish. Scarcely had night closed in, when the frigate to which Augustus belonged entered the harbour with a rich prize—two English East-Indiamen. The young officer landed immediately, and went to visit Cecile. The daughter of the commissary listened with an obvious mixture of fear and delight to her lover's narrative of the capture of the two vessels. She separated his long light tresses to see if he spoke true—if the bullets which had passed over his head had not wounded him. She pressed his hands in hers; she was so happy! But Augustus was abruptly called away from this interview. It was Scipio who sought him. What was the result of their interview, will be immediately seen. Suffice it to say, that the frigate had not been many hours in the harbour ere she again stood to sea.

On the ensuing morning, the people of the town beheld a stirring sight. At a short distance along the coast, the frigate was seen hemming the well-known smuggler close in to the land. After an attempt to escape on several tacks, the smuggler ran almost upon the rocks. The frigate could not follow it without danger, but a boat full of armed men soon left the frigate to board the contraband vessel. There was yet one chance of escape for the smuggler. To seaward was the frigate, and on one side was the fort of the town, shutting out all chance on these quarters; but on the other side was a narrow passage between a large sunken rock and the shore, which might yet permit an escape, for through that passage the frigate could not have attempted to follow. But the question was, whether or not the smuggler knew of this passage? Apparently it did not; for it seemed to await the approach of the boarding-party, at the head of whom was Augustus, with his trumpet in his hand. Scipio, too, was in that boat, for the veteran had pressed to be taken on the service. The boat was nearing the smuggler, and it was the hope of all that the contrabandists were ignorant of the passage, when suddenly a girl, dressed in blue, appeared on the rocks, and gave a signal to the smuggler to throw himself into the pass! The signal was noticed by those in the boat, and indeed by all. The trumpet fell from the hand of Augustus as he beheld that girl's figure. But some of the men, in the irritation of the moment, raised their guns to their shoulders. "Fire!" cried Scipio. "No, no! it is in sport," cried Augustus. But his words came too late. One of the men fired, and the upraised hand of the girl fell to her side. In a moment after, her body was seen to fall prostrate behind the rock where she had appeared. The signal was not in time to save the smuggler, if indeed it was fully understood. There is no necessity for detailing the particulars of the capture which followed. It is enough to say that the smuggler was taken, brought into the harbour, and its whole cargo publicly burnt on the streets of the town, amid the acclamations of the multitude. The commissary of marine officiated as the regulator of the burning, and threw the first article into the fire with his own hands. The commissary was somewhat pale at the moment, but by his side stood a young officer, whose colour was that of a corpse.

Some weeks after this affair, a letter reached Augustus.

It was written from a convent. Part of it ran thus:—"Ere I knew what purposes I was furthering in so doing, I was ordered often, often, by my cruel father, whose strongest passion was avarice, to appear on these unhappy rocks; and when I did become aware of all that lay under the proceeding, I sought to free myself from the task, but could not. Suspicion was more unlikely to fall on me than others. My stern parent's influence over me was beyond my power to escape from; and at the very last, on the day of the smuggler's capture, he compelled me to make an attempt to save the vessel. I longed for our union, Augustus, because I loved you; but I also longed for it to rid me of this most unnatural servitude. * * * I know you will pardon me, beloved, and the thought will sustain me under our endless separation. Earlier would I have written, but for my wounded hand; it is now almost well. Adieu."

Some years after this period, Augustus de Bussy was a married man. His wife was a beautiful woman, but it used to be remarked by all her friends as a very odd circumstance, that she always wore a glove on one of her hands. The reader, however, will not wonder much at this circumstance, for he will conjecture, and rightly, that Cecile was the person in question. As long as the commissary lived, Augustus, though he kept the strange old man's secret, never could bring his mind to think of connecting himself with such a being; but when the commissary died, which took place within two years of the affairs related, the young officer took Cecile from the convent where she had found a refuge (although she had not become a member of its sisterhood), and made her the mistress of his home. Old Scipio, notwithstanding the thoughts he had once entertained of her, was happy in being allowed to teach the mysteries of ship-building and ship-sailing to the little ones who had her blood in their veins.

Thus closes our episode of the Continental Blockade.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A NEW WORD.

The Americans never scruple to coin a new word or revive an old one, when they find occasion to do so. The last of their revivals is the word "colluded"—the preterite of the verb "to collude," which may thus be inflected, collude, colluding, colluded. To collude, signifies to enter into a collusion. When we, therefore, would use the phrase, "they entered into a collusion," the Americans would say, "they colluded," which saves circumlocution, and is justified by its use amongst old writers.

PLAN FOR DIMINISHING LITIGATIONS.

Some time ago, in looking over a file of English newspapers, we chanced to see a paragraph which contained a good idea, worthy of being acted upon. This was the projection of a plan for preventing the more common kind of litigations; in other words, a scheme for settling disputes in a cheap, peaceful, and expeditious manner. The broaching of such an idea has no doubt been suggested by the well-known delays and heavy expenses incurred in ordinary litigations. According to the practice now in use, lawyers have to be employed, and the case is appealed from court to court, all manner of shifts and delays are resorted to, and when actually terminated, the cost of the suit is perhaps more than the suit is worth. With the hope of avoiding some of these evils, contending parties frequently submit their case to an arbitrator, binding themselves to abide by his decision. This, however, is seldom satisfactory. Arbitrators often take years to settle a case, even of a simple nature, which has thus been brought before them, and it is impossible either to hasten them in their decision, or to prevent them from loading the suit with expenses for witnesses, reports of persons whom they consult, and fifty other things, that strike them as necessary for the settlement of the dispute. From one or all of these causes, a written obligation to submit to an arbitrator, or to an oversman upon two arbitrators mutually chosen, is sometimes most vexatious in its results. In one case which comes to our recollection, the costs of a suit to recover some L50 or L60 were run up by a law arbitrator to L1700.

Arbitration, as commonly practised, being thus far from simple or satisfactory, a new method is suggested. In every town, let a number of intelligent and well-meaning persons form themselves into an association, to be called an "Arbitration Society." The society to appoint certain of its members, in whom they have confidence, to act as arbitrators or judges on all cases brought before them. All the members to agree to bring, if possible, the cases in which they are concerned for settlement before these arbitrators, and to exert themselves to persuade others to do the same. Every case brought before the arbitrators to be conducted without the intervention of lawyers, or written pleadings; the whole process to be managed by personal appearance of parties, and to be settled at not more than two or three hearings, or in the period of one week; if not settled in that time, the obligation to arbitrate to be null and void.

Such is a slight sketch of the proposed plan for diminishing the number of litigations. It, of course, can never apply to the more intricate order of cases in which legal points are involved, but only to the ordinary class of actions in equity, such as disputed accounts, in which both parties agree to submit to the decision of men who can derive no profit from the protracted consideration of their claims. In these respects, the

scheme seems more calculated to abolish the practice of referring to law arbitrators, than that of resorting to the ordinary tribunals of the country; but if it even in some measure accomplish this end, it will not fail to be of considerable use. We wait with some anxiety to hear how it has succeeded in the town in which we are told it is now in the course of trial. Whether it succeed or not, we think the attempt to establish such an extra-judicial tribunal in England, is a curious evidence of the growing distaste for litigation, and, all things considered, can excite no degree of surprise.

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

BRUNNENS OF NASSAU CONCLUDED—RETURN TO THE LOW COUNTRY.

At an early hour of the morning, as I have said, we rose to explore the village of Langen-Schwalbach, and the localities of its far-famed brunnens. The whole are situated in three valleys radiating from a centre, and environed with the usual round-topped hills of Nassau. The village occupies one of the valleys, and has all the appearance of considerable antiquity, having been originally built contiguous to a mineral spring, which is now to be seen on one side of its long straggling street.

The valley which enjoys the largest share of celebrity for its water, is that radiating in an easterly direction, and down the side of which we enter from Wiesbaden. Here are the two principal springs—the Pauline and Weinbrunnen. The Pauline, which is of latest discovery, is farthest up the valley, and occupies really a charming spot for the morning perambulations of water-drinkers. Both this and the other springs rise in circular orifices, as from a well, and the water is dipped in glasses by female attendants, which is a much more satisfactory plan than that of pumping the water from a source unseen by the drinker. We have thus no fear that the water is a compound artificially manufactured in the cellar of the pump-room, but are assured of its rising from the great laboratory of nature below. On descending into the small enclosure in the centre of which the Pauline rises, we perceive that the water is projected upwards with considerable force. On being lifted in a glass, small air-bells are observed rising to the surface, as if the liquid possessed a certain degree of effervescence. I shall never forget the first taste which I had of this very remarkable mineral spring. It most resembled sharp small-beer, but was accompanied with a ferruginous property, which made the tongue feel as if it had been scoured with alum. I cannot, however, say that there was any thing disagreeable in either the smell or flavour of the water. As a drink, it was infinitely more palatable than any mineral water I had ever before tasted, and I should think that to habitual beer-bibbers it must form quite an agreeable tap.

The Weinbrunnen (or wine-spring), at the foot of the vale near the hotels, bath-house, bazaar, and other structures, and also the Stahlbrunnen (or steel-spring), situated in the western valley, did not seem to my taste greatly different from each other; in fact, all the three springs have a similar sharp small-beer flavour, though they may differ in strength. With respect to the precise nature of the waters, Dr Granville observes, that "the quantity of carbonic acid gas is greater in the Pauline than in either the Wein or the Stahlbrunnen. The relative proportion in a pint of the latter is twenty-three cubic inches, that of the Pauline being twenty-nine. There is steel or carbonate of lime in all the springs. The Pauline contains the least of it." All are serviceable in cases requiring chalybeates; but I apprehend that here, as at other watering-places, much of the cure in valetudinarians is ascribable to early rising, and almost constant open-air exercise. The walks along the hill-sides, and towards the inner winding extremity of the valley of the Pauline, are exceedingly delightful, every thing being done that taste can suggest to provide for the comfort of the visitors. So highly are the waters appreciated for their medical quality, that 500,000 quart bottles are filled and exported annually.

The old spring in the village is sulphureous, with little iron in its composition, and is now deserted for its more modern competitors. When we paid it a visit, it had no attendant to sell its waters, and we only knew its taste by lifting a little in our hand. The author of the "Bubbles from the Brunnens of Nassau" observes of this ancient spring, "Such a suffocating gas arises from it, that, as at the Grotto del Cane at Naples, one single inhalation would be nearly sufficient to deprive a person of his senses. Besides being strongly impregnated with this gas, it has such an unearthly taste, that one almost fancies it must flow direct from the cellar of his Satanic majesty." This is doubtless a quizzically overdrawn statement. Excepting the usual sulphureous taste of such springs, there was nothing offensive in the water; and as for the suffocating smell, we were not sensible of any thing of that kind worthy of notice.

Langen-Schwalbach is visited almost exclusively by Germans. Few English remain to take the benefit of the waters, the place being too quiet and retired for those classes of our countrymen who go abroad on the plea of unsound health. Among all the English whom one meets with in travelling in this part of the world, there is a restless desire to go farther: they push on from place to place, staying a short time here and a short time there, as if in quest of something better, and will not be contented with simply

abiding in such a place of cool retirement as Langen-Schwalbach. Influenced by this propensity to push on, they in the same manner hurry through the finest portion of the Rhine scenery, still looking for scenes that are more beautiful, and in many instances return either in a dissatisfied humour, or with a mere dreamy recollection of having been whirled over a certain extent of ground, containing some hills, old castles, a river, and a few strangely built towns and villages. We found that there had been at Langen-Schwalbach, during the season, four thousand visitors, a number very much greater than that specified by Sir Francis Head; and although many had gone, still the hotels were crowded. The Alée Sal, at which we resided, affords accommodation for a large number of strangers, and daily exhibits a table-d'hôte, at which about two hundred individuals sit down to dinner. Notwithstanding that few of our countrymen come to reside in this house of entertainment, we found that English was spoken here by one or two of the waiters, as it was indeed in every hotel in the whole course of our route, with only two exceptions.

In the course of the day after our arrival, having made ourselves acquainted with all worth noticing, we proceeded onwards to Ems, the last of the watering-places on our route. The road winds upward from the old village over the rounded top of one of the hills, and hence, for several miles, offers little to the view but brown heathy tracts of mountain scenery, here and there relieved by an old blue slaty village, the place of residence of a poor class of small proprietors and farmers. After ascending and descending several times, a turn of the road brings us in front of a deep and picturesque valley, from the lower extremity of which rises a woody conical mount, ornamented at top with the old Castle of Nassau. Turning to the right, on approaching this ancient ruin, the valley opens on the larger vale of the Lahn, with the small town of Nassau on the right bank of the river, opposite the castle. Standing thus at a connecting point between two valleys, and rising to the height of about three hundred feet, the castle mount is a most conspicuous object in different points of view, and assists in forming one of the most romantic and beautiful pieces of scenery in the country. From a suburb below the shadow of the woody height, we reach the town of Nassau by a handsome and modern chain bridge, which is capable of allowing two carts to pass in the breadth, besides foot passengers, and measures ninety paces in length, that being the breadth of the Lahn at the spot. Three or four centuries ago, Nassau was a place of residence for the baronial family from whom the present duke has sprung, but it is now deserted by the aristocratic splendour of these merry times, and is the picture of poverty and decay; like the little old towns on the Rhine, it is little else than a collection of habitations for agriculturists and vine-gardeners.

The road, after passing through Nassau, goes for some distance down the right bank of the Lahn, with an almost precipitous vine-clad hill above, and discloses some admirable points of view for the pencil of the draughtsman. Leaving the river, we ascend another of the huge round-backed hills, and again descending, are shortly brought back to the Lahn, and have before us, on its right bank, the very ancient town of Ems. Nowhere is there so strangely situated a town. It occupies a long stripe of ground between the side of the river and a rocky hill, which in some places is a perfectly perpendicular cliff, impending over the roofs of the houses. There is in general room for only one row of dwellings, with the road in front of them; but to afford space for promenading, there is a bridge of boats across the Lahn, leading to some beautiful woody banks opposite. Ems was known by the Romans for its mineral waters, and received from them the name of Embasis, or the Washing-Tub, which is the origin of the present appellation. It possesses several springs, both for drinking and bathing, and of different degrees of heat. Nature is so bountiful in the supplies, that 12,400 cubic feet of water issue from the ground every twenty-four hours; a quantity, however, much less than is daily expelled at Wiesbaden. Some of the springs rise in the bed of the river, and their produce is consequently lost; while of the remainder, the principal have been covered over by houses or hotels, in whose lower parts the baths are situated. The chief establishment is an old residence of the Duke of Nassau at the centre of the town. We visited some of the bathing-rooms, which were dismal-looking dungeons, steaming with vapour, and any thing but calculated to soothe the feelings of valetudinarians. Numberless cures are said to have been performed by the use of the waters, particularly among the female sex, for whose complaints they are said to be adapted; but if Dr Granville's opinion is to be taken, there is no small degree of danger in their application. "The nervous system (says he) is the first and the most seriously disturbed by these waters; and I attribute the fact in a great measure, first, to the large quantities of carbonate of soda taken daily into the system along with them; and, secondly, to the additional bad influence which the air of a narrow confined valley, and the contiguity of the lofty hilly ranges of siliceous grauwacke slate, produce in individuals already prone to nervous agitation, or irritability. Hence Ems can never suit an hypochondriac, no matter from what functional disorder his unhappy state may arise. It never can suit persons labouring under any modification whatever of disease of the heart, whether structural or merely functional. They are disturbing waters in the way of alternatives,

to a degree which is scarcely producible by means of ordinary medicines, and which, although very beneficial to some, is injurious to many, and requires under any circumstances great circumspection in the lengthened use of them. So great is the disturbance produced in the system while the waters are drunk, that I am acquainted with very few patients who have got well of their complaints during the treatment, or before they came away from Ems. Of the rest who recovered, long after they had left the spa, the major part had judiciously enough been prevailed upon to go and finish their cure at some other place—generally a cold spa."

In our ramble through Ems, we were attracted by the appearance of a slip of public garden, in which was a handsome pavilion, close by the river; and, entering the edifice, the usual gambling apparatus presented itself, with its crowd of attendants. To a native of a country in which the only attempt ever made to establish a gaming-house was at once put down by the public authorities, the frequency of this spectacle at the German watering-places becomes very distressing. It appears to him as if the opportunity of unlimited gambling were even a greater attraction to the mass of the visitors, than the waters. Instead of interfering to break up the gaming-houses, the public authorities frequently profit by their establishment. In the gambling-rooms at Ems, and other places in Nassau, we observed that regulations for the games were hung up on the walls, by order of the duke, which, at least, proves that that personage sanctions and approves of the odious practice. We are told, in a native description of Nassau, that, "by an edict of the government, all the subjects of the duke are forbid to play, and any individual holding an office under him, who is detected in playing, loses his situation." I should, from what came under my own observation, doubt that such a law is in existence; but allowing it to be as stated, what must we think of the conscientiousness of a government which, while protecting its own subjects, allows strangers to be plundered with impunity?

We must now quit not only Ems and the other brunnens of Nassau, but also the upper Rhenish country in which they are situated. A drive of little more than an hour, over a tract of hilly ground, brought us once more to the right bank of the Rhine at Elrenbreitstein, and next morning a steamer from the opposite quay at Coblenz, carried us down the river on our way homeward. Having already described both banks of the Rhine in ascending, it will not be expected that I should here recur to the subject, further than to give some little account of Bonn, a town at which we stopped for a few hours in our descent.

Bonn is situated on the left bank of the Rhine, about twenty miles above Cologne, and at present enjoys the reputation of being the best seat of education in Prussia. The town, like Cologne and Coblenz, is surrounded with walls, and is consequently confined and wretched in its internal organisation. The streets are narrow and badly paved, and most offensive from the want of drains. So far, therefore, as physical comfort and health are concerned, the learning for which the town has obtained some celebrity, has been of no service. On visiting Professor Schlegel, I found him living in a quarter infinitely more vile in aspect than that of the lowest parts of London or Edinburgh, though, such is the influence of habit, the desagremens of the locality do not seem to affect him.

Bonn is a town of considerable antiquity, having, like Cologne, been originally a settlement of the Romans, and in later times a seat of some important religious bodies. The most remarkable of its edifices is the Dom Kirk or Cathedral, which is in the Byzantine style of architecture, and was built some centuries ago on the site of a church erected by the Empress Helena, mother of Constantine the Great, in the year 316. In the neighbourhood of the cathedral, and verging on the southern environs of the town, stands a fine large edifice in the Grecian style of architecture, now used as one of the principal university buildings. The other chief edifice, which is used for a certain department in the course of instruction, is the ancient chateau of Poppelsdorf, situated at the extremity of an avenue of trees leading from this quarter of the town. The university of Bonn was established by the present king of Prussia in 1818, and has been placed on the most liberal footing as respects the nature of its education, while the discipline maintained among the students is allowed to be more correct than has usually been the case at other German universities. The Prussian government has at least, with its well-known regard to the instruction of youth, taken care to appoint only men of first-rate abilities to the different professorships. The faculties include theology, according to the Roman Catholic and Reformed churches, jurisprudence, medicine, literature, and physics—the latter comprehending zoology, botany, mineralogy, and chemistry. The botanical garden, which is situated near the chateau, is upon a most extensive scale, and kept in the most beautiful order. The number of students lately enrolled in the university books for one year, was nine hundred and eighty-eight, which included one hundred and ninety-two youths from countries foreign to Prussia.

In the after part of the day we went on board a steamer descending the river, and were in a short time landed on the quay of Cologne. Next day we departed from this ancient city, and pursued a westerly direction towards Aix-la-Chapelle. The road is quite uninteresting, being mostly flat, with some slight rises; it is, however, rich and arable, and

only requires capital and skill to make it produce abundant crops. Nothing that I had ever seen before, except in Ireland, equalled the apparent poverty and wretchedness of the population. The villages in which they cluster are built of mud and wattle, and have no symptoms of thriving. Nowhere as far as the eye can reach is there a single gentleman's house to be seen; the whole country seems delivered up to a race of toil-worn peasantry, from whom all hope of bettering their condition appears to be shut out. Riding through this border country of Prussia and Belgium, we first reach Berghem, a small old town with decayed walls, and next Juliers, a town surrounded with regular and strong fortifications. Thence a drive of two hours along a badly paved road brings us to Aix-la-Chapelle, situated in a valley in the midst of a district more beautiful and better enclosed than that through which we have passed.

Aix-la-Chapelle, or Aachen, as it is called by the Germans, is a town of great antiquity: its origin, indeed, is probably coeval with the first peopling of the country, for it appears to have been occasioned by certain medicinal springs which exist upon the spot. The town is celebrated as the scene of both the birth and death of the Emperor Charlemagne (742-814). In the present day, it consists of several respectable, but many more dirty and confined streets, with a population of about 38,000. Necessity, as well as inclination, led us, shortly after our arrival, to visit the Rath-Haus, or Hotel de Ville. Being the last of the towns in the Prussian league which we had to pass through, it was necessary to have our passports inspected, and stamped with the licence for departure from the kingdom. To the Hotel de Ville, therefore, which is now the police-office of the town, we proceeded to have this troublesome ceremonial performed, for here personal attendance is imperative. The edifice is a large handsome building, of stone, with elegant exterior flights of steps, and stands in a high part of the town, at one side of the open market-place. We feel, in looking upon this imposing structure, that we behold a palace in a state of degradation and neglect. The roof and walls of the spacious vestibules and corridors have been painted with historical figures and scenes, but smoke and dirt have rendered them dim and undistinguishable; a lofty room, which has been similarly embellished, is divided in two by a paltry wooden partition; and the whole interior has an air of squalid misery. Yet this edifice has been a great place in its day. In its principal saloon, important assemblages of political characters have occasionally taken place for the conclusion of great treaties; the last took place in 1818, when the emperors of Austria and Russia, with ambassadors from the Prince Regent of England and Louis XVIII., met to decide upon the evacuation of France by the troops of the allied powers.

The Hotel de Ville is said to stand on the spot where Charlemagne was born; and to preserve the recollection of that personage, a splendid fountain has been erected in the market-place in front: it is composed of a large bronze basin for receiving the water, and from the centre of the basin rises a pedestal, on which a statue of Charlemagne, also in bronze, is erected. The whole fabric was erected so long ago as 1353 (when the neighbouring Hotel de Ville was finished), and it has been kept carefully in repair since that time.

Proceeding from the open market-place down a narrow lane lined with tall dingy houses, we arrive at a low spot of ground whereon stands the ancient Cathedral—the chapel from which the town has received a portion of its name. It is impossible to make out either style or date from the appearance of the structure. It is a mass of ill-assorted parts, Gothic, Saxon, Byzantine, old and new all stuck in a heap. Such at least is the exterior. The interior of the building is chiefly remarkable for an octagonal nave with tall rounded arches, which forms the most ancient of the various parts of the motley structure, having been built by Charlemagne in 796 as a chapel for his place of sepulture, on the model of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. It was afterwards partially destroyed by the Normans, but was restored by the Emperor Otho III. about the year 1000; its age is, therefore, at least between eight and nine hundred years. Charlemagne was entombed, according to his request, in a vault below the centre of the dome, but here his remains do not repose till the present day.

Had this monarch contented himself with going down into the dust like the rest of his fellow-creatures, he would have stood a fair chance of being left to dissolve into the original elements of humanity. Unfortunately, however, for his posthumous repose, he chose to be buried in all the magnificence of his robes of state, and sitting upon a throne, as if still, though in his dreary dungeon tomb, ruling the destinies of half the world. It was not in the nature of things that his majesty should be allowed to sit for ever in this condition of costly splendour. Otho III., emperor of Germany, visited the spot, probably at the time he ordered the restoration of the edifice, and causing the tomb to be opened, there found the skeleton of Charlemagne sitting on the throne on which it had been placed at his death in 814. A lapse of nearly two hundred years had not materially disfigured the gay ornaments in which the dead monarch was invested. On the fleshless skull there was stuck a crown which he had worn during life; a sceptre was fastened in his right hand; a jewelled mantle of state was thrown over his shoulders; a copy of the gospels was

carefully placed upon his knees; a sword was buckled to his side; and to his girdle was hung the pilgrim's pouch which he had borne when alive as a token of Christian piety. Otho forthwith removed these valuable insignia of royalty, to be used at the coronations of the emperors of Germany. The tomb was again shut up after this spoliation, and it remained closed till the year 1165, when Frederick Barbarossa, moved by curiosity and piety, ordered it to be opened in presence of the bishops of Liège and Cologne, and caused the body to be removed, and placed in a splendid sarcophagus prepared for the purpose; at the same time the throne, or all that remained of it, consisting of a chair of white marble, was brought up to the church, where it is now preserved with much care, and exhibited to strangers. Although the body of Charlemagne was thus, to all appearance, stowed safely away, it was destined to be again handled and disturbed. At what period it was taken from the sarcophagus, is not told by any authority, but it is certainly gone, as the empty sarcophagus testifies. In all probability it has been dispersed in the form of relics, a leg in one place, an arm in another, and so on with all the other members. I understand that the only fragments remaining in the reliquary of the cathedral, are the skull and an arm bone, but during my somewhat hurried visit, I had not an opportunity of seeing them.

At a short distance south from the cathedral, in the lower part of the town, we find the chief street of fashionable parade in Aix. Here are situated the principal mineral springs, and the rooms and arcades which cover them. The waters are sulphureous, warm, and nauseous, both to the sense of smell and taste. One of the hottest of the springs is so abundant that it cannot all be used for drinking and bathing, and is therefore allowed to escape for the benefit of the lower class of inhabitants, who wash all their clothes with it; and as it is alkaline, they have no need for soap. Adjoining the water-drinking and bath rooms, stand some magnificent hotels and gambling-houses. One of the latter, called the New Redoute, ranks as the most splendid and profligate of all the establishments of the kind on the continent. Gamblers flock hither from France, England, and most other countries in Europe, and the sums lost and won at the tables exceed all calculation. Aix-la-Chapelle is the only place within the Prussian dominions in which gambling is licensed or allowed. A number of years ago, the public authorities, shocked with the misery and depravity arising from the practice, endeavoured to prevent it from being carried on within the town. The consequence was, that a small village, named Bocette, sprang up in the environs, to which all the inveterate gamblers, with their tables, resorted; and as Bocette has also hot springs, visitors began to prefer it to Aix. After a time, the town authorities relaxed, and the present elegant gambling-houses have been erected, and placed under some kind of regulations, one of which is, that a portion of all winnings, by the keepers of the tables, shall be devoted to the embellishment of the town.

EDUCATION IN INDIA.

THE widest of all the fields of human improvement now disclosing themselves to the consideration of thoughtful men, is that which is afforded by the British possessions in India. In the extensive regions of Hindoostan, over which the East India Company, conjointly with our government, exercise a control, there are at the very lowest computation a hundred millions of human beings. These are of various races, speak different languages, and have attained different degrees of intelligence. They are also of different religions, principally Mahomedan and Hindu; but, practically, the religious belief in either way is little else than a mass of superstition and absurdity. To improve this numerous and interesting family of mankind, some benevolent efforts have been made within the last twenty or thirty years; unfortunately, however, for want of a just knowledge of the very critical nature of the habits of thought, and deeply rooted prejudices of the natives, comparatively little good has been effected. One great error has consisted in an attempt—well meant, no doubt—to proselytise to Christianity, before opening the mind by instruction in simple secular knowledge. It is time that this profound mistake should be corrected. The bulk of the lower orders are as ignorant as children, while the higher castes are pridefully encased in the mysteries of their own faith, and have, generally speaking, resisted all that has been done to bring them within the pale of the gospel.

It may be known to most of our readers that the melioration of the condition of the native tribes of India was an object which Lord William Bentinck had earnestly at heart, during his government of that country, and that he actually carried into execution a law to prevent widows from devoting themselves to the flames on the funeral pile of their deceased husbands. We have now to make generally known, perhaps for the first time in this country, a great educational project, which occurred during his lordship's government. This was prefaced by the collection of information throughout the provinces of Bengal and

Behar regarding the state of popular education. The gentleman entrusted by the governor-general and his council with making the required investigations, was Mr William Adam, who commenced operations in January 1835. From this period Mr Adam was engaged in prosecuting his very laborious duties till June 1838, when he laid before government his third and concluding Report, which was forthwith ordered to be printed at the Bengal Military Orphan Press in Calcutta. By an accidental circumstance, a copy of this work now lies before us, and we shall endeavour to gather and arrange a few important particulars from its pages.

Travelling from district to district, and assisted by a suite of intelligent sub-investigators acquainted with the localities, Mr Adam collected a large body of minute statistical facts regarding the manners and the intellectual state of the people. The first part of his evidence consists of an account of the schools of native origin and growth. It appears that India is very far from being destitute of schools. In all the towns there are a number of schools of different kinds, suited for the various races and castes, from the lowest to the highest, and in most villages there are schools of a humbler order for the rural population, who speak only the vernacular tongue. Let us take, as an example, Mr Adam's account of the state of instruction in the city and district of Moorsheadabad. "In 20 thanas [police subdivisions] of this city and district there are 67 vernacular schools, of which 62 are Bengali and 5 Hindi. There are eleven villages, mohallas, or bazars, containing each two vernacular schools, or twenty-two in all, of which twenty are Bengali, and two Hindi. The remaining forty-five are found each in a different village or mohallah. The number of teachers is the same as the number of schools," and they belong to eleven different Hindu castes. "Besides these, there is one Bengali school taught by a Mussulman. To teach reading, writing, and accounts, is considered the proper duty of the Kayastha, or writer-caste; and a Brahmin, a Vaidya, or a Kshatriya, is supposed to degrade himself by engaging in such an occupation, while, on the other hand, any of the castes inferior to the Kayastha acquire by the same means increased respect. Persons of good caste do not hesitate to send their children to schools conducted by teachers of an inferior caste, and even of a different religion. Of these teachers there are five who give their instructions gratuitously, of whom two are family priests, one is a weaver, and another a retail-dealer. One of the priests, although he receives no fixed payment either in the form of monthly wages from the parents, or in the form of fees for each scholar, accepts at the period of the great annual festival, or Durga Puja, a present of uncooked rice, pulse, salt, oil, vegetables, wood, cooking utensils, &c.; and the weaver, though he does not exact any fees from his scholars, receives what they offer him. His school was opened only about a month before I visited the district, and he had received within that time ten pice from the different scholars to aid him in bearing incidental expenses. By day he works as a weaver for his livelihood, and teaches in the evening. There are also many cases in which paid teachers instruct a greater or less number of their scholars gratuitously. It gives me great pleasure to mention these instances of unostentatious benevolence in the humblest ranks of native society. They prove both the merit attached to the communication of knowledge, and the readiness to receive instruction on the part of many who can offer no compensation for it. A people amongst whom such dispositions are found, presents both materials to work upon, and good instruments to work with."

The majority of teachers, as we are told, receive each from four to five rupees (9s. to 10s. 6d.) per month as their entire remuneration, and the school-houses are sometimes on the most primitive scale. "In a majority of instances there is no school-house, in which case the house of the teacher, a family or village temple, an outhouse of one of the parents, the hut assigned for the entertainment of travellers, the corner of a shop, the portico of a mosque, or the shade of a tree, is employed for the purpose. Regarding the school-houses of the district of Beerbhoom, I shall transcribe only a few of my notes. In one village the school-house was built by the teacher at a cost of money of Rs. 1-4 [we suppose something like half-a-crown] with the aid of his pupils, who brought the materials from the jungle. In another, the school-house was built by the scholars at a cost of Rs. 1-8, in addition to their own labour. The house is thatched, and the walls consist of branches and leaves of the palm and sal trees interlaced. In a third, the scholars assembled in the village place of worship, and they were engaged in building a school-house with thatched roof, beams, and rafters, and mud walls, which was expected to cost in all about ten rupees, besides their labour. Several school-houses are noted as having been built by subscription among the parents. The temples consecrated to Yama, the Judge of the departed—the Minoos of Hinduism—I have found frequently used as school-houses in this district, in consequence of the extent to which the worship of that deity prevails."

With respect to the instruction communicated in these rude seminaries, it is, as may be supposed, very small. To acquire the art of keeping commercial and agricultural accounts, is the principal object. Speaking of what is taught in Moorsheadabad, Mr Adam observes: "In the only Hindi school in which vernacular

cular works are used, those works are the *Dan Lila*, and *Dadhil Lila*, both describing the amusements of Krishna, the former his boating pleasures on the Jamna, in the neighbourhood of Brindavan, and the latter the tricks he played the milkmen in that place with his youthful companions. In only one Bengali school, the *Guru Bandana* was found in use, a doggerel composition containing an expression of the respect and devotion due from the scholar to his teacher. The arithmetical rules of *Subhankar* were employed in thirty-two schools. The *Guru Dakshina*, another doggerel composition, which is sung by the elder boys of a school from house to house to elicit donations for their master, was taught in three schools. In addition to these vernacular works, a small portion of [the learned language of India] the Sanscrit vocabulary of *Amara Singh* was found to be in use in one Bengali school; in another, a work called *Sabda Sabanta*, containing the rules of Sanscrit orthography, the permutations of letters in combination, and examples of the declension of nouns; and in 14 schools, the Sanscrit verses of *Chanakya*, containing the praises of learning and precepts of morality, were read or committed to memory." He afterwards says—"The remaining works used in the common schools rank low as compositions, and consist for the most part of the praises and exploits of the gods recognised by the established religion of the country."

In the various common schools the languages used are the vernacular tongues of the different races, being chiefly Bengali in the Bengal, and Hindi in the Behar districts. In Burdwan, Bengali, and in South Behar, Hindi, are exclusively used; but in Mednapore, Uriya is largely employed as well as Bengali; in the city of Moorshedabad, and in the district of Beerbhoom, Hindi is used to a very limited extent in addition to Bengali; and in some parts of Tirhoot, Trilutiya, in addition to Hindi, prevails as the language of conversation, of verbal instruction, and of correspondence, but is never employed as the language of literary composition."

Next above the vernacular schools, are those in which the Sanscrit language is employed for the purpose of communicating a knowledge of literature, law, philosophy, and the Hindu religion. In twenty thanas of the city and district of Moorshedabad, there are 24 Sanscrit schools, all taught by Brahmins—of which 13 are of the sect Varendra, 8 Rarhi, and 3 Vaidika. The teachers of this class of schools are partly paid by small native endowments and partly by fees, their remuneration being greater than is received by teachers in the vernacular seminaries. There is not any mutual connection or dependence between vernacular and Sanscrit schools. "The former are not considered preparatory to the other, nor do the latter profess to complete the course of study which has been begun elsewhere. They are two separate classes of institutions, appropriate to distinct classes of society—the one for the trading and agricultural, and the other for the religious and learned classes. They are so unconnected that the instruction in Bengali and Hindi reading and writing, which is necessary at the commencement of a course of Sanscrit study, is seldom acquired in the vernacular schools, but generally under the domestic roof; and unless under peculiar circumstances, it is not extended to accounts, which are deemed the ultimate object of vernacular school instruction."

The class of institutions next in importance are the schools in which the Persian and Arabic languages, and the learning they contain, are taught. In 20 thanas of the city and district of Moorshedabad, there are 17 Persian and 2 Arabic schools, the teachers being with one exception Mussulmans. It is gratifying to find that among the Mahomedan teachers of this set of institutions, much generosity is displayed in the free communication of knowledge such as it is. In the district of Burdwan, we are told that "twenty-two teachers instruct gratuitously, and of that number six also support and clothe the whole or part of their scholars. I have not found any instance in which Hindu students receive from a Mussulman teacher or patron any thing beyond gratuitous instruction. Thus, in one instance, a Maulavi gratuitously instructs seven Hindu scholars; but in addition to gratuitous instruction, he gives also food and clothing to eleven Mussulman students; in another, a Maulavi gratuitously instructs two Hindu and six Mussulman students, and he gives also food and clothing to five other Mussulman students."

Mr Adam found the following works in use in the Persian schools (we omit the hard original titles)—an elementary work, a vocabulary, dialogues, a grammar, forms of correspondence, modes of address, the poems of Hilali and Kalim, an account of one of the kings of the Deccan, tales, names and attributes of God, the doctrines of Islam, and a work on medicine. In the Arabic schools, he found in use treatises on inflection, syntax, logic, rhetoric, natural philosophy, the elements of Euclid, on astronomy, on the law of inheritance, and on the doctrines of Islam.

There is also a class of seminaries, which may not inaptly be termed family schools, being formed simply of the children belonging to particular families of the more affluent order. The number of families in the city of Moorshedabad in which domestic instruction is given, is 216, of which 147 are Hindu and 69 are Mussulman families. The number of children instructed in each is only two or three.

The number of schools in which English is taught is very limited, and they are chiefly conducted by

missionaries, who can spare little time to instruct their pupils. It is a circumstance not a little extraordinary, that in most districts there are few or no schools supported or encouraged by the numerous and frequently wealthy European residents. "Every Englishman (says Mr Adam) lives and toils to amass a fortune: no passion is so strong or so pervading. The people, in the meantime, whose labour gives revenue to the state and wealth to the individual, are degraded by ignorance and poverty, and the obligation to instruct and elevate them is sometimes wholly denied, and in all cases is feebly felt and acknowledged."

Having detailed the special facts which he gathered throughout the districts he visited, Mr Adam proceeds to sum up the result of his inquiries. The amount of population of which an educational survey was made, so as to afford the basis of a correct inference, was 7,789,152; and the estimated additional population to which the inference may be extended, is 27,671,250, together amounting to 35,460,402, being that portion of the Indian population which has lived longest under British rule, and which should be prepared or preparing to appreciate or enjoy its highest privileges. It is estimated on the fairest evidence, that of the adult portion of this population, in the district where education is most abundant, only 9 per cent. have received instruction of any kind, even of the most insignificant description; while in a district less favourably situated, the proportion of the instructed adult population is shown to be less than 2½ per cent. In the same districts, of the juvenile population, that is, of the population between 5 and 14, in the one only 16 per cent. are receiving instruction, and in the other exactly 2½ per cent., leaving the rest wholly uninstructed. What may be the scope for a system of rational instruction in the other portions of our Indian empire, may be partly guessed from these results, though into this question Mr Adam prudently does not enter.

From all that has ever been told in England regarding the population of India, it has been made to appear that they were in general studiously opposed to instruction, and even to social intercourse with Europeans. There has been in this either some misapprehension or exaggeration. Mr Adam now discloses the fact—and this is the most valuable fact in his book—that the general population of Bengal and Behar, of high and low caste, are zealously anxious for instruction: they cry for it, they would receive it as the greatest of earthly blessings. Speaking of the tone of feeling of the lower castes on this subject, the author remarks—"They are gaining ground, and are almost imperceptibly acquiring a sense of the value of even the humblest instruction which is within their reach, but from which, by the customs of society, they were formerly almost debarred. The time is not distant when it would have been considered contrary to all the maxims of Hindu civilisation, that individuals of the *Malo*, *Chandal*, *Kahar*, *Jalia*, *Laharia*, *Bagdhi*, *Dhoba*, and *Muchi* castes, should learn to read, write, and keep accounts; and if some aged and venerable Brahmin who has passed his whole life removed from European contamination, were told that these low castes are now raising their aspirations so high, he would deplore it as one of the many proofs of the gross and increasing degeneracy of the age. The encroachment of these castes on the outskirts of learning is a spontaneous movement in native society, the effect of a strong foreign rule unshackled by native usages and prejudices, and protecting all in the enjoyment of equal rights."

It further appears from these valuable researches, that the native learned men of India, the class of influential literati among the higher castes, who have been hitherto wasting their energies on absurd and vicious fictions, have professed to Mr Adam "their readiness to engage in any sort of literary composition that would obtain the patronage of government. Instead of regarding them as indolent, intractable, or bigoted in matters not connected with religion, I have often been surprised at the facility with which minds under the influence of habits of thought so different from my own, have received and appreciated the ideas which I have suggested. Nor is it authors only who might be employed in promoting the cause of public instruction: it is probable that the whole body of the learned, both teachers and students, might be made to lend their willing aid towards the same object."

Our quotations have run to such a length that we have left ourselves little room to notice the arrangements proposed by Mr Adam, in conformity with instructions given to him, for the improvement and extension of public instruction in Bengal and Behar. The leading feature of his plan is, that any thing to be done must be based on the present varied organisation of native schools; in other words, aiding the schools already in existence, and establishing new schools only where there is a total destitution with respect to public instruction. The whole race of native schoolmasters, ignorant as many of them are, must be conciliated. And no attempt whatsoever must be made upon the settled religious prejudices of any class of natives. Upon the supposition that the existing external arrangements are not to be altered, it is conceived that little trouble or expense would be incurred in the establishment of means for improving and supervising. Exclusive of the salary of a general examiner, small payments to teachers, and rewards to scholars, the principal expense would be incurred for school-books. These treatises, ac-

cording to Mr Adam, should form a series of four in number, and be printed in the Bengali and Hindi languages. The first to include all that is at present taught in scattered and disjointed portions in the vernacular schools; and to be a text-book for instruction in writing on the ground, on the palm leaf, and on paper; also to be a manual for accounts. The second book to explain the most important arts of life that contribute to comfort, improvement, and civilisation, and to give elementary views of the sciences which have produced and helped to perfect them; trade and the subdivisions of manual labour; manufactures and the use of machinery; and above all, the best modes of agriculture. The third book to be explanatory of the moral and legal relations, obligations, and rights, whether personal, domestic, civil, or religious, of men living in a state of society, and under the existing government. And the fourth book to be of a superior order on physical geography, history, and astronomy. It is confidently believed by Mr Adam, and all who have personally investigated the subject, that the universal inculcation of secular knowledge of the description mentioned in these books, would, at no distant period, put quite a new face on the intellectual condition of India. The minds of the natives being awakened and elevated, they would be prepared to throw off the mass of superstition which now presses upon them, and be favourably disposed to listen to the prelections of those missionaries of Christianity who would seek to engage their attention. However this view of the case may be received in Britain, it is satisfactory to know that it has met with the approbation of all classes of Christians in India.

We have now presented a superficial sketch of what is proposed to be done, in order to carry out this great project of human improvement. All that remains to be desired is the cordial co-operation and assistance of the British government. There is, it seems, no lack of funds in India to prosecute the good work, provided they are rightly applied; at least, not much more is wanting. May we trust that not only the executive government, but the people at large, will promptly exert themselves in a cause of such immense importance. In the language of Lord Moira, "To be the source of blessings to the immense population of India, is an ambition worthy of our country. The field is noble. May we till it worthily!"

VOLCANIC ISLAND IN THE MEDITERRANEAN.

THE heaving up of volcanic matter from the bottom of the sea to such a height above the surface of the water as to form an island which may be safely trodden, is a rare and interesting occurrence. That such things frequently happened at a former, and probably an early period of the earth's history, is quite evident from the great number of islands which are found to be of volcanic origin; but an event of this description taking place in our own times, is calculated to fix attention, as much from its novelty as from its extraordinary nature. In July 1831, an island was thrown up between Sicily and Pantellaria, in the following remarkable manner. About the 10th of July, a column of water, like a water-spout, sixty feet in height, and afterwards a cloud of vapour, were observed rising from the sea, at the place where the island afterwards made its appearance. No fire was seen until the 17th, when the master of a London brig was able to distinguish flame; and it is probable that at this period the land began to emerge from the water. On the night of the 18th, flashes of brilliant light, mingled with smoke, were distinctly visible by the light of the moon; and so remarkable were the appearances, as to induce the commander of one of his majesty's ships to steer for the spot, for the purpose of examining them more closely. A large column of smoke was seen towering above the sea to a considerable height, and from the midst of it pillars of lurid fire shot up, and then subsided, the column which was formerly dark gradually becoming white. This alternation of eruption and repose, of white and black, continued during the whole night. On the following morning a small hillock of a dark green colour was seen rising a few feet above the surface of the ocean, but it continued only visible at intervals between the more violent eruptions. The volcano was in a constant state of activity, and appeared to be discharging dust and stones, together with vast quantities of steam. On soundings being taken, no bottom was found till those who made the experiment were within twenty yards of the island. The form of a crater was now clearly discernible. It seemed to be composed of fine cinders and mud of a dark brown colour; and within it was decreed, during the pauses of the eruptions, a mixture of muddy water, steam, and cinders, dashing up and down, and occasionally running over the sides into the sea. All this time showers of hot stones or cinders shot upwards a few yards, and then fell into the gulf whence they were ejected. One of the eye-witnesses observes regarding these eruptions:—"No words can describe their sublime grandeur; their progress was generally as follows:—After the volcano had emitted for some time its usual quantities of white steam, suddenly the whole aperture was filled with an enormous mass of hot cinders and dust, rushing upwards to the height of some hundred feet with a loud roaring noise, then falling into the sea on all sides with a still louder noise, arising in part, perhaps, from the formation of prodigious quantities of steam which instantly took place. This steam was at first of a brown colour, having embodied a great deal of the dust; as it

rose, it gradually recovered its pure white colour, depositing the dust in the shape of a shower of muddy rain. While this was being accomplished, renewed eruptions of hot cinders and dust were quickly succeeding each other; while forked lightning, accompanied by rattling thunder, darted about in all directions within the column, now darkened with dust, and greatly increased in volume, and distorted by sudden gusts and whirl winds. The latter were most frequent on the lee side, where they often made imperfect water-spouts of curious shapes. On one occasion some of the steam reached the boat; it smelt a little of sulphur, and the mud it left became a gritty sparkling dark brown powder when dry. None of the stones or cinders thrown out appeared more than half a foot in diameter, and most of them were much smaller."

At this time the island was from fifty to ninety feet in height, and about three quarters of a mile in circumference. It attracted great attention as soon as the fact became known, and Captain Swinburne was dispatched in a cutter to ascertain the exact position of the island. This commander effected a landing on the 3d of August, hoisted the British ensign, and called it Graham Island. We subjoin a description of the volcano in nearly his own words:—"Seizing a favourable moment, we gave way with our oars. Our distance was rather greater than we could have wished, but we proceeded as quickly as the sea would allow. As we approached, some occasional jets were thrown up, but of little consequence; and a current was discovered running to the westward, and setting us farther to the right than we desired. Within twenty yards of the shore, the water appeared shoal, and the sea broke; but as there was no appearance of surf on the beach, we kept steadily on till the boat struck the ground. The union jack was then planted; such observations were made as the pressure of circumstances and the imminent danger of a fresh eruption every moment would admit of; a bucketful of the materials of which the island seemed chiefly composed was collected; and we re-embarked. The form of the crater is nearly a perfect circle, and complete along its whole circumference, excepting for about two hundred and fifty yards on the south-east side, which are broken and low, not apparently above three feet high. The height of the highest part I supposed by the eye to be about one hundred and eighty feet. The outer diameter is, I think, almost six hundred and forty yards, and the inner about four hundred. The whole circuit of the island I conceive to be from a mile and a quarter to a mile and one third. The fragments brought away are compact and heavy, and the whole surface of the island is dense, and perfectly hard under the feet. No variety of stones were procured, nor any lava; neither did I see any jets or streams of lava while on the island. All the fragments were very hot when collected; and I thought the temperature of the sea close to the shore somewhat higher than farther out, although of this I was not very certain. The latitude of the island is 37 degrees 11 minutes north, the longitude 12 degrees 44 minutes east of Greenwich."

The island went on increasing in size, and, according to some accounts, was in a few days above two hundred feet in height, and three miles in circumference. After attaining this, its maximum magnitude, it appears to have been gradually reduced by the action of the waves, for on the 25th of August it was only two miles round, and on the 3d of September it was no more than three-fifths of a mile in circumference, whilst its greatest height did not exceed one hundred and seven feet. It appears that the volcanic matter, during its ejection, had found a second vent at no great distance from the surface, for in the month of August a great ebullition and agitation of the sea occurred, accompanied by the constant ascension of a column of dense light-coloured steam. By the end of October, not a vestige of the crater remained, and, with the exception of a small heap of sand and scorie, the whole island was nearly on a level with the sea. In short, it at length entirely disappeared, and a dangerous reef, of an oval figure, three-fifths of a mile in extent, now occupies the submarine site of Graham Island. Towards the end of 1833, Captain Swinburne (the same who had planted the British flag upon the island to so little purpose) found, in the centre of the reef, a black rock, about twenty-six fathoms in diameter, and from nine to eleven feet under water. Around this rock were banks of black volcanic stones and loose sand. The rocky mass in the centre is supposed to be solid lava, which ascended in the principal crater; and as at some little distance there was discovered a second shoal, this, with great probability, is conjectured to be the site of the second cone, where the submarine eruption took place in August. It appears then, as Professor Lyell observes, that a hill eight hundred feet or more in height (the depth of water here being six hundred feet) was formed by a submarine volcanic vent, of which the upper part (only about two hundred feet high) emerged above the waters so as to form an island. This cone must have been equal in size to one of the largest of the lateral volcanoes on the flanks of Etna, and about half the height of the mountain Jorullo in Mexico. In the centre is a great column of solid lava, supposed to fill the space by which the gaseous fluids made their escape; and on each side is a stratified mass of scorie and fragmentary lava. The solid nucleus of the reef where the black rock is now found, withstands the movements of the sea; while the loose matter, which remained longest visible, was gradually washed away by it. Subsidiary craters are by no means rare near

the summit of a large cone, and one of these appears to have been formed in the case of Graham Island; a vent, perhaps, connected with the main channel of discharge, which gave passage, in that direction, to elastic fluids, scorie, and melted lava. It is not known whether lava overflowed from either vent, but it is quite possible that melted rocks may have run down the sides of the cone, as often happens on land, and have spread in a broad sheet over the bottom of the sea. There are some remarkable facts connected with this phenomenon. About a fortnight before the eruption was visible, Sir Pulteney Malcolm, in passing over the position of the volcano in his ship, experienced several severe shocks, as if he had struck on a sandbank, and which he attributed to an earthquake. The same shocks were felt on the west coast of Sicily. A circumstance still more worthy of notice is, that there is a tradition at Malta, of a volcano existing on the same spot about the commencement of the last century; and there is extant an old chart of the Mediterranean, which lays down a shoal, with only four fathoms of water on it, and called Larmour's Breakers, within a mile of the same latitude and longitude. Not long before the event took place, a naval officer, in surveying this part of the Mediterranean, found a depth of more than one hundred fathoms' water on the spot, where there is now only about ten feet.

There are other modern instances of the formation of islands by submarine eruptions, as that of Sabrina, in the year 1811, off St Michael's, one of the group of islands called the Azores; but no occurrence of the kind has attracted so much attention, or been so minutely described, as the appearance and disappearance of Graham Island.

THE SCOTTISH WIDOW'S LAMENT.

Afore the Lammass tide
Had dun'd the birken tree,
In a' our water side
Nae wife was blest like me;
A kind gudeman, and twa
Sweet bairns were round me here;
But they're a' ta'en awa
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Sair trouble cam' our gate,
And made me, when it cam,
A bird without a mate,
A ewe without a lamb.
Our hay was yet to maw,
And our corn was to shear,
When they a' dwined awa
In the fa' o' the year.

I downa look a-field,
For aye I trow I see
The form that was a bield
To my wee bairns and me;
But wind, and weet, and snaw,
They never mair can fear,
Sin' they a' got the ea'
In the fa' o' the year.

Aft on the hill at e'ens
I see him 'mang the ferns,
The lover o' my teens,
The father o' my bairns:
For there his plaid I saw
As gloamin' aye drew near—
But my a's now awa
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

Our bonnie rigs theirsell'
Reca' my wae to mind,
Our pair dumb beasties tell
O' a' that I hae tynd;
For whae our wheat will saw,
And whae our sheep will shear,
Sin' my a' gaed awa
In the fa' o' the year?

My hearth is growing cauld,
And will be cauldier still
And sair, sair in the fauld
Will be the winter's chill;
For peats were yet to ca',
Our sheep they were to smear,
When my a' dwined awa
In the fa' o' the year.

I tittle whiles to spin,
But wee, wee pattenin' feet
Come rinnin' out and in,
And then I just maun greet:
I ken it's fancy a',
And faster rows the tear,
That my a' dwined awa
In the fa' o' the year.

Be kind, O heav'n abune!
To ane sae wae and lane,
And tak' her hamewards sune,
In pity o' her mane;
Lang ere the March winds blaw,
May she, far frae here,
Meet them a' that's awa
Sin' the fa' o' the year.

—*Scotlan newspaper.*

CIRCUMSTANCES WHICH PREVENT THE CORRECT NARRATION OF EVENTS.

Upon scarce any occasion do the witnesses of a perturbed, violent, and agitated scene, agree minutely in narrating what has passed before their eyes; and there often exist circumstances of discrepancy, which, nevertheless, are not considered as affecting the general truth and consistency of the evidence. The truth is, the surprise or shock which the mind receives when an individual witnesses any thing very extraordinary, has an operation in preventing exact circumstantial recollection of what has passed; and the witness, insensibly on his own part, is, in the detail of minute particulars, extremely apt to substitute the suggestions of imagination for those of recollection.—*Genius and Wisdom of Sir Walter Scott.*

TOBACCO-SMOKING.

THE following amusing observations on this practice occur in Mr Matthew's "Emigration Fields," a volume just published:—"Sucking tobacco smoke has become so general, and is indulged in to such excess, as must have a powerful effect upon the destinies of the species. In the north and east of Europe it has increased to such a degree as to act as a considerable population check; and I would desire to introduce it to the notice of our Malthusian philosophers.

The disposition or desire to suck, is no doubt instinctive—a baby reminiscence—and increased in the north of Europe, by the practice of sucking their male children too long. It is pity that this disposition or instinct to suck were not made subservient to some good, and that so much combustion did not extend to the diffusion of heat and light as well as smoke—that it could not be made to warm their cold bosoms to freedom, or enable them to illuminate the 'dark side of nature,' instead of veiling it further by transcendental cloud. Our Eastern neighbours are no doubt indebted to the demon of the 'accursed weed,' set loose by the combustion, for their dreamy philosophy, and their philosophic submission to despotic government. At the present time the weed-demon is the engrossing god of their idolatry. Although tobacco-smoking has not so immediately obvious an effect upon the system as drinking intoxicating liquors, yet from its influence being in more general and constant operation, it has comprehensively, as regards the species, a more powerful impression to disorder the brain mechanism, and derange the flow of the galvanic nervous currents, on which depends the character of our intellectual essence and organic frame. It is impossible to raise the veil from futurity; but notwithstanding the discovery of printing, instead of a progression to a superior nature, a condition of imbecility and degradation is yet in store for man—nay, even a sinking in the scale of being, unless means are taken to subvert the worship of the weed-demon. It is rather surprising that our New Zealand missionaries have allowed themselves to be hoodwinked by the subtle fiend, and made subservient in spreading his abominable rites.

In New South Wales, in the case of convict-slavery (the most pitiful condition of all), where *civilised* man is subjected to the thrall of his fellow-man, and where the feeling of degradation is embittered by the sting of guilt, tobacco-smoking may be necessary. It is even said that great numbers of the convicts would commit suicide, or take to the bush, if they did not receive tobacco to drown conscience and thought. Tobacco-smoking is a means of soothing misery and repressing energy, by inducing a dreamy stupefaction."

ATTENTION TO LITTLE THINGS.

COLONEL MACERONI, among his "Seasonable Hints," in the *Mechanics' Magazine* for January 1836, states that he has had only three pairs of boots for three years, and he thinks he shall not want any more for five years to come. And why? Why, because he has studied out a preserving preparation, suitable to the leather, and applied it in a suitable manner. Now, is there *no* use in that, brother mechanic? A little matter I know it is. Life, and the comforts of it, and the expense of it, and the use of it too, are all made up of little matters—the ocean and the land are made up of little matters—drops of water and particles of dust. I come every way, in a word, to one and the same conclusion. The mechanic, to conduct his business to advantage, or to live like a decent human being, to enjoy health and strength, to do justice to himself or family—to be, in a word, a comfortable, a respectable, or a useful person—must not be an ignorant or an inattentive man; and the more he knows and studies of the right sort of knowledge, the better it will be. This he must do for himself. Other men may do something for him. They have done a great deal, as I have shown. But they have not done, they cannot do all; no, nor the best part. A man's mind, like his eating and breathing, belongs to himself; and I should be as sorry to have my *thinking* done by my neighbour, as to have him eat up all my bread and potatoes, when I am as hungry as he is. I do not know why Colonel Maceroni, or anybody else, should have the better of me or my reader in that affair of the boots. I advise you to see to it, at any rate. And do you ask what is the colonel's recipe? I'll tell you what mine is. Go, see for yourself, my good friend. You might have invented it as well as he; but as you have not, do the best you can: read it, remember it, and practise it. Do the same in other matters. Keep a bright look-out. Take care of yourself. Mind your business. See, hear, read, think; and, my life on it, you'll come out as well as Colonel Maceroni.

There is a great deal which passes for luck, which is not such. Generally speaking, your "*lucky fellows*," when one searches closely into their history, turn out to be your fellows that know what they are doing, and how to do it in the *right way*. Their luck comes to them because they work for it: it is luck well earned. They put themselves in the way of luck. They keep themselves wide awake. They make the best of what opportunities they possess, and always stand ready for more; and when a mechanic does thus much, depend on it, it must be *hard* luck indeed if he do not get, at least, employers, customers, and friends. "One needs only," says an American writer, "to turn to the lives of men of mechanical genius to see how, by taking advantage of little things and facts which no one had observed, or which every one had thought unworthy of regard, they have established new and important principles in the arts, and built up for themselves manufactories for the practice of their newly discovered processes." And yet these are the men who are called the *lucky fellows*, and sometimes envied as such. Who can deny that their luck is well earned? or that it is just as much in my power to "go ahead" (as the Yankees say) as it was in theirs.—*From an excellent little book, called Hints to Mechanics.*

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EXTREMES.

A LIABILITY to go to extremes in all things, is characteristic of some minds, while others observe a moderation in all things. No doubt this is a good ordination upon the whole, probably because it is desirable that examples of every kind of conduct and every degree of opinion, even the most extravagant, should be held up before the eyes of the multitude, to lead, to discover, and to warn. All experience, at the same time, shows that, when extremes are acted on, the immediate result is rarely so good as if a medium had been observed. The utmost rigour of law is proverbially pronounced to be the utmost extremity of injustice. Excessive wisdom, excessive amiableness, rigid righteousness, all of them are liable to be interpreted by the common sense of mankind as only varieties of folly. An extreme predilection for any one thing, in our tastes or amusements, is, in like manner, apt to appear ridiculous, though in itself innocent, and to a certain extent respectable. In a word, there is nothing in the world which does not excite the disapprobation and contempt of mankind, when it is presented to them in its most extreme forms, while, on the other hand, it is difficult to recollect any thing which has not an approvable medium.

If we only set ourselves for a few minutes to recollection, we shall be at no loss for examples to illustrate these truths. As one out of many—To adhere firmly to a conscientiously entertained opinion, or to a course of action which may appear to have a good end in view, is universally acknowledged to be laudable. But the opinion may be erroneous (for all men are liable to error), or the course of action may be injudicious; and it may consequently be desirable that the individual should listen to other minds for counsel and better direction. Should he refuse to do so, and continue to think and act against all truth and all prudence, he will manifestly be doing wrong. His principle, which in a certain extent was laudable, then becomes reprehensible: it has been carried to an extreme. Errors of this nature, in the minds of important political personages, have caused the greatest public disasters; and we every day see it frustrating the best ends of individuals in private life. On the other hand, a too great readiness to abandon opinion, or to change a course of action, is an opposite and equally dangerous extreme. The only true safety is in a medium; that is, neither so great a fixedness as to be inaccessible to advice and counter-persuasion, nor so great a sensibility to opposing influences as to be always changing.

It is, in like manner, universally allowed that the pursuit of wealth is laudable, seeing that this desire is the great source of most of those blessings which distinguish civilised man from the barbarian. But it is only laudable to a certain extent. Avarice, niggardliness, and excessive application to business, dangerous to the health of both body and mind, are the results of this passion in an extreme; and they are generally condemned. The opposite and equally dangerous extremes are found in an indifference to wealth, profusion, and neglect of all industrious courses; and these are not less generally condemned. It is good, in short, to desire wealth, but not to desire it keenly or exclusively: it is good to spend freely, and to be easy about this world's goods, but not to spend too freely, or to be too easy. The medium is alone approvable.

Again, secrecy is necessary in many things, and it is desirable that we should be able to restrain the expression of our thoughts on many occasions. But to make a secret of every trifle, and to conceal or dissemble every thought, is detestable, and it is equally wrong to be altogether unretentive of private matters

concerning ourselves or others. A moderate degree of retentiveness, and only where the concealment has a good end in view, is evidently all that the moralist can approve of. To think very much or very little of ourselves—to be extremely rash or extremely timid—or to be extremely deferential to public opinion, or altogether regardless of it—are the well-known extremes of other dispositions, the mediums of which are clearly approveable. So it is quite proper that a man should be capable of feeling and acting upon resentment to a certain degree, but neither too furiously nor too sluggishly. In the one extreme, we have vindictiveness; in the other, we have a mildness which would allow error, aggression, and crime, to have unchecked sway. What is desirable, is an irritability sufficient to repel and check injustice, but not so great as to go beyond the bounds of reason in inflicting penalties. In short, a medium is what is desirable. There are other passions, which some have endeavoured to mortify out of their nature altogether, from a moral horror of their excesses, but which, in a medium, are perfectly good and worthy. Restraint and regulation, not extinction, is the proper treatment of these parts of our nature.

With regard to worldly condition, we find the same beauty in a medium. It is not good to be either under Afric's sun, nor exposed to the severity of an Arctic winter. The middle latitudes give a temperate atmosphere, where all the processes of organic life go on in comparative serenity. So is it not good to be in the extremes of society. Great wealth tends to produce arrogance; great penury is equally apt to produce envy. The very rich man is apt to feed too luxuriously for health; the very poor, too sparingly. Very exalted station is attended with care, and exposes to tremendous errors: very lowly station deprives of self-respect, and makes a man regardless of the public or general interest. It is best to be in one of the middle stations, where one is neither rich enough to be arrogant, nor poor enough to be envious; neither too much tempted to luxury, nor stinted of needful aliment; neither oppressed with the responsibilities of great power, nor altogether without the dignifying sense of having something to say in public affairs. The people in these middle stations are said to be, in our own country, liable to a too great straining after the style of their respective superiors, from which many evil results arise. But here we have only a good tendency in excess. It is decidedly useful and proper that individuals should wish to live as well as the grade immediately above them, because the wish is the surest means of creating the power to do so; and thus the condition of individuals is constantly improving. All that the moralist will deplore, is, that this wish should ever be entertained with too much solicitude, or indulged in without the fitting means having previously been obtained. Presuming that this wish is entertained and acted on in moderation, it cannot be doubted that the middle stations are not only those most conducive to an agreeable life, but those in which virtue is most apt to flourish.

With respect to personal habits, we find the same philosophy hold good. To be slovenly, is bad; so is it to be too elegantly or too carefully dressed, for that implies an attention to the subject that is unworthy of a man. To be dressed at the medium of care and neatness, is alone what is compatible with a just taste. To take no amusements is bad, for it deprives the mind of needful rest and recreation; so likewise it is bad to be altogether given up to amusement, for then all serious objects are lost sight of. The true plan is to take amusement in moderation. Some minds have never awakened to a taste for poetry, fiction, the imitative arts, and music, and they thus lose much

pleasure which others enjoy: again, there are some in whom nature has implanted, and use cultivated, so strong a predilection for these things, that it becomes a vice. Both extremes are bad: much pleasure may be safely derived from these things, if moderation be observed. To be very much in society is sure to deteriorate the human character, making it frivolous, and incapacitating it for taking abstract and elevated views: on the other hand, a perfectly solitary life weakens the mind, lays it open to odd fancies and eccentricities, if not to hypochondria, and ends in some instances by altogether throwing it from its balance. The medium is here also found alone salutary. Even in the simplest points of behaviour, an extreme is to be condemned. To be excessively gay, in a world where so many evils lurk around our every step, and so many onerous things call for our attention, is wrong: so is it to be always serious, seeing that the world also contains the materials of much happiness, and that gaiety in a certain extent is positively salutary. What is proper is, that we should be ready to rejoice and mourn in moderation on the appropriate occasions.

All that is here said has been often thought and said before; it squares entirely with the common sense of mankind, who long ago conferred upon the mean or medium the epithet of *golden*, as expressing the value in which they held it. It is surprising, however, how even the most obvious kinds of wisdom are apt to be overlooked in practice. Both in individuals and in societies or nations, there is at all times a great tendency to extremes: and this is very much because the one is always generating its opposite, and the pendulum is never allowed to come to rest. For example, one man ruins himself by credulity and extreme benevolence, by which others are frightened into the opposite error of excessive anxiety about their worldly interests. Another is the victim of a love of amusement, wherefore some of those who observe his fate deem it necessary to deny themselves all amusement. Some give themselves up to excessive conviviality, which causes others to become fanatically abstemious and reserved. Or it may be that the carrying of a virtue by some to an offensive extreme, causes others to lean to the opposite vice. Thus, it was the puritanism of the reign of Charles I. and the Commonwealth, which caused the profligacy of the reign of Charles II. Men that otherwise would have been good, became disgusted with all of good which that age could show, and flew to gratify outraged common sense by steeping it in folly. The present age shows a number of extremes of this kind.

When we seek for the sources of this tendency in human nature, we find that they do not lie very deep, though apt to be overlooked by ordinary observers. The tendency evidently depends on a law of the constitution of the mental faculties. All of these faculties appear to be formed on a principle analogous to one which is found to govern the parts of the physical system, namely, a healthy action in a medium, with a capability of being used, with a view to particular exigencies, in an extreme of either action or inaction, as well as in all the intermediate degrees. Every one of these faculties may be employed with propriety in a certain amount of its force, and under the right circumstances; and all errors and vices are merely a consequence of an extreme action on their part, under different circumstances from those which would justify the extreme action. For example, resentment, as already observed, is useful in a medium; and, where great offence has been offered to the moral sentiments, as by cruelty or injustice, an extreme action of the faculty for resentment would also be justifiable, governed of course by reason in the mode of its expression. But if this extreme action take place in consequence of some offence offered to self-love, and if murder or any

other unreasonable outrage be the consequence, then we have crime or vice. The more nearly we can keep by the medium in the exercise of all our mental faculties, the more likely are we to exemplify the virtues, and to enjoy tranquillity, for the extreme action is not easily adjusted to the right circumstances, although neither is it to be altogether checked. It requires to be used in moderation as to frequency, and in propriety as to occasion, and if so used, it may also be said to be employed in a medium. Thus we see, as it were in the very physiology of our mental being, reasons for holding a MEDIUM IN ALL THINGS.

HAMMERTON,

A TALE.

BY THE OLD SAILOR, AUTHOR OF "TOUGH YARNS," &c.

Few families could boast of a prouder ancestry than the Hammertons of the county of C—; but the unstrained hospitality, as well as unbounded generosity, that had marked their character, had impoverished their means, so that when young Augustus, at the age of seventeen, became the sole representative on the death of his father, he found the estates mortgaged to nearly their full worth; and he was enabled to do little more than, by the sale of personals, to raise a sufficient sum to purchase a first commission in the army, and to leave an amount in the hands of his agent to raise him a second step, should an opportunity occur to buy his promotion. But he required no superfluities; his regiment was in the revolted colonies in North America, under General Burgoyne, and in three weeks from his first mounting the scarlet, he was career-ing across the ocean for New York; where, immediately on his arrival, he proceeded up the Hudson to join, and found his corps encamped nearly opposite to Saratoga. Nature had been extremely bountiful to the young man; his stature and appearance were majestic; his manners amiable and engaging; his features remarkably handsome; but there was at times a wild and reckless impetuosity in his temper, which forced him into extremes of passion that subsequently caused him many hours of uneasiness and sorrow.

Only two days elapsed after his joining, and the disastrous affair at Bennington took place, in which Augustus was hotly engaged, and, solely by his great strength and activity, escaped the fate of his less fortunate companions, who were either cut to pieces or taken prisoner; in fact, from the successes which at first attended the royal forces, it became too customary to treat the rebellious troops with contempt and indifference; and, notwithstanding the several humiliating lessons which the former were compelled to learn, they did not grow much wiser from experience. And here it is highly worthy of remark, that British blood was opposed to consanguinity. The indomitable spirit of those who first trod the bleak New-England shore, was bequeathed to their descendants, who fought for their wives, their children, and their home—every man in such a cause was a soldier; and though Burgoyne was considered brave, yet his fondness for Indian warfare strongly embittered the feelings of the Americans against him, whilst his pompous proclamations rendered him an object of ridicule. The success of the militia and countrymen at Bennington, though rather heavy to the British as to loss in numbers, was yet more serious in its consequences, through the confidence with which it inspired the enemy. A few hundred undisciplined troops with rusty firelocks, scarcely a bayonet amongst them, and no artillery, had defeated two detachments from the army composed of veterans inured to service, well equipped, and having four brass field-pieces, which fell into the hands of the continentals, together with a thousand muskets, nearly the same number of swords, and four baggage-waggons. Before this victory, the irregulars were dispirited and alarmed, but now, elated with their triumph, they flocked to swell the ranks of the American line, and gave additional stimulus to that energy which soon afterwards set their country free.

It is no part of my intention to enter upon a detailed history of transactions connected with the insurmountable obstacles and disasters that constantly opposed and beset Burgoyne, from the period of his meeting with the check at Bennington, to the time of his surrender; suffice it to say, that in the many sanguinary contests that took place, as well as the arduous and harassing duties on the banks of the Hudson, Augustus Hammerton established his reputation for bravery, discipline, and good conduct; but even his short experience showed him that several who commanded were totally inadequate to fulfil the onerous obligations of their office; they held the enemy too cheap, till adversity taught them the necessity of respecting the valour of those foes whom they had looked upon with disdain. Wisdom with them was dearly purchased by the loss of four thousand men (many of whom were the finest in the British service), a beautiful train of brass artillery, amounting to forty pieces, and all the arms and baggage of the troops; in short, the army which had excited the highest expectations in England, and which at first spread havoc and dismay throughout the United

States, was defeated, forced to surrender, the men and officers plundered and ill used, and ultimately sent back with shame in their hearts.

In the battles that had been fought, the skill of the American riflemen had caused great slaughter amongst the British officers, so that Hammerton, at the time of capitulation, had charge of a company, to the command of which he was eventually confirmed. By the convention of Saratoga, the royal troops were to embark at Boston, but it was evidently the design of Congress to keep five thousand men from active service, for they delayed the embarkation of Burgoyne and his people as long as they possibly could, making use of pretexts and subterfuges that were both frivolous and vexatious, to justify their proceedings; and at last, contrary to the stipulations agreed upon at the surrender, the men were harshly detained in Massachusetts, then marched to the back settlements of Virginia, and scarcely any of them obtained their release except by exchange.

This campaign produced an effect upon Captain Hammerton that governed his future life; the privations he had undergone, the ungenerous treatment he had experienced whilst a captive, the incompetency of many who were placed above him, the want of subordination amongst the troops, which led to the most calamitous results, together with other circumstances, rendered him harsh and severe as a disciplinarian, when, after his exchange, he once more assumed a command; he had witnessed the evil and frequently fatal effects of a want of proper control over the soldiers, and, verging upon the opposite extreme, he became rigid in his exactions, and severe in his punishments. These peculiarities, added to the impetuosity of temper which has already been alluded to, strongly marked his future life, and proved the source of all the misfortunes by which that life was clouded. But we must not anticipate.

Shortly after his rejoining the army, Hammerton was promoted to the rank of major, and placed upon the staff of the commander-in-chief; but this not suiting his desire, for more stirring occupation he was sent in charge of a detachment to lay waste the villages in South Carolina. But Major Hammerton was not exactly the man to carry the havoc and devastation of warfare among the helpless and the innocent; whilst the atrocities practised by the Indians disgusted him beyond measure; and when, after the battle of Camden, Earl Cornwallis issued the proclamation consigning all who had taken part in the outbreak to imprisonment, confiscation of property, or death, the generous feelings of his nature revolted against a decree that afforded to cruelty, malice, and rufianism, a full opportunity of indulging unrestrained barbarity; indeed, notwithstanding his rigid notions of obedience to command, the feelings of the man almost overpowered the mechanism of the soldier, and he was on the point of retiring in disgust, when a circumstance occurred that changed the tenor of his life. In constant occupation amid the rough usages of a barbarous war, that covered the country with blood and desolation, rancour and grief, Hammerton had but little time for that social intercourse with the world which softens the asperity of human nature, and binds, by ties of endearing intercourse, the compact which constitutes man the protection of the weaker sex. He had never experienced those emotions which cause the heart-strings to vibrate; his attachments had ever been devoted to his profession. Parents, brothers, sisters, he had none; and the few relatives who had honoured him with notice previous to his departure from England, had done so in a cold and formal manner by no means accordant with his warmth of temperament; he was alone, but not desolate; the path to fame and rank was open before him, and he resolved to earn, if he did not gain, both. But still there were seasons when his milder affections longed for something gentle to cling to—something more than merely the slight friendships of the world to attach him to existence.

He was in his twenty-second year, when, in the neighbourhood of Ninety-Six, a district of the upper country of South Carolina, he encountered a party of Indians, who, in carrying out the orders of the commandant according to the proclamation of Earl Cornwallis, had attacked and destroyed the estate of a family supposed to be favourable to royalty (for on such occasions proof was not necessary), and were now carrying off their prisoners, consisting of an aged and grey-haired man, of truly patriarchal appearance, and his two granddaughters—the one, three and twenty, majestic and proud amidst the terrors that surrounded them, the other between eighteen and nineteen, shrinking with alarm from the touch of the Indians, and, with weeping eyes, clinging to her elder sister for support. Both were beautiful, though widely different in the character of their beauty. The object of the Indians was ransom; and here the authority of Major Hammerton was of no avail. The savages had but followed the strict letter of the proclamation, and that, too, even with mercy, for Mr Campbell had been guilty of concealing his only son, the surviving parent of the two females, from the vengeance of his foes; the unhappy man having obtained a British protection as a loyalist, and served in the royal army, but, subsequently, commanded a troop of cavalry in the service of the United States. This, by the decree of Cornwallis, which said, "Every militiaman who has borne arms with us, and afterwards joined the enemy, shall be immediately hanged," consigned him to a disgraceful death.

A lovely spot was the rustic cottage and grounds of Mr Campbell senior, whose advanced age rendered him incapable of taking any part in the sanguinary struggle

that was going on, but his doors were never closed against the sick or the wounded of either side, who were carefully attended and nursed so as to excite the gratitude of all; he was highly esteemed, his property respected, and his family beloved. What circumstances induced his son to quit the royal army for the continental, has never fully appeared; nor is his conduct to be defended, as he must have well known that he compromised the safety of his father and his daughters. Captain Campbell was defeated in a skirmish, and, unable to re-collect his scattered men, he fled from the field, and was hotly pursued by the enemy, who could not overtake him. The Indian allies, however, had always cast a longing eye upon the valuables in the cottage, but more especially on the ladies; and having tracked the captain to the residence of his aged parent, they at once entered the building and demanded the prisoner. Trusting to the secrecy of a particular spot, the ladies had concealed their father, and, consequently, his presence at the cottage was denied; but a young negro, in expectation of reward, betrayed the place of his concealment. He was dragged forth, and though beauty and age pleaded for his life, yet they pleaded in vain. Only time was allowed him to embrace his children, and bid farewell to his heart-broken father, for in less than ten minutes from the period of his discovery, his body was heaving with convulsive death throes as it hung suspended from the branch of a favourite tree, round the trunk of which his children had been accustomed to play in earlier years. But Indian cupidity and cruelty was yet unsatiated: the valuables were removed—the cottage burned to the ground—the plantings laid waste, and that which had been a smiling paradise, was in a few hours a scene of ruin and devastation. All would have probably shared the same fate (for by the decree all were equally culpable), but the avarice of the savages induced them to spare the females, under the conviction that their redemption would be purchased by some one.

Such was the position of affairs when Major Hammerton encountered them, and, for the first time in his life, love made an impression on his heart. The weeping Elizabeth clung to his knees, and with beseeching looks, as well as earnest entreaties, implored him to save them from their implacable and cruel foes. Never did the bloody ruthlessness of war appear more hateful to Hammerton than at that moment; but he knew the wily character of the barbarians he had to deal with, and therefore he endeavoured to restrain the impetuosity of his temper, till, thrown off his guard by the impassioned appeals of the beautiful girl, who fancied that the major's coolness proceeded from indifference as to their fate, he demanded their release. Alas! he was in a moment sensible of the illegality of his request, as well as the impossibility of enforcing it; for, except a corporal and an orderly, he was unattended, whilst the Indians mustered thirty men. The tribe belonged to the most murderous in that part of the world, and the chief instantly became sensible of his advantage.

"My brother does not speak with the tongue of wisdom," said he, calmly; "the father of his people has decreed death for treason—is it not so?"

By "the father of his people," Hammerton well understood that Cornwallis was meant; and although distressed beyond measure at the conviction, yet the fact was undeniable, that they were at the mercy of their captors. The place they were in was far distant from any of the posts; it was a piece of scenery rich in wild luxuriance. There was the tangled foliage, with its many shades of green, enveloping the dark-skinned warriors in their paint, who surrounded the prisoners, together with the major and his men, whose scarlet dresses, mingling with the drapery of the ladies, gave a vivid effect to the picture. The chief stood in the centre with his battle-axe poised upon his arm, and proposed to release his captives for a ransom.

"Name the amount," exclaimed Hammerton, with eagerness, while the full blue eyes of Elizabeth beamed upon him through her tears with gratitude.

The chief enumerated his services, the scalps he had taken, the wounds he had received, enhanced the beauty and qualifications of his prisoners, extolled the generosity of the British, and then concluded by demanding an enormous sum for the release of the ladies and their father. Hammerton felt an inclination to promise the amount, however extravagant, but his principles of honour and honesty revolted at the thought of deception; besides, he had those to deal with whom it was very difficult, if not altogether impossible, to deceive. The Indians were able and willing auxiliaries against the continentals, and it was dangerous to depart from a strict line of integrity in dealing with them. Still, Hammerton felt that the ransom demanded was far beyond his immediate means; and, therefore, after a plausible harangue, in which he depreciated the value of the captives, he finished with offering something more than half the sum demanded. The chief betrayed no emotion; there was not the slightest symptom of anger or resentment; not a muscle of his countenance changed; but, raising his tomahawk, he cleft the skull of the elder of the sisters, who fell dead at his feet. The spectacle which followed no pen can describe; the aged grandfather sank prostrate on the body of his son's child; the kneeling sister clasped her hands in speechless horror, and gazed with stupefied amazement on the deed. Hammerton's sword was instantly out, but a dozen bows were bent, and the arrows drawn to the head, against his breast. The corporal and the orderly held him back, and prevented him from rushing on certain destruction, whilst the chief, with foisted

arms, remained unmoved at the sight of the bleeding victim before him. At length

"My brother is a chief," said he, pointing to the major's uniform; "his captives are his own, and the Huron does not interfere; why then should my brother be angry with his friend for making the ransom less?"

The truth instantly flashed upon Hammerton's mind; in lessening the amount proposed, he had unwillingly consigned the noble-minded Matilda to death; for the savage, artful in his bargain, would not reduce the terms for the three, but, by putting one of them aside, he at once entered upon the major's offer, which he agreed to accept, and which the officer now unhesitatingly pledged his word should be forthcoming. The usual preliminaries being arranged, the Indians resigned possession; but on raising the venerable man, it was discovered that his spirit had passed away, and he was spared the infliction of further agony. The bodies of the dead were conveyed to the nearest post, where they were consigned to the tomb, and as soon as circumstances would admit, Elizabeth became the major's wife; and one more affectionate, more faithful, or more devoted, never existed. But, alas! their union was not destined to endure. Mrs Hammerton expired in giving birth to her second child, and the major was left with a bereaved heart, that was never to love again, and two infant sons.

We must now pass over a series of years, during which Hammerton was promoted to be lieutenant-colonel, and served in Holland, and other places, till the expedition against South America, when his regiment embarked, and was conveyed to the river Plate. Both his sons held commissions under their father, and experienced from him that rigid discipline for which he had become proverbial, and which deadened the confidence and filial feeling that a child should cherish for his parent. But still he denied them no indulgence consistent with their profession, and never suffered an opportunity to escape which promised to advance their welfare, and, as he thought, their happiness. The eldest, Augustus, combined in his disposition the high-spirited notions of his father, with much of the softened feelings of his mother: the youngest most strongly resembled the latter; and both were admired and beloved by the regiment, in which they had in fact been educated. Soon after landing, having marched to the neighbourhood of Monte Video to besiege the city, the young lieutenant became acquainted with a Spanish family, resident at a large farm about seven miles from the city walls, and near to which a strong post had been established to cut off all communication with the interior. The command of this post was given to Colonel Hammerton, and the young lieutenant, with a detachment of the regiment, remained with his father. Those who have been in South America must well recollect the fascinating beauty of the females who seduced many a soldier from his duty and allegiance, and induced them to desert, notwithstanding the rigid watchfulness of the commandant, and the severe punishments inflicted where the delinquent was caught.

Donna Isabella, the eldest daughter at the farm, was extremely lovely, and she possessed those manners which could not fail to attract admiration, as well as to attach the affections of a heart like that of the young lieutenant; in short, they became mutually bound to each other, and entered upon their earnest ardent love, as if it was the only desirable good or delight of existence. Colonel Hammerton was ignorant of this; for the young man was aware that if it came to his father's knowledge, he should be removed to a distance, and therefore the lovers communicated in secret, and met as often as prudence would allow. But at length the dispositions for storming the city were made, and Colonel Hammerton and his men were ordered to join the main body. But the colonel had received intelligence of a strong force of irregular cavalry and guerrillas advancing upon his post, which it was absolutely necessary to keep in check; he therefore determined to dispatch his son to the general, informing him of the circumstance, and requesting further advice. Augustus received directions to be prepared for departure by daylight the following morning, and strict injunctions were given that no one was in the mean time to quit the fort. Evening approached, and Augustus longed to ride to the farm to acquaint Donna Isabella that he was about to leave her, but would return as speedily as possible, and claim her as his bride. But his father kept him in his presence, giving him various instructions, and enjoining upon him a strict adherence to integrity of purpose: it was late before they separated, and the last words of the commandant were, that the lieutenant should hold himself in readiness at a moment's warning to mount and be off. Sharp were the struggles in his breast between love and duty: the young man revered his parent, but he felt convinced that even the near relationship between them would not screen him from the effects of a breach of military discipline; and yet his very soul sickened at the thoughts of leaving the place without one parting word with Isabella.

It happened that the sentry at the gate was a young soldier, whom Augustus had more than once saved from punishment, and the grateful fellow longed to testify, by some means or other, his sense of the obligation. Love overcame reason in the officer's breast, and he easily prevailed upon the sentry to allow him to take his post whilst he ran to the farm for the purpose of delivering a note to Donna Isabella, informing her of his almost immediate departure, and earnestly soliciting her to accompany the bearer, that they might enjoy

a few minutes' interview. Wrapped in the greatcoat of the soldier, the young lieutenant entered the sentry box, and, leaning against the side, weariness overpowered him, and in the midst of ruminations of happiness, he fell asleep.

It was a still, calm, cold night; the stars were brightly shining, and in the tranquillity that prevailed, none could have conjectured that the demons of mischief were abroad to work evil. Yet so it was. The colonel, restless at the news he had received, could not remain in his quarters; he rose, and after pacing the platform for several minutes, an irresistible impulse urged him to proceed towards the gate. The sentinels had promptly challenged, and received the countersign as he approached, but at the most important post no one was to be seen, not a voice heard. The wrath of the commandant was raised to a pitch of ungovernable fury. He advanced towards the box, saw the supposed sentry asleep; his sword was instantly plucked from the scabbard and plunged through the young man's heart; the colonel heard one heavy groan as the body fell to the ground, and he then passed on to the guard-house, to direct another man to be sent to the gate, and a party to remove the dead. But, in the mean time, the sentry returned with the lady, and, discovering what had occurred, he fled and joined the ranks of the enemy. The colonel was still in the guard-house when the corpse, together with the distracted Isabella, who had been found prostrate on the bleeding body, were brought in. But who can paint the stern agony of the father when he beheld the lifeless form of his son, slain by his own hand through intemperate zeal, and heard the curses, "not loud but deep," that were muttered by the guard. After perpetrating the rash act, reflection had wrought contrition; but now, what were his feelings as they extended the fine manly figure of the young man upon the table, and he saw in a moment that life was extinct; all the rigour of the soldier gave way, and the strong man wept like a helpless infant. But we must pass over the scene. Isabella became an idiot; the colonel was tried and acquitted, but he retired from the army. His second son could not be prevailed upon to quit his father, and, obtaining leave of absence, they returned to England. Here they found that the agent in whose hands he had left the business of clearing the encumbrances from the family estate, had succeeded beyond his most sanguine expectations—it was free, and he took possession. But remorse preyed upon his mind, and he determined to withdraw from the world, to some wild spot where he might toil and nurse his grief in secret. By the death of a relative, the place on Mahaica Creek was bequeathed to him, and thither he went: nor would his son remain behind; he disposed of his commission, and employed his days in striving to soothe the affliction of his parent's heart. The estate was not large, and required but few slaves; yet on the arrival of Hammerton, he made them cease from labour, gave them small allotments for themselves, merely retaining their services when required, and he commenced his own personal exertions in the construction of his botanical garden. Hospitable and generous, all found plenty and a welcome at the Solitaire, but he himself was seldom seen. The son sometimes drove to the town—the father, never; yet exercise renewed his health; the climate agreed with him; a desire to revisit the world, and place Edward in the seat of his ancestors, was reviving in his breast, when an occurrence took place that once more plunged him into misery and madness.

Whatever was the colonel's motive for suffering his negroes to live in comparative idleness, certain it is that the plan produced disastrous results, not only to himself, but also to the neighbouring planters; for the Solitaire soon became the refuge for the runaway, and a rendezvous for all bad characters, who were easily concealed by day in the thick bush that had been suffered to grow undisturbed, and at night, when necessity compelled them, they engaged in marauding excursions for subsistence. Nor were the colonel's grounds more free from depredations than those of his neighbours; whilst his tender plants, reared with much care and labour, frequently were trodden down and destroyed. Remonstrances and threats were equally unavailing, till at length he determined to make an example of the first marauder he could catch. For this purpose he secretly sallied forth after nightfall, armed with his rifle. Edward, however, detected his father's watchings, and, apprehensive that he might fall into ambush, generally contrived to be near him, though unseen. Nor were the negroes so ignorant of his whereabouts as he imagined, but, unwilling to do him personal injury, they hoped, by intimidation, to deter him from his practices; and, therefore, on one occasion they assembled in a body and entered the grounds. But the rascals had miscalculated their powers: the colonel was insensible to fear, and boldly advanced upon the slaves, who, terrified at his daring, turned to retreat. Edward witnessed the whole, and suspecting that the design of the negroes was to tempt his father into the bush, he rushed forward with the intention of preventing him. Had he spoken—had his voice been heard—the catastrophe might have been spared, but, eager to save his parent, he thought not of himself. The night was dark; the colonel beheld some one hurrying with rapidity upon him, and, satisfied it was a reprobate slave, he raised his rifle. It was the work of a moment—there was a report—a flash; the young man sprang from the ground with a piercing shriek—he was mortally wounded.

For several days did the agonised father watch over

the couch of his dying son, and could his sufferings have appeased the angel of death, his life might have been prolonged; but the decree had gone forth, and, with his last breath, endeavouring to console his distressed parent, he expired. Thus fell two fine youths by the impetuous hand of a father, who, in losing his children, was indeed bereaved and alone in the world. Once again he was tried for shedding the blood of his offspring, and as before an acquittal followed; but, bowed down with the affliction, his mind gave way under the heavy pressure, and for months he passed his whole time over the grave of Edward, who was buried by the creek side. A tomb was ordered from England, and placed upon the spot; a shrubbery in that luxuriant clime quickly grew around it, and the boatmen, as they row up and down, tune their chaunts to the memory of the departed.

Plantain grow round white man grave.

Sing sadly row:

Plantain grow round white man grave.

Sing sadly row.

The colonel lived several years after my visit, a melancholy monument of the evils which spring from rashness and ungoverned resentment. He was at length found dead by the side of his son's tomb.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

SEA-BIRDS.

ONE of the most remarkable phenomena which are observed at sea by passengers in vessels sailing to distant countries, is the number and variety of birds whose lives seem to be spent on the face of the deep. Sea-birds are among the most interesting of the works of nature. They belong to the same order of creatures as the birds that live and swim on inland waters, of which the swan, goose, and duck, are familiar examples. This order, in the Cuvierian arrangement of the feathered creation, receives the name of the *Palmipeds*, which term indicates the main characteristic of the whole order, namely, their *webbed feet*. The web-footed birds, including both the salt-water and fresh-water divisions of them, have also various other striking peculiarities of structure, fitting them for the extraordinary mode of life they pursue. Their bodies are arched beneath, and bulged like the hull of a ship, while the neck, rising from a projecting breast, represents a prow, and the short thick tail serves the office of a rudder. The feet and legs are short, and placed far back on the body, so as to adapt them admirably for the duty of oars, with the aid of the broad webs between the toes. The shortness of the legs fulfils another important purpose, by enabling the birds, when swimming, to plunge their necks, which are comparatively long, below the level of their feet, and so to procure their food. Another and still more useful provision in the structure of these birds, is the oily secretion with which their skin and bodies generally are furnished in great quantities, and which moistens their plumage so as to prevent it imbibing humidity, or being injured by the salt contained in the element on which many of them live and move. By this provision, their bodily warmth is also maintained in spite of long-continued contact with the cold waters. These are peculiarities common to all the *Palmipeds*, but the sea-birds have qualities proper to themselves. They have the most astonishing powers of flight, and, accordingly, are remarkable for the strength and muscularity of their wings; "this structure (to quote the words of Audubon) being essentially requisite for birds that traverse such large expanses of water, and are liable to be overtaken by heavy squalls." Other characteristics of the marine *Palmipeds* will be noticed in describing individuals of the order.

The most common and best known of all sea-birds is the Petrel, to one variety of which our sailors give the appellation of Mother Carey's Chickens. It might be somewhat difficult to discover the origin of this designation, but the source of their more legitimate one is well understood, and is fanciful enough. Besides the faculty of swimming, this bird possesses the power of supporting itself on the water, by striking very rapidly with its feet; and hence they have been compared to *St Peter* walking on the water, and have got the name of Petrels. The French call them *Petit Pierre* (Little Peter) from the same cause. The Stormy Petrel, or Mother Carey's Chicken, is not much bigger than a lark, and altogether brown, except the posterior portion of its body, which is white. There is also a white stripe at the end of the great wing-coverts. The Petrel is to be seen in almost all seas from one pole to the other, and often at immense distances from land. In fact, they live so much upon the sea, that their presence cannot be taken by mariners as any indication of the proximity of land. They sleep as soundly and securely on sea as on shore. The Petrels are the inseparable companions of ships on long voyages, being seen daily in greater or lesser numbers. Sailors have a common notion that when they rest on the rigging of vessels, as they occasionally do, a storm is most certainly at hand; and it is natural that the birds should seek a refuge when their instinctive knowledge of the state of the atmosphere indicates to them the approach of a tempest. They often fall victims, on such occasions, notwithstanding the uncommon strength of their wings, which enables them to fly with ease in the face of an ordinary breeze. Their usual flight is so rapid that the eye follows them with difficulty, although they move their wings extremely little, seeming to hover along the surface of the water rather than to fly. Small fishes, dead octopuses

animals, marine worms, and the spawn of fish, appear to be the food of the Petrels, and they have the power of ejecting this food from their stomachs at any time after swallowing it. This answers an obvious purpose. The length of their flight renders it impossible for them to carry food in their bills to their nests, which are built on precipitous rocks by the sea-shore; and hence their young could not be nourished without some such way of retaining the food securely till the proper time, and of giving it up at the moment it is required. Besides, the half-digestion undergone by the food will probably be no slight addition to its acceptability. A natural oil lies always in large quantities on the stomach of the Petrel, and seems partly to serve as food to the young birds, as well as to be a defence to the creature against its enemies; for it squirts out this fluid into the eyes of its assailants, and human beings have frequently lost their lives by tumbling down precipices, when blinded by this unexpected discharge.

Audubon thus speaks of a dark-greyish-brown variety of the Petrel, which is known by the name of Wilson's Petrel:—"A long voyage would always be to me a continued scene of suffering, were I restrained from gazing on the vast expanse of the waters, on the ever-pleasing inhabitants of the air, that now and then appear in the ship's wake. Ever flapping its winglets, I have marked the little bird, dusky all over save a single spot, the whiteness of which contrasts with the dark hue of the waters and the deep tone of the clear sky. Full of life and joy, it moves to and fro, advances towards the ship, then shoots far away, gambols over the swelling waves, dives into their hollows, and twitters with delight as it perceives an object that will alleviate its hunger. Never fatigued, the tiny Petrels seldom alight, although at times their frail legs and feet seem to touch the crest of the foaming wave. I love to give every creature all the pleasure I can confer on it, and towards the little things I cast over the stern such objects as I know they will most prize. Social creatures! would that all were as innocent as you! There are no jealousies, no bickerings among you; the first that comes is first served; it is all the result of chance; and thus you pass your lives. But the cloud gathers, the gale approaches, and our gallant bark is trimmed. Darkness spreads over the heavens, and the deep waters send back a blacker gloom, broken at intervals by the glimmer of the spray. You meet the blast, and your little wings bear you up against it for a while; but you cannot encounter the full force of the tempest; and now you have all come close beneath me, where you glide over the curling eddies caused by the motion of the rudder. You shall have all possible attention paid you, and I shall crawl to the camboose, in search of food to support your tiny frames in the hour of need. But, at length, night closes around, and I bid you farewell. When morning comes (continues this most agreeable of writers), the dusky wanderers are again seen around us; the rudder-fish, yesterday so lively, has ended its career, so violently it is beaten by the waves against the vessel; and now the Petrels gather around it, as it floats on the surface. Various other matters they find; here a small crab, there the fragments of a sea-plant. Now over the deep they range, and now with little steps run on the waters. Few are their notes, but great their pleasure, at this moment. It is needless for me to feed them now, and therefore I will return to my task." The notes here alluded to have the sound of *kee-ro-kee-kee*, but some species have a slightly different cry.

The Common Stormy Petrel, the Forked-Tail Petrel, and Wilson's Petrel, are the most common varieties of these birds found on the Atlantic, and some of them occur at all points between the old and new worlds. There is another species worthy of a little notice. This is the Fulmar Petrel, or the Fulmar, as it is often simply called. The Fulmar spends the summer and breeding season in northern latitudes, and returns in winter to more southerly climes. It frequents but one place on the British coasts, the island of St Kilda. Like other Petrels, the Fulmar has large quantities of oil on its stomach, and it feeds its young solely with this liquid. The inhabitants of St Kilda use this oil for their lamps, but, to procure it, they are obliged to kill the birds by surprise, otherwise the oil would be squirted out in self-defence. The Fulmars are pretty large birds, measuring about sixteen inches from head to tail, and their plumage is greyish blue on the back and wings, and white on the inferior part of the body. They are assiduous attendants on whaling-vessels in the arctic seas, and devour greedily the fat of whales, and other food of a similar kind which may fall in their way. The Shear-Water, the Dusky Petrel, and the Pacific Petrel, are other varieties of this division of birds, found in various seas on the surface of the globe. They differ little in size and colour from one another.

The other kinds of sea-birds resembling the Petrels more or less in habits, and belonging like them to the web-footed order of Cuvier, are the Albatross, the Gull, the Tern or Sea-Swallow, the Frigate-Bird, the Booby, and some members of the Duck tribe, besides several others. The most of these birds are much more circumscribed in their range than the Petrel. The Albatross has its habitual dwelling in the Austral Ocean, from the Cape of Good Hope to Holland, and is found also on the coasts of Kamtschatka. The Wandering Albatross, the most common species, is so large as to be called by our sailors the Cape Sheep, which title its white body renders not inapplicable.

Its cry is said to resemble the cry of an ass, both in tone and volume of sound. Like all others of the Palmipedes, the Albatross is a very bad walker, and rises with difficulty, but when once on the wing, it flies easily, and skims along the surface of the water with great rapidity. They often proceed to immense distances from land, and, like the Petrels, can sleep on the water with perfect comfort. It used to be reckoned a heavy crime among sailors to injure this bird, and upon this notion is founded the poem of Coleridge, called the Ancient Mariner. The Albatross lives on fish and marine remains, and is extremely gluttonous, being easily caught by the rudest bait.

The Gulls form a numerous tribe of birds, all of which frequent the neighbourhood of that element for which the structure of their bodies and palmated feet naturally fit them. Some Gulls are occasionally to be met with more than a hundred leagues from land. The Gull is one of the most beautiful of all the sea-birds; the breast is generally pure white, and the back and wings a bluish grey; the appearance of the creature is therefore light and attractive. It is a remarkably keen-sighted animal, and darts upon its finny prey from a great height above the surface of the water. It both flies and swims well, being able to brave the wildest tempest through the great strength and length of its wings. Gulls breed on rocks, or sandy beaches, and sometimes on trees. Terns, or Sea Swallows, are small fork-tailed birds, resembling the land swallow in shape. Terns are never seen to swim, though web-footed. They do not leave the land so much as the preceding birds. The Frigate-Bird is of the Pelican division of the Palmiped order. The Pelican is one of the largest of water-birds, measuring sometimes six feet in length from bill to tail, and twelve feet from wing-tip to wing-tip. Notwithstanding its size, it flies and swims with wonderful ease and power. The common Pelicans, however, live as much inland as at sea, but, as its name in some measure imports, the Frigate-Bird is more properly an ocean bird. It is larger than most eagles, and is found in all the intertropical seas. Audubon thus describes it. "When the morning light gladdens the face of nature, the Frigate-Bird, on extended pinions, sails from his roosting-place. Slowly and gently, with retracted neck, he glides, as if desirous of quietly trying the renovated strength of his wings. Towards the vast deep he moves, rising apace, and, before any other bird, views the bright orb emerging from the waters. Pure is the azure of the heavens, and rich the deep green of the smooth sea below; there is every prospect of the finest weather; and now the glad bird shakes his pinions; and far up into the air, far beyond the reach of man's unaided eye, he soars in his quiet but rapid flight. There he floats in the pure air, but thither fancy alone can follow him. Would that I could accompany him! But now I see him again, with half-closed wings, gently falling towards the sea. He pauses a while, and again dives through the air. Thrice, four times, has he gradually approached the surface of the ocean; now he shakes his pinions as violently as the swordsman whirls his claymore; all is right; and he sweeps away, shooting to this side and to that, in search of prey. Mid-day has arrived, and threatening clouds obscure the horizon; the breeze, ere felt, ruffles the waters around; a thick mist advances over the deep; the sky darkens, and as the angry blasts curl the waves, the thunder mutters afar; all nature is involved in gloom, and all is in confusion, save only the man-of-war bird, who gallantly meets the gale. If he cannot force his way against the storm, he keeps his ground, balancing himself like a hawk watching his prey beneath; but now the tempest rages, and, rising obliquely, he shoots away, and ere long surmounts the tumultuous clouds, entering a region calm and serene, where he floats secure, until the world below has resumed its tranquillity." When the Frigate-Bird has seized its fishy prey, and has carried it aloft, he exhibits great agility in swallowing it. The American naturalist saw the bird "mount with a large fish in his bill, and then, tossing it up, catch it as it fell, but not in the proper manner. He therefore dropped it, but before it had fallen many yards, caught it again. Still it was not in a good position, the weight of the head, it seemed, having prevented the bird from seizing it by that part. A second time the fish was thrown upwards, and now at last was received in a convenient manner, that is, with its head downwards, and immediately swallowed." Considering that the bird measures upwards of seven feet between wing-tip and wing-tip, it must be a splendid object to the mariners in the tropical seas. But the bird, notwithstanding its power of wing, does not leave the land to such distances as the Petrel or Albatross. Still the Frigate-Bird passes many of its nights on the waters, except at the time of breeding. The general tint of its body is brownish black, and its bill strong and broad.

The Booby is a large bird, about two and a half feet in length from head to tail, and is found in almost every sea on the globe. It has received its common name from its supposed dullness and stupidity in permitting itself to be knocked down and killed when it chances to settle about ships. But this only occurs when the bird is excessively fatigued, and the shortness of its limbs, and inability to rise, ought to be taken into consideration before the creature is charged with any uncommon degree of stupidity. Its flight is easy and graceful, but it seldom goes to a very great distance from shore.

To this list of the birds which are familiar to sailors as the inhabitants of the ocean's surface, others might be added, but these are the most common and notable ones. The general provisions which fit them for their remarkable mode of life, have been already noticed. The quantity of oil they contain renders their bodies almost too rank and rancid to be food for man; but from the same cause their feathers are most valuable for stuffing beds and other similar purposes, on account of their power of resisting humidity. The Fulmar is eaten by the St Kilda people, but this arises from the scarcity of other food. Even the common goose and duck, which belong to the Palmipeds, are too strong, as is well known, to be very desirable food.

SONGS OF BERANGER.

FIFTH ARTICLE.

We have for some time lost sight of our friend and favourite, Beranger. Again, however, let us enter his gallery of beautiful and exquisitely finished cabinet pictures, and select a few from the varied collection. Here is a sketch, executed while Beranger lay, a political prisoner, in the cells of La Force. It is entitled

THE PRISONER'S FIRE.

Right sweet society the captive owes
To his low fire, when nights are cold and long!
By me a sprite now sits, and toasts his toes,
And chats, or rhymes, or hums some fine old song.
He in the glowing embers makes me see
Forests and seas—a universe at will,
And with the smoke away my sorrows flee:
Oh, kindly sprite! amuse and cheer me still.
Restoring youth, he makes me dream—smile—weep,
Or lulls my age with memories of the past.
Lo! at his touch, across a stormy deep,
I see a ship careering free and fast.
Three masts she has—On! on! and soon her crew
In lovelier climes will drink of spring their fill;
I only cannot bid the shore adieu!
Oh, kindly sprite! amuse and cheer me still.
What see I now? an eagle soaring high,
Scanning the height of the imperial sun?
'Tis a balloon: see how her streamers fly!
And now the eye hath boat and boatman won.
Oh, if his daring breast know pity soft,
For those chained here it now most keenly thrills:
How pure and free the air he breathes aloft!
Oh, kindly sprite! cheer and amuse me still.
A Swiss canton, lo! now the embers form,
With glaciers, torrents, valleys, lakes, and flocks.
Why fled I not when I foresaw the storm,
And Freedom showed this home amid the rocks!
I would pass o'er these heights to where our flag
Still waves, methinks, as on a giant hill:
Away from France my feet I ne'er could drag—
Oh, kindly sprite! amuse and cheer me still.
A new mirage within my desert show!
Come, sprite, and roam we o'er these wooded slopes.
In vain there comes a whisper, soft and low,
"Be wise and bend the knee—your chain straight drops."
Thou who, despite the watchful turnkey band,
To make me young at fifty hast the skill,
Come, strike the fire again with magic wand!
Oh, kindly sprite! cheer and amuse me still.

In the second last of these stanzas, the poet alludes to an offer made to him of a refuge in the Swiss cantons, when he was first threatened with persecution at home; and in the first verse of the last stanza he refers to a private communication made to him on the part of the Bourbons, that a little timely concession, or display of penitence, would have the effect of softening the rigours of his doom. Beranger complied with neither of these offers; in the first instance, because he loved France too well ever to leave her voluntarily; and in the second, because the resources of his own mind brought him sufficient solace, enabling him, as we have seen, to conjure up a conversable companion even in the embers of his lonely prison-fire.

The next piece which we shall present from Beranger's collection, is one of date 1815, and which was evidently intended to soothe the recently excited feelings of his countrymen, and to produce peace and mutual forbearance between the two great parties which then changed places in France. Leaving such considerations out of sight altogether, most readers will probably agree with us in thinking the piece very pretty as a mere poetical composition.

THE OLD MINSTREL.

An humble, aged man am I.
The minstrel of this hamlet small:
Yet people wisdom in me spy,
And I have wine—unmixed—at call.
Come, and beneath the shade this day
Haste to unbend yourselves with me,
Fa, la, ye villagers, fal, lay,
Come dance beneath my old Oak Tree.
Yes, dance below my aged oak,
That stands our village inn before:
Discord still flits away like smoke,
Whene'er its boughs are waving o'er,
How often hath its foliage grey
Beheld our sires embrace with glee!
Fa, la, ye villagers, fal, lay,
Come dance beneath my old Oak Tree.
Pity the baron in his hall,
Although he be your manor's lord;
He well may envy you for all
The quiet ease your plains afford.
While he is whirled along your way,
Cooped in his coach so sad to see,
Fa, la, ye villagers, fal, lay,
Dance ye beneath my old Oak Tree.
Far from a wish at church to curse
The man who spurns the church's cares—
That Heaven may kindly bless and nurse
His crops and vines, send up your prayers.
Would he to Pleasure homage pay—
Here let his shrine of income be:
Fa, la, ye villagers, fal, lay,
Dance all beneath my old Oak Tree.

When with a feeble, faithless hedge
Your heritage is circled round,
Touch never with your sickle's edge
The grain upon your neighbour's ground.
But, sure that in a coming day
That heritage your sons' will be,
Fa, la, ye villagers, fal, lay,
Dance ye beneath my old Oak Tree.

Since peace its balm diffuses o'er
The ills that fell in clustering throng,
Oh! banish from their homes no more
The blind ones who have wandered long.
Recalling—now the skies are gay—
All whom the tempests tost at sea,
Fa, la, ye villagers, fal, lay,
Dance all beneath my old Oak Tree.

Hear then your minstrel's honest call,
And haste to seek my oak's broad shade:
From each let words of pardon fall,
Here be your kind embraces made.
And that, from age to age, we may
Peace fixed among us ever see,
Fa, la, ye villagers, fal, lay,
Dance all beneath my old Oak Tree.

In almost every one of Beranger's songs, however playful and merely imaginative they may seem, there may be found something more than meets the eye at a casual glance. His mind was incessantly attentive to the condition and interests of his country; and a recollection of its recent history, together with a notice of the dates (which he usually gives) of his compositions, will enable one to discover in his very lightest effusions the influence on his mind of passing events. And the greatness of his genius cannot be better shown than in his power of making his pieces at once the vehicles of such allusions and the objects of just admiration when regarded as mere poems. The lyrics already given sufficiently illustrate this point. Here is another to which the same observations apply. It refers to friends of the poet, who were exiled for political reasons from their country.

THE BIRDS.

Doubling its force, the winter pours
Its rage upon our roofs and plains,
The birds bear off to other shores
Their little loves and loving strains.
Yet find a refuge where they may,
This ne'er inconstancy will bring;
The birds whom winter drives away
Will come to us again with spring.

The doom of exile on them falls,
Yet more than they that doom we mourn:
From palace and from cottage walls,
Echo would still their songs return!
In some more tranquil land, may they
To please a happy people sing;
The birds whom winter drives away
Will come to us again with spring.

We envy these dear birds their lot,
Fix'd peacefully on that far strand;
For ev'n now many a cloudy spot
Warns us of northern storms at hand.
And happy those who can convey
Themselves afar on agile wing!
The birds whom winter drives away
Will come to us again with spring.

They will bethink them of our pain,
And come, when flies the storm at last,
To sit 'neath that old oak again.
O'er which so many a storm has passed:
The promise of a better day
And stabler, to our vale to bring,
The birds whom winter drives away
Will come to us again with spring.

With another piece of a somewhat different character, our present versions from the French songster may be concluded. This is a tale of a purely domestic character, more in the manner of Crabbe than Beranger's compositions usually are. The translator has adopted the English ballad-style, as best suiting the character of the poem.

THE POACHER'S WIFE.

At Anna's breast an infant sleeps,
And one upon her back she bears:
Another cold and shivering weeps,
Oppressed with more than childhood's cares.
He loudly rails at armed men,
Who bear his father far away;
For they have caught him in the glen,
As craftily he sought his prey.
A poacher and a man of strife,
He roamed the forest, wild and free.
Oh! Heav'n protect the poacher's wife—
A wretched captive now is he!

A happy maid she was and fair,
At village school the master's pride;
She read, she sang, and void of care
Full busily her work she plied.
I've pressed her hand at evening tide,
Danced with her 'neath the chestnut-tree:
But Aaron claimed her for his bride,
And, oh! a captive now is he.

A wealthy swain her love once sought,
And Anna looked his lot to share,
But he his tender vows forgot
When malice mocked her ruddy hair.
Small favour with the selfish throng
Had one who lacked the penny fee:
Heav'n guard the poacher's wife from wrong—
A wretched captive now is he!

The rover wild, of lawless life,
Cried, "Black or white, I care not whether,
But I will choose thee for my wife,
And we shall live and love together.
My arm is strong, my limbs are fleet,
In vain the keepers wait for me:
And know, I have a safe retreat,
A safe retreat and rifles three.
The aged priest who meekly dwells
Within yon castle walls so high,
When sounds the chime of evening bells,
This night the nuptial band shall tie.
Then come with me, fair Anna Rose,
And let me pay the church's fee,

And thou shalt share my bed of moss,
And love me 'neath the greenwood tree."
Oh! heav'n preserve thee, Anna Rose,
Thy husband now is torn from thee!

The yearning for the sweet employ
Of wife and mother moved the maid:
And twice she felt a mother's joy
Alone beneath the forest shade.
Her children grew in beauty rare,
Like blossoms on the vernal bough.
Oh! heav'n regard poor Anna's prayer—
Her husband is a captive now!

And faithful to the heart's best duties,
Still Anna smiles, despite her care,
For in her children's opening beauties
She marks their father's raven hair:
She smiles—for in his every cross
Her smile can lighten Aaron's brow:
Oh! heav'n regard poor Anna Rose—
Her husband is a captive now!

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

ENTER BELGIUM—LIEGE.

On the morning after our arrival we departed from Aix-la-Chapelle, and proceeded in a westerly direction to Liege, which we reached after a journey of seven hours. The road wound through a beautiful undulating country, well wooded and enclosed, and very much resembling some of the fine woodland counties of England. After passing the small town of Henri-la-Chapelle, a few miles from Aix, we arrived at the boundary of the Prussian and Belgian kingdoms. It is only, however, by seeing two custom-houses placed on the roadside, within a hundred yards of each other, that we are made aware of there being here a political division of the country. The Prussian establishment we passed unheeded, but were brought to a halt opposite that of Belgium. An officer in a dark green uniform ordered our baggage to be taken from the calash and brought into the house, where it was properly ransacked. Not finding any thing to seize, the inspector seemed rather out of humour, and offered us for sale boxes of eau-de-cologne (the fruit of former seizures), which, however, we declined to purchase, and left him to his reflections, after getting our passports visied. As we drove off, the diligence from Aix hove in sight, and looking back when we had gone a short way, we perceived the cumbrous machine stopped and subjected to the process of having its packages unloaded and its passengers examined—a process which could not detain it less than an hour in its journey. It is only by actually witnessing such interruptions and annoyances in travelling on the continent, that one can rightly appreciate the degree of liberty which we possess in our own country.

At Aix we had begun to notice the growing prevalence of the French tongue, and now, as we proceeded on our way within the Belgian frontier, indications of the general use of that language became every mile more conspicuous. In the villages through which we pass, we find the sign-boards to be all in French, the word "Handlung," which is common over shop-doors in Germany, being now exchanged for the more intelligible phrase "Marchande," or "Commerce," though, on pushing northwards among the Flemings, we occasionally see our old Dutch acquaintance "Te Koop." The appearance of every thing about us, on penetrating into Belgium, tells us that we have got into an entirely different country from that lately passed through. We now observe that the land is thickly peopled, and well inclosed and cultivated; also that the farmers do not all live in villages, but in many instances have separate dwellings among the fields. The farther we advance, the country becomes more like Holland in flatness, and is on all sides marked by symptoms of improvement, delightful to contemplate.

Belgium is that portion of the Netherlands lying on the south-west of the lower branches of the Rhine, as Holland lies on the north-east, and consists of the provinces of Brabant, Antwerp, East and West Flanders, Hainault, Namur, and Liege. Luxembourg, lying on its southern German border, and Limburg, which is little else than the lower valley of the Meuse, are two provinces claimed, as is well known, both by Holland and Belgium. Independently of these two districts, Belgium contains twelve thousand English square miles, and four millions of inhabitants. The political history of the country (the province of Liege excepted) is nearly the same as that of the northern provinces of the Netherlands, until the epoch of Dutch independence in 1579. The southern provinces were less successful in freeing themselves from the Spanish yoke, and hence their period of national freedom has been postponed to a much later date. In 1714, they were ceded by Philip III. of Spain to his daughter Isabella, when she espoused Albert, Arch-duke of Austria, by which change of masters they became known as the Austrian Netherlands. In 1795, they were united with France, and continued under its dominion till 1814, when they were attached to the northern provinces, to compose the kingdom of the Netherlands. Their separation in 1830, to form a

distinct kingdom, and to depend, for the first time, on their own united resources, is known to every one.*

The long train of national disasters, from the days of the Counts of Flanders, downwards till 1830, has stamped a peculiar character on the people of Belgium. Although originally of a kindred race with the inhabitants of the northern provinces, they have become widely different. The ancient Teutonic language, which has taken the form of Dutch in Holland, has degenerated into Flemish in Belgium; besides which, there is the language called Walloon, a species of old French mingled with German, and spoken principally in Hainault, on the borders of France. Nevertheless, modern French may be described as the predominating language of Belgium. Not only the literature, but all the communications taking place in respectable society and in commerce, are in French, so that the Flemish and Walloon tongues are only heard in particular districts, or among the very humblest classes. As the Dutch tenaciously hold to a language which no other nation will take the trouble to learn, they are placed at a great disadvantage with respect to commerce and the ordinary intercourse of civilised communities. This circumstance in itself, notwithstanding that French is pretty generally taught in their schools, must certainly have some effect in retarding their prosperity. The next most remarkable difference between the two countries is in the matter of religion. Whether from the reformation never having taken deep root in the southern provinces, or from their long connection with Spain, Austria, and France, it happens that the Belgians are almost altogether Roman Catholics, which gives a turn to their manners and usages, and probably leads to that assiduous cultivation of the fine arts—as architecture, sculpture, and painting—for which they have obtained not a little celebrity.

As I design, before concluding these papers, to offer an exposition of the present flourishing condition of Belgium, I may only here premise, that since its liberation from the Dutch government, it has advanced in manufactures, commerce, internal improvements, and social comfort, with a rapidity which is perfectly surprising. With as sturdy a spirit of industry as the Dutch, the Belgians are much more lively and salient, both in thought and expression, and consequently they are infinitely more improveable—that is, taking the more intelligent amongst them, and not the mere rural peasantry. With these slight explanations, we may now proceed on our journey, in which we shall have ample opportunity of noticing a number of interesting points and signals of improvement in this lately emancipated country.

On making a turn in the road from Aix, on the brow of a rising ground, we find before us the valley of the Meuse, with the busy town of Liege in its centre. The valley of the Meuse is reckoned as beautiful as that of the Wye in England, and is frequently made the object of a special tour in this part of the continent. At a point some miles above Liege stands Namur with its strongly fortified castle, which, as the reader of history will recollect, was the object of a sanguinary contest between Louis XIV. and William III. of England, the former being successful. From Namur down to Liege, the banks of the Meuse abound in picturesque and lovely scenery. On approaching Liege, the vale opens, and exhibits the lively spectacle of thriving villages, orchards, well-enclosed and cultivated fields, gardens, and, though last not least, tall chimnies belonging to steam-engines, which are employed in divers processes of manufacture. The Meuse, after passing through Liege, where it receives the smaller river Ourthe, proceeds down the vale to Maestricht in Limburg, and thence, after a course of a number of miles, falls, as mentioned in a previous article, into the Rhine or Maas, which flows past Rotterdam on its way to the German Ocean.

The sight of Liege at once reminds us of an English manufacturing town. We hail its engine chimnies and smoke as emblems both of wealth and advancement in the mechanical arts; and as we drive into its busy streets, and pass along its open quays, thronged with commerce, we are apt to inquire of ourselves, can all this be on the continent, and not in one of the manufacturing districts of England? Liege is built with little regard to regularity on the Meuse and Ourthe, across which there are several bridges. On the north-west side of the Meuse lies the principal part of the town, and in this direction are situated the chief public edifices, hotels, and open places. The Meuse being navigable for small vessels from the Rhine upwards to this point, and also navigable for still smaller craft as far as within the borders of France, it offers considerable facility for carrying on foreign commerce, and in some measure makes Liege a sea-port; should Holland, however, permanently acquire Limburg, or charlishly prevent the free navigation of the Maas for

* There are few things more infamous in history than the manner in which these provinces have been handed over from one foreign power to another, without in the smallest degree consulting the wishes of the inhabitants. Twice they have been given as a marriage portion like a common landed estate, once taken possession of by the French, and once forced into a union with Holland. Strange to say, their very misfortunes in these respects are used by certain writers as an argument against their present independence. Considering all things, it is surprising that the Belgians have had the spirit to wish for national freedom, or the intelligence to preserve it; surely great excuses ought to be made for any errors of policy into which they may chance to fall.

Belgian vessels, much of this profitable trade will be checked, or sent in a new channel.

The history of the province of Liege, of which the town is the capital, differs from that of the rest of Belgium. All who have read Scott's *Quentin Durward* will not fail to recollect the revolt of the Liégeois against their temporal and spiritual sovereign the Bishop of Liege (1468), and the horrid cruelties they perpetrated under William de la Marck, commonly called the Wild Boar of Ardennes, for which outrages the city was destroyed by Charles the Bold of Burgundy, and his ally Louis XI. Liege, it must be explained, became the seat of a bishop about the year 712, and under his successors, who held the province as a fief of the German empire, it rose to considerable wealth and importance. Whether from a natural desire for independence, or the over-strict rule of the bishop-princes, the Liégeois, in the thirteenth century, began to manifest a settled discontent with their condition, and from that period till near the close of the eighteenth century, the history of the district consists of a continuous series of troubles and civil wars. At length the conquest of the country by the French in 1791, put an end at once to these intestine discords, and the long-protracted rule of the princely ecclesiastics. The ancient cathedral of St Lambert, adjacent to the episcopal palace, was now utterly destroyed, and its site is at present an open square. When the general peace of 1814 led to a new distribution of kingdoms, the province of Liege was consigned to the Netherlands, and latterly it has remained attached to Belgium.

The old episcopal palace still stands. It is situated in the more ancient part of the town, which lies on the face of the gradually ascending ground north-west from the Meuse. It is a dark stone building of great extent and magnificence, with two open courts surrounded with pillared arcades. At the present day it forms the Palais de Justice, or provincial court-house and prison. The arcades of one of the courts are used as shops for the sale of goods by sundry small merchants.

In 1816, the king of the Netherlands, with a desire to improve the state of education in this part of his dominions, established a university in Liege, which now occupies a handsome edifice built upon the ruins of the church of the Jesuits, on the side of the Meuse. It possesses a museum of natural history, containing, among other objects of interest, nearly 3000 specimens of fossil organic remains discovered in the surrounding district. In the library of the institution the antiquary finds an equally interesting collection of books and manuscripts, amounting to many thousands in number, which have been gathered from the suppressed monasteries and abbeys of the province. The university has a body of forty-six professors, and its classes are attended by from four hundred to five hundred students.

In the days of its episcopal greatness, and before its destruction by the Duke of Burgundy, Liege contained 120,000 inhabitants. At present it has only 62,000, but is surrounded by a large population, who are engaged, directly or indirectly, with mining and manufactures. The valley of the Meuse, and the hills which bound it, are rich in mines of ironstone, zinc, lead, copper, sulphur, alum, and coal; also quarries of marble and slate. The iron manufacture is the staple of the district. The quantity of iron issuing annually from all the foundries in this southern part of Belgium, amounts to 150,000,000 kilogrammes (a kilogramme is 2½ lbs. English), valued at 55,200,000 francs. While Namur manufactures goods resembling those of Sheffield, Liege produces articles like those of Birmingham. The cutlery of Namur gives constant employment to above 5000 workmen. In Liege there are fifty manufactories of fire-arms, and in 1836, 349,379 stand of arms issued from these various establishments, valued at 7,000,000 francs. The muskets made here are reputed to be inferior in finish to those of England or France, but they are much cheaper, and thus find a ready market. Liege possesses one of the largest cannon foundries in Europe; it belongs to the state, and executes work both in iron and brass. Steam-engines and machinery are now made to a great extent in Liege and its environs, but principally at Seraing, an establishment situated two or three miles up the valley, on the banks of the Meuse, and belonging to the eminent John Cockerill.

The village of Seraing consists of a long and populous street extending along the left bank of the river, and from this the workmen daily cross in boats to the factory on the opposite side. The factory buildings, which enclose an old palace of the bishops of Liege, are of considerable extent, and on a most complete scale. Nearly every species of iron-work is here fabricated, from the heaviest engine to the most delicate or complicated piece of machinery. The average weight of articles turned out daily in the establishment amounts to 25,000 kilogrammes. Latterly, as the rage for setting up manufacturing establishments in Belgium and other parts of the continent has increased, Seraing has come in for a large share of the orders for machinery, as, for example, cotton-spinning and power-loom apparatus. At a subsequent part of my journey, I had frequently occasion to observe the name John Cockerill on the locomotive machines on the Belgian railways. I have little doubt that from the establishment of Mr Cockerill every species of machinery can now, or will very shortly, be supplied as well as from factories in England, and at a much lower cost. I

was informed at Liege that Mr Cockerill has at present in his employment 3000 individuals, and pays weekly in wages about £2000. The establishment possesses a material advantage in being placed over one of the inexhaustible beds of coal for which the district is so celebrated. The coal is consequently raised within the limits of the factory, close by the furnaces; which must be not only exceedingly convenient, but productive of a great saving of expense.

Some time previous to our visit to Liege, a branch of the great system of railways in Belgium had been extended to Ans, in the vicinity of the town, and we had therefore an opportunity of proceeding by the easiest and quickest of all conveyances to Brussels. By one of the many omnibuses which drive round to pick up passengers from the hotels, we were speedily carried to the railway terminus, where a train of carriages was in waiting, with its locomotive engine hissing and chafing, as if impatient to be off. A very few minutes served to set the whole in motion, and in a trice we were travelling at the rate of at least thirty miles an hour, across the flat central part of the kingdom. Whether from the levelness and straightness of the line, or the power of the engine, the rapidity, we felt assured, was much greater than what is usually experienced on the English railways. Yet, with all our speed, the journey from Liege to Brussels, a distance of seventy-three miles, was not performed in less than six hours. The cause of this was the number of delays which occurred at different places. The route proceeded in a north-westerly direction, by Tirlémont and Louvain (the latter one of the largest of the Belgian towns), to Mechlin or Malines, and thence in a south-westerly line to the lower outskirts of Brussels. Besides stopping at a number of stations to let off and on passengers, the train was compelled to stand at rest for upwards of an hour at one place, waiting for the coming up of the train proceeding in an opposite direction. There is throughout all the railways in this country but one line, so that trains can pass each other only at appointed places; an arrangement which, being calculated to produce both delays and accidental encounters, is exceedingly unsatisfactory, and must in time be remedied.

The extensive series of railways in Belgium, of which the above is a section, was ordained by a law passed in May 1834, the principal object in view having been a ready means of transit from the two seaport towns, Ostend and Antwerp, across the country to Liege, thence to the boundary of Prussia, and from that to the Rhine at Cologne. It was hoped that by a line of railway to this extent, the foreign traffic of Germany and Switzerland might be carried on through Belgium, instead of following the course of the Lower Rhine and Maas, which is monopolised by the Dutch. The idea was excellent, and there cannot be the smallest doubt that in a few years hence both the mercantile traffic, and the concourse of travellers to and from the Rhine, will take this direction, in preference to that by the lower channels of the Maas, which are of difficult and tedious navigation. The ready transit from various points to Brussels, and to the borders of France, has likewise guided the arrangement of the lines; and as the state, for the public interest, has taken upon itself the whole undertaking, there has been little or no opposition from private parties. The organisation of the lines is peculiar. Malines is constituted a centre, whence all the railways shoot out in different directions, like spokes from the nave of a wheel; and hence, in whatever direction you wish to travel, you are carried in the first place to Malines, and there, by a change of carriages, in the direction you desire to proceed. Thus, there are lines from Malines to Antwerp, to Ghent and Ostend, to Liege and to Brussels; a line to the frontiers of France remains to be executed. The aggregate length of the lines already in operation amounts to 255,110 metres (a metre is 39 inches), or 157 English miles, the expense incurred for which has been on an average 450,000 francs for each league of 5 kilometres (a kilometre is 1000 metres), which is about £6250 per mile, English measure. Only a small expense, I apprehend, is incurred for keeping the lines in repair, or for attendance. The rails are all placed on billets of wood laid across, and the line is seldom more than two or three feet above the level of the country. All the persons employed as guards and attendants, the office-keepers excepted, seem to belong to the army, as they are all decked out in uniforms, with cocked hats and swords. The vehicles for conveyance of passengers are roomy and handsomely fitted up carriages of the omnibus form, but entered by the sides, and having the seats placed transversely. The fares are exceedingly moderate, and such has been the concourse of passengers, that already, I believe, the first executed lines have nearly repaid all the outlay upon them.

DUDDEN AND MORECAMBE BAY EMBANKMENTS.

THE idea of carrying a railway across the extensive sands of Dudden and Morecambe Bay, Lancashire (in order to avoid the Westmoreland hills), has been considerably ridiculed, but we cannot see with what justice. The whole of Holland has been embanked to keep out the sea; why may not something of the same kind be done in England? Mr Hague of London is the projector of the undertaking, and we give him credit for his intrepidity. The length of the Morecambe Bay embankment is, we understand, ten miles and fifty-one chains, and the length of the Dudden is one mile and sixty-five chains. Mr Hague intends first to construct a frame-work of wood, by means of machinery made for the express pur-

pose, having first driven into the solid clay four rows of piles, twenty-one feet apart. This done, the open space between the piles is to be filled up, for doing which Mr Hague calculates he will require 10,453,785 tons of material for the Morecambe Bay embankment alone. Of this quantity, 6,149,379 tons will, he states, be brought in by the sea, and furnished in the bay during the progress of the works; the remainder will be taken from the cutting for the railway in Furness, and from the Poulton shore. The estimated cost for Morecambe Bay embankment is £362,361, 0s. 10d., or about £34,111, 10s. per mile, calculating the distance as above given. The Dudden embankment is estimated at £71,270, 8s. 6d., or about £39,322 per mile, calculating the distance at one mile sixty-five chains. Thus the whole estimated outlay is £434,131, 9s. 4d. The amount of land reclaimed by the embankment will be 52,000 acres, which, being taken at £23 per acre, the total value will be £1,196,000.

THE VALLEY OF POISON IN JAVA.

ALL the world has heard of the celebrated poison tree of the island of Java, with a fabulous account of the existence of which Europe was first imposed upon by one Foersch, a Dutch physician. A translation of his romance, as it ought to be called, originally appeared in the *London Magazine* for 1783-4, and from its extravagant nature, its susceptibility of poetical embellishment, and its alliance with the cruelties of a despotic government, it at once obtained equal currency with the wonders of the Lerna hydra, the Gorgons, the Chimera, or any other of the classic fictions of antiquity. Darwin the poet found it admirably adapted to his purpose in composing his poem called the "Botanic Garden," in which the vegetable kingdom is personified under various forms, and endowed with human feelings and passions. It may well be believed that the upas-tree would be represented in no very amiable light; accordingly, as a malignant demon, like the evil spirit amongst mankind, it is assigned the appropriate form of a serpent:—

"Fierce in dread silence on the blasted heath
Fell upas sits, the hydra-tree of death.
Lo! from one root, the envenomed soil below,
A thousand vegetative serpents grow;
In shining rays the scaly monster spreads
O'er ten square leagues his far diverging heads:
Or in one trunk entwists his tangled form,
Looks o'er the clouds, and hisses in the storm!
Steeped in fell poison, as his sharp teeth part,
A thousand tongues in quick vibration dart;
Snatch the proud eagle towering o'er the heath,
Or pounce the lion as he stalks beneath;
Or strew, as marshalled hosts contend in vain,
With human skeletons the whitened plain!"

Admitting the existence of such a dreadful plant as the upas, the above personification (notwithstanding the pomposity and grandiloquence of the style) is by no means bad; but now, when we know that such a tree never had existence, except in the brain of Foersch (who would have looked for such grave mendacity in a Dutchman!), one can scarcely forbear smiling on reading the passage.

But although the island of Java is no longer invested with imaginary terrors on account of the deadly upas, there nevertheless exists in its interior a place equally fatal to animal life—indeed, in this respect it is the most extraordinary spot in the whole world. It is called the *Guevo Upas*, or Valley of Poison, or of Death (a most appropriate name); in short, it may be called a great natural sepulchre, where no bird can alight, nor beast stray, nor human being set foot, and live. Dr Horsfield has the following notice of this fearful Golgotha:—"The Guevo Upas is dreaded by the natives, and, according to their account, resembles the Grotto del Cane, near Naples; but they could not be prevailed on to conduct me to this opening." In 1830, however, Mr Alexander Loudon succeeded in inducing some of the natives to conduct him to the valley in question, and an account of his visit first appeared in the *Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, in a letter addressed to Dr Horsfield. Whilst at Batur, on the 3d of July of the above year, he was informed by one of the native chiefs that there was a "valley only three miles from Batur, which no person could approach without forfeiting his life, and that the skeletons of human beings, and all sorts of birds and beasts, covered the bottom of the valley. At this time I did not credit all that the Javanese chief told me; I knew that there was a lake at the top of one of the hills, which it was dangerous to approach too near, but I had never heard of this valley of death."

On the following day, Mr Loudon set out in company with a friend and some natives, taking with him two dogs and some fowls, to make experiments. "On arriving at the foot of the mountain, we left our horses, and scrambled up the side of a hill, full a quarter of a mile, holding on by the extended roots and branches of trees, and we were a good deal fatigued before we got up, the path being very steep and slippery, from the heavy rains during the night. When within a few yards of the valley, we experienced a strong nauseous, sickening, and suffocating smell; but on coming close to the edge, the smell ceased. We were now lost in astonishment at the awful scene below us; the valley was about half a mile in circumference, oval, the depth from thirty to thirty-five feet, the bottom quite flat, no vegetation, a few large (in appearance) river stones, and the whole covered with the skeletons of human beings, tigers, pigs, deer, peacocks, and a great variety of birds and beasts. We could not perceive any vapour or opening in the ground, which appeared to be of a

hard sandy substance. The sides of the valley, from the top to the bottom, were covered with vegetation, trees, shrubs, &c. It was now proposed by one of the party to enter the valley; but at the spot where we were, this was difficult, at least for me, as a false step would have been fatal, and no assistance could be given. We lighted our cigars, and, with the assistance of a bamboo, we descended to within eighteen feet of the bottom; here we did not experience any difficulty in breathing, but felt a sickening nauseous smell. A dog was now fastened to the end of a bamboo eighteen feet long, and sent in; we had our watches in our hands, and in fourteen seconds he fell on his back; he did not move his limbs or look round, but continued to breathe eighteen minutes. We then sent in another, or rather he got loose from the bamboo, and walked in to where the other dog was lying; he then stood quite still, and in ten seconds fell on his face, and never moved his limbs afterwards, though he continued to breathe for seven minutes. We then tried a fowl, which died in a minute and a half; we threw in another, which died before touching the ground. On the opposite side of the valley is a large stone, near which is the skeleton of a human being, who must have perished on his back with his right arm under his head; from being exposed to the weather, the bones were bleached as white as ivory. I was anxious to get this skeleton, but I soon found that any attempt to get at it would have been madness. After remaining two hours in this valley of death, Mr Loudon and his companions returned to Batur. "The human skeletons," he observes, "are supposed to have been rebels who had been pursued from the main road, and had taken refuge in the difficult valleys. And a wanderer cannot know his danger till he is in the valley; and when once there, he has not the power or presence of mind to return."

We are further told that there is not the least smell of sulphur, nor any appearance of an eruption ever having taken place near it, although the entire range is volcanic, there being two craters at no great distance which constantly emit smoke. Indeed, the whole island is volcanic, and numerous eruptions have occurred in it. It is the opinion of Sir Stamford Raffles, that the face of the country has been repeatedly changed by these convulsions, and history and tradition support the opinion. This being the case, we are to look to volcanic agency for an explanation of the cause of this remarkable phenomenon. But first let us briefly advert to some phenomena of the same nature, but on a much more limited scale, which occur near Naples.

The Grotta del Cane, or Dogs' Cave, is the most remarkable of the many grottos around Naples which are mentioned by Pliny. It is hollowed out of a sandy soil, to the depth of ten feet and the breadth of four. A light vapour is always seen rising to the height of about six inches, but no smell is emitted, except that which is generally connected with a subterranean passage. Dogs are generally the subjects of experiment with this vapour, but its effects are the same on all animals. At first they struggle considerably, but lose all motion in two minutes, and would immediately die if not withdrawn into the open air. It is known to be the presence of carbonic acid gas which produces death merely by suffocation. This grotto has lost much of its celebrity since several volcanic caverns, emitting carbonic acid, have been discovered in other countries. We may, for instance, mention the still more remarkable and deadly Cave of Secunderah on the shores of the Caspian Sea, but prefer quoting an account of another nearer home. Mr Hamilton, British envoy at the court of Naples in 1825, has given a circumstantial and admirable description of the "Lago di Amsanctus" (the *Amsancti Valles* of Virgil), in the province of Principato Ultra, in the kingdom of Naples; and from his account, which is brought forward in illustration of Mr Loudon's communication regarding the Valley of Death in Java, we extract a few facts. The description is exceedingly interesting in itself, and valuable as throwing some light on the fearful phenomenon of Java. The lake is situated about a mile and a half from Rocca St Felici, at the mouth of a valley, and close under a steep shelving bank of decomposed limestone, which bears ample evidence of having been acted upon by sulphureous acid gas. It is of a rhomboidal shape, being in its smallest dimension about twenty paces in length, and not more than thirty in its longest dimension. The water continually bubbles up over a large portion of the surface, with an explosion resembling distant thunder, though not reaching to the height of more than two feet. The water is of a dark ash colour; indeed it may almost be called black, which is the effect of its mixture with earth blackened by the effect of the sulphureous acid gas. On one side of the lake is also a constant and rapid stream of the same blackish water rushing into it from under this barren rocky hill, but the fall is not more than a few feet. A little above are apertures in the ground, through which warm blasts of sulphuretted hydrogen gas are continually issuing with more or less noise, according as the opening is large or small. "On the opposite side of this small lake is another but smaller pool of water, on the surface of which are continually floating, in rapid undulations, thick masses of carbonic acid gas, which are visible a hundred yards off. This pool is called the Cocciaio, or Cauldron, as having the appearance of being perpetually boiling." The larger lake bears the appellation Mephitis.

The vapours arising from these waters are at times

fatal, particularly when they are borne in a high wind in one direction. "In calm weather," says Mr Hamilton, "as was the case while we were there, the danger is much less, as the carbonic acid gas will not, in its natural state, rise more than two or three feet from the ground, so that we could walk all round the lake and cauldron, and even step over some parts of it; but it was necessary to take care not to slip, so as to fall; as a very short time, with our faces too near the ground, would have sufficed to fix us to the spot. As it was, I had much difficulty in filling a small bottle with the water from the lake, as I was obliged to hold my head up high while I bent down; nor could I stoop low enough to place an insect on the ground, on which I wished to try the experiment how long it could live on it; but we saw the dead bodies of many strewn upon the ground all round the lake. They say birds, too, sometimes fall down dead either into the lake, or on the banks, and strayed sheep are frequently killed by the vapour." The gaseous products of these lakes, as ascertained by proficient chemists, are, 1. Carbonic acid gas; 2. Sulphuretted hydrogen gas; 3. Sulphureous acid gas; and, 4. Carburetted hydrogen gas. About one hundred and fifty yards from the lake, is a small stream of running water, in which, for the space of about ten yards, is a place called "The Vado Mortale," where is also a bubbling of carbonic acid gas, with a mixture of sulphureous acid gas in the stream itself. There are some other places besides those mentioned, where carbonic acid is constantly escaping; from all which we may draw the conclusion, that this is a very dangerous neighbourhood. One circumstance remains to be stated regarding the lake, namely, that with a constant stream rushing into it, and perhaps a supply from below, with the rising gas, there is no apparent exit, except when it overflows during the season of rain. But this is by no means singular, as all acquainted with physical geography know full well.

Mr Loudon offers no opinion as to what causes death in the Valley of Poison which he describes. But we have little hesitation in saying, that it is carbonic acid gas, which, escaping through some fissures in the ground, collects in a large body at the bottom of the valley; carbonic acid being much heavier than common air, settles near the surface of the earth, as we find in the case of the Neapolitan lakes. This gas, probably mixed with other gases, as in the instances referred to, is in all likelihood set free by volcanic action going on under ground, but with an intensity less than that which produces an eruption. This is supposed to be the case at Naples; for although there is no appearance of volcanic products in the surrounding district, yet all the world knows that this is a volcanic country. Vesuvius is close at hand, and, as is well known, is in a state of frequent activity. Some parts of Java are in a state of almost constant volcanic activity, there being several hot wells, mud volcanoes, and places where vapour is constantly emitted. One of these mud and vapour volcanoes has been well described by Dr Horsfield, in his account of Java; and as its attendant phenomena bear a considerable resemblance to those exhibited by the lake Amsanctus, we make an extract from his description. "About the centre of this limestone district, is found an extraordinary volcanic phenomenon. On approaching it from a distance, it is first discovered by a large volume of smoke rising and disappearing at intervals of a few seconds, resembling the vapours arising from a violent surf. A dull noise is heard, like that of distant thunder. Having advanced so near that the vision was no longer impeded by the smoke, a large hemispherical mass was observed, consisting of black earth, mixed with water, about sixteen feet in diameter, rising to the height of twenty or thirty feet, in a perfectly regular manner, and, as it were, pushed up by a force beneath; which suddenly exploded with a dull noise, and scattered about a volume of black mud in every direction. After an interval of two or three, or sometimes four or five seconds, the hemispherical body of mud or earth rose and exploded again. In the same manner, this volcanic ebullition goes on without interruption, throwing up a globular body of mud, and dispersing it with violence through the neighbouring plain." Farther on, we are told that "a strong, pungent, sulphureous smell, somewhat resembling that of earth-oil, is perceived on standing near the explosion; and the mud recently thrown up possesses a degree of heat greater than that of the surrounding atmosphere. It owes its origin to the general cause of the numerous volcanic eruptions which occur on the island."

We must briefly advert to the coincidences between the two phenomena. They both occur in districts where lime is present, it would appear, in abundance, in combination both with carbonic acid and with sulphuric acid. By internal heat these are disengaged from the lime with which they are combined, and of course seek a vent and rise to the surface of the ground. Sulphuretted and carburetted hydrogen are gases often formed in the bowels of the earth by the agency of heat, in connection with other causes, and emitted in certain localities. They make their escape at the Lago di Amsanctus, and in all probability at the mud volcanoes of Java. But this is an immaterial point. Whether carbonic acid gas be present in the Java case, we know not, as Dr Horsfield is silent upon the subject; he does not appear to have made any experiments with animals, so that the evidence is negative. It may be present, as in the Neapolitan instance, and very likely it is so. In both cases the vapours

make their escape with a noise resembling "distant thunder," such is the descriptive phrase employed by both writers. The water of the one, and the mud of the other, is coloured black by the action of sulphureous acid gas upon the earthy matter. This is the only one of the gases mentioned which is visible to the eye as a vapour; carbonic acid, sulphuretted hydrogen and carburetted hydrogen gases, being all colourless, so that Mr Hamilton is in error when he says that the undulating masses which are visible at some hundred yards' distance are carbonic acid. The vapour is certainly sulphureous acid gas, but having the others mixed with it of course. Dr Horsfield expressly states that when standing "near the explosion" he felt a "strong, pungent, sulphureous smell." Did our limits permit, we might point out other coincidences, but we have shown enough to warrant the conclusion, that the phenomena are of the same description, and produced by the same cause.

There being no vapour seen in the Valley of Poison, is neither for nor against the supposition that carbonic acid is the cause of death to animals, because it is a colourless gas, and may be present in great quantity without being visible. Our object in bringing forward the case of the mud volcano, is to prove that at least one of the gases discharged from the Neapolitan lake is also emitted by it, and that, as in the first instance, the same cause likewise sets free carbonic acid, so in the second it may do the same, although the latter gas issues in another locality, and unaccompanied by visible vapour. There is no necessity for the contemporaneous existence of all the gases in either instance; and the one which appears in the shape of smoke, namely, sulphureous acid gas, may therefore be absent in the case of the Valley of Death.

Lastly, we may observe, that carbonic acid is the gas which is so destructive to the lives of those shut up with burning charcoal, and which is also found in brewers' vats, in cellars, wells, drains, graves, and other places which have been long unopened, and into which it may prove fatal to descend until they are ventilated. Carbonic acid in a more harmless shape gives its effervescing quality to the humble beverage, soda water. Thus, by a coincidence by no means singular in nature, does the same gas afford a mortal poison, and a luxurious refreshment. It has lately been reduced to a solid state in a very ingenious manner by Mr T. K. Kemp, chemist in Edinburgh. It is not, therefore, at all unlikely that in this condensed form carbonic acid may yet prove very useful in the arts and in medicine.

MOTTOS.

The observation of an extremely happy and humorous motto, in a most unlooked-for place, has called our attention to this subject. No man of woman born, who ever lights gas or candle, or seals a letter, needs now-a-days to be told what a Lucifer match is. One of the numerous vendors of this article about the British metropolis, desirous of announcing emphatically the great reduction which he had made in its price, has placed in his window the following inscription, in large letters—"Oh, Lucifer, how art thou fallen! only one penny a-box!" Doubtless, a considerable increase in sale has been the consequence of this clever hit, and the man deserved it. In the matter of books, also, a well-selected motto is a thing not altogether unimportant. The sight of it, on a title-page, leads one to anticipate good stuff within.

The famous contest between Byron and the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles, respecting the question of Pope's poetical genius and character, brought out nothing better, in its whole progress, than the mottos respectively affixed by the combatants to their lucubrations. Byron's attack on his clerical contemporary had this bold line on its title page: "I will play at Bowls." Bowles, with equal point and greater courtesy, replied with the inscription, "He that plays at Bowls must expect Rubbers." These prefatory "pellets of wit" were worthy of the men, and of their high argument. One of the happiest mottos ever hit on, perhaps, was that with which Sir Walter Scott opened his confessions and revelations, at the commencement of his new edition of the Waverley Novels. There is consummate modesty in it—

And must I ravel out
My weaved-up follies?—Richard II. Act IV.

The motto which long headed the pages of the Examiner newspaper, was very generally admired for its force and point—

Party is the madness of many, for the gain of a few.

The same writer (Leigh Hunt) who in all probability selected the preceding motto, has a very appropriate and characteristic one on the title-page of his Indicator, a series of light periodical essays, to the discursive nature of which the subjoined lines are particularly applicable—

There he arriving round about doth sit,
And takes survey with bume, curious eye:
Now this, now that, he teacheth sundrily.

Samuel Johnson defines a motto to be "a sentence or word prefixed to any thing written, or added to a device." The latter sense of the term alludes chiefly to the words or sentences accompanying the armorial bearings of different families. Some of these are curious in more respects than one. The motto of the family of Cunningham, for example, is "Over fork over," and their arms a long fork, or instrument with which hay is thrown up to horses. Some genealogical works merely say that this motto was taken by

the family on account of their having at one time the mastership of the king's stables and horses. But its true origin is much more interesting than this account would make it. One of our old Scottish kings, being pursued by enemies, and in mortal peril, took refuge in the house of a Cunningham, or at all events of the ancestor of the Cunninghams. This person was loyal to his king, and concealed him beneath some hay or straw, while he busied himself in forking over when the monarch's foes came to the place. The seemingly natural and ordinary character of the occupation deceived the hunters, and the king was saved. In gratitude for the deed, he afterwards bestowed lands on his preserver, and gave him the commemorative armorial bearings, which his descendants, the Cunninghams, still bear.

Some of the mottoes of the peerage are remarkable as containing puns on the names of the families who have chosen them. Some of these plays on words are good, others detestably bad. The family motto of the Vernons is one of the best: "Ver non semper viret," which may either be read "Vernon always flourishes," or "Spring does not always flourish," in which latter truism, it must be allowed, there is little appropriateness, unless, indeed, we hold it as a warning to "make hay while the sun shines." Perhaps a better motto of this species is that which the noble family of Onslow have selected. This is "Festina lente," an old Latin proverb, signifying "on slow," or "hasten slowly," an advice at once to progress, and a caution at the same time to beware of imprudent haste. The Scottish Barons Fairfax have a pithy quibble for their family motto; namely, "Fare fac," which, being translated, signifies "Speak, do." This is not very happy, as it has been generally held a better rule "faire sans dire," "to act without much talking," which is the motto of the Fox family. The motto of the Nevilles is another of these punning devices, and is a tolerable one on the whole. "Ne vile velis," "Incline to nothing base." Very similar is the motto of the Fanes Earls of Westmoreland, which runs thus, "Ne vile fano," "Bring nothing base to the fane," or temple. The dual house of Cavendish has the words "Cavendo tutus," signifying "Safe by caution," as its motto. All these are respectable quibbles enough in their way, but as much cannot be properly said for the succeeding ones. "Forte scutum salus ducum" is a piece of bad Latin, intended to express that a "strong shield is the safety of commanders," and embodying in its first syllables the name of Fortescue, of which family it is the motto. Another of the same kind is that of the noble Irish family of Maynard: "Manus justa nardus," "The just hand is a precious ointment." This is too obviously a manufacture for a purpose, and but for the poor pun involved, could have been taken by nobody as a motto. Worse rather than better is the device of the Barons Henniker, whose family name is Major. "Deus major columna," "God is the great support," are the words in question. With a little more skill, though at the cost of employing an obsolete Latin word, the family of Aston have contrived to get their name nearly hitched into a line of a decent kind as regards sense. Their motto is, "Numini et patrie asto," "I stand to God and my country." But the greatest degree of vanity, and the weakest invention exhibited in this way, occur in the case of the Temples, or at least the Buckingham branch of that family. "Templa quam dilecta," in English, "Temples, how beloved," is the sentence alluded to. The second meaning, or *double entendre*, is nothing else than, "What an amiable family the Temples are!" From such armorial mottoes as these, it is a pleasure to turn to that now borne by the line of Bruce, once royal and yet noble. A single word forms their dignified and pathetic motto, "Fuimus," "We have been." Volumes could not tell more emphatically the history of the house.

One of the most apt and perfect of all witty mottoes, was that suggested by Henry Erskine for the family arms of Gillespie, the founder of Gillespie's Hospital at Edinburgh, and who had made a fortune by dealings in snuff. The lines

Who could have thought it,
That noses had bought it?

were those proposed by the witty lawyer, but Mr Gillespie did not, we fear, adorn his carriage with them, though, for the credit of his sense, it is to be hoped he enjoyed their humour. For the present, we leave the subject of mottoes. On falling in with a few more of a curious kind, we may return to it.

IRISH WIT AND HUMOUR.

The poverty of the Irish is not exaggerated—neither is their wit—nor their good humour—nor their whimsical absurdity—nor their courage. WIT—I gave a fellow a shilling on some occasion when sixpence was the fee! "Remember you owe me sixpence, Pat!" "May your honour live till I pay you!" There was courtesy as well as art in this, and all the clothes on Pat's back would have been dearly bought by the sum in question. HUMOUR—There is perpetual kindness in the Irish cabin; butter milk, potatoes; a stool is offered, or a stone is rolled that your honour may sit down and be out of the smoke, and those who beg every where else seem desirous to exercise free hospitality in their own houses. Their natural disposition is turned to gaiety and happiness; while a Scotchman is thinking about the term day, or, if easy on that subject, about hell in the next world; while an Englishman is making a little hell in the present, because his mufin is not well roasted—Pat's mind is always turned to fun and ridicule. They are terribly excitable to be sure, and will murder you on slight suspicion, and

find out next day that it was all a mistake, and that it was not yourself they meant to kill at all at all.—*The Genius and Wisdom of Sir Walter Scott.*

SCOTT'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

Read, my dear Charles, that which is most useful. Man only differs from birds and beasts because he has the means of availing himself of the knowledge acquired by his predecessors. The swallow builds the same nest which its father and mother built, and the sparrow does not improve by the experience of its parents. The son of the learned pig, if it had one, would be a mere brute, fit only to make bacon of. It is not so with the human race. Our ancestors lived in caves and wigwags, where we construct palaces for the rich, and comfortable dwellings for the poor; and why is this?—but because our eye is enabled to look back upon the past, to improve upon our ancestors' improvements, and to avoid their errors. This can only be done by studying history, and comparing it with passing events.—*The same.*

WEEDS.

BY J. F. SMITH.

Scorn not those rude, unlovely things,
All cultureless that grow;
And rank o'er woods, and wilds, and springs,
Their vain luxuriance throw.
Eternal love and wisdom drew
The plan of earth and skies;
And He, the span of heaven that threw,
Commands the weeds to rise.
Then think not nature's scheme sublime
These common things might spare:—
For science may detect in time
A thousand virtues there.

BRUMMELIANA.

THE celebrated Beau Brummel was the subject of a short paper in the Journal, No. 297. To the memorabilia of him, there recorded, the following, from a publication of past date, entitled the Literary Pocket-Book, form an appropriate addition:—

Having taken it into his head, at one time, to eat no vegetables, and being asked by a lady if he had never eaten any in his life, he said, "Yes, madam; I once ate a pea."

Being met limping in Bond Street, and asked what was the matter, he said he had hurt his leg, and "that the worst of it was, it was his favourite leg."

Somebody inquiring where he was going to dine next day, was told that he really did not know: "they put me in a coach and take me somewhere."

He pronounced of a fashionable tailor that he made a good coat, an exceedingly good coat, all but the collar: nobody could achieve a good collar but Jenkins.

Having borrowed some money of a city beau, whom he patronised in return, he was one day asked to repay it; upon which he thus complained to a friend: "Do you know what has happened?" "No." "Why, do you know, there's that fellow Tomkins, who lent me five hundred pounds; he has had the face to ask me for it; and yet I had called the dog 'Tom,' and let myself dine with him."

"You have a cold, Mr Brummel," observed a sympathising group. "Why, do you know," said he, "that on the Brighton road, the other day, that infidel Weston (his valet) put me into a room with a damp stranger."

Being asked if he liked port, he said, with an air of difficult recollection, "Port? Port?—Oh, port!—Oh, ay; what, the hot intoxicating liquor so much drunk by the lower orders?"

Going to a rout, where he had not been invited, or rather, perhaps, where the host wished to mortify him, and attempted it, he turned placidly round to him, and, with a happy mixture of indifference and surprise, asked him his name. "Johnson," was the answer. "Jaulnson," said Brummel, recollecting, and pretending to feel for a card; "Oh, the name, I remember, was Thaumson (Thompson); and Jaulnson and Thaumson, you know, Jaulnson and Thaumson, are really so much the same kind of thing!"

A beggar petitioned him for charity, even if it was only a farthing: "Fellow," said Mr Brummel, softening the disdain of the appellation in the gentleness of his tone, "I don't know the coin."

Having thought himself invited to somebody's country seat, and being given to understand, after one night's lodging, that he was in error, he told an unconscious friend in town, who asked him what sort of a place it was, that it was an "exceedingly good place for stopping one night in."

Speaking lightly of a man, and wishing to convey his maximum of contemptuous feeling about him, he said, "He is a fellow, now, that would send his plate up twice for soup."

It being supposed that he once failed in a matrimonial speculation, somebody condoled with him; upon which he smiled, with an air of better knowledge on that point, and said, with a sort of indifferent feel of his neckcloth, "Why, sir, the truth is, I had great reluctance in cutting the connection; but what could I do? (Here he looked deploring and conclusive.) Sir, I discovered that the wretch positively ate cabbage."

On being asked by a friend, during an unseasonable summer, if he had ever seen such a one? "Yes," replied Brummel, "last winter."

On a reference being made to him as to what sum would be sufficient to meet the annual expenditure for clothes, he said, "that with a moderate degree of prudence and economy, he thought it might be managed for eight hundred per annum."

He told a friend that he was reforming his way of life. "For instance," said he, "I sup early; I take a-a-little lobster, an apricot puff, or so, and some burnt champagne, about twelve; and my man gets me to bed by three."

ECONOMY OF A SCOTCH FARM.

The Scotch system of farming having been frequently praised for its superiority, the following statements relating to a farm in the county of Haddington may not be uninteresting to our agricultural readers. The account is collected from the evidence of Mr Brodie, the occupier, and may be seen at length in the third report of the select committee appointed to inquire into the state of agriculture. The farm consists of 500 acres, cultivated according to the following rotation:—The first is fallow and barley; the next wheat, and perhaps a little barley after the turnips; the third is pastured grass; the fourth is oats; the fifth is drilled peas and beans, mixed in proportion of four bushels of beans to one of peas; and the potatoes are generally planted upon a portion of this break, upon the dry land. Very little hay is cut, from 12 to 20 acres; a small portion of grass is raised off, to cut green for the horses; and in winter they are fed on straw of the beans and peas, which is very nutritious when well got. The farm is divided into six breaks, as nearly equal as possible. The first year, 40 acres in one of the breaks may be a fallow. In the next year, all that has been summer fallowed, is sown with wheat, and in a good season, part of the land which was sown on turnips is sown with wheat, and if not with wheat, with barley. Two-thirds of it is in wheat, and the remainder in barley. There are about 80 acres of grass altogether. Barley has been tried after grass, but has not answered. The oats are about 80 acres, and are not got in with once ploughing. Fallow is sown with wheat about the end of September, and the bean land as soon after that as possible. If the land is dry and in good order, it is sown any time before the end of November. The produce per acre is as follows—Wheat 3 qrs. 5 bushels; oats 6 qrs.; barley 5 qrs. 3 bushels; beans 3 qrs. 2 bushels; potatoes 34 bushels. A pair of horses is kept for every 62½ acres. The poor-rates amount to L.10, and are equally divided between the landlord and the tenant.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

CIGAR MANUFACTURE.

The manufactory of Malaga employs 700 persons (women and children) in making cigars. A good pair of hands at the work may furnish three hundred a-day; but (as the children cannot make half that number) taking the average at two hundred, gives a daily supply of 140,000. The manufactory of Seville employs 1000 men, and 1600 women. These 2600 persons may be calculated as furnishing, on an average, 250 each per diem; or, altogether, 650,000. Add to this number the 140,000 made at Malaga, and we have 790,000 as the "total of the whole" manufactured daily in Spain. The persons employed in the manufactory of cigars are paid at the rate of one real vellon for fifty, which enables even a first-rate maker to earn but fifteenpence a-day. The best cigars are made entirely of Havana tobacco, and are sold at the factory at the rate of thirty real vellons a-hundred, or about three farthings English each. The second quality, composed of mixed tobacco (that is, the interior of Havana leaf, and the outside of Virginia), cost eighteen real vellons per hundred, or something under a halfpenny each. It may be seen, from this statement of the cost of cigars of the royal manufactory, that smuggling cannot but prosper; since, at the Havana, the very best cigars are sold for twelve dollars a-thousand (or a trifle above a halfpenny each), whilst those of inferior quality may be had for one-fourth that price.—*Captain Scott's Excursions in Spain.*

REGULATION OF DIET.

Many shut themselves up entirely, in unpleasant weather, during the long winter, or whenever they find a pressure of business within, or unpleasant weather without; and yet they eat just as voraciously as if they took exercise every day. To say that no attention is to be paid to diet, is madness. You must pay attention to it sooner or later. If you are faithful to take regular, vigorous exercise every day in the open air, then you may eat, and pay less attention to quantity and quality. But if you take but little exercise, you may be sure that you are to be a severe sufferer if you do not take food in the same proportion. I do not ask you to diet, that is, to be as difficult, and as changeable, and as whimsical, as possible, as if the great point were to see how much you can torment yourself and others; but I do ask you to beware as to the quantity of food which you hurry into the stomach three times each day, without giving it any rest. It is the quantity, rather than the kinds of food, which destroys sedentary persons; and it is certainly true that the more simple the food, the better. If you are unusually hurried this week; if it storms to-day, so that, in these periods, you cannot go out and take exercise, let your diet be very sparing, though the temptation to do otherwise will be very strong. When by any means you have been injured by your food, have overstepped the proper limits as to eating, I have found, in such cases, that the most perfect way to recover is to abstain entirely from food for three or six meals. By this time the stomach will be free, and the system be restored. I took the hint from seeing an idiot who sometimes had turns of being unwell; at such times he abstained entirely from food for about three days, in which time nature recovered herself, and he was well. This will frequently, and perhaps generally, answer instead of medicine, and is every way more pleasant. The most distinguished physicians have ever recommended this course. It is a part of the Mahomedan and Pagan systems of religion, that the body should be recruited by frequent fastings. Let a bull-dog be fed in his infancy upon pap, Naples biscuit, and boiled chicken; let him be wrapped in flannel at night, sleep on a good feather bed, and ride out in a coach for an airing; and if his posterity do not become short-limbed, puny, and valetudinarian, it will be a wonder.—*Todd's Student's Manual.*

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THE HEROINES OF BURNS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

It has been said that the visit of Burns to Edinburgh in the winter of 1787-8, opened up a new world to him. One peculiar novelty to which it introduced him was the society of elegant and accomplished women. Such a phenomenon had not previously crossed his path, and it was one calculated to make a deep impression on him. He regarded them with as much admiration as he had previously bestowed on the homely maidens of Kyle, but it was an admiration in which reverence was mingled. His address to them was extremely deferential—so we are informed by Sir Walter Scott—and "always with a turn to the pathetic or humorous which engaged their attention particularly." Another witness, herself a lady moving in the highest walk of life—the late Duchess of Gordon—described the power of his conversation with persons of her stamp by the Scottish phrase, that "nothing ever had carried her so completely off her feet." Amongst the first gentlewomen with whom he formed any friendship, were Miss Margaret Chalmers and Miss Catherine Hamilton, the latter being sister to his friend Mr Gavin Hamilton of Mauchline. A relationship between the two ladies had ripened into a warm attachment, and Burns seems to have always regarded them as a binity of female loveliness and worth, rather than as two persons. An elder sister of Miss Chalmers, by name Lady Mackenzie, added an equally agreeable third to the group. We get an affecting insight into the pleasure which their society conferred on him, from a passage in a letter written by him to Miss Chalmers, after he had retired to the country, to resume his life of obscure toil—"When I think of you—hearts the best, minds the noblest of human kind—unfortunate even in the shades of life, when I think I have met with you, and have lived more of real life with you in eight days than I can do with almost any body I meet with in eight years—when I think on the improbability of meeting you in this world again—I could sit down and cry like a child!" He never did see any of them again.

During the autumn of 1787, being engaged in writing songs for Johnson's Scottish Musical Museum,* he resolved to canonise Miss Hamilton and Miss Chalmers. Upon the former—whom he has in prose described as "not only beautiful, but lovely," of "an elegant form," features not regular, but invested with "the smile of sweetness and the settled complacency of good nature," and "a complexion equal to Miss Burnett's"†—upon her he wrote his song "How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon," in which occurs the following exquisite stanza:—

"Mild be the sun on this sweet blushing flower,
In the gay rosy morn, as it bathes in the dew!
And gentle the fall of the soft vernal shower,
That steals on the evening each leaf to renew."

Miss Chalmers, on the other hand, was the Peggy of

his song beginning "Where braving winter's angry storms," and of another beginning "My Peggy's form, my Peggy's face," in which last he chiefly insists on the mental beauties of the heroine—

"The lily's hue, the rose's dye,
The kindling lustre of an eye;
Who but owns their magic sway!
Who but knows they all decay!
The tender thrill, the pitying tear,
The generous purpose, nobly dear,
The gentle look, that rage disarms—
These are all immortal charms."

Miss Chalmers was married in the ensuing year to a gentleman named Hay, and we are given to understand that she still lives, at Pau, in the Pyrenean district of Berne. Miss Hamilton, two or three years later, became the wife of Dr Adair, of Harrowgate, a gentleman whom Burns had been the means of introducing to her; she has long been gone to the land of the generous and faithful.

The year 1787 was drawing to a close, and Burns was contemplating an immediate departure from Edinburgh, when, drinking tea one evening at the house of a Miss Nimmo, in Alison Square, he met a young married lady, named Mrs Agnes Craig or McLehose, who was destined to be one of the most distinguished of all his many heroines. This lady was, by birth, connected with some of the most eminent literary and philosophical persons who flourished in Scotland during the last century. Her paternal grandfather was the Rev. John MacLaurin, one of the ministers of Glasgow, and author of a volume of sermons, one of which, in particular, has been in high repute for a century, as a model of evangelical piety and pulpit eloquence. Colin MacLaurin, the eminent mathematician, and friend of Newton, was brother to this gentleman, and consequently granduncle to our heroine. Mrs McLehose was also cousin to the Hon. William Craig, a judge of the supreme civil and criminal courts in Scotland, and further distinguished as one of the principal writers in the *Mirror and Lounger*, the last of the brilliant line of the British Essayists. The lady was beautiful, possessing in particular very fine dark eyes, and her conversation was remarkable for an intelligent sprightliness and naïveté, though expressed in the phraseology and accent of her native country. Her matrimonial connection had proved, from no fault on her part, unhappy, and she now resided in Edinburgh, with two young children, while her husband pushed his fortune in Jamaica, where he ultimately became chief clerk of the Court of Common Pleas, and died in 1812. It was impossible for two minds, such as those of Burns and Mrs McLehose, constituted alike with superior intellect, and ardent feelings, to meet without being mutually pleased, and becoming in some degree mutually attached. The lady, from her high admiration of his poems, had long wished to know the bard; and when she left the house, Miss Nimmo did not fail to rally the poet on the impression which had evidently been made upon him. Burns, with the prospect before him of quitting Edinburgh in eight days, probably for years, could only express his regret that he had not made the acquaintance earlier. We learn from the series of letters which he addressed to the lady, that he had expected again to meet her after an interval of two days, but on that day met with an unlucky accident, a bruised limb from the fall of a coach, by which he was prevented from attending to his appointment. The accident, confining him to his room for several weeks in Edinburgh, gave him an opportunity of cultivating the friendship of Mrs McLehose by correspondence. After writing two or

three letters to him with her usual signature, in answer to one of his, she, in the spirit of romance, took the name of Clarinda, and he immediately followed up the idea by assuming that of Sylvander, as suitable to his rustic education. The fact that she also had some share of the poetical gift was soon made known to him, and on his enclosing for her some of his recent attempts in verse, she returned the compliment by sending him a little poetical effusion, the first of her efforts in that way, which she had some years before, while living at Burntsfield Links, composed on hearing a blackbird singing near what is now St Margaret's Convent in that neighbourhood, the ideas, to use her own words, coming into her mind like inspiration: they are as follow:—

"Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care,
Thy tuneful notes will hush despair;
Thy plaintive warblings, void of art,
Thrill sweetly through my aching heart.
Now chuse thy mate and fondly love,
And all the thrilling transport prove;
While I a love-lorn exile live,
Nor transport or receive or give.

For thee is laughing Nature gay,
For thee she pours the vernal day;
For me in vain is nature drear,
While joy is stranger to my breast!
These sweet emotions all enjoy;
Let love and song thy hours employ!
Go on, sweet bird, and soothe my care,
Thy tuneful notes will hush despair."

Burns, in reply, complimented her on her "fine taste and turn for poesy," and mentioned that Dr Gregory, to whom he had shown the verses, could scarcely be persuaded that they were the composition of a young unknown female. He, in the same letter, spoke of love, such love as genial souls of whatever sex can feel for each other—described himself as a will-o'-wisp being, composed of pride and passion, but too little of a calculator to be capable of forming a design against her—and added what follows:—"Tis true I never saw you but once; but how much acquaintance did I form with you in that once! Of all God's creatures I ever could approach in the beaten way of my acquaintance, you struck me with the deepest, the strongest, and most permanent impression. I say the most permanent, because I know myself well, and how far I can promise either on my prepossessions or powers. Why are you unhappy, and why are so many of our fellow-creatures, unworthy to belong to the same species with you, blest with all they can wish? You have a hand all benevolent to give: why were you denied the pleasure? You have a heart formed—gloriously formed—for all the most refined feelings: why was that heart ever wrong! Oh, Clarinda, shall we not meet in a state, some yet unknown state of being, where the lavish hand of plenty shall minister to the highest wish of benevolence! * * * * If we do not, man was made in vain."

The word love used in this letter distressed the pure mind of Clarinda, and in her answer she enclosed the following verses—

"Talk not of Love, it gives me pain,
For Love has been my foe;
He bound me with an iron chain,
And plunged me deep in woe.

But Friendship's pure and lasting joys
My heart was formed to prove;
There, welcome, win and wear the prize,
But never talk of Love."

The poet proved to be highly pleased with this epigram, the third and fourth lines of which he considered

* We are glad to learn that this valuable repertory of Scottish music and song is about to be republished by Messrs Blackwood, with a volume of extremely interesting notes by the late Mr W. Stenhouse, and some additions to these by Mr David Laing.

† Eliza Burnett, youngest daughter of the learned and eccentric Lord Monboddo, was celebrated by Burns in his "Address to Edinburgh," but she scarcely ranks as one of his heroines, not being the subject of any distinct song from his pen. Of her exquisite beauty a faithful and very pleasing representation is given in a work now in course of publication, entitled "The Land of Burns." She died of consumption in June 1790.

worthy of Sappho; and he added the two following verses in accordance with the strain of her letter:—

“Your friendship much can make me blest,
Oh, why that bliss destroy?
Why urge the only one request
You know I must deny?
Your thought, if love must harbour there,
Conceal it in that thought;
Nor cause me from my bosom tear
The very friend I sought.”

And he caused both the former and this poem to be inserted, in connection with proper music, in Johnson's Museum.

The correspondence went on for several weeks, during the confinement of the poet, who, after the first interview at Miss Nimmo's, never saw Clarinda all that time. At length he so far recovered as to be able to walk abroad, and the first use he made of his regained strength was to call for Clarinda. The letters of the poet show how keenly he enjoyed the conversation of the lady on this and similar occasions, during the very short time which he was able to spend in Edinburgh. He then saw, to use his own enthusiastic language, “a bosom glowing with honour and benevolence; a mind ennobled by genius, informed and refined by education and reflection, and exalted by native religion, genuine as the climes of heaven; a heart formed for all the glorious meltings of friendship, love, and pity.” Again he tells her, “You have stolen away my soul, but you have refined, you have exalted it: you have given it a stronger sense of virtue, and a stronger relish for piety.” Then he pours forth a train of fervent aspirations. He desires to have “the social heart that kindly tastes of every man's cup. Is it a draught of joy? be my heart warm and open to share it with cordial unenvying rejoicing! Is it the bitter potion of sorrow? be my heart melted with sympathetic woe! Above all, may I have the manly mind that resolutely exemplifies, in life and manners, those sentiments which I would wish to be thought to possess! The friend of my soul—there may I never deviate from the firmest fidelity and most active kindness! Clarinda, the dear object of my fondest love—there may the most sacred inviolate honour, the most faithful kindling constancy, ever watch and animate my every thought and imagination!” The whole strain of the letters is one of enthusiastic admiration and attachment, mingled with the bitterest bewailings of that fortune which had condemned them to a speedy and probably unending separation.

He left Edinburgh in February (1788), after addressing her in the four well-known stanzas beginning

“Clarinda, mistress of my soul.”

He was soon after married, and from that time no further correspondence took place between them until the end of 1791, when, learning that the lady was about to proceed to Jamaica on the invitation of her husband, who had become very prosperous, he, with his wonted enthusiasm, and a strong impression on his mind that they might never meet again, which was realised, sent three beautiful and now well-known lyrics (all of which, he said, were to be set to favourite old Scots tunes) addressed to his friend, beginning “Ance mair I hail thee, thou gloomy December,” “Behold the hour, the boat arrive”—and the following stanzas:—

“Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, and then for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that Fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope he leaves him?
Me, nae cheerful twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me!
I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy!
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.
Had we never loved sae kindly,
Had we never loved sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.
Fare-thee-weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare-thee-weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, Enjoyment, Love, and Pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever!
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.”

The fourth stanza Byron put at the head of his poem

of the Bride of Abydos; Scott has remarked that it is worth a thousand romances; and Mrs Jameson has elegantly remarked that not only are these lines what Scott says, but “in themselves a complete romance. They are,” she adds, “the *alpha and omega* of feeling, and contain the essence of an existence of pain and pleasure, distilled into one burning drop.” In the last letter of the printed collection, dated in 1793, after her return from abroad, which she was compelled to do by extreme bad health, he says, “Before you ask me why I have not written you, first let me be informed *how* I shall write you? ‘In friendship,’ you say; and I have many a time taken up my pen to try an epistle of friendship to you. But it will not do. ‘Tis like Jove grasping a pop-gun, after having wielded his thunder. When I take up the pen, recollection ruins me. Ah! my ever dearest Clarinda! Clarinda!—What an host of Memory's tenderest offspring crowd on my fancy at that sound! But I must not indulge the subject—you have forbid it.” He also tells her, that, when called on in social companies to name a married lady as a toast, her name in an abbreviated form is that which he invariably presents. And so concludes the history of Sylvander and Clarinda.*

A few other ladies attracted the poetical admiration of Burns during the Edinburgh period of his life. On Miss Ann Masterton, he wrote—

“Ye gallants bright, I rede ye right,
Beware o' bonnie Ann,
Her comely face sae fu' o' grace,
Your hearts she will trepan.
Her een sae bright, like stars by night,” &c.

She was daughter of the Allan of his song, “Here are we met, three merry boys”—a teacher of writing in Edinburgh, and the clever composer of several Scottish airs, of which that to the above song is a favourable specimen. The lady married a gentleman of the name of Derbyshire, and now resides in London. Another teacher, Mr William Cruickshanks, of the High School, was an endeared friend of the poet, and in his house Burns lived at the time when he carried on the above described correspondence. Mr Cruickshanks had a daughter, a beautiful girl of twelve or fourteen, who was then beginning to play on the piano-forte, with which instrument she often regaled the bard. He marked his sense of the blossoming loveliness and fine musical talent of this young creature, by composing his delightful song,

“A rose-bud by my early walk
Adown a corn-enclosed bank,
Sae gently bent its thorny stalk,
All on a dewy morning,” &c.

Never, perhaps, was a poetical compliment to *one* so tolerable to the many as in this fine composition. She who stands thus in poetry's celestial globe, became, in prose's terrestrial one, the wife of a gentleman named Henderson, a legal practitioner in Jedburgh; and, if we are not mistaken, she still inhabits our nether sphere. To conclude the heroines of this period, it is only necessary to allude to a lady whom he met in the summer of 1787 at Auchtertyre, the seat of Sir William Murray in Perthshire—Miss Euphemia Murray by name, but more generally called, on account of her personal charms, the *Flower of Strathmore*. Delighted with the conversation of this amiable young lady, he wrote, with reference to her,

“By Auchtertyre grows the aik,
On Yarrow banks the birken shaw;
But Phemie was a bonnier lass
Than braes o' Yarrow ever saw.
Her looks were like a flower in May,
Her smile was like a summer morn;
She tripped by the banks o' Earn,
As light's a bird upon a thorn.
Her bonnie face, it was as meek
As any lamb upon a lea;
The evening sun was ne'er sae sweet,
As was the blink o' Phemie's ee.”

* This most interesting woman still lives, but has long been in, rather than of, the world, as befits her advanced age and infirmities. The letters which Burns addressed to her were published surreptitiously, and by a gross breach of confidence on the part of a literary friend of Graham, the amiable author of “The Sabbath,” to whom they had been entrusted in March 1802. The further publication of these letters was afterwards interdicted by the Court of Session. In a law-suit between Cadell and Davies (with the concurrence of Mr Gilbert Burns), and Mr Thomas Stewart of Glasgow, the publisher. The case, which was one of some legal nicety, and was pleaded by several of the most eminent counsel then at the Scottish bar, is reported in the Faculty Collection, June 1, 1804, under the following title:—“Literary Property.—The person to whom letters are addressed has no right to publish them without the consent of the writer.” However, within the last ten or twelve years these letters have been published by various booksellers both in Scotland and England, in their editions of the works of Burns.

This lady also still lives, the widow of the late Lord Methven, a judge of the supreme civil court of Scotland.

The heroines of the Dumfriesshire period of Burns's life will form the subject of the next (the concluding) paper.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

THE COLOUR OF THE OCEAN.

THE true and proper colour of water generally, and more especially of the water of the ocean, is a problem which has not been definitively settled to the satisfaction either of the learned or unlearned. It is now engaging the attention, and calling forth the talents, of many of the first philosophers of Europe, and, thus prompted and directed, we have thought it might form a suitable subject for a few observations in our pages.

We shall first adduce some of the evidence upon which it is maintained that the proper colour of water is *blue*. Our distinguished countryman Mr Scoresby compares the general tint of the Polar Seas to *ultramarine blue*; M. Cotaz, an eminent French observer, likens the water of the Mediterranean to a perfectly transparent solution of the most beautiful *indigo*; and it is by the words *bright azure* that Captain Tuckey characterises the waves of the Atlantic in equinoctial regions. Again, as to fresh water, Sir H. Davy assigns *bright blue* as the hue reflected by water procured by the melting of pure snow and ice; and Professor Hugi of Soleure thus communicates the result of his observation upon the glaciers of the Alps:—“The colour of small detached fragments of a glacier is decidedly white and clear; but if we examine a greater mass, as the thickness increases it becomes of a *blue colour*, gradually more deep; it is at first *sky-blue*, scarcely discernible, then a fine *enamel blue*, and, lastly, a very deep *azure blue*. Finally, with regard to water generally, Count Xavier de Maistre informs us that limpid waters of sufficient depth reflect, like the air, a blue colour from their interior, having, however, a darker shade, from not being intermingled [as the air] with white rays.”

These numerous and explicit statements of philosophers perfectly harmonise with the views of our practical seamen, who well know, that, in the free ocean, the water is generally of a deep blue colour *during the time of calm* (when the wind prevails, the tint changes); and such is the importance the mariner attaches to this hue, that, if it disappears, he is apt to apprehend he is approaching soundings; and shoals, reefs, and coasts, the sources of his danger, force themselves upon his awakened fears.

The cause of the generally blue colour of the deep sea has not been as yet clearly explained by philosophers; but it seems to be accounted for by reference to certain principles connected with the science of optics. Probably most are aware that light consists of the set of colours which we see so beautifully displayed in the rainbow. Now, it is a law of light, that, when it enters any body, and is either reflected or transmitted to the eye, a certain portion of it, consisting of more or less of its colours, is lost in the body. The remainder, being reflected, strikes our visual sense, and, whatever colour that may be, the object seems of that colour. Now, it chanceth that the portion of light most apt to be reflected from masses of transparent fluid is the blue; and hence it is, or supposed to be, that the air and sea both appear of this colour.

While there can be no doubt that the ocean is generally of a blue colour, it is equally certain that there are many portions of sea in which a different hue appears. The causes of these exceptions from the rule seem to be of various kinds. Frequently, the ordinary colour of the sea is affected by the admixture of foreign substances, these being sometimes of a living and organic nature, and sometimes the reverse. The most simple example of the latter class of cases is the common flooding of any stream, when quantities of mud and earthy particles are introduced into the river, and emptied into the sea. What is thus strikingly seen on every coast, on a small scale, will readily be conceived to be of infinitely wider extent in the mighty rivers of the principal continents of the globe. Thus is it with the great streams of South America, where the Plata forms a sloping bank which extends 100 miles into the Atlantic, and still more conspicuously in the mighty Amazons, with a course of 3000 miles, and a breadth at the mouth of 150 miles. Its immense body of water often rushes with a dreadful impetus and velocity into the ocean, freshening its waters to the distance of 250 miles from shore.* Hence, then, in such circumstances, the mariner, when still far from land, is not surprised when he ploughs an ocean quite of a *brownish hue*. It is from the same cause that the well-known *Yellow Sea* acquires its appearance and appropriate name. Mr Barrow estimates the quantity of yellow-coloured mud which is transmitted by the Hoan-ho or Yellow River, whose course is 2000 miles, at 2,000,000 of solid feet an hour, or 48,000,000 a-day, or 17,680,000,000 a-

* Tuckey's Mar. Geography, iv. 317.

year. "Supposing," he adds, "the mean depth of the Yellow Sea to be 120 feet, the quantity of earth brought down would, if accumulated together, be sufficient to fill up to the surface of the sea, an island of the extent of a mile square every 70 days."† The testimony of Captain Basil Hall is quite satisfactory as to the result of all this. "The water of this sea (the Yellow) over which we were sailing, was contaminated by the intermixture of mud slightly yellow in its colour. We sailed on directly across this sea for two whole days without seeing land, and gradually diminishing the depth of water, till at last we began to have some apprehension that we should fairly stick in the mud. It was soon afterwards discovered that the brig was actually sailing along with her keel in the mud, which was sufficiently indicated by a long yellow train in our wake. Some inconvenience was caused by this extreme shallowness, but there was not in reality much danger, as it was ascertained, by forcing long poles into the ground, that for many fathoms under the surface on which the sounding-lead rested, the bottom consisted of nothing but mud formed of an impalpable powder, without the least particle of sand or gravel."‡

Still more striking results arise from *living vegetables and animals*. The influence of vegetables in colouring large masses of water, may be illustrated by a reference to the Lake of Geneva, and the Red Sea. The waters of the lake usually are of a fixed pale blue colour, the delicate beauty of which arrests the admiration of every traveller. But while such is the proper colour of these waters, yet occasionally, though rarely, they are as decidedly of a green hue; and we have it upon the authority of Sir H. Davy, that on these occasions the change of colour is produced by the water being impregnated with vegetable substances. And respecting the Red Sea, let us hear the testimony of the eminent naturalist Ehrenberg. "I was for many months at Tor, on the Red Sea, near Mount Sinai. I there observed the striking phenomenon of the whole bay being of a bloody colour; the main sea, beyond the coral reef, was as usual colourless. The short waves of the calm sea carried to the shore a blood-coloured shining mass, which it deposited on the sands, so that the whole bay, fully half a league in length, at the ebb of the tide, exhibited a blood-red border more than a foot broad. This appearance was not permanent, but periodical. It attracted my attention as explanatory of the name of the Red Sea, a name hitherto of difficult explanation. Upon examination, this colour was found to be produced by one of the Algae, a marine vegetable, which M. Ehrenberg particularly described."§

The extraordinary part which *animals* play in colouring the ocean, may be demonstrated by alluding to the vast tracts of the northern sea, which among mariners are familiarly known as *green water*, and which do not, under any circumstances, assume a blue tint. Mr Scoresby thus describes them:—"After a long run through water of the common blue colour, the sea became green and less transparent. The colour was nearly grass-green, with a shade of black. Sometimes the transition between the green and blue water is progressive, passing through the intermediate shades in the space of ten or twelve miles; at others, it is so sudden that the line of separation is seen like the ripple of a current, and the two qualities of water keep apparently as distinct as the waters of a large muddy river on first entering the sea. In 1817, I fell in with such narrow stripes of various coloured water, that we passed streams of pale green, olive green, and transparent blue, in the course of ten minutes' sailing."|| These green regions extend for tens of thousands of miles, and it has been distinctly proved that the peculiar colour is produced by inconceivable multitudes of microscopic animals, principally minute sea blubber, *medusa*, and the Infusoria lately brought under the notice of our readers. Some of these animals are green, and directly produce the colour which is exhibited, but many more are yellow, which colour, combining with the blue of the sea water, will also, as every one knows, produce a green tint.

Other appearances, proceeding from a similar cause, and, if possible, still more striking, are also witnessed. Thus, a *red colour*, sometimes characterised as blood or carmine red, frequently astonishes the voyager. The water of the Gulf of California in the Northern Pacific is reddish, whence it is sometimes named the Vermilion Sea.¶ Captain Colnett, in the interesting account of his voyage, states—"That the set of the currents on the coasts of Chili, may at all times be discovered by noticing the direction of the beds of small blubber with which the coast abounds, and from which the water derives a colour like that of blood. I have often been engaged," he adds, "for a whole day in passing through various sets of them." The celebrated naturalist D'Orbigny makes similar remarks concerning the waters of the Atlantic. "There are immense tracts," says he, "off the coasts of Brazil, filled with small animals so numerous as to impart a red colour to the sea; large portions are thus highly coloured, and receive from the sailors the name of the Brazil Bank. This bank extends over a great part of the coast of that country, keeping at nearly the same distance from the shore. Another bank of the same sort occurs near

Cape Horn, in latitude 57 degrees. Captain Cook, in his third voyage, encountered the same appearances, and states, "that on examination the phenomenon was found to proceed from an infinity of little animals which, when viewed by the microscope, had the shape of cray fish of a red colour." Hence we are not to wonder, that, according to an intelligent mariner, "the southern seas sometimes presented an appearance which terrified their early navigators, who, seeing large spaces of the sea of a blood-red colour, conceived it a portent of some dreadful catastrophe." These singular appearances are not, however, confined to southern regions. At all events, Mr Scoresby narrates, that he noticed in his last voyage, in 1823, some insulated patches of *reddish-brown* water, which were found to be occasioned by animalcules; and often, too, were the icebergs and snows tinged with an *orange-yellow* stain. "The animal," he adds, "which gives this peculiar colour to the sea, is about the size of a pin's head, transparent, and marked with twelve distinct patches of a brownish colour. The same appearances have not unfrequently been noticed in fresh water; and, under the name of *blood-rain*, have sometimes caused no small alarm over wide districts. We must not on this occasion attempt to account for all these appearances, but may note, that M. Ehrenberg, in the steppes of Siberia, examined some of these waters. "In a fen," he remarks, "with a pool of water, the dark-red blood colour was very striking, even at a distance. This colour, I found on examination, was confined to the slimy surface, which in different places formed a shining skin. The red colour was darkest up the edge of the marsh. M. Chantreau, in the year 1797, examined in France a pond which exhibited the same appearances, the water being of a brilliant red colour, with a shade between cinnabar and carmine; as did Weber in Germany, near Halle, in 1790. In all these latter instances, the colour was produced by infusory animals. *Milk white* is another colour which is not unfrequently mentioned. Thus Captain Tuckey states, that, near Cape Palmas, upon the coast of Guinea, his vessel appeared to move in milk, which circumstance arose from the multitude of animals upon the surface, which obscured the natural colour of the liquid. And once more, the existence of a *yellow-coloured* sea, from the same cause is satisfactorily established. "In approaching the south point of America," says Captain Colnett, "we this forenoon passed several fields of spawn, which caused the water to bear the appearance of barley, covering the surface of a bank."

These causes of varied colour in the ocean, however striking in themselves, are not likely to mislead any one as to the inherent colour of its waters. It is different, however, with the class of causes to which we now proceed, and which we may arrange under the head of the *reflection of coloured rays from the bed or bottom of the sea*. Sometimes, indeed, though rarely, these appearances are quite as singular as any we have hitherto considered. Thus, in the Bay of Loango, the waters are almost always of a deep red colour; so much so, that they are said to be mixed with blood, and Captain Tuckey satisfied himself that the bottom is intensely red. Let us substitute for this bright red bottom one of the same shade, but obscure and slightly reflecting, and the water of the Bay of Loango would then appear of an *orange-yellow* colour. (Arago). Far more frequently, however, the bed of the sea is of a yellow rather than a red hue; and if this colour is at all bright and strong, the slight blue of the pure water will scarcely affect it, and then the waters will appear *yellow*; a tint which, let it be observed, is in fact by no means uncommon on many sea-shores. But *bright yellow* is by no means so common a tint of sea-sand as is *dull or obscure yellow*; and this, owing both to its own proper colour, and also to its being obscured by a great mass of superimposed water. When the yellow hue is thus reduced, the feeble ray reflected from the bottom, mixing with the pale blue of the ocean, produces, as is universally known, a green tint, which is communicated to the water; and this is one of the most widely spread modifying causes of change in the proper colour of the sea.

But the most difficult part of the problem still remains; and that is, to account for the green colour of the ocean in those places where it is hundreds and thousands of fathoms deep, and where, of course, every thing like reflection from the bottom is quite out of the question. In a previous column, when referring to the opinion of practical seamen, we noticed that their inference as to security, from the blue colour of the water, was limited by the condition of its being a *time of calm*. Accordingly, when the wind and waves rise, and even at other times, when the cause is not a little obscure, the colour frequently undergoes a very remarkable change, generally to a deep green. M. Arago, to account for the phenomena occurring under such circumstances, offers a theory which resolves itself into the same principle as that upon which the appearance of the green tint in shallow water was based, namely, that when the surface is troubled, the luminous rays, coming from the waves to the eye, consist more of *transmitted* rays than of *reflected* rays, and, therefore, are green. According to this view, the appearances exhibit themselves only during a breeze which disturbs the surface, and in the midst of a swell, so common over the ocean. The observer stands upon the deck of the vessel, the billows often overtopping the level of the ship; the luminous rays which reach the eye from the sea must have passed from the distant horizon through one or more of the water ridges; thus the transmitted rays have pre-

dominated over the reflected ones, and so, according to the allowed fact, must be green.

There are still a few additional facts which we should have been happy to have introduced into this discussion; but our limits forbid. M. Arago refers his speculations to the examination of those who have opportunities of actual observation, and can test their experiments by methods concerning which this is not the place to enter. In the mean while, the general reader may rest satisfied with an explanation, which accounts for the usual appearances, and which possesses much of the simplicity and verisimilitude of truth.

THE COAL-CARRIER.

A STORY.

"I GIVE you just twenty-four hours to write me a tale. A tale of some kind I must have. I must school you into authorcraft, for by that you are to live. If you do not therefore accomplish this task in the time specified, you may seek another home." Such was the unfeeling speech of Lord Arnley, a nobleman of capricious temper, to his humble dependant Charles Sevenetti. The youth, on hearing the mandate, was left alone in his little study, to consider of the bitter words which had just been uttered. He took up a quill, made it slowly into a pen, wrote his text on a sheet of paper, read it a dozen times, threw down his pen, and, equipping himself for a walk, suddenly left the house.

Lord Arnley was a man of great wealth, although, when he entered into life, he had scarcely an income adequate to the most narrow support of his hereditary baronial dignity, and had he died at the age of twenty-one, he would have left behind him such a character as many an untitled youth has bequeathed to posterity. "Economical, without meanness; generous, without prodigality; gay, without licentiousness; mild, without cowardice, with perhaps a lurking ambition which would probably have budded forth into great deeds." Such, and far more, might have been the eulogy of Lord Arnley, had he made his final exit from the stage of life, thirty-two years before the time at which our narrative commences.

But Time, the great developer of humanity, rendered a somewhat different epitaph necessary. Lord Arnley had been brought up in the country, with such habits of moderation as suited his income; but, on mingling with the world, and having his eyes opened to the luxuries of life, he was smitten with an ineradicable love of splendour. This at length seemed to tire him, and he sought new pursuits. All, however, did not bring him happiness. Something apparently had occurred to distract him; but of this there were only mysterious surmises. When all had wearied him, he one day, about two years before the date of our story, read a little story which Charles Sevenetti, an inmate of his own house, and a dependant of his family, had written for the amusement of Lady Clara. From that moment he might be said to seize upon the mind of the youth with a strange and novel voracity, seeking to explore its inmost recesses, and continually taxing his own invention for subjects whereupon the unfortunate lad should exercise his talents.

Lord Arnley had, when very young, fixed his affections on a lady of singular beauty; she preferred another, and matrimony seemed, like all the other chances of his life, destined to enrich him. A wealthier, though perhaps less lovely and less beloved dame, sought him; he married her; she presented him with Lady Clara, and in three or four years afterwards he became a widower, in which state he remained. The fair sex, after his first attachment, never seemed to form a part of his passions; his parental love, however, was intense, which, with a wandering life, and his freaks upon Charles Sevenetti, had for the two last years in some measure occupied his mind. He had now got from the extreme south of England to almost its extreme north, and there we shall leave him, in order that the unfortunate Charles may tell his tale.

At ten next night, exactly thirty-six hours after the mandate had been issued, Charles Sevenetti descended to the library of Lord Arnley. He entered; his lordship raised his head from a volume which, probably, he was not reading; Lady Clara had the flushed look of hope fulfilled, and the happy protégé, as the world termed him, cast down his eyes lest their expression should be remarked. His lordship tried to look benign, and beckoned to a seat. Charles continued standing, and said, "My lord, here is the tale; and such as it is, I have little share in it, excepting in the character of a mere narrator. Shall I have the honour of reading it, my lord?" "Assuredly; you know I never take the trouble to drag myself through manuscript." "I shall continue standing, if you please." "As you like," said Lord Arnley; "Clara, my love, it is time for you to withdraw." "May I not remain, papa?" "I had rather not," was uttered imperatively. Charles was not sorry, for he felt that the story which chance had thrown in his way, and which, under the pressure of circumstances, he had been forced to avail himself of, was not suited for her ear. "Your eyes seem in the door," said Lord Arnley. Charles started, and instantly began.

"A student was one day labouring under a severe depression of spirits. His reason told him that his mind ought to be equal in various ways to remove the load which lay upon him, but reason urged him in vain. After struggling against many contending passions, perhaps I should rather say emotions, he darted into the open air, and bent his steps to one of the

† Rees' Cyclopædia.

‡ Voyage to Loo-Choo, chap. I.

§ Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, x.

|| Arctic Regions.

¶ Tuckey, i. 24.

town suburbs. It was rather a genteel place, but yet its inhabitants were humane enough to permit a poor apple-woman to erect her little stand in their close vicinity, and a few wretched coal-porters to find a sort of shelter from the blast, by placing themselves at the end of the last house of the row. When he reached these poor creatures, he stooped to examine the eight or nine grimed faces which were before him. A little brisk woman made two or three steps in advance, as if expecting his orders. A dark gruff fellow asked where he should go to. A pair of females both started up, for some were sitting on the cold stones, and said, "We gang thegither, and carry in a load for three pence." "For three pence!" said he emphatically; "what will that do for two persons?" "Get us our breakfast, and something ower." Out of seven or eight men and women, all accosted him by word or movement, excepting an old man. This individual stood with his eyes fixed on the ground, his whole air bespeaking dejection, but no anxiety. He was of the short middle size, seemed to have been well formed, though perhaps never robust, and his features had in them a regularity and delicacy, which, even in his present condition, might be termed elegant. Broken down as he appeared to be, it was impossible to guess at his age; he looked fifty-five, but he might be only fifty.

The young man felt himself drawn towards this person as if by a magnet; his feet moved unbidden to the spot where he stood; he imagined him a man whose feelings might be as nice and acute as his own, between whose former and present situation there was perhaps as great a disparity as if he should one day be in the same state. Almost unconsciously he addressed him with, "And so, my poor old man, you are still carrying coals?" The construction of the sentence implied a former acquaintance, and the man looked up as if he expected to see some one to whom he was not a stranger.

"The man answered, 'Yes, I carry coals, sir, when any one asks me.' 'You are not fortunate, then, in this way of life?' 'Fortunate!' said he, as if surprised at the term being in any way applied to him, and he added nothing more excepting a kind of laugh, which seemed to say, 'It is long since good fortune and I parted.' 'Come along with me,' said the student, and he led the way to what is called the town moor." Lord Arnley here looked up, as if the story were disagreeable to him, and appeared inclined to interrupt it, but presently cast his eyes again on the volume which still lay before him. Charles proceeded. "And what do you get for carrying in a load of coals?" "Any thing you like," replied the poor man, fixing his eyes on the face of the querist; "but it seems strange that such as you should come on an errand like this." "Such as me!" said the youth, and he surveyed his dress, which chanced to be very plain. "You may always know a gentleman by his voice," said the poor man.

The student did not decline the compliment, but, being still under the influence of a depressed spirit, he said, "God knows I may one day be as you are." "Impossible," said the coal-carrier, "for the same disease which would unfit you for better labours, would equally unfit you for this. Unless indeed derangement—a madman may carry coals." "And why, my poor man, are you in this situation? Your mind seems far more fitted for labour than your body." The man sighed, looked hard in the face of the student, and said, "May I ask if you really require my services in my poor calling?" "No, I do not; but the fact is, I have this morning left my home, if such I may call my place of abode, in quest of materials for a tale." "You are an author, then?" "I have no occupation—no profession—no trade—and, I fear, no capacity for the only resource which seems destined for me. I depend upon one (here the voice of Charles grew husky, and he almost repented of his boldness in introducing the sentiments which followed), who, in the language of the world, has been unprecedentedly kind to me; for the orphan of a domestic had no claims beyond sustenance and a mere trade. I certainly have been brought up—as yes, I must say it—as a gentleman. But I had rather have been the free brat of a gipsy, than the sport of fit-and-start kindness." The student here checked himself all of a sudden, as if surprised at his own unwonted and uncalled-for openness, and to such an auditor. "I will not," said the man, "profess to be honoured by your confidence, for you cannot intend to place any in such as I, but—and he fixed his sunken though still fine eyes on the youth's face—"it is remarkable that there is betwixt my early condition and yours a certain similarity; and although I have never told the cause of my misery to any other than a priest, I shall in all but names tell you why I am thus. I am the son," said the old coal-carrier, "of a man who, thirty years ago, kept a respectable inn in the town of—I shall call it Bristol, but we lived more to the south. It was my misfortune to be endowed with a most singular beauty of countenance; no one—I speak of the immediate period at which my short history commences—no one ever saw me without stopping to inquire who and what I was. When in my fifth year, chance sent to our house—for it was not a hotel—Mr C—, his lady, and little son, then about my own age. I unfortunately attracted the notice of this group; the boy declared he could not live without this pretty playfellow; and, finally, as he was an only child, heir to an immense

property, and not much contradicted, my father was prevailed upon to part with me, under the promise, which was solemnly kept, that I should be well cared for. I was educated with, and like, my young master, until he went to Oxford, when it was deemed proper to separate us, and have me taught the routine of law business, so that I might be fit for the office of a confidential secretary in the family. Just when young Mr C— came of age, his father died, leaving him sole heir to one of the first properties in England. His lady mother, though handsomely dowered, remained with us. I say us, for though I never ate with the family upon any occasion, yet in all else I was like one of themselves. In his twenty-third year, my master became attached to a young lady; she had no fortune, but as she had recently refused an earl, young and handsome, Mr C— was well assured that interest had no share in her choice. Indeed, who could look upon her and suppose that she had a quality in common with ordinary clay. She was—"Describe her at your peril," said Lord Arnley, breaking in on the relation, and flashing a look at Charles Sevenetti, which was not to be parried. He therefore cast his eyes to the next paragraph, and Lord Arnley bent his forehead upon his extended palms, as they lay before him on the table; nor did he again raise it, until the coal-carrier's narrative ended. "Within a year after their marriage, she presented him with a lovely boy, having the fair delicate skin of his mother, with the dark hair, black eyes, and high features, of his father. In six months after this happy event, which was celebrated as if joy were immutable, I saw that my lovely mistress was somewhat altered. She seemed languid; her eyes were dull; her dimples were less frequently in play, and the slight peach-like bloom of her cheek had disappeared. I have always observed that, in cases of alarm, excessive love runs into either of two extremes. His was the extreme of blindness; but when at last the paleness of her cheek was occasionally varied by the mark of consumption, the fatal red spot, and the lately dull eye shone forth with a new and alarming brightness, his solicitude was of the most agonising sort. I need not dwell on what I can never forget; she sank by degrees; and before her head was laid in the grave, I had the misfortune to observe, that anxiety and unceasing vigilance had shaken the constitution of my master.

I urged change of scene, and, accompanied by the young heir, and a suitable train of attendants, we set sail for a climate more adapted to a sinking frame. Mr C— lingered for some months, while he seemed completely divided between indifference to life on account of his irreparable loss, and an intense desire to protect his son. With a broken heart, he saw that his doom was fixed, and, committing his boy to my care, a charge which I never doubted to fulfil, he departed this life. We sailed for England. My charge was two years and a half old; I never lost sight of him for one moment; could he be otherwise than dear to me! Oh, human nature, thou frail thing! When almost touching our native shore, we were overtaken by a dreadful tempest; destruction at last became inevitable, and the vessel literally went to pieces. On the instant of certain danger, I had wrapped my unfortunate charge in a large sheet of silk oil-cloth, which had been used for some of the fine packages. As I stood upon the last raft, I could descry a portion of his own domains, and the abode of his next heir. For some time I was true to my trust. How shall I tell you the rest! The moment of mortal and of moral trial came. Had I encumbered myself with the boy, I must have perished. One only could be saved; at least I thought so, and in that I am now afraid I was in error. Here the poor man's agony choked him. At last he went on with, 'I quitted my charge, and saved my own worthless life.' Again he paused, and then continued, 'I do not know why I have told you all this, or how it is that I am more than usually affected, for time sears in some measure the worst sores, and I abhor myself most when my anguish is least acute. I reached the shore, stunned, worn out, and, far worse, conscience-smitten. I abandoned myself to want and beggary, and sought, in all that was most foreign to my former delicate and luxurious habits, to find a kind of punishment for my great sin. I had seen in a newspaper an account of the shipwreck of the Ann, and a statement that every soul on board had perished. At last I became Catholic, and sought comfort in a rigid discharge of church discipline. But I thought the good priests I met with too soothing, when in general they sought to console me on the plea that at such a moment human nature could scarcely be expected to call its more noble qualities into action. Their lenity disappointed me, and I longed for some severe infliction. I wandered from place to place, and at last reached this town, where I understood that a stern priest exacted the last tribute to remorse. I laid my heart open to him. He said that my crime was of the deepest dye; that the weakness of human nature formed no excuse; that I had been actuated by the mere paltry love of life; and that, in the stimulant of some active passion, he could have beheld a better apology. I had forgotten the long, long debt of gratitude, the brotherly kindness, I had experienced from a superior, and the very peculiar sacredness of my trust. "To such a culprit," said he, "beggary is luxury. To want you must add labour of the meanest order, eat no bread but what you work for, and take no labour that is not offered." The mandate suited the nature of my compunction;

and hence, after a lapse of twenty long years, you see me in the most revolting employment I could devise." Here (continued Charles) the coal-carrier's narrative ended. The curiosity of the student was whetted, and he resolved to quit his present abode next morning, and travel to the coast of —. "The coast of what?" said Lord Arnley, starting up and fixing on his protégé a look of ferocity; "the coast of what?" he repeated. Poor Charles had been strangely excited by the unexpected emotions aroused by his tale in Lord Arnley. The youth had only sought to make the story the vehicle for expressing his weariness of the life he led. But Lord Arnley's last and most fierce exclamations fairly overcame the spirit of the unhappy youth; his knees smote against each other, and he returned the desperate gaze of his patron with that unsteady wavering eye which bespeaks doubt and apprehension.

They stood thus for some moments, perhaps minutes, during which time a rapid revolution seemed to take place in Lord Arnley's mind. "Young man," said he, with something like calmness, "I cannot be blind to the conflict which you are enduring. I am not blind to it; but while I perceive a conflict, I cannot guess at what is actually passing through your mind. Go to rest. Come to me at eight to-morrow morning, and, in the mean time, while something good predominates in my heart, receive and follow an advice. Never besmitten by a love for the toys of life; you will find them as unsatisfactory, as unqualified to satisfy all that is rational in man, as are to a mountebank the bells which jingle round his ears. Would for the sake of mankind—for the credit of human nature—would that I stood alone! but a toy-loving nation must, unless renovated, come to that destruction which is now ready to overwhelm me."

Charles retired to his room, and threw himself, dressed as he was, upon his bed. His mind was disturbed to agony. His story, such as it was, had, from some unknown and mysterious cause, caused the father of Clara some painful emotions. "Was it not ungrateful," thought he, "to have alluded to Lord Arnley's fitful conduct towards himself? But on the other hand, was an involuntary dependence to crush in him all that was manly! Is it a fear," said he, "that I shall be dismissed on the morrow, which thus shakes every nerve of my frame! Such a fear shall no longer have any power over me. Have I, the son of a foreign domestic, picked up in a foreign land, any right even to look at Lady Clara, far less to think of her, and to make her the loadstone which perpetually draws me back after my foot is on the very threshold to depart! This shall no longer be. To-morrow at nine I leave this house for ever." He accordingly wrote a letter of thanks to Lord Arnley for the support he had afforded him, with a brief and somewhat haughty apology for any occasional want of respect or appearance of ingratitude. This letter he resolved to deliver in person at a last short interview. After this he packed up his moveables, and then sought, though still dressed, a little repose. At eight next morning, which was exactly an hour sooner than his lordship's valet generally waited upon him, Charles entered Lord Arnley's room with the agitation of the evening before considerably augmented. He held in his hand what he deemed his last letter to the man who, though dispensing his bounty painfully, had yet given him a seat at his own board, with education, food, and raiment. It was the depth of winter, and in a room well curtained with the deepest green, Charles could not fail to feel himself in almost utter darkness. There was a relief in this: he paused—listened for a word of recognition, next for a breathing—he heard neither. "He talked of opium," thought Charles; "it has produced, as is common, a late effect." He sat down by a window, glad of even a short respite from the fulfilment of his intention. Dark as it was, he imagined that, after a space, he might be able to see where Lady Clara's picture hung. He knew it was opposite to Lord Arnley's bed. "Surely," thought he, "I might discern the shining frame, and the white dress." No, all was black. At last he rose from his seat, walked on tiptoe, and put his hand upon the picture. It was covered with a piece of cloth. The circumstance was but a trifle, yet at that particular moment it seemed portentous.

Surprised at the silence and darkness, he opened a small part of a window-shutter, and saw that a table-cover had been thrown over the picture. Letting in more light, he saw upon a table by the bedside a large empty phial labelled "laudanum," and a letter sealed with black. It was directed to "George Clitheroe, Esq., hitherto known by the name of Charles Sevenetti." He tore it open, and read as follows:—"I am far more guilty than the feeble-minded old man whom you met last night, and whose narrative related to your parents, and your supposed death. I was your mother's rejected lover; I was your father's heir. I hated him; and that hate, with my thirst for luxurious toys, led me to crime and misery. I have long led a life of suspicion and dread, and you have been its main object. Strange to say, I feared, from the very commencement of your story last night, that you had met the old man, the unfaithful servant who had left you to the waves, and the only person who could reveal your history, if he had known you. That old man I know well. I watched him long from fear; but at last I lost all dread on his account. But this is yet myste-

rious to you; it may soon be explained. By a most wonderful chance I picked you up on that fatal morning of your shipwreck. I had a retainer in Italy, who told me of all your father's movements, of his death, and of your sailing in the *Ann*. An anxious restlessness seized upon me. I was never distant from the shore. I had seen a vessel in the offing the night previous to the wreck, and, viewing her through my telescope, persuaded myself it was the same which bore the little person that stood betwixt myself and wealth to my heart's utmost desire. A tempest came on in the twilight; wrapped in a large cloak, I watched its progress through the night; the brig went to pieces, and—good God!—you were rolled to my very feet. Something told me—assured me—it was the child whose death I had almost half wished. The temptation was too strong. I walked some miles along the coast, until I arrived at a miserable hut, examined your clothes, and found that I was right. You had revived during the walk, smiled in my face, but I had nothing worse in me than to conceal you, and I resolved to care for your life. I easily imposed a tale on the peasant, left you in her care until I procured a horse, and, wrapping you up in my cloak, galloped to London. By a series of stratagems I contrived to bring you from Italy as the child of a servant who had previous to his death rendered me an essential service. This is all I need say—the subject is death—and the dread cup stands before me which will place me beyond your just resentment. Lady Clara and you love each other. Be happy, but conceal from her the guilt of her father; and let her think, as all but you will be inclined to think from the seeming happiness of my earthly fortunes, that my death was accidental. I have left her my injunction, as if of old date, to give her hand to you; and I know, for I have long read her eyes, that she will be but too happy to obey. Farewell.”

Within a year after this event, the old coal-carrier was comfortably situated in a cottage near A—hall, and tasted happiness which he had long ceased to hope for in life. We shall say no more, for from this the reader may guess the happiness that fell to the share of the other personages of our story.

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

BRUSSELS.

THE railway from Malines, by which nearly all travellers now arrive in Brussels, terminates at the outskirts of the lower part of the town, on a level plain, through which, from north to south, flows the river Senne. On a small island formed by the Senne, a chapel and a few houses were built about the year 600, and thus was commenced a town which spread to both sides of the river, and, gradually ascending the face of a sloping hill, was surrounded with walls, and named *Bruxelles*, or *Brussels*—a term said to be equivalent to *Bridgetown* in the old Flemish tongue.

In the present day Brussels is found to have stretched all over the face of the rising ground to its broad summit, where now the finer part of the town is situated. The hill, which fronts the south and south-west, is of that easy inclination which permits streets to be built upon it in regular order, and, though inconveniently steep in some places for the passage of wheeled carriages or horses, it is nowhere unsuitable for walking. The lower and upper town, as they are called, differ in many respects from each other. The Markets, the Theatre, the Exchange, the Post-office, and the Hotel de Ville, also some splendid old family mansions, fashionable in their day, and a large infusion of mean thoroughfares, occupy the lower division. The upper consists almost exclusively of the elegant mansions of the gentry, the finest kind of hotels, the palaces, Senate-house, and other structures of a superior description; also the Park. Along the western Boulevards, an exterior road leading down to the lower town, there are likewise many mansions of modern date, the residences of persons of the higher classes. Brussels is not a brick town. All the houses are built of stone. In the upper part of the city, every edifice is painted white (in oil), and this, with the equally white jealousies of the windows, imparts a strikingly brilliant appearance to the streets, particularly in the sunshine of summer. Some of the descending streets of the best order are likewise painted; but the farther down you proceed, the darker and more ancient is the aspect of the houses. Another peculiarity is observable. The names of the streets, and the words on the signboards in the higher town, are in French, and in the lower they are in Flemish. In some cases they are both in French and Flemish in the lower, as if to suit two sets of people which the town contains—as, for example, “*Oude Kirk Straat*, *Rue de l'Ancienne Eglise*,” which may be observed marked together on the corner of one of the streets.

It may be seen at a glance that Brussels is a remarkably fine town, and that, though not large, it is entitled to rank with Paris and other first-rate continen-

tal cities. It cannot certainly show any series of elegant streets like that of the New Town of Edinburgh, but, on the other hand, Edinburgh is deficient in such structures as the royal palaces of Brussels, and has nothing to compare with the Park. The Park of Brussels resembles the garden of the Thuilleries, but with lofty trees instead of shrubs. I do not know any city view more imposing and beautiful than that which we obtain from the Place Royale across to the entrance of the Park. The Place Royale is a large open square (no enclosure in the centre of it as in our English squares), surrounded with tall handsome edifices, with the church of St Jacques in the centre of its southern side; opposite this church the street Rue Montagne de la Cour, in which are the principal shops, leads down a mile in length to the lower town; and on the western side of the Place there is an opening which leads to, and exposes to view, the grand entrance to the Park, and the long terrace-like street called the Rue Royale, which bounds the Park on its southern side. The appearance of every thing at this part of the upper town is on a scale of princely magnificence. The Park, to which a stranger usually proceeds on his first excursion through the town, is planted with rows of trees at its sides, and also radiating from a centre, where there is a pond in which golden fish are confined for the amusement of the promenaders. Thick shrubberies, light coppices, two deep dells, and patches of green-sward, variously disposed between the divisions, give variety to the scene, while at different points are disposed marble statues, busts, and vases, in the style of the Thuilleries' gardens. The Park formed the chief battle-ground on which the revolutionary struggle took place between the Dutch troops and the people in 1830. Marks of this deadly conflict are still discernible on the trees, many of which having been dreadfully shattered with the cannon shot, have their wounds plastered with sheets of lead, or are otherwise repaired. The Park, as we observed, is the chief place of promenade on Sundays. On this day, which, as formerly mentioned, is one of perfect recreation in Brussels, a military band takes its station in one of the clumps of wood near a central plot, where there are numerous seats dispersed around for the visitors. All classes move hither in crowds on these occasions; and from the immense concourse which is seen moving in all directions, a good idea may be had of the luxury and fashion of the Belgian metropolis.

The Park is environed with a number of the principal state buildings. At the western extremity is situated the Senate House, and opposite it, on the east, close by the Place Royale, is the palace of the king. At the north-east corner, adjacent to the king's palace, stands the palace of the Prince of Orange. The king's palace, now inhabited by Leopold, is a handsome Grecian structure of large extent, no way secluded from the street, and is said not to contain any thing of particular interest to strangers. The love of sight-seeing is concentrated on the palace of the Prince of Orange. Here we found a crowd waiting for admission, and, taking our place, we were allowed to enter as soon as a previous set of visitors had been dismissed. The edifice, which measures 230 feet in length, was planned by the Dutch architect Vanderstraten, and finished for William, king of the Netherlands, only about a year before the revolution which displaced his dynasty in 1830. Exteriorly, it consists of a rustic basement, surmounted by Ionic pilasters extending along its two stories, and is tasteful in its appearance. The interior is disposed so as to render the ground-floor of no avail except for mean purposes; the whole strength of the design is thrown into the series of apartments on the first floor, which we reach by an exceedingly grand staircase of marble. Having arrived at the upper lobby, the crowd of visitors are told to halt until each person has his or her feet invested in a pair of soft woollen slippers over the shoes, in order to save the floors from being injured. All being properly accoutred, we are bid to enter the first apartment in the suite. The first thing remarked on entrance, is the smooth polished floor, along which we glide or skate, rather than walk, the surface being to all appearance as slippery as a sheet of ice. The floor of each room is of a similar kind, and consists of small pieces of rosewood, oak, and other very fine woods, set in stars and patterns of divers shapes, like mosaic. These floors alone must have cost some thousands of pounds. The suite of apartments consist of the usual court-like waiting, reception, throne, dining, and ball rooms. They are diversified in appearance by the colours of their walls. One is decorated with hangings of green silk, another is crimson, a third blue, and a fourth crimson velvet with gold fringes. The curtains of the windows are of a similar silk fabric with these gorgeous hangings, or coverings of the walls. The ball-room or grand saloon is a spacious apartment, surrounded with walls of a light yellowish-coloured marble, and enriched with twelve or-molu stands for candles, of twelve feet in height, each of which, it was mentioned to us, was worth £600. From this apartment we were led to the vestibule where we had entered, there divested of our clumsy foot trappings, and conducted to the door. Here, on passing out, each paid his fee; altogether for our party of four, six francs were exacted; and I should suppose that the person who acts as showman must clear something like £1000 a-year for his trouble. At present, the house is under national sequestration.

Brussels contains a number of public buildings, a picture museum, and an institution for exhibiting

philosophical and other instruments, all of which, with one or two private palaces, form objects for the visits of strangers. As descriptions of such places, however, usually have little interest, I offer only the following sketches of what came under our notice.

In proceeding down the Rue Montagne de la Cour, the eye catches a tall Gothic spire rising in prominent relief from the centre of the older portion of the town beneath. This is the tower of the Hotel de Ville, an edifice which stands on the south side of an open market-place, near the foot of the street. This square is surrounded with exceedingly picturesque buildings, in the Spanish style, harmonising well with the magnificent structure of the Hotel de Ville, which they environ. This large pile of building is several stories in height, and of great length, with a vast number of windows in front, and also in the tall narrow roof. The tower springs from nearly the centre of the front, and, rising to a height of 364 feet, is probably the finest specimen of the Lombardo-Gothic in the world. It is light, elegant, and pointed with a gilt copper figure of St Michael standing on the apex, as a vane. The house is quadrangular, with a square in the centre, and is now used for municipal purposes, including those of the police. It was erected in the year 1441. In the grand saloon, on the first floor from the street, Charles V. held his court while in Brussels, and here, on the 25th of October 1555, did he abdicate his sovereignty in favour of his son, Philip II., through whose cruelty the northern Netherlands were lost to the Spanish crown.

The cathedral of Brussels, or church of St Gudule, is another fine old Gothic structure meriting the admiration of visitors. It stands in one of the old sloping streets, with an open space around, and its spires, though not tall, are seen at a great distance. It was erected in 1275, but, having been partially destroyed by a mob of violent reformers in 1579, much of it is of a more modern date. The appearance is nevertheless old and dingy, and at present considerable repairs are in the course of being made on the exterior ornamental stones. The interior is remarkable for figures of saints in stone on the rows of pillars in the nave, and a pulpit of carved wood-work. The figure of each saint, which is ten feet in height, and elevated twenty-five feet from the floor, is sculptured with surprising skill: the whole are by Flemish and French artists. The pulpit, which stands on the open floor between two of the pillars, is a most elaborate work of art, emblematic of the Fall of Man. Adam and Eve are represented the size of life, sustaining the globe; an angel is driving them from Paradise, and Death is pursuing them. The figure and countenance of Adam (carved in dark yellow wood) are exceedingly expressive and striking. The concavity of the globe forms the pulpit, which rests upon the tree of Good and Evil, laden with fruit, and decorated with birds, some of which, by the way, it would be difficult to find in any work of ornithology. The tree is represented as growing up the back of the pulpit, with its branches and two angels supporting the canopy overhead. This beautiful work of art was executed by Verbruggen of Antwerp, in 1699, and was presented to the cathedral of Brussels by Maria Theresa a few years later. The church contains several splendid objects in the side chapels, besides some monuments of distinguished personages connected with the history of the Netherlands. The grand altar is a gorgeous structure of white marble, erected in 1743, from a bequest of 18,000 florins made by a pious and wealthy widow in the town. Latterly, the windows have been filled with modern coloured glass, representing scriptural scenes; they are spoken of as being well executed, but they seemed to us extravagantly full of blue, and are inferior in taste and tone to the old painted windows of Gouda.

Brussels possesses an object of art which the people have almost deified, and which they look upon as a sort of palladium of their city. This is a small figure of a man, or rather of a boy, in bronze, which is drolly placed over a fountain at the corner of a street in the lower town, and is known by the name of the “*Mannekin*.” The history of the little fellow is quite farcical. The figure, which was originally of stone, is said to have existed in the seventh century. It was, however, by some means broken, and replaced by a figure in iron, and this again was succeeded by the present one in bronze. It seems to have been a mighty object of desire with the enemies of Brussels to steal the Mannekin, and he, accordingly, was frequently carried off; but to keep him was impossible—he was always recaptured and brought back. It being the practice to decorate him on fête days, the Emperor Charles V. gave him a complete suit, and settled a pension on him. Peter the Great of Russia came to see him, and, bowing before him, said, “*Sir, I have come to see you, since you go to see no one*,” and added to his pension. Duke Maximilian, in 1698, gave him not only fine clothes, but invested him with his order. Louis XV., to protect him, as he said, from the violence of his soldiery, though actually to please the citizens of Brussels, gave him a full uniform, and solemnly decorated him with the order of St Louis. It is a positive fact, that, in addition to these gifts from sovereigns, several people have made the little man votive gifts, while others have actually remembered him in their wills. Within the last twenty years, a lady left him an annuity of 120 francs. He has a regular valet-de-chambre, who is paid 400 francs a-year for dressing him on fête days; and a treasurer

who is responsible for his disbursements and revenues. And all this for a piece of inanimate metal! *Vive la bagatelle!*

In respect to manufactures, Brussels is no longer a seat of the tapestry or carpet trade, for which it was once eminent. In the present day it produces a number of miscellaneous articles, particularly lace, which no other place can match. We went to see the principal lace manufactory. It is situated in a house in one of the descending streets near the cathedral, and belongs to Messrs Duquetiaux and Sons. The establishment consists of a number of young women, who are busily engaged in making lace sprigs and edgings, while others are employed in working them on net, for veils, flounces, tippets, &c. The females kept at this minute kind of work are poorly paid, notwithstanding the excessively high prices of the lace; and a suggestion from the attendant, that our dropping a trifle into the box for donations from visitors would be a deed of kindness to the inmates, met with our prompt attention.

The business of printing and publishing has for some time formed one of the chief trades in Brussels. The works produced are nearly all in the French language, and many of them are reprints of Parisian editions. A number of English works are also reprinted in a cheap and convenient form.* The existence of Belgium so near France is most detrimental to the business of publication in Paris. The language of the two countries being, as far as literature is concerned, the same, no sooner is a new work of any merit issued from the press in Paris by a French author, than it is reprinted at Brussels, and that in a perfectly legal manner. The French have long complained of this species of legalised piracy, but without avail; the Belgians alleging, in vindication of their conduct, that their works are equally copied in France; and, moreover, that the French speak of invasion of copyright with a bad grace, seeing that they habitually reprint the works of English authors. However this state of things may be finally settled, in the meanwhile a great trade is carried on at Brussels in publishing works of foreign and native origin. I went with my friend and companion of my journey, Mr Orr, to see one of the largest of the book manufactories, which belongs to a company of individuals, among whom are numbered some of the functionaries of the present government, and was kindly shown to us by the practical manager of the concern. In this, as in other establishments, all the operations necessary for the mechanical preparation of books are conducted together—printing, binding, and selling. By this aggregation of departments of trade, by the lowness of wages, and the cheapness of paper, the company of which I speak can manufacture books at a rate cheaper than can be done in Britain, but I feel assured not lower than what could produce them for, were the duty of 1½d. per lb. entirely removed from our paper, because our machinery is much superior to that of Brussels, and this alone would compensate for a higher rate of workmen's wages. The large publishing establishments of Brussels manufacture books for exportation to a prodigious extent. They send their wares to all the principal towns in Germany, Russia, Italy, Greece, and other quarters, thus carrying on a kind of trade of which we in England are comparatively ignorant, and are shut out from, in consequence of the local character of our language, and our infinitely dearer mode of manufacturing. It is exceedingly apparent to the stranger on the continent, that the simple mode of "getting up" books with a mediocre kind of printing and thin paper covers, has a powerful effect in multiplying and disseminating literary productions. In Brussels especially, the book shops are very numerous, and many persons of a humble order may be seen with a volume or a paper in their hands. In walking through the streets on Sunday, I had occasion to observe that a number of young women, who were left in charge of the shops, were sitting behind the counter diligently perusing a book. The activity displayed in reproducing French literature is in nothing more conspicuous than the announcement which took place, during my stay, of an edition of a certain Parisian newspaper, which was to be issued within an hour after the arrival of the paper from Paris.

Brussels possesses a botanical garden, supported by a company of shareholders, which is of great extent and beauty, and forms a delightful promenade on the days on which it is open to visitors. It is situated on an irregular piece of ground on the western Boulevards, at a place greatly improved by the removal of the old walls. In the same quarter, in the midst of a pleasant garden, is placed the royal observatory, an institution over which I had the pleasure of being conducted by the accomplished M. Quetelet, chief astronomer. The observatory contains a number of instruments of great value, but, as may be supposed, of foreign manufacture.

In the environs of the town near the western Boulevards, there is an establishment of a very remarkable kind, connected with literature and the arts, exceedingly worthy of notice. I allude to the "Etablisse-

ment Geographique de Bruxelles," or "Geographical Establishment of Brussels," which was founded in 1830 by its present proprietor, Mr Philippe Vandermaelen. This gentleman, who is a native of Belgium, is a person of great ingenuity, perseverance, and practical benevolence. Professionally, he conducts at his establishment the largest business of designing, engraving, and lithographic printing, in the kingdom, also letter-press printing. The principal department is, I believe, that of lithography, in which maps, charts, and pictorial embellishments, are produced to an inconceivable extent. Globes are likewise made of a large size, some being as large as upwards of two metres fifty cents, or about seven feet, in circumference. In the preparation of all these works of art, Mr M. Vandermaelen, brother of the founder, unites his exertions and superintendence. So much for the mere business part of the concern. The object of the proprietor not being to accumulate a fortune, but to do good in the meanwhile with the means in his hands, he has associated with his undertaking an educational and generally instructive institution. Proceeding through the main front edifice of the establishment, we see before us a fine large botanical garden, and on each side saloons for a library, museum of natural history, geology, and animal physiology, also for the delivery of courses of lectures on various branches of science. All the instruction communicated in those departments of human knowledge is gratuitous. A great number of young persons, from the age of fourteen to eighteen, are admitted to receive instruction under masters, and no reward whatsoever is sought by the proprietor of the institution, further than the approbation of his own benevolent mind, and the consciousness of elevating young men of ability from a humble to a higher sphere, in which they are calculated to shine. The library of the institution has been collected in a manner so peculiar, that it deserves to be noticed. Visitors who happen to have any books which they can spare, are asked to exchange them for some other works, the produce of the establishment, and by this means books of all the civilised nations in Europe have been collected to an immense extent. By this and other modes of acquisition, the library is now very large, and is open to all who may choose to make use of it. Every thing considered, the establishment of Mr Vandermaelen is one of the most interesting institutions in Brussels, and affords a striking proof of how much good may often be done by one enterprising and well-regulated mind.

THE DEANSTON COTTON-WORKS.

THE large cotton-spinning establishments in connection with the trade of Glasgow, are not all situated in that city or its environs; many are placed in localities favourable for their water-power at a considerable distance in the country, as, for example, at Catrine, in Ayrshire; New Lanark, on the Clyde, near the celebrated falls; and at Deanston, in the southern part of Perthshire. From a paper just published in the *Inverness Courier*, written we should suppose by the editor of that northern print, we are enabled to present the following abridged account of the cotton-factory at Deanston, the facts of which must be new to many of our readers. Deanston, it may be premised, stands in the beautiful vale of the Teith, on the banks of the river of that name, near the village and ancient castle of Doune, and about eight miles north-west from Stirling, on the way towards the Trossachs and Loch Katrine.

Deanston Cotton-Works employ above eleven hundred persons, young and old, and contain the most perfect machinery in the kingdom. The first erection took place in the year 1785, by the Messrs Buchanan of Carston, four brothers, the eldest of whom was an intimate acquaintance of Sir Richard Arkwright, and was his first agent in Glasgow for the sale of cotton twist. The English had annoyed Sir Richard so much by invading his invention, that he resolved to instruct young Scotsmen in the art, in preference to his own countrymen; and among others, Mr Archibald Buchanan (now manager of the Catrine works, Ayrshire) went apprentice to Sir Richard, and was the only one who had the privilege of living in the house with him. Sir Richard was an old bachelor, and was so intent on his schemes and calculations, that young Buchanan and he often sat for weeks together, on opposite sides of the fire, without exchanging a syllable. The old man, however, was in his other moods extremely kind and familiar, and recollected his pupil in after life.

The powerful fall and supply of water in the Teith having suggested to the elder of the Buchanans the idea of placing a cotton-spinning establishment at this spot, where it now stands, the scheme was soon ripened into action. There was a lint mill with a dam upon the property, and the owner disposed of the mill to him, and gave him a few acres along the margin of the stream. Carding and roving for jenny-spinning were then the only processes which were driven by power (as it is termed), and for this purpose the old lint mill was appropriated, a building being erected close by for the reception of the jennies. At first, the Highlanders were shy of entering this tower of Babel, with its unknown sounds and sights: they considered it a sort of prison. From the respectable manner in which the works were conducted, they were gradually reconciled to the employment, and were quite willing that both themselves and children should be engaged. Archibald Buchanan was then a fine athletic young man of eighteen or nineteen, of a social generous dis-

position; he mingled with the people; and thus a number of active young men of the district, of the better classes, were led to work at Deanston; and so expert did they become, that as fine yarn was then spun at Deanston as has subsequently been made by the best spinners in Manchester. Some of these young men afterwards made fortunes in business, and the firm of the Macphails in Glasgow (extensive spinners and power weavers) had its origin in one of the family repairing from Ross-shire to work at Deanston.

In the year 1793, the works at Deanston passed into the hands of a Yorkshire Quaker, a benevolent old gentleman named Flounders; and in 1808 they became the property of James Finlay and Co. from Glasgow, with whom Mr Archibald Buchanan had become connected. The establishment was at this time remodelled under the charge of the present manager, Mr Smith (a nephew of Mr Buchanan), who is well known for his mechanical as well as his agricultural inventions and improvements. In 1822, the company made arrangements with the neighbouring proprietors for additional water-power, by which they acquired a fall of 20 feet, making the whole fall 33 feet.

An extensive plan of enlargement and improvement was now adopted; the works were thriving, and machinery was daily becoming more and more perfect. In this plan, it was proposed to erect eight water wheels in one square building, each to be 36 feet in diameter, and 11 feet wide inside, being overshot, and having the shrouding and buckets 24 inches deep. At present four of those wheels are in operation, and pedestals have been erected for two more. They are the most gigantic-looking things we ever saw, and distribute, by innumerable shafts, the whole of the vast concentrated power over the different apartments. Each wheel has a power equal to eighty horses!

The whole of the works are lighted with gas, and they possessed this advantage so early as 1813, before any of our towns could boast the same brilliant light. Tunnels are made all under ground, by which communication can be had with the different departments without going out of doors, and every other facility has been adopted for carrying on the operations. Carts proceed daily to Glasgow with the produce. The construction of the various works must have cost an enormous outlay of money, and a considerable charge annually will be brought against it in the shape of interest; but we were informed that the power being once acquired, the annual expenditure for management and repairs is small indeed—not exceeding, on the average, £400 per annum. The steadiness of the stream of the Teith, which flows from Loch Katrine and five of her lakes, renders the command of water extremely uniform, and the loss of a few hours' work per day for a week or fortnight in the driest period of summer, is all the stoppage the works ever experience.

The process of manufacture may be described as follows:—The bags of cotton, containing each about 300 pounds weight, are laid upon the floor in rows, taken out and thrown into a machine called a *Willow*. This willow is a revolving cylinder with iron teeth, which divides and breaks down the masses. The material is then conveyed to another machine, which used to be called the *Devil*. Burns, in his admirable Address to the Deil, expresses a hope that he would take a thought and mend, in consequence of which he might still have a chance! The cotton-spinners' devil has experienced this agreeable reverse of fortune; for, since it has been improved and remodelled, it goes by the name of the *Angel*. The cotton is then weighed in small portions, spread out, and put into a machine which determines and regulates the girth of the thread. Passing through pairs of rollers, the cotton is struck by iron beaters (as in a thrashing-mill) at the rate of six thousand feet per minute! The lighter dust is drawn through a revolving wire sieve by the action of a fan, and is thus blown to the open air, ridding all the processes of that annoyance which used to be so hurtful to health. The cotton is now in the form of a web—is next wound on rollers—and put to the carding-machines, whereby the fibres of the cotton are completely separated, and any remaining lumps or refuse are taken out.

The machines used here are of a peculiar construction, in which a process formerly done by hand is now performed by mechanism, and for which Mr Smith holds a patent. By the variously improved construction of this machine, the saving of labour in this process will amount to about thirty per cent. Some peculiar and beautiful movements are introduced, but it is impossible to describe them. The next process to which the material passes, is the drawing machine, wherein the fibres are drawn into a parallel and longitudinal position, by means of successive pairs of rollers, the first pair holding the material, and allowing it to pass with a slow progress, whilst the second pair lay hold of it and pull it in the same way as a man draws straw for thatching. When the fibres have been sufficiently brought to parallel (which is done by repeating this process three or four times in the same machine), the material is carried to what is called a *roving frame*, where it is drawn to a much smaller girth, and then twisted into a thready form, and is wound upon bobbins. These bobbins are carried to spinning machines, when the girth is still more reduced, until the thread reaches its desired size, when it is twisted sufficiently firm to become thread fit for weaving. The thread intended for warp is spun upon a machine

* In the Rue Montagne de la Cour I found a bookshop kept by a Mr Todd, a Scotchman, from Edinburgh, and a most respectable person in his line. The number of English in Brussels is sufficient to support an extensive circulating library of British publications under Mr Todd's charge. In this place I observed for sale, Brussels editions of English works, at about a tenth of the cost of the original London editions.

called a *throstle*, which is a modification of Sir Richard Arkwright's original machine, and at this work a recent American invention has been adopted; it admits of great velocity in the twisting process, and, consequently, produces a much greater quantity of work in the same time. The bobbins, by the movements of which the twist is thrown into thread, go at the amazing velocity of 8000 revolutions per minute! The effect is magical. These machines are attended by children, chiefly little girls, who are singularly dexterous, and they are superintended in divisions by grown-up women—one male superintendant having the general charge of a department. The work is light and easy, but requires constant attention, and great cleanliness and order, and thus it may be said to form an excellent school for training the young to habits of attention and industry. These little girls follow the employment with spirit and cheerfulness, from eight to twelve hours a day. The yarn intended for woof or weft is upon the *mule jenny*, a machine invented by a Mr Crompton, near Bolton, Lancashire. It is an adaptation of the twisting process of the old jenny, or muckle wheel of this country, to the drawing process of Sir Richard Arkwright. Hitherto such machines have generally been worked by men of great strength and skill, who acquired high wages, and were the chief movers in all the combinations of the cotton trade. To obviate the inconvenience of these strikes, the attention of mechanical men has been for many years directed. The machines employed here were invented by Mr Smith some years ago, for which he holds patents for the United Kingdom, most of the countries on the continent of Europe, and for America. The machine is now being extensively introduced in the trade generally. Mr Smith has just completed an adaptation of this principle to mules for spinning wool, and which is likely to be of vast importance in the present rising state of the woollen manufactures of our country.

The invention of this machine removes the only laborious and slavish employment that remained in the cotton manufacture, and effects a saving of about 50 per cent., besides producing an article of superior quality, and insuring regularity. It has created a demand for young females' labour, who are better paid than when they worked under the spinners—the money being thus more equally distributed. It gives, besides, to this country an important advantage over the cheap labour of other countries.

In preparing the warp for the weaving process, from 500 to 1000 bobbins are arranged in regular rows in a wooden frame, and from these the threads proceed towards a beam, or roller, on which they are wound, having a peculiarly beautiful appearance, the threads converging towards the mass, like the rays of the sun from behind a cloud. Being collected, the threads are passed through a machine whereby the threads are stiffened, by being immersed in a paste formed of flour and glue boiled together with water. Brushes attached to mechanism sweep along the surfaces of threads, laying all the fibres, and rendering them smooth and uniform. Fanners are put in rapid motion, and blow heated air upon the mass of threads, so as to render it perfectly dry before being placed on the weavers' beam. From this it is carried to the power-loom, where the whole operations are performed by mechanism; the young women, who attend two looms each, having merely to supply the woof from time to time, and mend such threads of the warp as may break in the process. The woof is supplied in little pirns or cops, formed on the self-acting mules; each loom will, on cloth of ordinary thickness, such as a common calico, produce about thirty yards per day, making 60 the work of each girl. These looms, to the number of about 300, are arranged in rows, with alleys between, in a most spacious apartment, which, when lighted with gas, has a most magnificent effect.

In going over the vast establishment, it seemed to us like entering an illuminated village, and we shall not soon forget the effect of 300 gas-lights in one apartment. This building is quite novel in its structure, the roof being composed of groined arches, supported on cast-iron columns, 12 feet high, and the rise of the arches being 6 feet; the greatest height of the ceiling is 18 feet. The groins are in squares of 33 feet 6 inches, and in the centre of each groin there is a circular opening 8 feet in diameter, surmounted by a handsome glass cupola light, affording a most uniform and perfect light for the operations carried on below. The arches are rendered water-tight in the most simple manner by a coating of pitched coal tar, about a quarter of an inch in thickness, and the whole is covered with three or four feet of soil, intended to form a garden for flowers and other plants. It is remarkable, that, during the intense frost of the winter 1837-8, the hardening did not penetrate more than one and a half inches into this soil—owing, doubtless, to the heat from below. This building covers altogether upwards of half an acre, and every individual in the apartment can be seen from any point. The whole is fire-proof. The general order of management at the Deanston works is very much on the principle of Arkwright—a proof of the talents of that eminent person. There is a head- or superintendant to each department—every one has his own allotted part—and in most cases they are paid by the piece, not in weekly wages. They receive the amount of their earnings every Thursday morning (that being the market day); and the youngest individual about the works is paid his or her wages into their own

hand, which seems to give them an idea of personal consequence. They have all the privilege of leaving any moment they choose, without previous warning; and we were informed that this is found to insure a more steady, agreeable, and lengthened service than could be obtained by the firmest indenture. There is no fine or punishment, excepting for damage to the works through evident carelessness. The order of the establishment is preserved by the dismissal of offending individuals, or their banishment for a limited period. By "stopping the supplies," every member of the family is interested in the good conduct of the whole, and a banished child, man, or friend, finds no rest at home. The morals of the people are in general very correct; no drunkard is permitted about the establishment. We inquired of an intelligent medical gentleman at Douhe (Dr McAnsh) whether the spinners were as healthy as the other villagers. His answer was, "They are not so robust (owing to their confinement), but their health is as steady and uniform."

Immediately adjoining the works is a handsome little village, built and founded by the company, which contains about 1200 inhabitants. The houses are neat, built in one long street parallel to the water course, and are two stories high, with attics. They are most exemplary patterns of cleanliness, and to each house is attached a small piece of garden ground, and a range of grass plot for bleaching. A school-room is united to the establishment, capable of containing 200 children, and a teacher is paid by the company. The young children generally go to school when about five years of age; and as none are admitted into the works until they are nine, they are mostly good readers, and able to write and cipher before they enter the works. The children employed in the works from nine to thirteen years of age, must, according to the Factory Act, work only eight hours per day, and about three hours are devoted to the school-room. The number at this age amounts to 100, and they are divided into relays of 33 each; so that while two relays are at work, one is attending school. The youth above thirteen years of age and under sixteen are expected to attend an evening school four nights in the week; and a Sabbath school in the village contains about 150 pupils. Thus the works at Deanston seem to possess every facility and recommendation; they have changed the aspect of the country—beautiful and romantic as it is—by introducing into it habits of industry, order, and the highest mechanical genius and dexterity; they cause a circulation of money to the extent of about £20,000 per annum; they furnish employment for the people of all ages; they have called forth the spirit and activity of the agriculturists to meet the ever-recurring demands of the place; and in all respects they are a splendid monument of British enterprise, skill, and perseverance.

MRS JAMESON ON FEMALE EDUCATION.

In Mrs Jameson's "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada," the following emphatic observations are made on the subject of female education:—

"In women, as now educated, there is a strength of local habits and attachments, a want of cheerful self-dependence, a cherished physical delicacy, a weakness of temperament—deemed, and falsely deemed, in deference to the pride of man, essential to feminine grace and refinement—altogether unfitting them for a life which were otherwise delightful: the active out-of-door life in which she must share and sympathise, and the in-door occupations which in England are considered servile; for a woman who cannot perform for herself and others all household offices, has no business here [Canada]. But when I hear some men declare that they cannot endure to see women eat, and others speak of brilliant health and strength in young girls as being rude and vulgar, with various notions of the same kind too grossly absurd and perverted even for ridicule, I cannot wonder at any nonsensical affectations I meet with in my own sex, nor do otherwise than pity the mistakes and deficiencies of those who are brought up sagely with the one end and aim—to get married. As you always used to say, 'Let there be a demand for a better article, and a better article will be supplied.'"

A woman blessed with good health, a cheerful spirit, larger sympathies, larger capabilities of reflection and action, some knowledge of herself, her own nature, and the common lot of humanity, with a plain understanding, which has been allowed to throw itself out unwarp by sickly fancies and prejudices—such a woman would be as happy in Canada as any where in the world. A weak, frivolous, half-educated, or ill-educated woman may be as miserable in the heart of London as in the heart of the forest; but there her deficiencies are not so injurious, and are supplied to herself and others by the circumstances and advantages around her.

I have heard (and seen) it laid down as a principle, that the purpose—one purpose at least—of education is to fit us for the circumstances in which we are likely to be placed. I deny it absolutely. Even if it could be exactly known (which it cannot) what those circumstances may be, I should still deny it. Education has a far higher object. I remember to have heard of some Russian prince (was it not Potemkin?) who, when he travelled, was preceded by a gardener, who around his marquee scattered an artificial soil, and stuck into it shrubs and bouquets of flowers, which, while assiduously watered, looked pretty for twenty-four hours perhaps, then withered or were plucked up. What shallow barbarism to take pleasure in such a mockery of a garden! Better the wilderness, better the waste! that forest, that rock yonder, with creeping weeds around it! An education that is to fit us for circumstances, seems to me

like that Russian garden. No; the true purpose of education is to cherish and unfold the seed of immortality already sown within us; to develop, to their fullest extent, the capacities of every kind with which the God who made us has endowed us."

THE FROZEN PROPHET OF SEVILLAN.

MR MORIER, in his volume of travels entitled "A Second Journey through Persia," &c. mentions, although somewhat sceptically, a circumstance which has since been authenticated as a fact by a British officer. The distinguished plenipotentiary says: "The mountain of Sevilan is held in high veneration by the Persians, who relate that in one of the snowy chasms at its summit is to be seen the dead body of a man always frozen, but in the highest state of preservation (with the exception of one tooth and a part of the beard), and which they believe to have belonged to a *peyghember*, or prophet, whose name the mountain retains to this day. Although this story is in every one's mouth, and confirmed with assurances that many have seen the body, yet we never met with any one person who had himself seen it. We rather lowered what in their estimation is a miracle, by informing them that bodies of any description will preserve entire as long as they remain frozen, and that they had only to seek the frozen market at Petersburg to convince themselves of the fact." The statement of animal bodies being preserved from decay if enshrined in ice, is a well-ascertained truth. The body of a mammoth or fossil elephant was found entire in an iceberg in Siberia about the beginning of this century. As the animal belongs to a race now long extinct, it had certainly remained there many thousand years, how many it would be vain to conjecture. No better proof, therefore, can be afforded of the antiseptic properties of ice; and so far we were prepared to credit the truth of what the Persians asserted regarding their deceased prophet. But all doubt upon the subject has been removed by Captain Shee of the Madras infantry, who, in a letter to Colonel Monteith, thus describes his visit to the tomb:—

"After a ride of eighteen miles, we reached a camp of Illiauts, and had not been long seated before we perceived a party descending, which proved to be the Mulla Bashi of Tehran and Ali Khan, who had been sent by order of the king. They told us it was not worth our while to ascend, as there was nothing to see, and the difficulties were very great. From their fresh appearance we much doubted their having reached the summit, and determined on the following day at least to endeavour to accomplish our object. Two hours before daylight we mounted our horses, with two guides, and rode for six miles, when we were obliged to leave them, and proceed on foot. The mountain did not appear very difficult, but we soon found our mistake. After surmounting four distinct ranges, every one of which led us on, in hopes of being the last, we reached the summit by the east-south-east side at eleven A.M., having been walking five hours; our guide, an old man of seventy years of age, being the first. On the top of the mountain we found a tomb, consisting of stones, neatly put together, and covered, except at one end, where a few stones had been removed to look at the body. In it we found the skeleton of a man lying with his head and body inclining to the right side (turning towards Mecca): the front half of the skull, the left collar-bone, the left arm, from the shoulder to the elbow, with four ribs on the left side, were alone visible: some dried flesh and pieces of the winding-sheet were still adhering to the skeleton. The remainder of the body was buried in ice and earth. The skull was perfect, except some of the front teeth, which were lying about the tomb; twenty teeth are still in their places, perfectly even, and beautifully white. There appears no doubt that before the stones were removed, the body was perfect, and that the remainder, which is buried in the ice, is still so. Having satisfied our curiosity, we proceeded to see an extraordinary stone, out of which (the Persians say) oil is distilled, and at a hole in the top a diamond is seen. After crossing about a mile of snow and ice on the summit of the mountain, we came to an amphitheatre of about 600 yards in circumference, containing a pond of the purest water; the sides were covered with snow, and long pendant icicles gave the whole a beautiful appearance. To the right of the pool, a little higher up, was a cleared spot with a wall about three feet high, enclosing a stone of three feet in height by four in length, over which a quantity of oil appeared to have been poured; in its centre was a hole, which had the appearance of being used as a lamp, and in it a piece of lead to hold a wick, which the Persians had called a diamond. Numbers of offerings were placed round it. Near it was another stone, with some rude letters cut on it. From the appearance of the place, I concluded that at some periods of the year the Illiauts frequent this spot, and perform some religious ceremonies, making the stone the lamp. It took us three hours and a half to reach the place where we left our horses. We returned to the camp we had before left, perfectly persuaded that the Mulla Bashi had never ascended the mountain. Water boiled at 188 degrees of Fahrenheit; the temperature in the tomb was exactly the freezing point."

We have quoted the passage entire, both because it is interesting in itself, and because it proves that the mountain of Sevilan is, or has been, a scene consecrated to religious rites. The temperature at which water boils indicates an altitude of nearly 13,000 feet above

the level of the ocean. It is situated in about latitude 38 degrees 12 minutes, rather more than a degree east from the shores of the Caspian Sea, in the province of Azerdijan. It is much higher than any other elevation in this territory, with the exception of the celebrated Mount Ararat. Sevilan appears to have been a volcano, there being many indications of the fact, although the remains of any crater are no longer visible. There are four distinct peaks or pinnacles which closely resemble each other, and may, at a distance, be mistaken one for another. All around its base are warm springs, but none of them with a heat above 104 degrees, which is far below the temperature of many other thermal fountains. With regard to the individual whose remains have been deposited in this singular cemetery, our travellers are silent. He was, no doubt, one of those impostors, so numerous in countries where the Mahomedan religion prevails, who lay claim to the divine afflatus, and who seldom fail in securing a creditable body of supporters. Whether it was a desire of his own to be so interred, or whether it was an afterthought of his followers, we are not informed. The Illiuts here mentioned are wandering races of Persia, constituting, it is supposed, about one-fourth of the whole population of the country. They form almost a distinct class by the nature of their habits, which are migratory, and by their modes of gaining their livelihood. They are distributed into a number of distinct tribes, who keep entirely separate from one another, like the Highland clans of old.

REMARKABLE ANECDOTES OF DOGS.

The anecdotes given of dogs saving the lives of persons in danger of drowning, are so numerous as to be familiar to every person. "One cannot reflect on the innumerable instances of the love and usefulness of this animal, without being grateful to Providence for having given to man a creature capable of many of those noble and disinterested feelings, which we are accustomed to appreciate so highly in our fellow-creatures, and almost to look upon as constituting the perfection of the human character." I beg leave to introduce to my readers an anecdote of a dog belonging to a friend of mine, but shall first, however, mention a story somewhat similar, related by an author of the greatest respectability, regarding a dog belonging to a religious house in France. "At a convent in France, twenty paupers were served with a dinner at a certain hour every day. A dog belonging to the convent did not fail to be present at this regale, to receive the odds and ends which were now and then thrown to him. The guests, however, were poor and hungry, and of course not very wasteful; so that their pensioner did little more than scent the feast of which he would fain have partaken. The portions were served by a person at the ringing of a bell, and delivered out by means of what, in religious houses, is called a *tour*; which is a machine like the section of a cask, that, by turning round upon a pivot, exhibits whatever is placed on the concave side, without discovering the person who moves it. One day, this dog, who had only received a few scraps, waited till the paupers were all gone, took the rope in his mouth, and rang the bell. His stratagem succeeded. He repeated it the next day with the same good fortune. At length the cook, finding that twenty-one portions were given out instead of twenty, was determined to discover the trick: in doing which he had no great difficulty; for, lying *perdu*, and noticing the paupers as they came for their different portions, and that there was no intruder except the dog, he began to suspect the truth; which he was confirmed in when he saw the animal wait with great deliberation till the visitors were all gone, and then pull the bell. The matter was related to the community; and, to reward him for his ingenuity, he was permitted to ring the bell every day for his dinner, on which a mess of broken victuals was always afterwards served out to him."

The following is the anecdote I refer to. A friend of mine, Captain W. Aug. Thomson, R.N., residing near Edinburgh, has a dog, both the parents of which were natives of Newfoundland. At the time I refer to (1836) he was, I believe, only two years old, but exhibited all the indications of great muscular power, and singular sagacity. He was considerably larger at that time than many full-grown animals of the same breed, and I always imagined his eye possessed a very peculiar degree of intelligence. One day my friend walked down to the sea-beach to observe the military, whose barracks are in his neighbourhood, performing their evolutions, and took the dog with him. All went on very well till the cavalry commenced firing, but such a sound was too much for the astonished Bounce, as the dog is called. Being quite a puppy, like many other puppies, he was not very willing to stand fire, and he therefore considered the best thing he could do was to sound a retreat. Accordingly, without casting a single glance toward his master, he *bounced* away homewards at full gallop, with his tail depressed, and in evident terror. His master's residence is about a mile from the beach, and it appeared the dog ran the whole way at full speed. But as the house is in a garden, and surrounded by a lofty wall, having a gate which is always shut, and which communicates with the house only by a bell, it became a problem to our canine reasoner, how to get within the walls so as to be in safety. The gate he could not open, the wall was too high to leap; how then could he enter? He perceived at once his predicament, and no doubt thought of the bell he had so often seen his master pull, and the sounds of which were so often followed by the opening of the gate. Crossing the road, he ran up to a labouring man who was passing, and with all the gentleness he could assume, seized him by the wrist and held him, at the same time wagging his tail, and endeavouring to direct the man's attention to his situation. The man was at first, naturally enough, much terrified; but the perfectly gentle appearance of the animal prevented his fears from increasing. He therefore

accompanied the dog across the road, and was led close up to the bell, which he at once perceived the animal required him to pull; this having done, he was no longer detained a prisoner, and the gate being opened, he related, in astonishment to the servant, the singular conduct of the dog. This little story is entitled to the highest credit, not only on account of the source I derived it from, but because I myself have seen the dog, when desirous of leaving the room, take his master by the wrist and lead him to the door in order to open it. All this I have been assured is solely the result of the dog's instinct, or rather, indeed, reason, as he never received any instruction. I trust that, although this anecdote has little direct reference to humanity in animals, I may be excused taking this opportunity of mentioning it.—*Fraser's Rights of Instinct.*

USE OF BIOGRAPHY.

THAT "what man has done man may do," is a most stimulating and encouraging truth. It is this consideration chiefly that renders the lives of individuals who have distinguished themselves in their day and generation so interesting to their fellow-creatures; and it is a remark which should be borne in mind, whether we are studying the actions of *great good men*, or of *clever bad men*. In the former case, we should inquire whether we are not possessed of the same qualities, powers, and opportunities (generally speaking), with which they were favoured; and in the latter, that we partake of the same depraved nature, and are liable to the same temptations that led them astray. It is not the history of other beings—of those above or below us in the scale of intelligence; it is neither of angels nor brutes, but of men like ourselves, that we read.

It is a common remark, that biography is one of the most useful studies to which we can apply; but we must remember that its usefulness to us entirely depends upon our right application of it. It is idle, indeed, to take up a book of any kind, merely with a view to entertainment: we hope our readers are all of them by this time above so childish a practice; but it is possible to read with a general desire to derive benefit, and yet without that close personal application of it to ourselves, which alone is likely to do us good. We would therefore recommend, especially to the reader of biography, to keep one grand object in view; and to make this close inquiry whenever such a volume is opened—In what respects is this applicable to me? How can I make it subservient to my own improvement? We will endeavour to offer some suggestions that may assist the reader in this inquiry.

Suppose that a young person in the quiet and humble walks of life should meet with the annals of some great warrior or statesman, he would probably say, "This is nothing to me, except as mere amusement; I have no ambition, at least I have no talents or opportunities, to distinguish myself in public life; I am quite contented with my humble lot; I seek not great things for myself." Herein, indeed, he would show his wisdom; and yet it might not be true that such a history was nothing to him. Whatever is in itself excellent, is worthy of our attention, and more or less of our imitation, however widely our circumstances may differ.

Great talents and splendid achievements are necessarily confined to a few; and as we may be virtuous and happy without them, this is not to be regretted; but it is the duty and interest of every individual to aim at excellence in his own sphere, however humble; and while it may be the farthest from our wishes or our duty to engage in public services, it may still be highly to our advantage to trace the steps, and to mark the progress, by which great men have arrived at eminence. Many of the very same qualities are requisite to make a good tradesman, or skillful mechanic, which are needed to form a great statesman or general.

We shall probably find that such a man was early distinguished from the frivolous or dissolute around him by devotedness to his object: that he made it his study, his pleasure; not merely engaging in it as a matter of course, or of necessity. We shall find that he was not discouraged by difficulties, but rather stimulated by them to more vigorous efforts; that he never consulted his own ease or gratification, when they stood in the way of his grand design; that he was characterised by a disregard to trifles of all sorts, and by a steady aim at the most important ends. Now, as these, among other good qualities, insured to him success and distinction, so we may be assured that the same causes will produce the same effects, in whatever situations they are applied. Thus far a little apprentice boy may learn of Peter the Great, and become, by and bye, as distinguished in his trade as the Czar was in his empire.—*Jane Taylor.*

ESCAPE FROM A TIGER.

Lieutenant F. Hughes, of the 7th L. C., was in the act of stooping to get a flower from the jungle, about 200 yards from the roadside, when he heard a rustling noise behind him: he immediately turned his head to see what it was, when he beheld a huge tiger within a few yards of him. In the fright and hurry of the moment, when endeavouring to rise, he trod on the skirts of his dressing-gown, and fell backwards. He was at the same moment seized by the brute, which caught him over the waistband of his trousers in its mouth. In this position the beast was dragging him, when he got his hand into his pocket, and drew a small double-barrelled pistol, which he placed as direct for the animal's mouth as the position in which he lay would admit, fired, and in an instant he was free; for the tiger made a tremendous spring forward, carrying with it the clothes which it had grasped.—*Asiatic Magazine.*

INSTANCE OF PRESENTIMENT.

When one of our squadrons was blockading either Brest or Toulon, the flag-captain had occasion to send for one of the warrant-officers, a veteran who had shown his undaunted face in some of our severest actions, to receive some directions on the quarter-deck. As the ship was

just standing off the shore, and nearly three miles from it, a shot was fired from one of the batteries. On seeing the flash, the old seaman clenched his hands, and exclaimed, "That's for me! I know it is for me!" The astonished captain had scarcely commenced his rebuke, when the poor fellow's trunk lay bleeding on the planks. The gun must have had an elevation of 12 degrees, or more, so that the chances of its touching any thing but the sea were enormous; and the person destroyed was the only one who even thought about an effect. [Without speculating as to whether "every bullet has its billet," and whether the Orientals are altogether wrong in their doctrine of Fate, it may be observed, that nearly every officer of long experience in the military service adduces some such instance as the one now related.]—*Newspaper paragraph.*

TRUTH.

The following admirable passages on the value of truth in literature occur in a late number of the *Athenaeum*:—"To party writing *per se* we have no objection: in its place and season it has its uses; and when confined to its appropriate channel, should (critically as well as legally) be free to speak out manfully. But such writing is altogether foreign to the purposes of literature: Truth is of no party; and Literature, designed to 'polish manners, and raise man above a state of brutality,' cannot but suffer in its utility by the amalgamation of the two. The periodical criticism of our times has been graced by the contributions of the most gifted writers in the nation, and has recorded their opinions on many of the principal subjects at issue among men; and it is surely to be deprecated that posterity should have its confidence in these productions shaken, by their juxtaposition with all sorts of one-sided views, party misstatements and revilings, and with judgments almost avowedly passed on men and on things with a sole reference to party effect. The right, the true, and the beautiful, belong to a higher and a purer atmosphere, and are not contingent upon the accidents of church and state arrangement. Is it not, then, a miserable defect impressed on our national intellect—an evil beyond adequate expression—if it should turn out that this fashion of party journalism has gone very far to incapacitate the masses for the reception (or the conception) of ubiquitous and eternal truths, and deformed their humanity by a sectarian and factious one-sidedness? That something of this kind has been engendered by the abuses of journalism, can scarcely be denied, and its practical influence on our institutions and habits is already making itself felt to a dangerous extent. England, more than any other country, stands in need of a series of high-toned journals, open to the reception of truth, and determined to follow it courageously wherever it may lead, in the full conviction that whatever is, in nature, must be right. Whether in the present state of mind such journals would prove profitable speculations, is another, and an important, question—a question not wholly to be disregarded with impunity. Truth, we fear, has no party to back it; and, in order to procure friends, must still, as of old, be offered in homœopathic doses."

ANECDOTE OF WASHINGTON.

A person of lawless habits and reckless character had frequently entered upon the grounds near Mount Vernon, and shot ducks and other game. More than once he had been warned to desist, and not to return. It was his custom to cross the Potomac in a canoe, and ascend the creeks to some obscure place, where he could be concealed from observation. One day, hearing the discharge of a musket, Washington mounted his horse, and rode in the direction of the sound. The intruder discovered his approach, and had just time to gain the canoe and push it from the shore, when Washington emerged from the bushes at a distance of a few yards. The man raised his gun, cocked it, pointed it at him, and took deliberate aim; but, without a moment's hesitation, he rode into the water, seized the prow of the canoe, drew it to land, disarmed his antagonist, and inflicted on him a chastisement which he never again chose to run the hazard of encountering.—*Sparks's Life of Washington.*

DEPTH OF WELLS NEAR LONDON.

Wells 700 feet deep have been dug at Harrow-on-the-Hill, and several in London are between 200 and 300 feet deep; at other places on rising grounds the thickness of the stratum is much greater. In digging a well at Wimbledon for Lord Spencer, the workmen were obliged to go 530 feet before they came to the sand and gravel containing water. At Primrose Hill, near the Regent's Park, some years ago, the ground was bored to the depth of 500 feet without success. One mile east of London, the clay is only 77 feet thick; at a well in St James's Street it is 235 feet, and at High Beach 700 feet thick. In the spring of 1834 a water company sank a well on the lower heath at Hampstead, below the ponds, which was dry to the depth of 350 feet before reaching a supply of water, and even then the sand ran with the water in such a way as to make the steam-pump machinery nearly useless. It has already been observed that the ground rises from the north bank of the Thames—this it continues to do to the northern suburbs, Hampstead and Highgate. The ascent in town is in most places so gradual as to be scarcely perceptible; consequently the town is considered flat, and indeed it is so far level as to entail on the inhabitants an enormous expense in the proper construction and maintenance of shores and drains to meet the demands of common cleanliness, comfort, and even safety from disease; actual measurement, however, shows that the declivity is not only sufficient for this purpose, but that the difference of elevation in various parts of the town is very considerable.—*Dr Hogg's London as it is.*

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STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
ST PAUL.

TOO EARLY WED!

"It's what I wanted to spake to yer honour about," said Sandy Donovan, who had entered my cousin's breakfast-room, and made her his best bow; "it's what I wanted, my lady, is the lend of a loan of two-and-sixpence, if it would be plasing to ye; and I'll work it out in any way convenient—either in going messages to the squire, or any where else in the three kingdoms at a moment's notice; or taking a hand at the knives, whin Mither Langan, or Mike, or the footboy himself, has no mind to be dirtin' their hands wid their work, and yer honor wantin' them to be clane before the quality; or driving the cows home, if the ould cowboy would be sick, or 'overtaken,' which will happen to any, let alone a boy of his years; or—but to be sure," added Sandy, after a pause, as if to give weight to some peculiarly onerous service he was about to proffer—"to be sure, yer honour nor the masther are never in trouble that way, like yer neighbours—if you war, bedad! there isn't a boy in the barony would bate the bailiffs wid grater joy than myself!"—and Sandy's eyes brightened, and his hand grasped more firmly the handle of his good shillala; he looked whay he really was, a fine handsome gay-hearted "boy" of about nineteen—certainly not twenty.

"Well, Sandy," replied my cousin, smiling, "I will lend you the half-crown; and you shall repay it me, not in labour—for I require my servants to do their own work—but in money."

"Och, ma'am dear, that's hard upon me intirely. I'd rather work it out."

"But isn't your time your money? Cannot you sell that time to some other person, and discharge your debt out of the produce?"

"I'm no scholar, my lady," he replied, twisting his shoulders, "but I'd rather work it out."

"We will speak of that by and bye," said my cousin; "you must pay me twopence a-week, and tell me what you want with the half-crown."

"Well, God bless you, my lady, I'm a made man; I'll pay it at the twopence, though I'd rather work it but, supposing even it came to double."

My cousin smiled at me significantly, for we had often talked of the impossibility of making an Irishman consider time as a commodity of value; and then she asked him, "Well, Sandy, and now tell me what you want with it?"

Sandy Donovan twirled his hat between his thumbs, looked down upon the carpet, and hemmed twice. I perceived at once the state of the case, for he blushed deeply. With the natural quickness of an Irishman, he saw I understood the matter; and turning to me, said, "If you please, my lady, tell the mistress, for I see you're insensed into it already."

"Sandy's in love!"

"I have known that for some time," answered my cousin, "and with the gate-keeper's daughter. But what has that to do with the half-crown?"

My cousin is one of those amiable, excellent persons, who, born though not brought up in the country, loving it also with the warmth of Irish love, can no more comprehend an Irishman's nature, than can those who, having paid a visit of two weeks to Dublin, and the county Wicklow, return with a self-satisfied conviction that they are fully acquainted with the habits, manners, and feelings of the Irish nation.

"Is it what has it to do with the half-crown, my lady?" repeated poor Sandy, to my infinite amusement; "why, thin, just every thing in life sure; it's to help pay Father Garratty for marrying us, my lady! We've made up the money all to that, mistress dear, and we didn't, that's I didn't, know what to do at all about it, until I thought I'd make bould with you, madam, that can feel for us."

"Me feel for you!" exclaimed my cousin, indignantly; "how could you fancy that?"

"Just, ma'am, the remembrance of your own young days, that to be sure you don't look past yet, long life to you, and the masther's too, when, as I have heard tell, you thought the great battle of Waterloo put betwixt you both for ever, and he kilt at it, though he's so hearty now; and sure if the want of the half-crown put betwixt me and Lucy Hackett, it would be as bad to us as the battle of Waterloo."

I never asked my cousin which of the two topics Sandy touched upon had softened her most—the sly compliment to her youthful looks, or the allusion to the "great battle" where her beloved husband had played a distinguished part. Certainly her after-observation had lost all asperity.

"Well, but, Sandy, what provision have you made for this new state of matrimony?"

"Provision is it, my lady?" answered Sandy, with another turn of his hat; "we've lots of love, mistress dear; it'll hould out till the grave shuts over us, I'll go bail for that."

"But, Sandy, you can't live on love?"

"It's cruel poor living without it—that I know, ma'am, any way," he replied right readily.

"But there will be two to feed instead of one at your father's; for Lucy cannot continue at the lodge."

"Nor doesn't want, ma'am—I've built her a cabin off the corner of my father's three acres, and there's a few sticks in it already. She's no great eater, and the pratees are cheap enough, thank God!"

"But, by and bye, you will have more than two to feed."

"Plase God," was Sandy's quiet reply.

"Sandy," I said, "I am sure your choice is a good one; Lucy is a pretty, cheerful, industrious little girl, not yet eighteen, I think—too young to take the heavy cares of peasant life upon her. I will not say she will change, because that is what Irish women seldom do; but I must say you are laying the foundation of certain misery, both for her and yourself, by not waiting until you have something to begin life with."

"Ah, thin, ma'am dear, it's a shame for ye to be evenin' sorrow to a bridegroom."

"You even it, as you call it, to yourself, Sandy; look there!" I pointed from the window to a beggar woman who was coming up the lawn, followed by a troop of children. "Look there! how would you like to bring the light-hearted fond girl you love to a fate like that? And yet such are the effects of very early marriages, combined with, or rather the first step to, imprudence. You are both young; labour in your several vocations for five or six years; you have much to love and labour for; and at the end of that period, by God's blessing on your own industry, you'll have something to begin with—enough to furnish a cabin comfortably, and a short purse to defray first expenses."

"But, ma'am dear, sure we can work as well together, and get the comfortable cabin and the short purse afther."

"No—you will not have the same motive; circumstances will bend you down. If Lucy becomes the mother of children at so early an age, her exertions will be cramped."

"She'd work the better," interrupted Sandy.

"She would be, as all Irish women are, the most affectionate mother in the world; but, marrying so young, old age will come upon her prematurely. Her eyes will grow dim, and her hair turn grey before her time; her bodily strength must fail; and what woman can knit, or spin, or sew for hire, with a tribe of little half-starved children round her feet! It is not too late to change your resolution. I will see Lucy; I will reason with her; I know she will wait for you. Work on singly a little longer. She will be your reward; and, believe me, such a prudential course will render your future life prosperous and happy."

"What can a young man save out of tiapence or a shilling a-day, my lady?" said Sandy.

"What could he spare at that rate for the support of a wife, what for the support of a family of children?"

"Bedad!" answered Sandy, twisting his shoulders, his invariable practice when in a hobble, "Bedad! I don't know; only they all does the same, and sure we'll be no worse off than our neighbours."

"But Lucy, poor pretty Lucy, who has been more tenderly brought up than her neighbours; surely, Sandy, you would not wish to bring her into trouble?"

"Poverty I may bring her to:—God help us, ma'am, there's none of us made up against that; but I'll work my fingers to the bone to keep her from trouble. I'll own she's too good for me; though that's not her own thought. But I'll say this: sorra a boy in the town land will make a better husband, let the other be who he may. Sure, ma'am, there's nothing in the poverty you think of, to frighten us. We've been looking at it ever since we war born, more or less. We get used to it, in these parts."

"You bring it on yourselves. Nothing keeps down either young man or woman so much as a tribe of infants before there is any thing to give them."

"Bedad, so it does," replied the young man, with the most perfect composure; "but how can we help it!—the craythurs ax nothing but pratees and salt, and grow up fine men and women on it, that flog the world for beauty."

In fact, in no shape could we place poverty so as to render her aspect more hideous than he knew it to be; but his naturally gay spirit rose against the idea that either Lucy or he was doomed to encounter it; or, if they were, he laid his thoughts upon the favourite phrase of those who are not able to help themselves, "We'll get over it, by the help of God!" or, "We'll not be worse off than our neighbours," or, "Something 'ill turn up for good." Sometimes he would parry my argument by wit, sometimes by laughter—always respectful, yet merry taunter; and so, seeing he was determined upon an early marriage, and consequent poverty, I resolved to appeal to Lucy.

"She's a great fool," said her grandmother at the lodge, who had brought her up; "but if the worst come to the worst, she'll be no worse off than her neighbours." Here was a pretty argument in favour of misery, by one who was old enough to have known better. "She'll sup sorrow for it, I daresay, but we all have our taste of it one way or other." Lucy was all smiles and tears. Sandy and she had learnt out of the same "Read-a-made-easy" at school; they had gone to their "duty" together. She had been promised to him, and no thought of any one else had ever come across her heart. She was willing to wait for him till the day of her death, only, may be, for any thing she could tell, it would be the same thing in five years as it was then—there was nothing to make it better—and the ould loved each other the more who spent their sunny days together. I knew full well there is comparatively little misery caused among the lower classes in Ireland by the want of connubial affection. Cottage trouble has its sweet consoling drop of love in the bottom of every cup of sorrow. Lucy seemed prepared for both. She did not attempt to deny that she loved Sandy, it "was so natural to love him; she never had a brother, and he had been more than a brother to her since she was the height of a rose bush." I could not look on the young beauty—so fair, so truthful, so earnest, so bright—without a feeling of deep grief, for I could not but anticipate what was to follow. She had not even the ambition which characterises the young English bride in the same sphere of life; she knew that poverty would be her dower, but she had made up her mind to encounter it with him she loved. "Her uncle," she said, "had promised them half an acre, or may be more, by and bye, and then they'd do 'bravely.'" "Why not wait for it?" "And sure we must wait for it," she replied, with

great naïveté, "for he won't give it to us now." In her quiet modest way, Lucy was as firm as Sandy. "You perceive," said my cousin, "persons who seek to intimidate them, by pointing out the miseries of poverty, fail; they see it so often, that they yield to rather than withstand it, or sometimes rather than avoid it, if the means of avoiding it disturbs their preconceived opinions."

"They are always acting from impulse rather than reason; they run into danger, and then ask you how they might have kept out of it," said I, sadly provoked with those foolish young persons.

"It is easy to see how it will end," observed my cousin.

"Can't you give them a little land to begin on?"

"My dear friend, if we were to give land to all the silly youths who marry without the prospect of even potato food from one day to another, we should not have an acre left for ourselves. These early marriages are sources of the great evils of Ireland, and can never be prevented, as long as the peasantry have no ambition to elevate themselves in the scale of society by means of better clothes and better dwellings than they generally possess. A man who is satisfied that his wife should beg while he reaps the English harvest, and that his children should go barefoot, cannot raise himself."

"But he is not so satisfied," I said; "necessity compels it."

"A necessity induced," observed my quiet cousin, "BY BEING TOO EARLY WED." She was quite right. I have heard of cases where absolute boys and girls have been wedded parents; and it is no uncommon thing to meet a grandfather in the very prime of life; I would not be thought an advocate for restraining, except to very reasonable bounds, the greatest blessing which the Almighty bestows upon his creatures—the power to be happy by making another happy. But I would have my humble fellow-countrymen and countrywomen more duly reflect before they adopt a course upon which nearly all, if not all, the comfort, and I may add integrity, of their after-lives must depend. If marriage has its consolations in adversity, and its endearments in prosperity, courtship also has both, besides a greater proportion of that which is the strongest and truest stimulus to exertion—HOPE! It excites also to economy, prudence, and sobriety, by a continual manifestation of their utility in bringing nearer the consummation of a dearly-cherished purpose; money will be saved, when an object is directly to be achieved by saving; labour will be undertaken with cheerfulness, when its recompense is clearly and distinctly seen; and, in short, the FUTURE will be perpetually in the eye, in the mind, and in the heart. On the other hand, poverty—too often the parent of sin—is always an effectual barrier against social improvement; prudence is shut out, when its beneficial influence is only remotely anticipated; and those who find it difficult to procure the necessities, never think of searching out the comforts, of life. My design, however, is to exhibit and illustrate evils less by precept than example; many will listen to a story who slumber over a sermon; and a picture may be made to speak more eloquently than words.

Five years had elapsed between the scene I have endeavoured to describe, and my once again visiting my native land; and greatly rejoiced was I once more to feel its bright green grass beneath my footsteps, to hear the music of its birds and rivers, and meet the welcome of bright eyes and warm hearts of many who had known me in childhood. During even so short a period, England had been galloping onwards to perfection; Ireland, I saw, had been creeping—and that is something—towards it also. Schools had been established, where education had never before been heard of; gardens had expanded around many cottages; the Sabbath day was more respected and hallowed than of old; and the dress both of men and women was neater and in better order. I certainly fancied beggars were on the increase, but this must have been only fancy. The truth was, I came from a land where they are comparatively unknown, and had almost forgotten how crowded my poor country always was with poverty-stricken creatures, who are unable to provide for themselves the commonest food or the coarsest apparel. Dublin is a solitary-looking city. The magnificence of its noble buildings badly accords with the emptiness of the broad streets. There is an air of desolation in its highways, a loneliness in its most public places:—

"The Greece, but living Greece no more."

You can hear the echo of your own footsteps in its noble squares; and the beggars know a stranger's face in the most crowded places. This beautiful city is almost a wilderness; and the occasional bursts of laughter that resound from the neighbourhood of College Green towards midnight, as the young men hasten to their apartments, have seemed to me strange and unnatural—out of keeping with the silence of the queenly yet solitary capital. We seek in vain for the trappings of its ancient state; few above the rank of gentlemen are to be encountered in its paths; and the palaces of its departed nobility—departed in a worse sense than that of death—ring to the sounds of the money-changers. You perceive, indeed, signs of traffic along the noble quays; corn and cattle may be seen there in abundance, but both are on their way to England; they pay no duty; the enormous and splendid Custom-house is therefore an assemblage of unfurnished apartments. The returns

of exports fill many a page in the quay-master's book; that for the entry of imports has but the single word *nil*. The corn and cattle are to be exchanged in British markets for money which the Irish farmer is not to see; it passes from the hands of the "driver" into those of the banker, to my Lord This and my Lord That, who learn twice a-year that they have tenants upon their hereditary estates in a place called Ireland, and who bestow upon the country just two thoughts—one upon each of the two occasions to which we make reference. My readers will find no politics in my sketches; but the topic on which I now write would give a pigeon gall. The absentees, who draw wealth out of Ireland and impart no single blessing in return, are responsible to God, and ought to be held responsible to man, for much of the misery and crime of which unhappily the country is so fertile. But this subject is one that requires greater space and attention than it can at present have; ere long I may be enabled to picture the system as I have seen it, and contrast the "landlord at home" with the "landlord abroad." Now, I must entreat my readers to follow me with my story.

It was a fine moonlight evening, and we had spent it with some friends residing in that immense square called Stephen's Green. We were walking homewards; and whatever cheerfulness we had imbibed under the hospitable roof of our host, was effectually dispersed by the shivering and half-starved creatures who asked our charity with an importunity which only their civility prevented from being offensive. One slight creature—a child clinging to her cloak, another slung at her back, and one resting on her bosom—had followed us nearly to the corner of Grafton Street, not begging with her tongue, but appealing to our feelings by many outward tokens of misery.

"If you want charity," said I, "why do you not ask it?"

"We are all dying for want of food," was the reply; and the voice, though I did not immediately remember to whom it belonged, thrilled through me like a strain of long-forgotten music.

"I have not tasted food all day," she continued, leaning against a projecting shop shutter, "nor wet my lips except with water; have mercy on me, for I am very young, and not used to begging."

"I believe you," I replied, for I had by that time recognised her voice; "I believe you; your name is Lucy Donovan." Poor, poor Lucy! She threw the hood back from her wasted features; she would have fallen on her knees at my feet, if I had not prevented her; her soft hair was matted across her brows; tears coursed each other down her cheeks; her nose was pinched by starvation; her lips, blue and trembling, could hardly give forth her thoughts—her prayers, I should rather say—for she appeared for a time to have forgotten her misery in the joy occasioned by the sight of a friend.

"To think, my lady, of my seeing you here!—and I conning over in my own mind yours and the mistress's warning about being too early married; it was the ruin of us all out sure enough; the childer came so fast, and nothing to give 'em. This is little Sandy, ma'am, the moral of his father; only you can't see him, the moonbeams are so pale. And the one at my back, little Thomas, after my poor father. Ain't I thankful that he never lived to see me in this trouble! And this little hungry girl is Anty, after my grandmother; sure I'm glad she's in heaven, too. Ah, ma'am, honey, a young loving heart must suffer a dale of sorrow before it blesses the grave for closing over, and the red worm for destroying, the things it loved more than life."

"Come to me to-morrow morning, Lucy," I said, "and we will see what can be done for you." I pressed a small donation and my address into her hand.

"I can't be out in daylight," she whispered; "I'll come at night—I've no clothes—nothing but the cloak left."

My English readers may believe this tale: it is no fiction; it is perfectly true; true, without an atom of exaggeration. The young mother had parted with every article of clothing she possessed in the world, except the thin blue hooded cloak, in which she enshrouded her misery and starvation: under its feeble protection she begged at night. I mentioned the circumstance to the lady at whose house we were residing. She assured me it was a fact of no uncommon occurrence.

The next night Lucy came with her children. We had provided something for her in the way of clothes.

"Won't you put on those shoes, Lucy?" "I thank you, my lady," she replied, while one of her old smiles brightened up her face; "I'll take them since ye're so good; but it's a bad fashion to be tendering my feet up with shoes; they're used to the stones now, poor things. And so best—"

"Where is Sandy, Lucy!—I cannot believe he has deserted you."

"God bless you for that right thought, my lady. He has not; he was forced to leave me, but that wasn't deserting me. You see, ma'am, after we married we got on very well for a bit; and the earnest true-hearted love we ever and always had for each other, held out wonderful; and I wasn't over strong, and poor Sandy took to working after hours, which every body knew he need not have done had he been single. But, any way, that brought on the fever. The fever, my lady, and this little Sandy, came together, before, indeed," she added, with her usual simplicity, "we were ready for either—to say ready; and then, between

nursing the husband and nursing the child, when I got up I had my hands full, and we both so young, and no experience. To be sure the poor neighbours helped us. They gave us a share of all they had, even to a handful of meal or a stone of potatoes; and the hardest word they ever spoke was, 'God direct you, ye poor young craythurs; ye married too soon.' Your cousin, ma'am, is a fine lady, and a good lady, but she put me ever and always in mind of how much better I might have been off had I remained single, which was true enough; and while my poor husband lay so bad intirely, the bitter taste of my folly was never off my lips. But when it pleased God, he grew better; and when I saw him once more able to raise his head to the sun, and to notice the baby, I forgot a dale of the bitterness, and thought it might pass away altogether. But it never did. If a young bird gets a hurt, my lady, in the nest, it never rightly recovers it. It was so with us. We began poor—we bargained for that; but the sickness that's born of poverty came on the top of it, and they both together crushed us. Well, ma'am dear, the gentleman where he worked when he got up again, took great pleasure in foreign parts, and couldn't afford to pay so many labourers, and Sandy was discharged. It's a poor case, ma'am, when the money scraped up in one country is taken clean away to spend in another. Sandy could have made out life alone, but another poor little babe had a mind to come into the world; so I could do nothing to help him. My grandmother (heaven be her bed!) was called from us, and she left me what she had to leave. Your cousin, my lady, said it would have been a fine thing to have had it if we war beginning life, but, coming in the middle of our trouble, when we war over and over in debt, it did us but little good, and melted away in a minute in rain, before we knew where it was. I could give to any; the neighbours war wonderful; but what could I do! My husband was the eldest of eleven, and he was to be cared on three acres of land, one of which was good enough for goose-grazing. I could knit, and I had plenty of knitting, and spinning, and I could make straw-bonnet making, but my hands war used with the two childer; and it pleased God to take the second in small-pox. It was a heart trouble to us then; and I thought the father would have broke his heart after it. The neighbours said it was well for us it was called, but somehow it's lonesome to want a baby's smile, or laugh, or even its cry, when ye're used to it, and have little else to comfort you; and, despite her misery, the mother's eyes filled with tears, and little Sandy saw them, and he lifted up his dirty face to kiss her; the never exhausted mine of Irish affection was already at work in the boy's heart. "We struggled on, and this babe was born. We had been put above the world, in regard of debt, by my grandmother's death; and one morning Sandy said, 'It's no use slaving on and starving as we're doing, Lucy. I had an offer yesterday when I was driving Abby Leary's creels; and if you're the heart to hear it, I'll tell it ye.' And I clenched my hands, and set my teeth, as if it was death I expected, for I guessed that his mind was set on foreign parts. But I didn't gainsay him, though I was right. He promised to send me word, and money to bring me and the childer out to him, and I waited at home; and three months after he went, this last craythur was born."

"To add to your trouble," I said.

"No," she answered, pressing it to her bosom; "it helped me to put the trouble over; it has the very eyes and smile of my poor Sandy."

"How foolish," I thought, "it is to attempt to sound the depth of woman's love! What fine feelings there were beneath that cloak—crushed by circumstances that must ever crush those who, without any provision, too early wed!" "At last," she continued, "I grew ashamed to stay longer in my own place; I couldn't beg there—I couldn't go there, from door to door, or stop those I met to ask for food or halfpence. I locked up the door of the cabin, put the key in the thatch, left word with a neighbouring woman that they could send to his uncle near Dublin any letter that came from him, and begged my way here. The poor always helped me on my journey, and I was easier moving from place to place—it seemed as though I was getting nearer Sandy; but I've had no letter; those more used to this life than me, get more than I do—I pray, instead of beg. Bit by bit, I lost every shred of clothes. But my worst trouble is, that my early marriage has brought these darlins into a world of trouble, from which I have no power to deliver them; and though I have loved to look at them, yet, often, dear my lady, when I have seen them staggering with hunger, I could have knelt in the cold snow, and cursed my folly. Wicked thoughts have come into my head then, and I have had no peace until I prayed to God to cool my poor burning brow, and cleanse the badness from my heart. I have one hope still—HE may DIE—but he will never forget us. If we can live over the present time, a letter may come; but the weakness is upon my heart when I think either of fresh joy or more sorrow. I walked the length of Stephen's Green after yer honours last night, but the dryness of my parched throat hindered me from speaking. Since yer ladyship spoke to me last night, I have had fresh hope, but, somehow, I'm afraid to hope, for after it trouble comes stronger. I've not been able to go after a letter to his uncle's; I've been ashamed; but, please God, there's no need of that now, the Lord reward ye all! though I

it's more than we deserve. Who knows—there may be comfort for us yet." She smiled, but there was a ghastliness in the smile that made me shudder; it was the smile of a corpse, rather than of a living woman. The poor infants devoured the food we gave them; and when they were satisfied, she ate, but not till then; nothing could exceed her gratitude; the past seemed almost forgotten, after her story was told—a story of simple suffering, with no strong incident to rivet the attention, no powerful event to work upon the imagination—nothing but a tale of Irish misery, brought on, not by misconduct, but a want of that carefulness, that "long-headedness," which makes the Irish peasant a beggar, and the simple possession of which lays the foundation of Scotch and English independence. My story, if so it may be called, is not finished.

Lucy had been worn to a skeleton by anxiety and starvation. I saw she could not live; our succour came too late; she was dying—dying at the very age, when, if she had followed our advice, she might have married in sure anticipation of happiness, and with a reasonable prospect of prosperity. I went to see her; for little Sandy had told me, with tearful eyes, "that though mammy had plenty to eat, and new milk to drink, she was too sick to come out." She was lingering in that hectic fever which scorches up, by slow degrees, the moisture of existence; the baby, too, was dying. "I am sure," she said, "there is a letter from Sandy at his uncle's." I found out the place; she was right. How she screamed, and how her skeleton fingers quivered, when she saw it! "I knew if he was in life, he would not forget us," she said.

The poor fellow was full of hope; and though his feelings were roughly expressed, they were there, warm from his affectionate but imprudent heart; the next letter was to bring money—but a little, yet some; and the one after would bring them all out to him. And she heard all this; and at first, when I read, the flush was bright on her cheek, and then it faded; and she called little Sandy, and said, "You hear—it is from your own daddy, my boy;" and then I thought a slight convulsion moved her features. She grasped the poor soiled paper, the record of his affection; pressed it to her lips; another convulsion; her fingers stiffened round it—SHE WAS DEAD!

LORD BROUGHAM'S NEW WORK.

"DISSERTATIONS on Subjects of Science connected with Natural Theology," is the title of a new work by Lord Brougham, in two volumes; being the conclusion of the new edition of Paley's work, undertaken by his lordship, in conjunction with Sir Charles Bell. The subjects treated are Instinct, the Origin of Evil, Cuvier's Researches in Fossil Osteology, and the Principia of Newton. The first subject, which occupies the whole of the first volume, is the one in which the public is likely to be most interested. It is treated in the form of a dialogue, the supposed speakers being Lord Brougham and Earl Spencer (lately Lord Althorp), who are described as meeting at the country residence of the former nobleman, soon after the election of the first parliament of Queen Victoria. Nor are the speakers alone supposed, for we are informed in the preface that such conversations have taken place between Lords Brougham and Althorp, and that their respective opinions are here, upon the whole, faithfully represented.

Lord Brougham endeavours throughout to show that instinct is something essentially different from reason, and he would almost appear to be of opinion that it is something higher, as he can only account for the certainty and precision of its proceedings by supposing that they are immediately prompted by the Deity, reason being, on the other hand, only an instrument for effecting divine intentions. He chiefly cites the bee in illustration of his doctrines. "I perceive," says he, "a certain thing done by this insect, without any instruction, which we could not do without much instruction. I see her working most accurately without any experience, in that which we could only be able to do by the expertness gathered from much experience. I see her doing certain things which are manifestly to produce an effect she can know nothing about; for example, making a cell and furnishing it with carpets and with liquid, fit to hold and to cherish safely a tender grub, she never having seen any grub, and knowing nothing of course about grubs, or that any grub is ever to come, or that any such use, perhaps any use at all, is ever to be made of the work she is about. Indeed, I see another insect, the solitary wasp, bring a given number of small grubs and deposit them in a hole which she has made, over her egg, just grubs enough to maintain the worm that egg will produce when hatched—and yet this wasp never saw an egg produce a worm—nor ever saw a worm—nay, is to be dead long before the worm can be in existence—and, moreover, she never has in any way tasted or used these grubs, or used the hole she made, except for the prospective benefit of the unknown worm she is never to see. In all these cases, then, the animal works positively without knowledge, and in the dark. She also works without designing any thing, and yet she works to a certain defined and important purpose. Lastly, she works to a perfection in her way, and yet she works without any teaching or experience. Now, in all this she differs entirely from man, who only works well, perhaps at all, after being taught—who works with knowledge of what he is about—who works, intending and meaning, and,

in a word, designing to do what he accomplishes. To all which may be added, though it is rather perhaps the consequence of this difference than a separate and substantive head of diversity, the animal works always uniformly and alike, and all his kind work alike—whereas no two men work alike, nor any man always, nay any two times, alike. Of all this I cannot indeed be quite certain as I am of what passes within my own mind, because it is barely possible that the insect may have some plan or notion in her head implanted as the intelligent faculties are: all I know is the extreme improbability of it being so; and that I see facts, as her necessary ignorance of the existence and nature of her worm, and her working without experience, and I know that if I did the same things I should be acting without having learnt mathematics, and should be planning in ignorance of unborn issue; and I therefore draw my inference accordingly as to her proceedings."

On the other hand, Lord Althorp leans to the opinion that there are two kinds of mind, with different qualities, one being made so that it can act rationally, knowing and intending all it does, the other so that it acts without knowing or intending. He supposes a general law, by virtue of which the solitary wasp, for instance, has a desire to carry exactly the number of caterpillars required for feeding her worms after they are born. So the bee, he says, may form her hexagons and rhomboids, in consequence of a gratification felt by a fore-ordained law of her nature, in following those lines and angles, and no other. The views of Lord Althorp are certainly the more philosophical.

From the immediate consideration of instinct, the noble lords pass to the subject of animal intelligence, of which an immense variety of anecdotes are given, many old and some new. We shall endeavour to enliven our paper with some of those which appear the most curious, or are least generally known.

"Lord Althorp. Before quitting the bee, the ant, and the wasp, let us just observe their rational acts. They are nearly as notable as their instinctive ones. The bee, upon being interrupted by Huber in her operations, shortened the length of her cells; diminished their diameter; gradually made them pass through a transition from one state to another, as if she was making the instinctive process subservient to the rational; and, in fine, adapted her building to the novel circumstances imposed upon her; making it, in relation to these, what it would have been in relation to the original circumstance if they had continued unaltered. It is found, too, that the ant, beside the wonderful works which she instinctively performs, has the cunning to keep aphides, which she nourishes for the sake of obtaining from them the honey-dew forming her favourite food, as men keep cows for their milk, or bees for their honey."

Lord Brougham. On this discovery of Huber some doubt has lately been thrown; and do not let us trouble ourselves with any thing at all apocryphal, when the great body of the text is so ample and so pure. But the expeditions of a predatory nature are by all admitted. They resemble some of the worst crimes of the human race; the ants undertake expeditions for the purpose of seizing and carrying off slaves, whom they afterwards hold in subjection to do their work; so that the least significant and the most important of all animals agree together in committing the greatest of crimes—slave-trading."

A. With this material difference, that the ant does not pharisaically pretend to religion and virtue, while we bring upon religion the shame of our crimes by our disgusting hypocrisy. But the wasp, too, shows no little sagacity as well as strength. Dr Darwin relates an incident, to which he was an eye-witness, of a wasp having caught a fly almost of her own size; she cut off its head and tail, and tried to fly away with the body, but finding that, owing to a breeze then blowing, the fly's wings were an impediment to her own flight, and turned her round in the air, she came to the ground and cut off the fly's wings one after the other with her mouth. She then flew away with the body unmolested by the wind."

B. I have myself observed many instances of similar fertility of resource in bees. But perhaps the old anecdote of the jackdaw is as good as any—who, when he found his beak could not reach the water he wanted to drink, threw into the pitcher pebble after pebble till he raised the surface of the liquid to the level of his beak. Lord Bacon tells it of a raven filling up the hollows in a tree where water had settled."

A. Or the crows of whom Darwin speaks in the north of Ireland, who rise in the air with limpets and mussels, to let them fall on the rocks and break them, that they may come at the fish. It is said that animals never use tools, and Franklin has defined man a tool-making animal; but this is as nearly using tools as may be—at least, it shows the same fertility of resources, the using means towards an end."

B. Perhaps the most remarkable of all proofs of animal intelligence is to be found in the nymphs of water moths, which get into straws, and adjust the weight of their case so that it can always float—at least, Mr Smellie says that when too heavy they add a piece of straw or wood, and when too light a bit of gravel. If this be true, it is impossible to deny great intelligence to this insect."

A. Why should we doubt it? The crow in rising and letting the mussel fall, shows as great knowledge of gravitation as the moth in this case."

B. But an old monkey at Exeter 'Change, having

lost his teeth, used, when nuts were given him, to take a stone in his paw and break them with it. This was a thing seen forty years ago by all who frequented Exeter 'Change, and Darwin relates it in his *Zoonomia*. But I must say that he would have shown himself to be more of a philosopher had he asked the showman how the monkey learned this expedient. It is very possible he may have been taught it, as apes have oftentimes been taught human habits. Buffon, the great adversary of brute intelligence, allows that he had known an ape who dressed himself in clothes to which he had become habituated, and slept in a bed, pulling up the sheets and blankets to cover him before going to sleep; and he mentions another which sat at table, drank wine out of a glass, used a knife and fork, and wiped them on a table-napkin. All these things, of course, were the consequence of training, and showed no more sagacity than the feats of dancing-dogs and bears, or of the learned pig—unless it were proved that the ape on being taught these manipulations became sensible of their convenience, and voluntarily, and by preference, practised them—a position which no experiments appear to support. Smellie, however, mentions a cat which, being confined in a room, in order to get out and meet its mate of the other sex, learnt of itself to open the latch of a door; and I knew a pony in the stable here, that used both to open the latch of the stable and raise the lid of the corn chest—things which must have been learnt by himself, from his own observation, for no one is likely to have taught them to him. Nay, it was only the other day that I observed one of the horses taken in here to grass, in a field through which the avenue runs, open one of the wickets by pressing down the upright bar of the latch, and open it exactly as you or I do."

A. I have known, as most people living in the country have, similar instances, and especially in dogs."

B. But there is one instance of animals catching their prey in a way still more like the tool-making animal. I do not allude merely to the spider's web, or to the pelican's use of his large open pouch in fishing, but to an American bird, of which you find a curious account in the *Philadelphia Transactions*. It is called the *newn-totter* by the Germans, as we should say, the *vine-killer*, and is found to catch grasshoppers and spear them when dead upon twigs where the small birds come on which it feeds; for the grasshoppers themselves it never touches. These are left, generally about nine in number (from whence its name), the whole winter, and they attract the birds of which the animal in question makes its prey. This is really using one creature as a bait, in order thereby to decoy and catch another."

After an account of the ingenuity of the beaver, Lord A. proceeds—

"There seems reason to suppose that other animals still preserve their sagacity and act in concert. No one can have observed a flock of pigeons without perceiving that they have sentinels posted to give the alarm. Indeed, wilder birds act in like manner. Fieldfares, when they are occupying a tree which you approach, remain steady and fearless until one at the extremity rises on her wings and gives a loud and very peculiar note of alarm, when they all get up and fly, except one who continues till you get near, as if she remained to see that there really was occasion for the movement, and to call them back if the alarm proved a false one. She too at length flies off, repeating the alarm-note."

B. In the forests of Tartary and of South America, where the wild horse is gregarious, there are herds of five hundred or six hundred, which, being ill prepared for fighting, or indeed for any resistance, and knowing that their safety is in flight, when they sleep, appoint one in rotation who acts as sentinel, while the rest are asleep. If a man approaches, the sentinel walks towards him as if to reconnoitre or see whether he may be deterred from coming near—if the man continues, he neighs aloud and in a peculiar tone, which rouses the herd, and all gallop away, the sentinel bringing up the rear. Nothing can be more judicious or rational than this arrangement, simple as it is. So a horse, belonging to a smuggler at Dover, used to be laden with run spirits, and sent on the road unattended to reach the rendezvous. When he descried a soldier, he would jump off the highway and hide himself in a ditch, and when discovered, would fight for his load. The cunning of foxes is proverbial; but I know not if it was ever more remarkably displayed than in the Duke of Beaufort's country, where Reynard, being hard pressed, disappeared suddenly, and was, after strict search, found immersed in a water pool up to the very snout, by which he held a willow bough hanging over the pond. The cunning of a dog, which Sergeant Wilde tells me of, as known to him, is at least equal. He used to be tied up as a precaution against hunting sheep. At night he slipped his head out of the collar, and, returning before dawn, put on the collar again, in order to conceal his nocturnal excursion. Nobody has more familiarity with various animals (besides his great knowledge of his own species) than my excellent, learned, and ingenious friend, the Sergeant, and he possesses many curious ones himself. His anecdote of a drover's dog is striking, as he gave it me, when we happened, near this place, to meet a drove. The man had brought seventeen out of twenty oxen from a field, leaving the remaining three there mixed with another herd. He then said to the dog, 'Go, fetch them;' and he went

and singled out those very three. The Serjeant's brother, however, a highly respectable man, lately sheriff of London, has a dog that distinguishes Saturday night, from the practice of tying him up for the Sunday, which he dislikes. He will escape on Saturday night and return on Monday morning. The Serjeant himself had a gander which was at a distance from the goose, and hearing her make an extraordinary noise, ran back and put his head into the cage—then brought back all the goslings one by one, and put them into it with the mother, whose separation from her brood had occasioned her clamour. He then returned to the place whence her cries had called him." * *

A. Dogs show the greatest talents in learning. The feats of pointers, but still more of shepherds' dogs, after making all the deductions you have mentioned, are astonishing. It almost seems as if the shepherd could communicate, by sign or by speech, his meaning, when he desires to have a particular thing done. But assuredly the dog takes his precautions exactly as he ought, to prevent the sheep from scattering, and to bring back runaways. Indeed, greyhounds and other dogs of chase, as well as pointers backing one another, show the adaptation of, and variation in, the means used towards an end.

B. Retrievers exceed all other dogs in this respect. There was one died here a year or two ago that could be left to watch game till the keeper went to a given place, and she would then join him after he had ranged the field; nay, could be sent to a spot where game had been left, and where she had not been before. Indeed, she did many other things which I have hardly courage to relate.

A. How were her pups? I have always found such extraordinary faculties hereditary.

B. My worthy, intelligent, and lamented friend, T. A. Knight (so long president of the Horticultural Society), has proved very clearly that the faculties of animals are hereditary to such a point as this. He shows that even their acquired faculties—the expertness they gain by teaching—descends in the race. His paper is exceedingly curious. But I think we need hardly go so far as to his minute details for proof of the fact. It is found that where man has not been, no animals are wild and run away from his approach. When Bougainville went to the Falkland Islands (or, as the French call them, the Malouines), he found himself and his men immediately surrounded by all kinds of beasts and birds, the latter settling on their shoulders. No navigators had ever been there before. Lord Monboddo says that the same thing had been related to him by navigators. It seems clear, then, that the running away from man, which seems natural to all wild animals in or bordering upon inhabited countries, is an acquired propensity, transmitted to the descendants of those whose experience first taught it them as necessary for their safety.

A. Have you Knight's paper here? I know the accuracy of his observation to equal his great ingenuity.

B. To that I too can bear my testimony. Here is his principal paper, read lately before the Royal Society. It is given as the result of his observations and experiments, made for a period of sixty years; it is therefore most justly entitled to great respect. He chiefly dwells on the case of springing spaniels, and among other instances gives this, which is indeed very remarkable. He found the young and untaught ones as skilful as the old ones, not only in finding and raising the woodcocks, but in knowing the exact degree of frost which will drive those birds to springs and rills of unfrozen water. He gives the instance, too, of a young retriever, bred from a clever and thoroughly taught parent, which, being taken out at ten months old, with hardly any instruction at all, behaved as well and knowingly as the best taught spaniel, in rushing into the water for game that was shot, when pointed out to it, however small, bringing it, and depositing it, and then going again, and when none remained, seeking the sportsman and keeping by him. He imported some Norwegian ponies, mares, and had a breed from them. It was found that the produce 'had no mouth,' as the trainers say; and it was impossible to give it them; but they were otherwise perfectly docile. Now in Norway, draught horses, as I know, having travelled there and driven them, are all trained to go by the voice, and have no mouth. Again, he observed that they could not be kept between hedges, but walked deliberately through them—there being, he supposes, none in the country from which their dams came.

A. Does he speak of any other animal?

B. Yes, he mentions his observation on woodcocks, which he could remember having been far less wild half a century ago; for on its first arrival in autumn, it was tame, and chuckled about if disturbed, making but a very short flight, whereas now, and for many years past, it is very wild, running in silence and flying far. He gives an instance of sagacity in a dog, unconnected with hereditary intelligence. He one day had gone out with his gun and a servant, but no dog. Seeing a cock, he sent the servant who brought this spaniel. A month afterwards he again sent for the same dog from the same place. The servant was bringing him, when at twenty yards from the house the spaniel left him, and ran away to the spot, though it was above a mile distant. This he often repeated, and always with the same result, as if the animal knew what he was wanted for."

In the theoretical section respecting Animal Intelligence, the two lords nearly agree that the difference between the minds of brutes and men is only one in degree, not in kind.

In thus describing the most important section of Lord Brougham's book, and giving some specimens of the many curious facts which are brought together in that section, we have accomplished our main end. In the way of general remark, we have only to add, that the whole manner of the argument leaves on our minds a strong feeling of dissatisfaction. What, after all, have we here, or any where else, on this subject, but a collection of manifestations, theorised upon merely with reference, and in subserviency to, a number of preconceived notions? Lord Brougham is actually so much under prejudice, that, in judging of the very nice operations of the bee, he allows himself to be biased by the consideration that the human mind gives no similar power—as if the world of mind were necessarily bounded by our consciousness. On this footing, we should like to see the bee set up as a metaphysician, and deny that there could be such a thing as imagination under the control of natural laws, merely because there was no such thing felt by it to exist, though it had the testimony of a whole library of fiction laid before it. But we are not surprised that even so clever a person as Lord Brougham gives no satisfactory light on these subjects. He and the whole class of inquirers to which he belongs, obstinately overlook the principal, and perhaps the only true or philosophical means of ascertaining the natural character of mind, and its diversities in different species—a careful study of the nervous system. There is not one allusion to organisation in this book, as if the organs which the Deity has charged with the performance of the mental functions of his creatures were something to be ashamed of. A treatise on digestion, in which the stomach was not once alluded to, could not be a greater absurdity. Until Lord Brougham shall have paid at least as much attention to this subject as he evidently has to the dead and forgotten systems of the Scottish metaphysicians, he will never, we can safely predict, clear up the perplexed question of instinct, or any other connected with mental science.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MENTAL DISEASE.

WHEN insanity manifests itself, there is usually a great reluctance in the relatives of the party affected to place that individual in an asylum. There is, in the first place, perhaps, an unwillingness to part with an endeared relative. There may also be a hope that the disorder will prove susceptible of a speedy cure at home. But the most powerfully operative feeling usually is, a decided unwillingness to give the case the importance which a visit to an asylum is held to infer. It appears like breaking the character of the party, to send him or her to an asylum, seeing that a person who has once been under treatment in such a place, is ever after, however far a recovery may be effected, looked upon as a person declaredly liable to insanity, and who is therefore unfit to be trusted in many of the more important social relations. The consequences of this reluctance to resort to the aid offered in asylums, are of a very fatal kind. Insanity is a disorder which, like all others, is most easily cured in its earliest stages. It is also one which, whether early or late, can only be treated well by persons who have studied it carefully, and nearly, if not altogether, made its treatment their profession. So also it requires for its cure, that the patient be placed in certain circumstances, such as can only be realised in some place set apart for the purpose. To keep an insane person, then, in a family, under common treatment, is to give him a chance of cure much less than what he would have under the systematic regimen of a well-conducted asylum; it most probably allows a disease to take root, which, well treated at first, would have been soon removed; and perhaps, after all, domestic treatment having failed, the patient has to be sent to an asylum, in a condition which leaves the hope of cure, even there, very small indeed.

While such are the ordinary evils apt to arise from the keeping of insane relatives at home, there are others to be dreaded from the ungovernable feelings which sometimes possess the insane. Instances of dreadful violence committed by them, or only evaded or repressed with great difficulty, are far from uncommon. The following anecdote, which we know to be perfectly true, will illustrate what we mean. In York, some years ago, a gentleman and lady, in the relation of brother and sister, kept house together. The gentleman was liable to occasional fits of madness, but had never been placed in an asylum for medical treatment. One day, when he and his sister were about to sit down to dinner, he took up the carving-knife, and told his sister that a sudden thought had occurred to him: he thought that her head would make an exceedingly nice bottom-dish at table, and he had therefore resolved to cut it off, and place it there. The lady, observing a particular appearance of excitement in his eye, had no doubt of his being in earnest. Concealing her alarm, she tried to laugh at what he said as a joke, but he soon informed her that it was no jest which he meant. "Come," said he fiercely, "make ready." "Well, then, George," said she, "if you will do so, I suppose you must do it; but don't you think it would be proper that my head should have its best cap on, when placed in the dish. I will go to my room, and

put it on, and come back immediately." The madman was checked for a moment by this speech. She took advantage of the pause, moved past, and rushed towards her room, which chanced to be on the same floor. George was instantly at her heels, but she had time to get in and bolt the door. She then called for assistance from a window, while her brother was thundering without. Several persons immediately entered the house, and secured the madman, who was that night sent to an asylum, where he was in time cured by proper treatment.

The root of the evil which is the subject of the present note, is to be found in the erroneous ideas entertained respecting insanity, and asylums for the insane. A strangely painful feeling is always connected with these things, the result, we cannot help believing, of an unphilosophical notion as to mental disease, and of the wretched manner in which asylums were formerly conducted. In reality, mental disease is only disease: it is an affection of organic parts, quite as much as scurvy or consumption. It is also capable of being ministered to, with a view to its cure, in all respects as other maladies are. Asylums are, or ought to be, nothing more or less than infirmaries for this class of diseases. They stand apart, because it is a class of diseases requiring appropriate buildings; in this there is nothing more remarkable than in the separation of a fever-ward from a common hospital. The ordinary notions, implanted by such descriptions as Harley's visit to Bedlam in the Man of Feeling, are all of them inapplicable to such establishments in the present day. We are inclined to think that much harm is done by such descriptions in fictitious literature, and also by the terms commonly used to describe asylums. The word *mad-house* is, to our ears, one of the most horrible of vulgar barbarisms. The connection of the word "lunatic" with asylums is little better. The feelings raised by those appellatives operate immensely in causing persons of the ordinary world to shrink from committing their insane relatives either to public or private asylums. They should all of them be abolished, and a phraseology substituted in accordance with a just view of mental disease, and with the humanity of the age.

Were this recommendation followed—were the importance of early treatment in asylums better known—we have little doubt that these institutions would be more generally resorted to, and a material deduction made from the amount of evil experienced in consequence of mental disease.

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

CONDITION OF BELGIUM.

A STAY of a few days in Brussels impressed us with a very favourable opinion of it as a place of residence. Both in external aspect, and in a number of social peculiarities, it bears a marked resemblance to Paris; but the people here, and in some other places in Belgium, are much more like the English than the French. The Belgians are an active and business-minded people, and, though lively enough in their manner, evidently are not wanting in the solid qualities requisite for the mercantile character. Those whom we see in such towns as Brussels cannot be distinguished from English in any thing but their language—they may be called an English people speaking French—while those in the country, who form the Flemish part of the population, are remarkable for their old-fashioned steady habits, like their brethren the boors of Holland.

It is a fact well ascertained by minute statistical inquiry, that the agricultural population of Belgium are at this moment among the most contented, virtuous, and generally comfortable peasantry in the world. The farms are for the most part of a small size, just sufficient to pay a moderate rent, and support a family in a humble but decent manner. Among a people who would disregard the dictates of prudence, such a mode of small farming would speedily cover the soil with a swarm of paupers; but among the Flemings no such result ensues. The too rapid increase of population is checked by the universal desire to marry only when the subsistence for a family can be readily and honestly obtained by industry. Conversing on this subject at Brussels with M. le Comte Arrivabene, we were informed by that gentleman that he had resided for eleven years in a village called Gaesbeck, in the province of Brabant, containing 364 inhabitants, and that during the whole of that period neither a crime nor a culpable indiscretion had been committed. The greater part of the inhabitants are renters and cultivators of land to the extent of five or six acres each family; and this, with a cottage and garden, is quite enough to render them comfortable. They are all Roman Catholics, and exceedingly devout. Their piety, however, does not make them gloomy and morose: they have fifteen holidays throughout the year, exclusive of Sundays; and these they partly devote to dancing and out-of-door amuse-

ments. The food of this cheerful, industrious, and religious people, is of a very simple kind. It consists of coffee with bread early in the morning; bread, butter, and cheese, at nine o'clock; potatoes with lard at noon; in the evening a salad with bread; and occasionally there is a little beer.*

I heard every where that the rural population of Belgium are greatly under the dominion of the priests, who thus have it in their power to affect the returns of members to the legislature, and indirectly control the government. I was further assured that the clergy were opposed to a national system of education on the broad and liberal basis of that in Holland, and that therefore there was little chance of a law to that effect being passed. The priests, it is mentioned, fear that any extended process of instruction will undermine the present virtuous and contented habits of the peasantry; and this, I believe, is their only real motive for objecting to the measure. Meanwhile, education is by no means extinct or feebly conducted in Belgium. William, while governing the Netherlands, did much to promote the extension of primary schools, and these institutions may now be considered as fixed in the country. Whatever may be the momentary effect of the opposition of the priests, I feel certain, from all that came under my notice, that nothing short of political convulsion can now permanently restrict the improvement of Belgium in all branches of its social condition.

In Brussels, there is a considerable number of schools, some of which are on a very extensive scale, more like universities than preparatory seminaries for youth. After having visited two of the principal establishments of this nature, I sought out certain schools of a humble order, with the view of comparing them with what had come under my attention in Holland. I shall describe one of them. It is an "Ecole primaire gratuite," or charity school of primary instruction, supported by the town for the benefit of the poorer class of children, and is situated in an alley leading from one of the main thoroughfares. At the period of my visit it contained 500 children of both sexes; the boys, who are most numerous, occupying the lower, and the girls the upper floor. The whole is under the direction of a head master, M. Zuyten, who, with the greatest good will, explained to me the nature of the instruction which is given. The rows of forms are arranged the same as in Holland, by which all the children look one way; the masters have no seats; and on the sloping bench in front of each scholar, there is a slate sunk or fixed in the wood, so that no slates can be tossed about or broken. The branches of instruction are reading in French and Flemish, grammar, writing, arithmetic, geography, and drawing, to which are added explanations by the master respecting the familiar phenomena of nature. As all the children are of the Roman Catholic persuasion, the church catechism, and simple lessons of a pious nature, are taught in the school, the business of thorough instruction in religion being left to the clergy in after years. The books in use contain much useful knowledge of a simple kind, and inculcate, among other social duties, the necessity of politeness or civility, also cleanliness and order; all which admonitions are further explained and illustrated in a practical manner by the teacher. Both here and in the Dutch schools, habits of propriety and cleanliness are strictly enforced, not only in but out of doors. I regret to say that I do not know a single school in Scotland in which there are any express injunctions delivered on this point, or any surveillance exercised beyond the doors of the establishment. The parents being in most cases equally negligent, the consequences are such as will not bear description. The deficiencies of our instruction in these respects contrast very unfavourably with what comes under the inspection of the visitor to the Dutch and Flemish schools and households. The inculcation of habits of personal cleanliness, and of civility, or good manners, as we would term it, forms one of the most pleasing traits of the course of instruction in the Netherlands.

The only thing that struck me as peculiar in this large school was the method of instruction in drawing. It has been already mentioned that we saw the children in a school at Haarlem amusing themselves with drawing figures on their slates, either from copies on the walls, or according to their own fancy. There was in this, however, nothing systematic, and perhaps it will prove of little benefit to the pupils. The plan is very different at Brussels; all the children are taught to draw in a most systematic manner. Along the walls of the school are hung up large sheets covered with printed diagrams, commencing from the simplest geometrical figures up to complex designs. The pupils—little fellows of six and seven years—are taught

to draw these figures, naming them as they proceed, on a large black board with chalk and compasses. Each pupil, alternately, is thus allowed to exhibit as a monitor, while those not actually operating on the board try to follow the designs on a smaller scale on their slates. By these means, both freedom of execution and facility in copying are attained. The object desired is not to make the pupils accomplished draughtsmen, for that can only be done by the study of the rules of perspective in more advanced years, but to teach them the forms of objects according to the principles of geometry, and to accustom them to handle the implements used in drawing. In the girls' class, a similar method of teaching is pursued; but in their case the instructions are chiefly confined to the drawing of ornamental forms for patterns in sewing. M. Zuyten stated that, when the boys brought up in this school went to mechanical employments, for which almost all of them were destined, they found great practical benefit from their drawing lessons; especially such as became stone-masons, carpenters, and house-painters. "As for the girls," he continued, "Brussels is celebrated for its manufacture of lace; and how can we maintain our superiority in that species of fabric, unless our young women are initiated in the principles of design?" These explanations seem so reasonable and conclusive, that they require no comment.

Every thing considered, the degree of prosperity of Belgium at the present time is very remarkable. At the revolution which separated them from the Dutch, they lost almost the whole of the trade carried on with the colonies of the Netherlands, as these colonies reverted to Holland, to which the large India vessels henceforth proceeded. For about two years after the revolution of 1830, the external commerce of the country languished, but the reduction of the citadel of Antwerp, and the opening to them of the navigation of the Scheldt, soon changed the face of affairs. To make this clear, it may be mentioned that, in 1829, the year preceding the revolution, the number of vessels which entered the port of Antwerp was 1031, and the number is now above 1400 annually; the same proportional increase being observable at the only other seaport, Ostend. Without a single colony, the commerce of Belgium is daily extending. At present the annual value of the external commerce of the kingdom is equal to 360 millions of francs, of which 210 millions are imports, and 150 millions are exports. The total burden of vessels entering the ports of Belgium in 1836, amounted to 232,535 tons.

Symptoms of the revival and establishment of manufactures are observable in many places in Belgium, but few are seen any where in Holland. The Dutch are a sagacious and most respectable people—their orderliness, industry, and cleanliness, are beyond all praise; they are, however, at present not an advancing, or, on the whole, a thriving people. What may be the true causes of this, it would, perhaps, be presumptuous in me to say. My impression is, that there is little genius or enterprise amongst them; at least, they seem to have no idea of readily adopting and employing mechanical expedients with the view of enlarging the bounds of manufacturing industry, while their inordinate self-esteem as a nation (nourished to an improper extent in their school instruction), prevents them from imitating those who are fit to set them an example. Satisfied with their usages, their industry, and all that belongs to them, they remain the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Their towns never seem to grow any larger, their canals and roads are what they were a hundred years since, and, excepting some little additional energy in education, I am not aware of any advance they are making on a general scale. In short, they are a nation in *stereotipe*—a work upon which few or no corrections or improvements can be permitted.

Belgium presents a totally different spectacle, and one leading reason for this is probably the greater political freedom of the country. Holland is bowed to the earth with taxation; the human mind is oppressed with the spirit of methodic system. Belgium suffers comparatively little from taxation, and the hand of every one is free to pursue that line of industry which his heart desireth. Except at Haarlem, I do not remember seeing in Holland any tall brick chimnies in connection with steam-engines for the manufacture of tissue fabrics. Now, there are many of these emblems of manufacturing industry in Belgium. In Ghent, I observed several of late erection in connection with establishments over whose doors were painted the words "Katoen Spinnerij." The following scraps of information, gathered from works which I procured in Belgium, will convey a tolerable idea of the present state of the manufactures of the country.

Woolen tissues, once the staple of the Netherlands, now employ annually about 14,000,000 francs' worth of foreign wool, to which may be added 200,000 francs' worth of wool of native growth. The woolen cloths are now preferred to the French, and those of black dye are in colour superior to the English. The principal manufactories are those of Verviers, Liege, Dolhain, Hodimont, Stavelot, Thuin, Poperinghe, and Ypres. In the year 1833, the returns of the Belgian Chambers showed that in Verviers alone, 40,000 workmen were employed, the products of their labour amounting to 25,000,000 francs. Stuffs, such as flannels, serges, camlets, &c. are manufactured in all the provinces, but particularly in Antwerp and in Hainault.

The manufacture of carpets is likewise considerable. The manufactory of Messrs Schumacher, Overmann, and Co., at Tournay, is one of the finest in Europe; 1600 workmen are there constantly occupied. The quantity manufactured annually in this establishment amounts to more than 120,000 metres, 7-8ths of which are for exportation. Other carpet manufactories exist on a smaller scale in Brussels, Antwerp, Ghent, Bruges, and Courtrai.

Flax is one of the principal agricultural products of Belgium, and brings a high price in the foreign markets, on account of its excellent quality. It is raised principally in Flanders, Brabant, and Hainault. The provinces of East and West Flanders produce annually flax to the amount of 40,000,000 francs. The linen of Flanders is still held in high esteem, the climate being apparently well suited for its manufacture; nearly all the cities of the lower provinces manufacture it in abundance, but the productions of the looms of Bruges and Courtrai are considered the most beautiful, and sell for the highest price. Mr J. Cockerill has lately established at Liege a steam-loom linen factory, in which a 90-horse power engine is employed. In the year 1836, the returns showed a great increase in the quantity of linen sold in the Belgian markets; the total of the produce of the looms in Belgium in that year amounted to 750,000 pieces, of the value of nearly 100,000,000 of francs. In the manufacturing of flax alone, there are upwards of 400,000 persons employed, or a tenth of the entire population.

The manufacture of cotton goods is increasing rapidly, in consequence of the general introduction of the best kinds of machinery, and of steam power. The cotton manufactures give employment in Antwerp and Flanders to 122,000 workmen, and absorb a capital of sixty millions of francs; the total value of the manufactured articles amounts annually to eighty-four millions of francs.

The feeding of silk worms, and the preparation of silk, is a trade also on the increase. The silk fabrics now manufactured in the country are esteemed for their good qualities, and already the exports of these tissues into France exceed the imports from that country. The provinces of Antwerp and Brabant contain the principal silk manufactories. The quantity of native silk produced in 1837 amounted to 1991 kilogrammes.

The lace of Belgium has been always admired for its texture, and the beauty of the flowered work. Very beautiful lace, as already mentioned, is made in Brussels in the establishment of Messrs Dupeptiaux and Co. Lace of a secondary order is made in abundance in the provinces of Antwerp and Flanders. In Mons there is a lace school, designed to carry the workers to the highest degree of perfection in the manufacture of this article. The tulles, or fine-net gauzes, of Belgium, are in great request in foreign countries. The tambour and fine-sewing work gives employment to upwards of 50,000 females. Above two millions of francs' worth of lace and tulles are annually exported.

The mechanical ingenuity of the Belgians is particularly observable in the manufacture of cabinet work and elegant house-furniture. The cabinet manufactories of Brussels are very extensive, and the articles which are there made, are noted for their elegance and solidity. Immense quantities are annually exported to England, Germany, and America. The Dutch are so completely behind in works of this description, that fine house-furniture cannot be procured at any price in Rotterdam. The tables and chairs of houses furnished in a comfortable manner are imported from London.

The ingenuity of the Belgians equally enables them to excel in coach-making. Immense quantities of vehicles of an elegant kind are now made for home use, and for exportation into foreign countries. The hackney-coaches and chaises in Brussels, and other towns, also the railway carriages, are as neat and comfortable as any made in England. The French are very much behind in the construction of all sorts of vehicles.

The manufacture, at Liege, of steam-engines, locomotive machines, power-looms, muskets, and other articles of iron, has already been adverted to; also the cutlery of Namur. In Liege and its environs, including Namur, there cannot be fewer than 20,000 men employed in the iron trade. Machinery is now also fabricated in Brussels, Charleroi, Bruges, Nivelles, Tirlemont, Hérné, and Yve. At Charleroi nearly 6000 workmen are employed in the manufacture of nails.

The porcelain works of Belgium are now in a thriving condition, and the quality of the articles manufactured rivals those of England, Saxony, and France.

Sugar-refining is carried on, upon a very extensive scale, in many parts of the kingdom. The quantity exported from Ghent alone, in 1836, amounted to 3,998,320 kilogrammes.

The business of beer-brewing is now carried on to a considerable extent. The number of breweries amounts to 2500, and a large portion of their produce is exported. The best beers are made at Lembeck, Brussels, Louvain, Diest, and Hoegaerde. Immense quantities of spirits are also annually exported.

The manufacture of paper is rapidly improving, by the introduction of paper-making machines and English workmen. The books printed at Brussels are now upon as good paper as the greater part of London publications. In this respect alone, the Belgians are a century in advance of the Dutch. All the school

* The Count Arrivabene has contributed a paper to one of the English Poor-Law Reports, describing at large the condition of the Flemish peasantry.

treatises and other works of native produce which came under my attention in Holland, are printed in a very coarse style upon hand-made paper, of as coarse a quality as that which is used in England for wrapping up tea and sugar. Perhaps the reader may smile when I suggest that the condition of a country may be pretty well known by the number and variety of its printed placards on the walls. In the towns up the Rhine, few samples of this species of literature meet the eye. You may see a theatre bill, or something else of a trifling kind, but no variety of intimations such as one observes in England. In Holland the press is so completely under surveillance, that every placard and handbill is taxed and stamped like a newspaper. The walls, therefore, except on the great occasions at the fairs, or when there is to be a sale of colonial produce, exhibit few printed affiches. Not so in Belgium. The walls of Brussels are gaudy with placards, making announcements of sales of all kinds, the publication of books, the establishment of schools, the opening of places of amusement, and a thousand other things. Printed paper is, in short, seen every where; and whatever may be said of the religious bigotry of the Belgians, it is perfectly clear that they have shot considerably ahead of the Dutch, as respects books, newspapers, and all the other products of the press.

Such is a rough sketch of the principal branches of manufacture now established in Belgium. The variety and extent of the manufactures are daily increasing, for not only are the people active and skilful in the pursuits to which they direct themselves, but the government is animated by the keenest desire to encourage the progress of all branches of industry. National expositions, as they are called, or public exhibitions of new manufactures, have been instituted, and take place annually at Brussels; and at these, gold and silver medals are awarded to a large amount. A satisfactory proof of the increase of manufacturing establishments in Belgium, is afforded by the number of authorisations or licences which were issued between 1830 and 1838. In the province of Antwerp, the number of authorisations for the establishment of manufactures was 171, in Brabant 259, in West Flanders 209, in East Flanders 159, in Hainault 698, in Liege 260, in Namur 57, in Limburg 129, and in Luxembourg 20; making a total of 1962 new manufactures, in which are constantly to be found in operation 400 steam-engines.

The improvement of agriculture, fisheries, mining, and other departments of industry, is keeping pace with the advance of manufactures. In the Museum of Arts at Brussels, I observed a variety of the implements of husbandry, according to the latest improvements in Britain—something very different from the show of antiquated rubbish which came under my notice in the collection at Utrecht. On the coast of Belgium are found skate, plaice, soles, turbot, whiting, smelts, a small species of cod, sardines, and crabs. The outward fisheries consist principally of cod, herrings, and oysters. For this distant sea fishery 200 vessels are employed. The cod introduced to the country by the Ostend vessels amounted in 1837 to 8175 tons.

The mines form an important department of national industry. There are three mining districts; the first, which comprehends Hainault, contains 150 mines in a superficial extent of 102,415 hectares (the hectare is nearly two-thirds of an English acre); the second, which extends to the provinces of Namur and Luxembourg, contains 95 mines in an extent of 30,030 hectares; and the third, which embraces the provinces of Liege and Limburg, contains 138 mines in an extent of 32,777 hectares. The principal mineral riches consist of coals, of which Hainault produces more than the whole of France. The coal mines of Mons, Charleroi, Liege, and Marimont, furnish annually 3,200,000,000 kilogrammes; besides which, there are many other mines of less importance. In 1836, 31,190 workmen were employed in 230 coal mines, and the products were estimated at 32,000,000 francs; while in France, where similar mines might be worked with extraordinary success, there are but 198 in operation, employing 17,500 miners, and producing annually about 19,000,000 francs. Iron mines abound in the southern provinces in conjunction with those of coal. Copper is principally found in Hainault and Liege; lead in the latter, Namur, and Luxembourg; zinc in Namur, Hainault, and Liege; and pyrites, celomine, sulphur, and alum, in Liege and Namur.

The whole country included between the frontier of France and a line supposed to be drawn from Ostend to Arlon (including the province of Liege), abounds in marble, slate, hewing stone, and lime. Large quantities of marble are quarried, some specimens of which are exceedingly beautiful. The black marble of Denant is of great value and in high request.

In concluding these details respecting the raw and manufactured products of Belgium, it is necessary, for the completion of the picture of national prosperity, to revert to the improved mode of communication by railways, which, as already mentioned, is still only in its infancy. In a few years, should no untoward event occur, a considerable traffic will be carried on through Belgium with Germany, instead of as at present through Holland and the Lower Rhine. The Dutch, in pertinaciously appropriating or contending for the navigation of the Maas, will shortly find themselves, as respects the commerce of Germany, in possession of a barren privilege, and never will the world have witnessed such a striking example of the triumph of

science and enterprise over narrow-mindedness and greed. Independently of any advantage which Belgium may derive from this anticipated trade with the upper regions of Germany—laying its railways entirely out of the question—it is indisputable that it will speedily prove, if it is not already, a formidable rival to England both in manufactures and commerce. In the manufacture of many articles, it has already attained an equal skill; in returns from this source it must already be not far behind Great Britain, in proportion to its size and population. Taking its efforts in conjunction with those of its Prussian neighbours, we may be perfectly assured of the fact, that the long-boasted supremacy of England in all kinds of industrial operations is about to pass away, or at least to be divided with other countries.

THE HEROINES OF BURNS.

THIRD AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

DURING the three years he spent at Ellisland, Burns was so deeply engaged in the labours of his farm and those connected with his appointment in the Excise, that he had little of either time or inclination for the cultivation of his poetical gift. Yet, even in this busy time, he contrived to celebrate the charms of one or two local divinities. One of these was Miss Jeffrey, daughter of the minister of Lochmaben: spending an evening at the manse, he was greatly pleased with this young lady, who did the honours of the table; and he next morning presented at breakfast the lines which have made her immortal—

"I gae'd a waeft' gate yestreen,
A gate, I fear, I'll dearly rue;
I gat my death frae twa sweet een,
Twa lovely een o' bonnie blue.
'Twas not her golden ringlets bright;
Her lips like roses wat wi' dew,
Her heaving bosom, lily-white—
It was her een sae bonnie blue.
She talk'd, she smil'd, my heart she w'd;
She charm'd my soul—I wist na how;
And aye the stound, the deadly wound,
Cam frae her een sae bonnie blue.
But spare to speak, and spare to speed;
She'll ablin listen to my vow:
Should she refuse, I'll lay my dead
To her twa een sae bonnie blue."

Miss Jeffrey married a gentleman named Renwick, and accompanied him to New York, where, we presume, she still resides. Mr George Thomson, in the second edition of his *Scottish Melodies* (1830), gives an interesting note respecting her. "The editor's son," says he, "who happened to be at New York about eight years ago, gave him the following gratifying account of her, and of what fell from her respecting the Poet. 'I was introduced to Mrs Renwick by her son, the Professor of Chemistry in Columbia College. She is a widow—has still the remains of Burns's delightful portrait of her: her *twa sweet een*, that gave him his death, are yet clear and full of expression: she has great suavity of manners and much good sense. She told me that she often looks back, with a melancholy satisfaction, on the many evenings she spent in the company of the great bard, in the social circle of her father's fireside, listening to the brilliant sallies of his fine imagination, and to his delightful conversation. 'Many times,' said she, 'have I seen Burns enter my father's dwelling in a cold rainy night, after a long ride over the dreary moors. On such occasions one of the family would help to disencumber him of his drenching and boots, while others brought him a pair of slippers, and made him a warm dish of tea. It was during these friendly visits that he felt himself perfectly happy, and opened his whole soul to us, repeated, and even sang many of his admirable songs, and enchanted all who had the good fortune to be present with his manly luminous observations and artless manners. I never,' she added, 'could fancy that Burns had ever followed the rustic occupation of the plough, because every thing he said or did had a gracefulness and charm that was in an extraordinary degree engaging.'"

About 1791, a young English lady, named Miss Deborah Davies, resided in Dumfriesshire. She was the youngest daughter of Dr Davies of Tenby in Pembrokeshire, and related by marriage to some of the best Dumfriesshire and Galloway families: her eldest sister had married the Honourable Adam Gordon, a younger brother of the present venerable Lord Kenmore. She was highly educated and accomplished, a writer of verses, extremely witty and agreeable, and an exquisite beauty, though of rather small stature. Some complimentary imagination called her one of the Graces in miniature. Burns met this young gentleman, and, as might be expected, was greatly delighted with her. Recalling the structure and burden of an old song, he thus wrote about her—

"Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine.
Wishfully I look and languish
In that bonnie face o' thine;
And my heart it stounds wi' anguish,
Lest my wee thing be na mine.
Wit, and grace, and love, and beauty
In ae constellation shine;
To adore thee is my duty,
Goddess o' this soul o' mine!"

Bonnie wee thing, cannie wee thing,
Lovely wee thing, wert thou mine,
I wad wear thee in my bosom,
Lest my jewel I should tine!"

Afterwards, in a more elaborate attempt to do justice to her, he informs us that the tuneful powers which whisper inspiration must make an effort beyond all former efforts, before they can faithfully depict the charms of this exquisite creature.

"Each eye it cheers, when she appears,
Like Phoebus in the morning,
When past the shower, and every flower
The garden is adorning. * *
Her smile's a gift, frae 'boon the lift,
That makes us mair than princes;
A sceptred hand, a king's command,
Is in her darting glances. * *
My muse to dream of such a theme
Her feeble powers surrender;
The eagle's gaze alone surveys
The sun's meridian splendour:
I wad in vain essay the strain,
The deed too daring brave is;
I'll drap the lyre, and mute admire,
The charms o' lovely Davies."

We learn from a nephew of the lady, through a note in Mr A. Cunningham's edition of Burns, that in her case, as in so many others, "wit, and grace, and love, and beauty," all failed to secure for Miss Davies a happy fate. Her story, as related by Mr C., is extremely touching:—"It was the destiny of Miss Davies to become acquainted with Captain Delany, who made himself acceptable to her by sympathising in her pursuits, and by writing verses to her, calling her his 'Stella,' an ominous name, which might have brought the memory of Swift's unhappy mistress to her mind. An offer of marriage was made, and accepted: but Delany's circumstances were urged as an obstacle; delays ensued; a coldness on the lover's part followed; his regiment was called abroad, he went with it; she heard from him once and no more, and was left to mourn the change of affection—to droop and die. He perished in battle, or by a foreign climate, soon after the death of the young lady, of whose love he was so unworthy."

The following verses on this unfortunate attachment form part of a poem found among her papers at her death: she takes Delany's portrait from her bosom, presses it to her lips, and says,

"Next to thyself, 'tis all on earth,
Thy Stella dear doth hold;
The glass is clouded with my breath,
And as my bosom cold:
That bosom which so oft has glowed,
With love and friendship's name,
Where you the seed of love first sowed,
That kindled into flame.
You there neglected let it burn,
It seized the vital part,
And left my bosom as an urn
To hold a broken heart;
I once had thought I should have been
A tender happy wife,
And passed my future days serene
With thee, my James, through life." * *

We now arrive at the not less remarkable story of the "Chloris" of Burns. About the time when the poet came to Ellisland, Mr William Lorimer, a substantial farmer, came to reside at Kemmis-hall, a farm on the opposite side of the Nith, about two miles nearer Dumfries. Mr Lorimer, like many other tenants of the Duke of Queensberry, had realised some wealth in consequence of an extremely favourable lease, and he now, in addition to farming, carried on extensive mercantile transactions in Dumfries and at Kemmis-hall. It was in consequence of his dealing in teas and spirits that he fell under the attention of the poet, who then protected the revenue interests in ten parishes. Burns became intimate with the Lorimers. They scarcely ever had company at their house, without inviting him; they often sent him delicacies from their farm; and whenever he passed their way on his professional tours, Mrs Lorimer was delighted to minister to his comforts with a basin of tea, or whatever else he might please to have. A daughter of the family recollects seeing many letters of his addressed to her father: one contained only the words, "Coming, sir," a quaint answer, probably, to some friendly note of invitation. No fiscal visitor was ever so liked as he; but then he was the most good-natured of such visitors—of which one little circumstance, recollected by the person above mentioned, may be sufficient proof. Having arrived one evening, and having, without Mrs L.'s knowledge, put up his horse in the stable, he came in by the back entrance, and so into the kitchen, where the lady was busy in the preparation of a considerable quantity of candles for home consumption—

† From above the sky.

‡ Several other ladies about this time received the compliment of a song from Burns, but little can be said of them. The "Bonnie Jean" of the song beginning "There was a lass and she was fair," was Miss M'Murdo, daughter of a gentleman who resided at Drumlanrig, as land-agent for the Duke of Queensberry, on his grace's Dumfriesshire estates. To Miss Janet Miller, daughter of his landlord Patrick Miller of Dalavint, and afterwards wife of John Thomas Erskine, who became thirteenth Earl of Mar, he addressed the song, "Wilt thou be my dearie?" Mrs Oswald of Auchincruive, who died of consumption soon after the poet, was the heroine of "Oh, wat ye wha't in yon town?" He has also two songs on Miss Phillis M'Murdo, a younger sister of Bonnie Jean. The M'Murdos were all beauties, and the family is still remarkable for an unusual share of personal loveliness.

candles being then an excisable article. He looked not—he stopped not—but, only remarking, "Faith, ma'am, you're thrang to-night," passed hastily on to the parlour.

Mr Lorimer's eldest daughter Jean was at this time a very young lady, but possessed of uncommon personal charms. Her form was symmetry itself, and, notwithstanding hair of flaxen lightness, the beauty of her face was universally admired. A Mr Gillespie, a brother officer of Burns, settled at Dumfries, was already enslaved by Miss Lorimer; and to his suit the poet lent all his influence. When it is mentioned that the young lady had been born at Craighieburn, a mansion romantically situated amidst beautiful woods near Moffat, the strain of the following song, which he wrote in Gillespie's behalf, will be understood:

"Sweet closes the evening on Craighie-burn-wood,
And blithely awakens the morn;
But the pride of the spring in the Craighie-burn-wood
Can yield to me nothing but sorrow.
I see the spreading leaves and flowers,
I hear the wild birds singing;
But pleasure they have none for me,
While care my heart is wringing.
I canna tell, I maunna tell,
I darena for your anger;
But secret love will break my heart,
If I conceal it langer.
I see thee graceful, straight, and tall,
I see thee sweet and bonnie;
But oh, what will my torments be,
If thou refuse thy Johnnie!
But, Jeanie, say thou wilt be mine,
Say thou lo'es nane before me;
And a' my days o' life to come
I'll gratefully adore thee."

This pleading was in vain, and Miss Lorimer became the wife of another, under somewhat extraordinary circumstances. About this time, a young gentleman named Whelpdale, connected with the county of Cumberland, and who had already signalled himself by profuse habits, settled at Barnhill, near Moffat, as a farmer. He was acquainted with a respectable family named Johnston at Drummerieff, near Craighieburn, where Miss Lorimer visited. He thus became acquainted with the young beauty. He paid his addresses to her, and it is supposed that she was not adverse to his suit. One night in March 1793, when the poor girl was still some months less than eighteen years of age, and of course possessed of little prudence or knowledge of the world, he took her aside, and informed her that he could no longer live except as her husband: he therefore entreated her to elope with him that very night to Gretna Green, in order that they might be married, and threatened to do himself some extreme mischief if she should refuse. A hard-wrung consent to this most imprudent step fixed her fate to sorrow for life. The pair had not been united for many months, when Mr W. was obliged by his debts to remove hastily from Barnhill, leaving his young wife no resource but that of returning to her parents at Kemmis-hall. She saw her husband no more for twenty-three years!

Though Burns had now removed to Dumfries, his intimacy with the Kemmis-hall family was kept up—and, let it be remarked, he was not intimate with them merely as an individual, but as the head of a family, for his wife was as much the friend and associate of the Lorimers as himself, though perhaps less frequently at their house. When Jean returned thither in her worse than widowed state, she was still under nineteen, and in the full blaze of her uncommon beauty. It was now that she became more particularly a heroine of the Ayrshire poet. She became so under the appellation of Chloris—a ridiculous appellation of the pastoral poets of a past age, but which, somehow, does not appear ridiculous in the verse of Burns. He is found in September 1794—at which time she was exactly nineteen—celebrating her in the following imperishable stanzas—the passion of which must, however, be understood as merely ideal, and expressed under favour of the poetical licence—

"Sae flaxen were her ringlets,
Her eyebrows of a darker hue,
Bewitchingly o'er-arching
Twa laughing een o' bonnie blue.
Her smiling sae wiling,
Wad make a wretch forget his woe;
What pleasure, what treasure,
Unto these rosy lips to grow:
Such was my Chloris' bonnie face,
When first her bonnie face I saw,
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she loes me best of a'.
Like harmony her motion;
Her pretty ancle is a spy
Betraying fair proportion,
Wad make a saint forget the sky.
Sae warming, sae charming,
Her faultless form and graceful air;
Ilk feature—and nature
Declared that she could do nae mair.
Hers are the willing chains o' love,
By conquering beauty's sovereign law;
And aye my Chloris' dearest charm,
She says she loes me best of a'.
Let others love the city,
And gaudy show at sunny noon;
Gie me the lonely valley,
The dewy eve, and rising moon:
Fair beaming, and streaming,
Her silver light the boughs among;

While falling, recalling,
The amorous thrush concludes his sang:
There, dearest Chloris, wilt thou rove
By wimpling burn and leafy shaw,
And hear my vows o' truth and love,
And say thou loes me best of a'!"

About the same time he composed in her honour the sweet pastoral song of "Lassie wi' the lint-white-locks," and in a letter to Mr Thomson, dated October 19, he speaks of her in the following whimsical terms:—"She is one of the finest women in Scotland, and in fact (entre nous) is in a manner to me what Sterne's Eliza was to him—a mistress, or friend, or what you will, in the guileless simplicity of Platonic love. Whenever I want to be more than ordinary in song; to be in some measure equal to your diviner airs, do you imagine I fast and pray for the celestial emanation? Touts au contraire. I have a glorious recipe; the very one that, for his own use, was invented by the gods of healing and poetry, when erst he piped to the flocks of Admetus. I put myself on a regimen of admiring a fine woman; and in proportion to the adorability of her charms, in proportion you are delighted with my verses." To the same letter he adds a postscript, mentioning that, since the above was written, he has been dining with a friend in the country, where he met with his muse, Chloris. In returning home, he says, he got into song, and composed, with reference to her, what has always appeared to us as one of the very finest of all his songs—that beginning,

"Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature?
Rosy morn now lifts his eye,
Numbering ilka bud, which Nature
Waters wi' the tears o' joy:
Now thro' the leafy woods,
And by the reeking floods,
Wild Nature's tenants freely, gladly stray;
The lintwhite in his bower
Chants o'er the breathing flower,
The lavrock to the sky
Ascends wi' sangs o' joy,
While the sun and thou arise to bless the day."

In the ensuing month, the enthusiastic poet is found composing a fifth song on Mrs Whelpdale—

"My Chloris, mark how green the groves,
The primrose banks how fair;
The balmy gales awake the flowers,
And wave thy flaxen hair,"—&c.

He then implores Mr Thomson to send him one copy of his Collection, to be presented to this divinity. After all, we find Burns, in the ensuing May, writing an impassioned song "On Chloris being ill," and still further extolling her charms in a sixth song, "Twas na her bonnie blue ee was my ruin," in which the name is changed to Mary. As some amends for such persevering attention to the charms of another besides his wife, we discover, in the same letter to Mr Thomson, the song entitled "Caledonia," in which he makes so graceful an allusion to his Mauchline mistress and spouse. The measure of Mrs Whelpdale's poetical honours was not yet, however, full. In the early part of 1795, he made her the heroine of a song beginning, "Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion;" of another much finer, "O bonnie was yon rosy brier;" and of still another, being the ninth, beginning, "Forlorn, my love, no comfort near." In all these effusions the reigning sentiment is love, that fictitious passion which Burns describes in the letter to Mr Thomson. We may admire the poetry, but we can have little interest in the feeling. Very different is it with a modest set of verses which the bard inscribed on a copy of his poems presented to Mrs Whelpdale: he is there only the kind friend, deploring her misfortunes and endeavouring to whisper comfort:

"Tis Friendship's pledge, my young, fair friend,
Nor thou the gift refuse,
Nor with unwilling ear attend
The moralising muse.
Since thou, in all thy youth and charms,
Must bid the world adieu,
(A world 'gainst peace in constant arms),
To join the friendly few.
Since thy gay morn of life o'ercast,
Chill came the tempest's lower;
(And ne'er misfortune's eastern blast
Did nip a fairer flower).
Since life's gay scenes must charm no more,
Still much is left behind;
Still nobler wealth hast thou in store—
The comforts of the mind!
Thine is the self-approving glow,
On conscious honour's part;
And, dearest gift of heaven below,
Thine friendship's truest heart.
The joys refin'd of sense and taste,
With every muse to rove:
And doubly were the poet blest,
These joys could he improve."

Some years after this outpouring of verse on her account, the father of Mrs Whelpdale became unfortunate, and ceased to be the wealthy man he had once been. The tuneful tongue which had sung her praise, and lamented her sorrows, was also laid in silence in Dumfries churchyard.* She continued to derive no

* Burns, in his latter years, alluded to Mrs Elidell of Woodleigh Park in the song, "Wert thou in the cauld blast," and "Canst thou leave me thus, my Katy?" He celebrated Miss Lesley Baillie (now Mrs Cumming of Logie) in "Saw ye bonnie Lesley?" And Miss Jessy Lewars (now Mrs Thomson, Dumfries) in the heroine of the exquisite song "Here's a health to aye I loe dear," besides one or two others.

income from her husband, and scarcely even to know in what part of the world he lived. She was now, therefore, compelled to accept of a situation as plain governess, in which capacity she passed some years in various respectable families in different parts of Scotland. Some time in the year 1816, in returning from a visit to her brother in Sunderland, she inquired at Brampton, near Carlisle, for her husband, and learned that she had only missed seeing him by a few hours, as he had that day been in the village. He was now squandering some fourth or fifth fortune, which had been left to him by a relation. Not long after, learning that he was imprisoned for debt at Carlisle, she went to see him. Having announced to him her wish for an interview, she went to the place where he was confined, and was desired to walk in. His lodging was pointed out to her on the opposite side of a quadrangle, round which there was a covered walk, as in the ambulatories of the ancient religious houses. As she walked along one side of this court, she passed a man whose back was towards her—a bulky-looking person, slightly paralytic, and who shuffled in walking, as from lameness. As she approached the door, she heard this man pronounce her name. "Jean!" he said, and then immediately added, as under a more formal feeling, "Mrs Whelpdale!" It was her husband—the gay youth of 1793 being now transformed into a broken-down middle-aged man, whom she had passed without even suspecting who he was. The wife had to ask the figure if he was her husband, and the figure answered that he was. To such a scene may a romantic marriage lead! There was kindness, nevertheless, between the long-separated pair. Wrongs so great as the blight of a whole life cannot well be forgiven; but we can impose a truce upon our bitterest feelings. What passed in the minds of these two beings respecting each other, can never be known, and it would not be easy to hazard a conjecture on such a subject. It is certain that Jean spent a month in Carlisle, calling upon him every day, and then returned to Scotland. Some months afterwards, when he had been liberated, she paid him another visit; but his utter inability to make a prudent use of any money entrusted to him, rendered it quite impossible that they should ever renew their conjugal life. After this, she never saw him again.

The subsequent life of the "Lassie wi' the lint-white locks" was spent in Edinburgh, in a degree of obscurity which leaves us to suppose that her circumstances were very humble. We believe the highest employments by which this unfortunate lady endeavoured to sustain life, were little superior to those of an ordinary domestic. She never ceased to be elegant in her form and comely of face; nor did she ever cease to recollect that she had been the subject of some dozen compositions by one of the greatest modern masters of the lyre. About the year 1825, a benevolent gentleman to whom she had made her penury known, bestowed himself in her behalf, and represented her case in the public prints, with the hope of drawing forth a little money for her relief. His wife, having sent her some newspapers containing the paragraphs which he had written, received the following note, in which we cannot help thinking there is something not unworthy of a poetical heroine:

"Burns's Chloris is infinitely obliged to Mrs — for her kind attention in sending the newspapers, and feels pleased and flattered by having so much said and done in her behalf.

Ruth was kindly and generously treated by Doan; perhaps Burns's Chloris may enjoy a similar fate in the fields of men of talent and worth.

March 2, 1825."

The lady here addressed saw Mrs Whelpdale several times, and was greatly pleased with her conversation, which showed considerable native acuteness of understanding, and a play of wit such as might have been supposed to charm a high intellect in one of the opposite sex. Afterwards, our heroine obtained a situation as housekeeper with a gentleman residing in Newington, and there she lived for some time in the enjoyment, she said, of greater comfort than she had ever known since she first left her father's house. But a pulmonary affection of a severe nature gradually undermined her health, and she was ultimately obliged to retire to a humble lodging in Middleton's Entry, Potterrow, near the place where Burns had first met with Clarinda. Here she lingered for some time in great suffering, being chiefly supported by her late master; and here, in September 1831, she breathed her last. Her remains were interred in Newington burying-ground. Her husband, who latterly lived at Langholm in Dumfriesshire, on a small pension, survived her three or four years.

Poor Chloris is a sad memento of the evils which spring to women from one rash step in what is, for that sex, the most important movement in life. Life was to her clouded in its morn; every grace that heaven gives to make woman a charm and a solace to man, was possessed in vain; all through this false step, taken, though it was, at a time when she could scarcely be considered as responsible for her own actions. Alas, how many fair creatures of equal promise come through one chance and another to bitterness! Yet, while there are hearts that can forgive error, and pity its consequences, while there are souls capable of appreciating poetry not ill-named divine, must the name of this unfortunate woman remain with her fellow-creatures.

USEFUL ANIMALS OFTEN DESTROYED AS HURTFUL.

[From a volume entitled "The Rights of Animals, and Man's Obligation to Treat them with Humanity." By William H. Drummond, D.D. London: John Mardon. 1838.]

MULTITUDES of animals are most unmercifully destroyed from ignorance of their uses, from an idea that they are noxious or injurious to some petty concern of a field or garden; and at the very time they are rendering important services to man, they are mowed down as if they were his sworn enemies, and had conspired against his life. Hence the rooks in some parts of England were at one time in danger of being extirpated, as we learn from the author of "A Philosophical Survey of the Animal Creation." "The rook," says he, "is a species of crow that feeds upon worms produced from the eggs of the May-bug. As these and all the winged insects in general are to be supported by the roots of plants, they deposit their eggs pretty deep in the earth, in a hole they dig for that purpose. The worms and caterpillars upon which the rook feeds, are not exposed to the mercy of this bird till the earth is thrown up. Hence it is that rooks always frequent lands recently cultivated, that the sight of the husbandman with his plough puts them in action, and that they search with so much assiduity about furrows newly formed.

Some years ago the farmers in one of the principal counties of England entertained a notion that these birds were prejudicial to their grain, and they determined, as if with one accord, to extirpate the race. The rooks were every where persecuted; their nests demolished; their young ones destroyed. But in proportion to the decrease of this animal, they found themselves overrun with swarms of worms, caterpillars, butterflies, and bugs, which attached themselves to the grain, trees, and fruits, and occasioned greater desolation in one day than the rooks would have done in the space of a twelvemonth. Many farmers were ruined. At length the persecution ceased; and they found that in proportion as this race of animals was restored, the scourge which their destruction had occasioned ceased likewise.

To this authority may be added that of Selby, who, in his "Illustrations of British Ornithology," p. 73, affirms that "wherever the banishing or extirpating of rooks has been carried into effect, the most serious injury to the corn and other crops has invariably followed, from the unchecked devastations of the grub and the caterpillar. In Northumberland I have witnessed their usefulness in feeding on the larvæ of the insect commonly known by the name of *Harry-long-legs* (*Tipula oleracea*), which is very destructive to the roots of grain and young clover."

This is a very instructive history. It should be made universally known; and at the same time it should induce men to examine well whether many of the creatures against which they wage an exterminating war, may not be among their benefactors. Notwithstanding, crows still continue to be the objects of remorseless persecution. Will it be believed that in the month of June, in the year of our Lord 1838, "William Evans, of Trefargoed, in company with another farmer, on Monday sc'ennight, killed 1915 crows in Pantyderi-wood, Pembrokeshire, from three to six o'clock in the evening?" Of the motive to this massacre we are not informed, but it was probably from the mistaken idea that these birds were enemies to agriculture; an idea of which some minds seem incapable of being dispossessed. The American farmers of New England once offered a reward of threepence per head for the heads of the purple grackle, because it took a little of the grain to which it had an equitable claim, for its services in preventing the depredation of insects; when, in consequence of this cruel and impolitic act, the birds were "nearly extirpated, insects increased to such a degree as to cause a total loss of the herbage, and the inhabitants were obliged to obtain hay for their cattle, not only from Pennsylvania, but even from Great Britain."—KIRBY, vol. i. p. 289.—*Linn. Trans.* v. 105, note.

Many birds besides rooks are destroyed, under the mistaken idea that they are injurious to the garden or orchard, at the very time they are most useful to both in feeding themselves and their nestlings on grubs and caterpillars.

"The common sparrow, though proscribed as a most mischievous bird, destroys a vast number of insects. Bradley has calculated that a single pair, having young to maintain, will destroy 3360 caterpillars in a week." "The blue tit-mouse (*Parus caeruleus*, LINN.) often falls a victim to ignorance in this country (Ireland), as it does in England, in consequence of the injury it is supposed to do to fruit-trees. Mr Selby most justly pleads in favour of its being a friend rather than an enemy to the horticulturist."†

Quadrupeds, as well as birds, suffer much under slanderous imputations, as can be attested by the badger and the hedgehog. The former, a harmless inoffensive animal, is baited and worried by dogs, because he destroys lambs and rabbits! This charge, however, has not been substantiated; and it is known that he feeds on roots, fruits, insects, frogs, and such small game. But he is strong and powerful, and can repel his assailants, when fairly matched, with great dexterity. He is therefore capable of affording an "inhuman diversion," as Bewick states, "to the idle and the vicious, who take a cruel pleasure in seeing this harmless animal surrounded by its enemies, and defending itself from their attacks, which it does with astonishing agility and success." The hedgehog also is assailed by dogs, torn in pieces, drowned, or burned, because he sucks cows! whereas he might as well be accused of sucking the great northern bear. He also climbs apple-trees, and carries off the fruit sticking to the spines on his back! Such a dexterous feat would merit the apples; and should he eat the fruits that fall in his way, they would be but a small compensation for his services to the horticulturist in gnawing the roots of the plantain, a troublesome weed, and in destroying worms, beetles, and various species of insects. If taken to the

kitchen, he will soon clear it of cockroaches, and ably discharge the duties of a turnspit dog.

That God has created nothing in vain, should be considered as an axiom both in philosophy and religion; though there may be some things of which we cannot see the immediate use, and others, in certain localities, positively injurious. Animals the most feeble, and apparently insignificant, even those which escape unassisted vision, as the *infusoria* and other animalcules, serve the most beneficial purposes. They supply nutriment to creatures larger and stronger; and these in their turn become the prey of a still stronger race; and these again of birds, fishes, quadrupeds, and man. Buffon says, "Insects do more harm than good;" a strange assertion from so distinguished a naturalist! The entire genus of swallows, the woodpeckers, and the young of almost the whole feathered creation, and the tribes of fishes, would contradict his assertion. The ant-eater, the chameleon, the mole, the bat, the hedgehog, and the badger, will testify against him, as will also the bee-master, the silk-manufacturer, and the physician.

Insects are teasing, sometimes destructive; but they labour industriously to provide us with food and raiment, with dye-stuffs and medicine. Innumerable myriads of gnats (*Culex pipiens*), in the northern regions, supply food for shoals of fishes and millions of game, and may be considered as the proximate cause of the annual migrations of the finny and the feathered tribes, which afford such an abundant supply of nutriment, not only to the Laplander and Esquimaux, but to the inhabitants of every shore which they visit. Were insects annihilated, how many species of other animals would languish and die! and man himself would be among the greatest sufferers. For it is with the animal kingdom, as with the body politic, or the microcosm of the human frame, if "one member suffer, all the members suffer with it," and the loss of one class or order would involve that of another, till all would perish. If some species are injurious to the garden and the orchard, the wardrobe and the museum, they are beneficial in some other department, and the mischief of which we complain is amply compensated by the greater good of which they are the ministers. The *Dermestes*, the *Cerambyx*, and the *Cantharis navalis*, prey upon wood. They injure the water-pipe, reduce the fallen trees of the forest to powder, and bore through the warship's ribs; but while busied in these operations, they are furnishing employment to the pump-borer, the sawyer, and the carpenter. St Pierre has beautifully observed, that "the weevil and the moth oblige the wealthy monopoliser to bring his goods to market, and by destroying the wardrobes of the opulent, they give bread to the industrious. Were grain as incorruptible as gold, it would be soon as scarce; and we ought to bless the hand that created the insect that obliges them to sift, turn, and ultimately to bring the grain to public sale."

ON SEEING A DECEASED INFANT.

[By W. O. B. Peabody, an American author.]

And this is death! how cold and still,
And yet how lovely it appears:
Too cold to let the gazer smile,
But far too beautiful for tears.

The sparkling eye no more is bright,
The cheek hath lost its rose-like red;
And yet it is with strange delight
I stand and gaze upon the dead.

But when I see the fair wide brow,
Half shaded by the silken hair,
That never look'd so fair as now,
When life and health were laughing there,
I wonder not that grief should swell
So wildly upward in the breast,
And that strong passion once rebel
That need not, cannot be suppress'd.

I wonder not that parents' eyes,
In gazing thus grow cold and dim,
That burning tears and aching sighs
Are blended with the funeral hymn;
The spirit hath an earthly part,
That weeps when earthly pleasure flies,
And heaven would scorn the frozen heart,
That melts not when the infant dies.

And yet why mourn? that deep repose
Shall never more be broke by pain;
Those lips no more in sighs unclose,
Those eyes shall never weep again.
For think not that the blushing flower
Shall wither in the church-yard sod,
'Twas made to gild an angel's bow
Within the paradise of God.

Once more I gaze—and swift and far
The clouds of death in sorrow fly,
I see thee like a new-born star
Move up thy pathway in the sky.
The star hath rays serene and bright,
But cold and pale compared with thine;
For thy orb shines with heavenly light,
With beams unfading and divine.

Then let the burthen'd heart be free,
The tears of sorrow all be shed,
And parents calmly bend to see
The mournful beauty of the dead;
Thrice happy—that their infant bears
To heaven no darkening stains of sin;
And only breathed life's morning air,
Before its evening storms begin.

Farewell! I shall not soon forget!
Although thy heart hath ceased to beat,
My memory warmly treasures yet
Thy features calm and mildly sweet;
But no, that look is not the last,
We yet may meet where seraphs dwell,
Where love no more deplores the past,
Nor breathes that withering word—farewell.

PARTY-SPIRIT—ITS EFFECTS.

Our institutions do not cultivate us, as they might and should; and the chief cause of the failure is plain. It is the strength of party-spirit; and so blighting is its influence, so fatal to self-culture, that I feel myself bound to warn every man against it, who has any desire of improvement. I do not tell you it will destroy your country. It wages a worse war against yourselves. Truth, justice, candour, fair dealing, sound judgment, self-control, and kind affections, are its natural and perpetual prey. I do not say that you must take no side in politics. The parties which prevail around you differ in character, principles, and spirit, though far less than the exaggeration of passion affirms; and as far as conscience allows, a man should support that which he thinks best. In one respect, however, all parties agree. They all foster that pestilent spirit, which I now condemn. In all of them, party spirit rages. Associate men together for a common cause, be it good or bad, and array against them a body resolutely pledged to an opposite interest, and a new passion, quite distinct from the original sentiment which brought them together, a fierce, fiery zeal, consisting chiefly of aversion to those who differ from them, is roused within them into fearful activity. Human nature seems incapable of a stronger, more unrelenting passion. It is hard enough for an individual, when contending all alone for an interest or an opinion, to keep down his pride, wilfulness, love of victory, anger, and other personal feelings. But let him join a multitude in the same warfare, and, without singular self-control, he receives into his single breast the vehemence, obstinacy, and vindictiveness of all. The triumph of his party becomes immeasurably dearer to him than the principle, true or false, which was the original ground of division. The conflict becomes a struggle, not for principle, but for power, for victory; and the desperateness, the wickedness of such struggles, is the great burden of history. In truth, it matters little what men divide about, whether it be a foot of land or precedence in a procession. Let them but begin to fight for it, and self-will, ill-will, the rage for victory, the dread of mortification and defeat, makes the trifle as weighty as a matter of life and death. The Greek or Eastern empire was shaken to its foundation by parties, which differed only about the merits of charioteers at the amphitheatre. Party spirit is singularly hostile to moral independence. A man, in proportion as he drinks into it, sees, hears, judges by the senses and understandings of his party. He surrenders the freedom of a man, the right of using and speaking his own mind, and echoes the applauses or maledictions with which the leaders or passionate partisans see fit that the country should ring. On all points, parties are to be distrusted, but on no one so much as on the character of opponents. These, if you may trust what you hear, are always men without principle and truth, devoured by selfishness, and thirsting for their own elevation, though on their country's ruin. When I was young, I was accustomed to hear pronounced with abhorrence, almost with execration, the names of men who are now hailed by their former foes as the champions of grand principles, and as worthy of the highest public trusts. This lesson of early experience, which later years have corroborated, will never be forgotten.

Among the best people, especially among the more religious, there are some who, through disgust with the violence and frauds of parties, withdraw themselves from all political action. Such, I conceive, do wrong. God has placed them in the relations, and imposed on them the duties, of citizens; and they are no more authorised to shrink from these duties than from those of sons, husbands, or fathers. I counsel you to labour for a clear understanding of the subjects which agitate the community, to make them your study, instead of wasting your leisure in vague, passionate talk about them. The time thrown away by the mass of the people on the rumours of the day, might, if better spent, give them a good acquaintance with the constitution, laws, history, and interests of their country, and thus establish them in those great principles by which particular measures are to be determined. In proportion as the people thus improve themselves, they will cease to be the tools of designing politicians. Their intelligence, not their passions and jealousies, will be addressed by those who seek their support. They will exert, not a nominal, but a real influence on the government and the destinies of the country, and at the same time will forward their own growth in truth and virtue.—*Channing's Lecture on Self-Culture*, just published.

We this week commence the publication of a series of Tales by a distinguished Irish writer, the first object of which is, of course, like that of all other articles introduced into the Journal, the entertainment and instruction of the public at large. It becomes our duty to mention that the accomplished writer has a special object of her own, in which we heartily sympathise: she wishes, by such means, to do what she may for the improvement of the morals and economy of her fellow-countrymen. It is very obvious that, while the humbler orders of the Irish people possess as many of the finer elements of human character as most nations, they have, like others, their faults, and that these faults are in perpetual operation to blight the happiness both of individuals and of the community. They are often, to use common language, faults of the head than the heart; but still, whatever be their nature, they prove serious obstructions to that social progress which all neighbouring nations are anxious to see promoted in Ireland. It is Mrs Hall's aim to present pictures of real life, in which these faults shall be, as it were, mirrored—not, we may be sure, in the spirit of censure, but in that of kind remonstrance at the utmost. She also expects to aid, by this means, in creating a more intimate and friendly acquaintance between the people of Ireland and those of England and Scotland.

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* Kirby, l. 291. Reaum. ii. 408.

† Mr Thompson on the Birds of Ireland. *Annals of Natural History*, No. 3, p. 190.

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LIFE-ASSURANCE.

ALTHOUGH there are about sixty Life-Assurance Companies and Societies in the kingdom, all of which are constantly making strenuous efforts to attract public attention to the peculiar advantages which they have to offer, it is a fact not less true than surprising, that the number of individuals who have availed themselves of life-assurance in the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland is not much above eighty thousand. Allowing twenty-five millions to be the population of the empire, and five persons to be the number of each family, it would thus appear that not more than one head of a family out of sixty-two has adopted this means of providing for the helpless beings whom he may leave behind him. If there were other means in abundance of providing for widows and fatherless children, we might be little surprised at this calculation; but when we consider that the case is quite the reverse—that few fathers have property wherewith to provide for a surviving family, that the number connected with the institutions which allow pensions to widows is necessarily small—when we consider, in short, that the great majority of men who have wives and children have nothing but an income depending on their own life and exertions between their families and want—we cannot but conclude that the expedient of life-assurance is either unknown to a large portion of society, or knowingly neglected by them. In either case, a short paper explaining the subject, and enforcing its claims on the attention of husbands and fathers, may be expected to prove in some degree useful.

Life-assurance was not practised in this country till the reign of Queen Anne, when "the Amicable Society" was established in London. At that period no inquiries had been made to ascertain the probable duration of life after any specified age: there was a general notion that life was uncertain at all ages; and, accordingly, for the first fifty years of life-assurance, the charges for insuring a certain sum were the same for all persons under forty-five! In time, however, it became known that a person at, we shall say, thirty, has a chance of living a longer time than a person at forty, and so on; and the consequence was, that, in 1762, "the Equitable Society" of London was established, on the principle of making charges in proportion to the various ages of the parties. Since then, calculations as to the probable duration of life after any certain age have been made with more nicety, so that life-assurances are now, and have long been, transacted on principles of exact justice to individuals, with respect to their ages.

Down to a comparatively recent period, life-assurance was chiefly conducted on the ordinary principles of a mercantile speculation. A company, possessing a large capital, assured sums payable on the deaths of parties, at certain rates, calculating on a profit from their transactions. The sole advantage of this plan lay in the guarantee afforded by the capital of the company. It has since been found that, by the plan of mutual assurance, all desirable security is afforded, while the profits are divisible among the only parties who have any right to them, the assurers. Mutual-Assurance Societies are therefore rapidly supplanting Assurance Companies, most of which will probably in a few years cease to exist. In the present paper, we propose to confine our attention to the plan of mutual assurance.

Mutual assurance proceeds on the following simple principles. While it is an indubitable fact that nothing is more precarious than the life of an individual, seeing that a thousand dangers constantly beset him, it is an equally certain fact that, if we take so large a number as ten thousand persons, or even a smaller number, it is possible to say with almost unerring certainty how many of these will die during the next ensuing year, how many in the next again, and so on, until, at about the age of 100, not one person remains.

Thus Dr Price of Northampton took 11,650 individuals, whose births and deaths were recorded in the proper books at that town, and found that in the first year 3000 died, in the second 1367, in the third 502, in the fourth 335, in the fifth 197, and so on till the last man died at 96. Dr Price consequently assumed that, of any 11,650 individuals who existed in the like circumstances, 3000 would die in the first year, 1367 in the second, and so on. It will be observed that the whole number who die in the first five years is 5401, leaving 6249 then alive: consequently, any one of the 11,650 children, at the moment of birth, had a chance of living five years equal to the proportion which 6249 bears to 5401, or somewhat more than a half. No man could say, at the moment, that any one of these babies would continue alive for three seconds; but yet it was possible to say with some degree of probability that, in the proper circumstances, 6249 of the whole number would live to the commencement of the sixth year. When we go on to an age at which life-assurance is more likely to be effected—say 52—we find that, of 100,000 persons who complete this portion of existence, 3044 will die before the end of the ensuing twelvemonth, so that each man's chance of dying in that space of time is in the proportion of 3044 to 100,000, or about 3 to 100. Now, supposing that these 100,000 persons were each desirous of insuring the payment of £100 to his heirs in the event of his dying during this year, it is evident that if they deposit a sum equal to 3044 times £100, that is £304,400, or about £3. 0s. 10½d. each, they will form a fund sufficient for this purpose, leaving nothing over. We have only to suppose a set of persons of different ages depositing each the sum appropriate to his age, and continuing to do so as long as he lives, and we then have the idea of a Mutual-Assurance Society in all except this—that, generally, instead of paying an increasing sum each successive year, proportioned to the increased risk, it is common to strike a medium in the probable future payments, and pay that from the beginning. Thus, in point of fact, the sum usually required for the assurance of £100 at death, from individuals aged fifty-two, is nearly five pounds.

While Mutual-Assurance Societies are founded upon this basis, they take, from circumstances, another character in addition to that which they hold out to the public. It may readily be conceived that the calculations of the probable duration of lives are liable to be modified by certain contingencies. From climate, and modes of living, there is more health and better expectation of life in some countries than in others. Even in the same country, from improvements of various kinds, the ratio of deaths to the amount of the living inhabitants may be experiencing diminution, so that a man of thirty has the chance of living several years longer than his grandfather had at the same age. In this country, the annual mortality is considerably less in proportion than it was sixty years ago. Consequently, the calculations of Dr Price, forming what are called the Northampton Tables, and which are above adverted to, although they were formed amongst a comparatively healthy rural population, are no longer strictly true. They calculate the chance of life at each particular age too low, and dictate the taking of a too high premium for assurance: in other words, a man at 52 has not in reality a chance of death in the next year equal to the proportion of 3044 to 100,000, but something less, and he should therefore pay less than £3. 0s. 10½d. to assure £100 for a year. Nevertheless, the most of Mutual-Assurance Societies, such as the Equitable of London, and the Scottish Widows' Fund and Scottish Equitable in Edinburgh, proceed upon the Northampton calculations—but for a reason which must be generally approved of. By this plan a considerable surplus takes place, which, at certain intervals, is reckoned, divided, and added to the standing policies, or sums assured, in their respective proportions. It must be evident that this plan, while it

adds to the security of the society, will be perfectly just to all parties, if the divisions of the surplus do not take place at such wide intervals as to leave many policies of short currency unbenefited. The society last mentioned appears to us to make this justice most certain, as it divides the surplus triennially, being the shortest interval in practice. Now, what is the general result of this adherence to a large calculation of mortality, but that Mutual-Assurance Societies become also, as it were, banks for savings! The money deposited there, is not, strictly speaking, parted with. It is put into a stock, where it is sure of being invested to the best advantage—presuming the managers to be honourable and expert men. If the individual die before his proper time, a much larger sum is drawn out by his representatives. If, on the contrary, he live beyond the average, and make payments beyond the amount of the sum originally assured, still, in the long-run, when he dies, his heirs get not alone that sum, but something more, in proportion to the excess of his payments and the profits made by the investment of the society's funds, lessened only by his contingent for the expenses of the society. In many cases, where a policy was of moderately long standing, it has been found that the sum originally assured has been doubled, or more than doubled, while the premium, or annual sum paid for assurance, had of course sustained no increase.

Such being the equitable and beneficial principles on which Mutual-Assurance Societies are established, it is clear that they present, to men in the enjoyment of income, but possessing little property, a most suitable and favourable means of providing in a greater or less measure for the endeared and helpless relatives who may survive them. That only about 80,000 persons in the United Kingdom should have taken advantage of life-assurance, being but one in sixty-two of the supposed number of heads of families, surely affords a striking view of—shall we call it the improvidence of mankind, or shall we not rather designate it as their culpable selfishness! For what is the predicament of that man who, for the gratification of his affections, surrounds himself with a wife and children, and peaceably lives in the enjoyment of these precious blessings, with the knowledge that, ere three moments at any time shall have passed, the cessation of his existence may throw wife and children together into a state of destitution! When the case is fully reflected upon, it must certainly appear as one of extremely gross selfishness, notwithstanding that the world has not been accustomed to regard it in that light. If, indeed, it were utterly impossible to provide for a widow and orphans, no fault could fairly be found. And, no doubt, the little blame bestowed by the world on this account is owing to the fact, that, till a recent period, no means of providing for these relatives existed. They were in those days invariably left to the mercy of the public. But that this occasioned many evils, we may be abundantly satisfied, from the earnestness with which the founders of Christianity press the duty of succouring the widow and fatherless—one of them representing religion as almost entirely consisting in that benevolent action alone. Assuredly, if there had not been much misery from this cause, there would have been no need for so much urgency on the subject. But if we only consider for a moment how mainly every one is engaged in providing for himself, we must be satisfied of the extreme precariousness of any provision which is expected to come from parties not responsible. It is therefore the duty of every man to provide, while he yet lives, for his own: we would say that it is not more his duty to provide for their daily bread during his life, than it is to provide, as far as he can, against their being left penniless in the event of his death. Indeed, between these two duties there is no essential distinction, for life-assurance makes the one as much a matter of current expenditure as the other. One part of his income can now be de-ot i

by a head of a family to the necessities of the present; another may be stored up, by means of life-assurance, to provide against the future. And thus he may be said to do the whole of his duty towards his family, instead of, as is generally the case, only doing the half of it.

It may be felt by many, that, admitting this duty in full, income is nevertheless insufficient to enable them to spare even the small sum necessary as an annual premium for life-assurance. The necessities of the present are in their case so great, that they do not see how they can afford it. We believe there can be no obstacle which is apt to appear more real than this, where an income is at all limited; and yet it is easy to show that no obstacle could be more ideal. It will readily be acknowledged by every body who has an income at all, that there must be some who have smaller incomes. Say, for instance, that any man has £400 per annum: he cannot doubt that there are some who have only £350. Now, if these persons live on £350, why may not he do so too, sparing the odd £50 as a deposit for life-assurance? In like manner, he who has £200 may live as men do who have only £175, and devote the remaining £25 to have a sum assured upon his life. And so on. It may require an effort to accomplish this; but is not the object worthy of an effort? And can any man be held as honest, or any way good, who will not make such an effort, rather than be always liable to the risk of leaving in beggary the beings whom he most cherishes on earth, and for whose support he alone is responsible? It may perhaps be thought that we feel strongly on this subject: we own that we do; but if the generality of men saw the case in its true light, they would feel as strongly as we do. They are only comparatively indifferent, because there has as yet been but a brief experience of a system for redeeming widows and orphans from poverty. When life-assurance is as universally understood and practised as it ought to be, he who has not made such a provision, or something equivalent, for the possibility of his death, will, we verily trust, be looked on as a not less detestable monster than he who will not work for his children's bread; and his memory after death will be held in not less contempt.

SCENE WITH A PIRATE.

In the month of July 1813, I was on my way from New York to the island of Curaçoa, on board the American ship Patrick Henry, commanded by Captain Tuttle. We had had a fine passage, and were looking forward to the end of our voyage in about a week. I was the only passenger, and of course was thrown in a great measure on my own resources for amusement, the chief of which was testing the powers of an admirable glass of London manufacture upon every vessel that showed itself above the horizon. Our captain was kind and civil, but there appeared a mystery about him that he did not like to be pried into, and our communication had in consequence been reserved.

In about latitude 20 degrees, and longitude 60 degrees 15 minutes, we were running along with a fine fresh breeze abeam, and all our weather studding-sails set. I was sitting alone in the cabin, ruminating upon the changes of scene and society into which I had been forced so contrary to my inclinations, and wondering whether the happiness of a quiet and domestic life was ever to fall to my lot, when the captain came down and told me that, as I was so fond of using my glass, there was a vessel just appearing on the horizon to windward, and that I might go and see what she was, for he could not make her out at all. I went on deck, and mounted into the main-top, and began my scrutiny. "Well, what is she?" asked the captain from the deck. "I can hardly make her out, but I think she is a schooner." "Ay—what's her course?" "South-west by south, I think; about the same as ourselves." I remained in the top for a few minutes, and continued looking at the stranger. "She seems fonder of the sea than I am," I continued, "for she might have her topsails and top-gallants, and studding-sails to boot, all set, instead of slipping along under her lower sails." The captain made no answer, but was looking hard at her with his eye. I now perceived through my glass a white speck above her foresail, flap, flapping against the mast. "Well, she must have heard me, for there goes her fore-top-sail." The captain now went to the companion for his glass, and after looking attentively at her for a short time, "What's that?" he asked; "is that her square-sail she's setting? I can't very well see from the deck." I looked again: "Yes, 'tis her square-sail; as I'm alive, she's changed her course, and is bearing down upon us." But by this time the captain had mounted the rigging, and was standing beside me; he was eyeing the distant vessel keenly. After having apparently satisfied himself, he asked me to go with him to the cabin, as he wished to talk

with me alone. We descended to the deck, and I followed him to the cabin. He motioned me to take a seat, and after carefully shutting the door, "I rather expect," said he, "that fellow's a pirate." "Pirate!" I asked in alarm. "Yes, I say pirate, and I'll tell you why. In the first place, you see, he'd no business to be sneaking along in that do-little sort of a way, as when we first saw him; who ever, that had any honest business to do, would allow such a fine breeze to go by without showing more canvass than a powder monkey's old breeches to catch it? Next, you see, what the mischief has he to do with us, that, as soon as he clapped eyes on us, he must alter his course, and be so anxious to get out his square-sail? Again, he looks just like one of those imps of mischief, with his low black hull and tall raking masts. But it's no use talking; I tell you he's a pirate, and that's as true as my name's Isaac Tuttle. And now the only thing is, what shall we do? The Patrick Henry ain't a Baltimore clipper, and that 'ere devil will walk up to us like nothing. But I'll tell you what strikes me.—If we let them devils aboard, it's most likely we'll all walk the plank; so we'd better try to keep 'em out. We haint got but an old rusty carronade and two six-pounders, and I don't believe there's a ball on board, we came off in such a hurry. Then, there's two muskets and an old regulation rifle down in my state-room; but they haint been fired I don't know when, and I'd as lief stand afore 'em as behind 'em. But our ship's as handsome a looking craft as you'll see; and couldn't we look wicked-like now, and try to frighten that cutthroat-looking rascal?"

I confess I was at first startled at the captain's opinion of the strange sail, and his reasoning left me hardly a hope that his judgment was not correct; but his cool and collected manner impressed me with confidence in his management, and I told him he knew best what we should do, and I would second him as I best could. He walked up and down the cabin twice; then rubbing his hands together as if pleased with his own idea, "I have it," he cried; "I'll just go on deck to put things in order, and in the meantime you'd better amuse yourself looking out your pistols, if you have any; for if he won't be content with a look at us, we'll have to fight."

I hurriedly took my fowling-piece and pistols from their cases, for I fortunately had both; and though I somehow refused to allow myself to believe there would be any occasion for their use, yet I loaded them all with ball, and in each of the pistols put a brace; this done, I went on deck, where I found the captain surrounded by his crew, telling them his suspicions, and his plan of action. "But," said he, "maybe we'll have to fight; if them devils have a mind to try us, they'll send a boat on board, and I want to know if you'll help me to keep 'em off. You see it's most likely they'll make you walk the plank, whether you fight or not, if they get on board; and I calculate, if you do just as I tell you, we'll frighten 'em." There was a hearty "Ay, ay, sir," to this short and pithy harangue. "Thankee, thankee, boys," said the captain; "now we'll not show another stitch of canvass, but seem to take no more notice of that fellow than if we didn't see him; and if he does try to come aboard, then we'll show 'em what we can do."

Our captain was about fifty years old, rather short and stout, but muscular; his face was bronzed with time and tempest, and his locks, which had once been black, were grizzled by the same causes. He was an old sailor and a staunch republican; and as some of his men told tales of fight in which their captain had borne a part, I presumed he had served when a young man in the navies of the states.

The crew were busy, in obedience to his orders, cutting up a spare fore-top-gallant-mast into logs of about four feet long; these were immediately painted black, with a round spot in the centre of one end, so as to bear a tolerable resemblance to pieces of cannon, and, with two old six-pounders, were placed, one at each port, on our deck, five on a side; but the ports were to be kept closed until the captain gave the order to open them, when they were to be raised as quickly as possible, and the logs thrust out about a foot. A platform was then made on the top of the long-boat, which was fixed between the fore and main masts, and the carronade, or fourteen-pounder, was hoisted up. These things being arranged, the captain went below, and the crew mustered in knots, to wonder and talk of what was to be done.

In the mean time, we had been standing on our course, and had not shifted or hoisted a single sail, but were as if perfectly regardless of the schooner. Not so with her, however; for besides a large square-sail and square-topsail on the foremast, she had run out small fore-topmast studding-sails, and onward she came, right before a pretty smart breeze, yawing from side to side, at one moment sinking stern foremost into the trough of the sea, as an enormous wave rolled out from under her, and at the next forced headlong onwards by its successor, while a broad white sheet of foam spread out around her, giving beautiful relief to the jet-black colour of her hull, testifying how rapidly she was going through the water. I could not help thinking of the captain's expression, for she certainly did "walk up to us like nothin'," and as there appeared to be not much time to lose, I went down to the cabin to assume my weapons. The captain was there arranging some papers, and a bottle was before him, into which he had put a letter. "May be," said

he, "something'll happen to me; for if them 'ere bloody devils won't be cheated, I will be the first to suffer; and natural enough too, for all the mischief they'll suffer will be by my orders, just because I didn't like to be overhauled like an old tarpanlin by every rascal that chooses to say leave to, in the high seas. But never mind; only, should you escape, just drop the bottle and letter overboard, if you think you can't deliver it yourself."

Now, I had never seriously considered the probability that I might also be killed in an approaching mêlée, for I thought that the captain intended to throw open his ports and show his sham guns, and that, of course, the schooner would take fright. But when he began to talk about death in such a serious strain, I began to feel very uncomfortable; and not being naturally a warrior, I wished myself any where else than on board the Patrick Henry. There I was, however, without a chance of escape; and I suggested to the captain that it would be as well for me to put a letter into the bottle also, in case of any accident to both of us, which was agreed to; and we arranged that if either survived and had the opportunity, the letter of the unfortunate should be safely forwarded to its destination. After this little piece of preparation, the captain took me by the hand. "'Tis well," said he; "are you willing to share with me the post of danger? Do not suppose I am unaccustomed to the perils of a sea-fight; no, young man; I've supported the glory of the thirteen stripes in many a gallant action, and have witnessed the death of those honoured and esteemed as the sons of liberty. Yet they were fighting for their country, and it was their duty to hold their lives cheap; but you are a passenger, and should be under my protection—yet I ask you to share my danger. I wish some one to stand by me on the platform, and help me to manage the swivel. Hands are scarce, and I don't know where else to place you." The hardy fellow's eyes glistened as he made the proposal, to which I of course instantly agreed. "Thankee, thankee," he replied, and relapsed into his former character. 'Twas strange; he had always appeared on board his vessel as a common Yankee captain, with little to say, and with a rough uncouth manner but little removed from his men. Yet he at once, though evidently inadvertently, assumed the air and manner of a polished gentleman; and it certainly struck me that the latter character appeared more natural to him than the former. There was evidently a mystery about him, and I determined to find it out when more opportune circumstances should occur.

We went on deck, and the men were still hanging about waiting for the orders of their captain to make them start. These were soon given. The cooper and the carpenter were ordered to bring up all hatchets and other offensive and defensive weapons, and with the muskets and rifle they were distributed among the crew, who received their orders to use them in repelling any attempt to board.

The schooner had now come down within half a mile of us, when she suddenly took down her square-sail, and hauled her wind, to have a look at us. I daresay she did not know what to make of our seeming indifference. Presently a cloud of smoke burst from her side, and a ball came skipping over the water, and passed astern of us. "I thought so," said the captain; "now, lads, show her our stripes." A ball of bunting flew up to the end of our mizen peak, rested an instant, and fluttered out into the American ensign. The smoke drifted away from the schooner, and she ran up at her gaff the ensign of the Colombian republic. "That's 'ternally the way with them blackguards; they're always making a fool of some republic." Scarcely were the words out of his mouth, when another column of smoke burst from the schooner, and another ball came skip—skipping along towards us, but, catching a swell, it plunged in, and we saw no more of it. "That fellow now, I take it, is a good shot, so we'll not wait for another. Clue up the main-sail, boys; haul aft the weather main-braces; clue up the foresail; luff her, man, luff her a little more—steady," burst from our captain's mouth: the orders were obeyed with the quickness of a well-disciplined crew, and our ship was hove to. "Now, my lads, take your stations, four to each port on the weather side, but do nothin' till I tell ye." The men took their stations, as directed, round each log on the weather side, and I followed the captain to the platform where our carronade was mounted. It was loaded to the muzzle with bits of iron, musket-balls, lumps of lead, and various other missiles, for the captain had conjectured truly—there were no balls on board. The schooner hove to, and a boat was lowered, and crowded with men. It approached rapidly, pulled by eight rowers. The muzzle of our carronade was depressed as much as possible, and made to bear on the water about fifty yards from the ship. The captain stood with his speaking-trumpet in one hand, and a handspike, with which he shifted the position of the gun as required, in the other. The schooner's boat approached, and was pulling rapidly to get alongside. "Now, sir, keep steady, and obey my orders coolly," said the captain in an under tone. "Boy, fetch the iron that's heating in the galley—run." The boy ran, and returned with the iron rod heated at one end, which was handed to me. "When I tell you to fire, fire, as you value your life and those on board." The captain now put his speaking-trumpet to his mouth, and hailed the boat, which was within a hundred yards of us. "Stop—no nearer, or I'll blow you all out of the water—keep off,

keep off, or, I say, I'll—” At that instant the man at the bows of the boat, who appeared to take the command, gave an order, and a volley from several muskets was fired at us. I heard the balls hit about me, and turned to look for the captain to receive my order to fire. He was on one knee behind the cannon, and holding it by the breech. “Why, captain! what's the matter! are you hit?” He rallied. “Nothing—they're coming.” He gave another hoist to the gun, cast his eye hurriedly along its barrel—“Fire, and be quick!” I needed not a second bidding, for the boat was close alongside. The smoke burst from the touch-hole with a hiss, and for an instant I thought the gun had missed fire, but in the next it exploded with a tremendous report, that deafened me. “Throw open your ports, boys, and show them your teeth,” roared the captain through his trumpet, and his voice sounded hideously unnatural. In an instant every port was up, and our guns protruded their muzzles. I had fancied that I heard a crash, followed by wild screams, immediately upon the discharge of the cannon; but the report had deafened me; and the smoke, which was driven back in my face, had so shrouded me, that I could not see; and the unearthly shout of the captain had also for the moment driven the idea from my mind, and I now grasped my gun to repel boarders. But my hearing had not deceived me; for, as the smoke was borne away to leeward, the whole scene of destruction burst upon my sight. The cannon had been most truly pointed, and its contents had shivered the hapless boat, killing or wounding almost every person in her. The longest lifetime will hardly efface that scene from my mind. The stern of the boat had been carried completely away, and it was sinking by the weight of the human beings that clung to it. As it gradually disappeared, the miserable wretches straggled forward to the bows, and with horrid screams and imprecations battled for a moment for what little support it might yield. The dead and the dying were floating and splashing around them, while a deep crimson tinge marked how fatal had been that discharge. Ropes were thrown over, and every thing done to save those that were not destroyed by the cannon-shot, but only three out of the boat's crew of twenty-four were saved; the greater part went down with the boat to which they clung.

The whole scene of destruction did not last ten minutes, and all was again quiet. The bodies of those who had been shot did not sink, but were driven by the wind and sea against the side of the ship. From some the blood was gently oozing, and floating around them; others, stiff in the convulsion in which they had died, were grinning or frowning with horrible expression. One body, strong and muscular, with neat white trousers, and a leathern girdle in which were stuck two pistols, floated by, but the face was gone; some merciless ball had so disfigured him, that all trace of human expression was destroyed. He was the pirate captain.

But where was the schooner? She lay for a few minutes after the destruction of her boat; and whether alarmed at our appearance, or horrified at the loss of so many of her men, I know not, but she slipped her foressail, and stood away as close to the wind as possible. We saw no more of her.

The excitement of the scenes we had just passed through, prevented our missing the captain; but so soon as the schooner bore away, all naturally expected his voice to give some order for getting again under weigh. But no order came. Where was he? The musket discharge from the boat, with the unearthly voice that conveyed the orders for the ports to be thrown open, flashed across my mind. I ran to the platform. The captain was there lying on his face beside the gun that he had pointed with such deadly effect. He still grasped the speaking-trumpet in his hand, and I shuddered as I beheld its mouth-piece covered with blood. “The captain's killed!” I cried, and stooped to raise him. “I believe I am,” said he; “take me to the cabin.” A dozen ready hands were stretched to receive him, and he was taken below, and carefully laid on a sofa. “Ay,” he said, “I heard the crash; my ear knows too well the crash of shot against a plank to be mistaken, and my eye has pointed too many guns to miss its mark easily now. But, tell me, is any one else hurt?” “No, thank God,” I said; “and I hope you are not so badly hit.” “Bad enough. But cut open my waistcoat—'tis here.” A mouthful of blood stopped his utterance, but he pointed to his right side. I wiped his mouth, and we cut off his waistcoat as gently as possible. There was no blood; but on removing his shirt, we discovered, about three inches on the right of the pit of the stomach, a discoloured spot, about the size of half-a-crown, darkening towards its centre, where there was a small wound. A musket ball had struck him, and from there being no outward bleeding, I feared the worst. We dressed the wound as well as circumstances would permit; but externally it was trifling—the fatal wound was within. The unfortunate sufferer motioned for all to leave him but me; and calling me to his side, “I feel,” said he, “that I am dying; the letter—promise me that you will get it forwarded—'tis to my poor widow. Well, I've tempted this death often and escaped, and 'tis hard to be struck by a villain's hand. But God's will be done.” I promised that I would personally deliver the letter, for that I intended returning to New York from Curaçoa. “Thank you truly,” said the dying man; “you will then see my Helen and my child, and can tell them that their unfortunate husband and fa-

ther died thinking of them. This ship and cargo are mine, and will belong to my family. Stranger, I was not always what I now seem. But I could not bear that the Yankee skipper should be known as he who once—” A sudden flow of blood prevented his finishing the sentence. I tried to relieve him by change of posture, but in vain; he muttered some incoherent sentences, by which his mind seemed to dwell upon former scenes of battle for the republic, and of undeserved treatment. He rallied for one instant, and, with a blessing for his family, and the name of Helen on his lips, he ceased to breathe.

The body of our unfortunate captain was next day committed to the waves, amidst the tears of us all. Our voyage was prosecuted to an end without further interruption. I did not forget the wishes of the dying man; how faithfully I fulfilled them, and how I have been rewarded, or how satisfactory to me was the previous history of the poor captain, need not be told. Suffice it to say, that I am settled in Elm Cottage, Bloemendaal, and am the happiest son-in-law, husband, and father, in the United States.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

MRS BRUNTON.

MARY BALFOUR was born in the island of Barra, in Orkney, on the 1st of November 1778. She was descended from a respectable and ancient family, being the only daughter of Colonel Balfour of Elwick, by his wife Frances Ligonier, niece of Field-Marshal Lord Ligonier. Having been brought up in the house of this distinguished nobleman and soldier, the lady of Colonel Balfour had received accomplishments suited to a much higher sphere than that in which her lot was ultimately and permanently cast. These acquirements, however, did not prove useless, for Mrs Balfour was assiduous in conveying as much of them as she retained to her daughter, and thus, undoubtedly, laid the foundation of that elegant and refined taste which the subject of our memoir afterwards evinced. Under her parent's care, Mary became no mean proficient in music, and a good French and Italian scholar; while, in other respects, the excellent natural parts which she appears to have inherited from her mother, were cultivated with equal care and success. Any defects which might have arisen from the indulgent licence, almost inseparable from merely parental instruction, were in a measure remedied by a short residence at school in Edinburgh. Yet much of Miss Balfour's reading, as she emerged from childhood, was dictated by her own choice, and lay in the walks of poetry and fiction. This course of training, while favourable certainly to the growth of original powers, was prevented from being injurious by her native strength of mind and sound sense.

At the age of sixteen, Mary's attention was almost entirely diverted from her studies to matters of a different character. By her mother's death, the charge of her father's household devolved upon her, and for a period of four years the fatiguing details of Orkney housekeeping left little leisure for any other employments. Towards the close of this period, an opportunity was held out to her of changing the sphere in which she had hitherto moved, for a much more brilliant one. The Viscountess Wentworth (who had formerly been the wife of Mrs Balfour's deceased brother, the second Earl Ligonier) invited her god-daughter, Mary, to come to London and reside with her. But Miss Balfour preferred a less dazzling destiny. She had formed an acquaintance with Mr Brunton, a young and talented clergyman of the Scottish established church, and a mutual attachment was ere long the result. In her twentieth year, Mary became the wife of Mr Brunton, and retired with him to the manse of Bolton, a small parish in the county of Haddington, of which he had been recently appointed incumbent.

This important change brought with it a great accession of leisure, and, as a natural consequence, Mrs Brunton's taste for reading returned in all its original strength. The range of her studies widened, and, though she never lost her liking for literature of a lighter kind, the philosophy of mind, history, and other of the graver branches of knowledge, became favourite objects of her pursuit. Altogether, under the kind and able guidance of her new companion, her course of mental improvement was rendered much more comprehensive and methodical. To her acquirements as a linguist, she, at this time, added a little acquaintance with German; and she even made several earnest, though not very successful, attempts to master the science of mathematics. It was natural, also, that the increased incentives and facilities which her present situation afforded, should turn her thoughts more seriously than ever to religion. The issue of the re-examination of the principles of her belief which she entered into, is beautifully expressed by her husband in the memoir prefixed to her posthumous work. “Both in her own mind, and in the minds of her pupils (two East Indian wards whose education she superintended), she was anxious to make religion an *active* principle, to carry its influence habitually into life. It mingled now with all her own pursuits. She sought knowledge, not merely for the sake of the pleasure which it bestowed, but from a strong sense of duty. She loved nature, not for its own beauty alone, but for the traces with which it abounds of the wisdom and the love of the Creator. Her religion was not a religion of gloom. It shed brightness and peace around her. It gladdened the heart which it purified and exalted.”

After a happy residence of six years at the small

but prettily situated manse of Bolton, Mr Brunton's abilities became so widely known, as to procure for him a call to one of the churches of the Scottish capital, and he accordingly removed thither with his lady in the autumn of 1803. Hitherto Mrs Brunton does not seem to have been aware of the powers of her own mind. Her circle of friends had been too circumscribed to furnish her with any striking examples of talent whereby she might measure and estimate her own abilities. To letter-writing, which often gives the first consciousness of a literary turn to its possessor, Mrs Brunton had ever evinced a peculiar aversion, and was thus precluded from another chance of acquiring this species of self-knowledge. In Edinburgh, however, the new and extended circle in which her station called upon her to move, speedily supplied the opportunities which had heretofore been wanting. Mrs Brunton now mingled in the society of persons of known and proved ability, joined with them in conversation and discussion, and, from the part which she found herself enabled to play, acquired by degrees that intellectual confidence necessary to bring her literary powers into light. Still, a considerable period elapsed, after she had left the country, ere she began the composition of her first work, *SELF-CONTROL*; and when she did take up the pen, she appears to have had no definite intention of ever laying her labours before the public eye. But, as the manuscript swelled on her hands, this design began to be entertained, and the more so, it would seem, from a circumstance, which her husband thus relates. “She had often urged me to undertake some literary work; and once she appealed to an intimate friend, who was present, whether he would not be the publisher. He consented readily; but added, that he would, at least as willingly, publish a book of her own writing. This seemed, at the time, to strike her as something, the possibility of which had never occurred to her before; and she asked, more than once, whether he was in earnest.” This suggestion was not without its influence, and after a portion of the novel was written, the warm approbation of her husband, when it was for the first time shown to him, confirmed Mrs Brunton in the intention both to proceed and to publish. From that time forward, she adhered pretty closely to the rule of writing a certain portion daily; but a visit to Harrowgate, which the state of her health rendered necessary, deferred considerably the completion of the work. It went to press, finally, in September 1810, and appeared before the public, anonymously, in the commencement of the following year. It was dedicated to the most illustrious sister-writer of the age, Joanna Baillie.

Good novels were of comparatively rare issue in Britain, and particularly in the Scottish metropolis, when *Self-Control* was published. With the high merits which it undoubtedly possesses, therefore, it is less wonderful that so great a sensation should have been produced by the work, as actually took place. The first edition went off in one month, and a second and third were called for with almost unexampled rapidity. The *sanctum* of Mr Miller, the Edinburgh publisher, then the rendezvous of all the blues and critics, great and small, male and female, of the city, was kept for months in a continual buzz of conjecture, curiosity, and interest, respecting the nameless and unknown writer. Meanwhile, the authoress remained behind her veil, justly proud of her success, and not unamused by all the criticisms, favourable and unfavourable, which her position enabled her to draw with sincerity from those around her who were not in her secret. Joanna Baillie acknowledged the compliment of the dedication by a letter to the publisher, and to this Mrs Brunton replied in her own name, in a letter which commences as follows:—“No circumstance, connected with the publication of *Self-Control*, has given me half so much pleasure as your very obliging letter—so kind, so natural, so different from the pompous strictures and bombastical praises which have been volunteered on the same occasion. I thank you most heartily and sincerely.” A succeeding portion of this epistle may also be quoted, because in it the authoress gives a fair account of the plan of the work, and apologises in the best way possible for its defects:—“Till I began *Self-Control*, I had never in my life written any thing but a letter or a recipe, excepting a few hundreds of vile rhymes, from which I desisted by the time I had gained the wisdom of fifteen years; therefore I was so ignorant of the art on which I was entering, that I formed scarcely any plan for my tale. I merely intended to show the power of the religious principle in bestowing self-command; and to bear testimony against a maxim as immoral as indelicate, that a reformed rake makes the best husband.” The plot, as here and elsewhere admitted by the authoress, is indeed defective in parts; but the lofty tone of sentiment, the pure morality of purpose, the acuteness of observation, and the prevailing eloquence of diction, which characterise it, might well cover greater blemishes, and render *Self-Control* worthy, upon the whole, of the repute which it gained.

In 1812, Mrs Brunton, who had at all times much pleasure in travelling, accompanied her husband on a visit to London. The travellers went by land, and in a short journal appended to the fragment called *EMERGING*, we find some of the observations made by Mr Brunton on the journey. These jottings, and others written on a second tour in 1815, prove that she was capable of writing in a style much more lively than that which characterises her larger productions. It was on her return from her first London journey

that the novel of *DISCIPLINE* was thought of, its subject having been suggested by Dr Brunton, who imagined it might be beneficial "to show the means through which, when self-control has been neglected, the mind must be trained by suffering ere it can hope for usefulness or for true enjoyment." Upon a regular plan, formed in consonance with this suggestion, Mrs Brunton's second novel was begun, in the end of 1812. Having projected the introduction into it of a sketch of the manners of the Scottish highlanders, she spent a considerable portion of the following year among that people, adding to the previous knowledge which she had of their various peculiarities. At this very period *Waverley* was published, and our authoress saw the field, which she was preparing to enter, preoccupied by one whom she at once recognised and acknowledged as a master. From pure and unaffected humility, she would now have cancelled the highland part of her own story altogether; but her husband prevailed on her, with much difficulty, to retain it, in the hope that the same objects, sketched by a different hand, would still be found to possess novelty. *Discipline* was published in December 1814, and met with very decided approbation from the reading world. But the applause which it received brought the writer much less gratification, than in the case of *Self-Control*; for the authorship was now no secret, and the sincerity of the praise bestowed was open to doubt.

Discipline, with less energy and beauty in individual parts, is more pleasing as a whole than its predecessor, while it has the same excellence of purpose, and general felicity of style. After its publication, Dr Brunton and his lady made their second tour to England, already adverted to. On their return, Mrs Brunton projected the composition of short tales, having "grown distrustful of her power to combine the incidents of a long-continued narrative," to use Dr Brunton's words. Departing a little, however, from the original plan, she began the story of *Emmeline*. Though this occurred in 1816, and her life was prolonged for a considerable period afterwards, *Emmeline* was never finished. A low fever had attacked her when last in London, and it recurred at home with increased violence. When intervals of tolerable health occurred, many avocations interfered to impede her literary labours. Numerous friends courted her society; the share she took in the management of public charities was laborious; and, above all, a noble resolution, which she had long adhered to, of investigating personally every case of distress which claimed relief from her, led to extensive and increasing occupation. What with delicate health, and various calls upon her attention, composition was looked upon as a task, and "she rather (says her memorialist) sought reasons to justify to her own mind the desertion of her former habits, than opportunities of renewing them in their strength." In the summer of 1818, however, she appeared to feel a revival of her literary enthusiasm, and, had health and life been spared to her, would most probably have produced something superior to all her former efforts. The power exhibited in the opening of *Emmeline*, the fragmentary tale published by her husband, justifies such an anticipation. But matters were otherwise ordered. No children had as yet blessed the fireside of Dr Brunton and his lady; but, in the course of the year mentioned, Mrs Brunton was evidently about to become a mother. "She was strongly impressed (says Dr Brunton) that her confinement was to prove fatal; not on vague presentiment, but on grounds of which I could not entirely remove the force, though I obstinately refused to join in the inference which she drew from them." Under this impression, she set her house in order, yet with undiminished fortitude and unshaken cheerfulness. When the hour of trial came, her foresight proved but too clear and acute. She gave birth to a still-born son on the 7th of December 1818, and, after seeming to recover partially, was attacked by fever, and died on the 19th of the month.

In private life, the character of this excellent lady presented an exemplar and model to her sex. Her "mind and heart were open as the day." Of her literary powers something has already been said, but her husband's remark seems to us too just not to call for repetition, that "in all she had done, she was only trying her strength," and might have yet more "heightened the standard of female intellect by her labours." Mrs Brunton's novels have now been in a measure cast aside by the passing legionary novelties of the day, but the sifting hand of time will yet separate them from the ephemeral chaff which has followed them, and give *Self-Control* and *Discipline* a place among the sterling fictions which the incipient years of our century have added to British literature. With the Hamiltons and Ferriers of her country will the name of Mrs Brunton be remembered.

We cannot conclude better than by giving an extract from Joanna Baillie's testimony to the virtues of this amiable lady.

No more shall bed-ridden pauper watch
The gentle rising of the latch,
And as she enters, shift his place
To hear her voice, and see her face.
The helpless vagrant, oft reliev'd,
From her hath his last dole received.
The circle, social and enlighten'd,
Whose evening hour her converse brighten'd,
Have seen her quit the friendly door,
Whose threshold she shall cross no more.
And he, by holy ties endear'd,
Whose life her love so sweetly cheer'd,

Of her cold clay, the mind's void cell,
Hath ta'en a speechless last farewell.
Yea, those who never saw her face,
Nor did on blue horizon trace
One mountain of her native land,
Now turn that leaf with eager hand
On which appears th' unfinished page
Of her, whose works did oft engage
Untir'd attention, interest deep,
While searching, healthful thoughts would creep
To the heart's core like balmy air,
To leave a kindly lesson there—
And gaze, till stain of fallen tears
Upon the snowy blank appears.
Now all, who did her friendship claim,
With alter'd voice pronounce her name,
And quickly turn with wistful ear
Her praise from stranger's lips to hear,
And hoard as saintly relics gain'd
Aught that to her hath e'er pertain'd.
Thus wert thou lov'd and priz'd on earth, and now
Fair, disembodied Spirit! where art thou?
The task of love thou had'st to do is done,
And thou art to thy Father's mansion gone.

THE BOY'S COUNTRY-BOOK.

A NEAT and delightfully embellished little volume, thus denominated, has been published by Mr W. Howitt, author of "The Book of the Seasons" and "Rural Life in England." It bears the alternative title of "The Real Life of a Country Boy," and we have no doubt that this country boy is the worthy author himself. The book may be described as the juvenile Bracebridge Hall of the English rural middle classes. It professes to "exhibit all the amusements, pleasures, and pursuits of children in the country"—a delightful idea of a book, and one which, in such hands, could not fail to be well wrought out. Our readers are already aware of our opinion as to boy life in the country, as compared with boy life in town. In a word, we think that it is only in the country that a boy lives—in a large town he merely grows. Towns are the places for men to moil and live in: they are no field for children at all. The present book, reminding us of our own early days in the country, deepens all our previous convictions to this effect. The things of which it treats—sports by flood and field, gossipry by old-fashioned firesides, simple-hearted men and women, the actual objects of nature living and dead, all that immense variety of healthful and amusing occupation and knowledge which falls to the lot of the country boy—are nearly unknown to the city boy, or can only be revealed to him by means of such a book as the present, while all that the city boy learns on the other hand, from his own peculiar opportunities, is not worthy of being spoken of in comparison, and can be acquired afterwards by the country boy in a very short time.

As a means of in some measure enlightening the juveniles of the town as to what is to be enjoyed and learned in the country, this volume is a welcome gift. We know of no book which we should be more apt to select as a present for a young person in whom we might feel interested—for there is a fine moral feeling from simple natural things. A few extracts would probably justify our opinion in the view of most readers, but we have only room for one, on the subject of Horsemanship:—

"I promised to tell my readers how I learned to ride; and I can assure them that the riding-school of a country lad is often a very funny one. The regular riding-master may teach you to ride gracefully, but as to sticking on a horse, commend me to the country lad's riding-school; which is now a common, now a lane, now on ass-back, now on horse-back, now on hog-back, now on cow-back, and not very seldom on the shaggy back of a good thumping mastiff, or the odiferous chine of a sturdy goat. Any thing that has a back, and can move, is a nag for a country lad; and good swinging gates and spinning turnstiles afford him no inconsiderable exercise and instruction in the necessary art of sitting at ease on the ridge of a moving thing, whether with legs or without them. It is a well-known fact, attested by Sir Walter Scott, and other equally great and learned men, that very few people get properly educated that are not more or less self-educated. And the country lad's equestrian education is to a certainty generally well seasoned with this essential quality of self-instruction. From the moment that a boy mounts his father's walking-stick, he is perpetually mounting upon something, from the wooden horse bought at the fair or the toy-shop—a creature very spotted, and very straight-legged—ascending most industriously and adventurously through that interesting scale just alluded to, up to the stout hunter, scouring away in the break-neck steeple-chase. The professional riding-master may tell you that the boy will still need some scientific instructions, such as to mount with ease and grace, to hold your reins properly in the left hand, your whip in the right, to sit with an air, and to put your horse at will into his different paces, or to show off his action; but I tell you that a sharp lad will never be without such instructions where there is one good rider to be seen, and where he has eyes in his head. He will soon be told by the groom as he mounts his pony, or by his father even as he mounts his rocking-horse, how to conduct himself; and as he naturally contracts a pride and a pleasure in riding, he will mark every thing that he sees in a good and graceful rider, and adopt it; and as for sticking fast in his seat, there never were riders

turned out of any school fit to be compared for a moment with those taught in the country lad's school. I can tell you how I learned to ride, and I can tell you too that I have ridden all sorts of horses; and that in all my life, though sometimes riding every day, and then again for some years not mounting a horse more than half-a-dozen times, I never was thrown more than three times in my life, and that was when I was upon hired horses, which, in jockey phrase, had scarcely a leg left to stand upon, and which tumbled with me so unexpectedly and completely as to send me over their heads. In no single instance have I received the slightest hurt, beyond a sprained thumb.

My first horse was, of course, a stick; my second, one of those spotted straight-legged steeds already mentioned; my third, a rocking-horse, and of this particular horse it is difficult to say too much in praise. It is wonderful what horsemanship may be acquired on the rocking-horse. It does that for a lad which is the main thing of all: it gives him confidence. He learns to balance himself, to feel at ease, to hold his whip and bridle, and, in fact, he acquires all the chief principles of this popular science. I have seen children of not more than six and seven years old, on first quitting their wooden horses for their real ponies, mount them with the confidence, and gallop them and leap them across ditches with all the mastership, of grown men.

My next horses were of that miscellaneous class just adverted to. There was a row of turnstiles between our village and the next, which afforded us many an hour's merry practice; three or four lads sitting on one at once, and one or two others twirling them round. Then there was scarcely a gate that we could get open, but it was swinging to and fro with all its, or rather our, might for hours together; then there were see-saws, or queveels, as we termed them, made of a long plank laid across a log, where we experienced many ups and downs in the world in a very little time. And, let it be noted that all this was no despicable practice; the twirling round is a good preparation for a similar rotatory motion in a quadruped steed, which it sometimes takes into its head to treat you to; and the swinging and banging of a good active gate is no bad introduction to those sideward motions of a horse, called shying, or starting away from under you, if you are not a pretty good horseman, at the sight or supposition of something supernatural—such as the flutter of a bird out of a hedge, or the rustle of a leaf, or the taking off of a beggar's hat just in the face of you. We rode very actively, too, on any long strong bough that we could pull down in a tree low enough for us to mount upon—not unfrequently even mounted grave-stones, as a troop of soldiers, just as Bewick has described a set of lads. Of course, there was not an ass that could be caught on the common or in the lanes that was not pressed into our service, and he that can set an ass a-going against his will, and stick on his back too, is no mean rider. Every one that has made the experiment knows, and he only, all the cunning and the tricks of that reputedly stupid animal. First, you are saluted as you approach it with the most admirably directed kicks. Whichever way you approach, you find the tail and heels of the animal presented to you; or if there be several lads endeavouring to hem him up in a corner, without which I hold it a moral impossibility to catch a good knowing ass at all, the head and heels seem to present themselves very wonderfully towards three-fourths of the company, and the rest are treated to those side lunges and open-mouthed snatches, that require the quickest eyes and the nimblest heels to get out of the way of.

But suppose the great act of securing and mounting accomplished, the next great act is to move him. Bewick has shown you, in a ragged lad standing at the ass's tail, with a formidable gorse bush very skilfully applied, the most efficacious of all modes of propulsion: but, this once attained, then indeed is the moment of real difficulty. Off goes the ass for a few paces, then backward he goes as fast, then sideways as rapidly—this way, that way, and then down goes his head to the ground, and up go his hind feet into the air. He that can sit through all these evolutions can sit through anything. And, if he has sate through them, let him still be alive, for the next thing will be for the ass to lay himself leisurely down, and as leisurely begin to roll himself over. This is his last resource, if he does not see a pool that he can run into, where he will remain very quietly for at least half a day with his rider; or, if he does not see a good post or trunk of a tree, or a rough hedge, or a wall, that he can deliberately grind the boy's legs against. Cris Newton will remember his experience of wall-grinding as long as he lives.

Besides asses, rams and swine have been occasionally tried by adventurous lads; but I must confess that they never were any favourites of mine. By far the most successful practice that I and my village mates enjoyed, was in riding to the water—a pool about a quarter of a mile off, where they were taken because they had the double advantage there of drinking and getting their legs well washed—the sober set of horses that used to turn the gins or great wheels at the coal-pits. Regularly every summer evening we presented ourselves at the stable-door, and old Samuel Davis, the groom, used to lift us on by the leg, and give us the halter in our hands, for that was all we had to guide them by, and away we went on their bare backs. Now, regular work kept those

horses steady enough, and some of them were grown old in the service: the younger ones had backs as broad and soft as cushions, but Old Jack, a white horse at least twenty years old, had a back-bone as high and sharp as any one would desire to sit upon. Samuel Davis said it resembled most in his mind the riding on a razor. However, we were not particular. There were about half a dozen horses, and, when we set out, one lad on each; but by the time we got to the pool, there were often at least half a dozen lads a-piece on some of the easiest-backed ones; for as we went through the village, every lad came running, crying, 'let me ride,' and 'let me ride;' and up the fore-legs of the horses they crept, and were pulled forward by those already on. Sometimes we sat all one way, sometimes the other; that is, sometimes with our faces to the horse's head, and sometimes towards the tail; and sometimes we stood straight up upon their backs, which indeed on Old Jack's back was by far the easiest position. There was one roguish horse, however, Black Bob, that was a bit of a wag, and when we were in the middle of the pool would sometimes begin to paw, and then quietly lay himself down in the water, spite of all our kicks and thumps and cries. When he began to paw the water, there was nothing for it but to bring one of the other horses alongside of him in a moment, and let the lads scramble off Bob's back upon it, or otherwise they were sure of a good ducking; and yet it was odd enough that Bob was as much in request as any horse of them all.

But the day came when Peter Scroggins, the grey pony, made its appearance; and there was an end of mounting gates, stiles, boughs, dogs, or old horses; nay, even a very quiet and ancient cow that I used sometimes to back as I fetched the cows up to be milked, presented no charms. Peter was the horse every where and on all occasions. On one only occasion was he eclipsed, and that was by a most beautiful cream-coloured pony with a fine long tail, which my father bought, when, and where, and wherefore, I know not, except it were that he had somewhere been struck with its extraordinary beauty, and had a notion of substituting it for Peter. My delight in this lovely creature was unbounded; and what delighted me more than all, was to discover that whenever I stopped, it immediately reared up as straight as an arrow on its hind legs. This was to me the greatest amusement; and that every body might see and enjoy this peculiar feat, I rode it up repeatedly into the front of the house, and there let it rear to its full contentment; a measure by which I very likely saved my neck or my bones, for it would probably, before long, have tumbled over with me, and very likely upon me. My father was so much satisfied with what he saw, and my mother so much more so, that the cream-coloured beauty was speedily disposed of, and Peter Scroggins restored to his wonted favour."

JUGGLERS OF INDIA.

THE conversation of a friend, recently arrived from India, enables us to notice one or two of the surprising performances of the jugglers of that country, which, though familiar to persons acquainted with eastern matters, may be new to many readers of these pages.

A party of jugglers came forward on one occasion to perform publicly in the yard of the barracks at Madras. Many hundreds of people, of all kinds, ages, and denominations, including the soldiery of the establishment, assembled to witness the exhibition, and some little temporary arrangements were made, that all might see and hear conveniently. The leader of the jugglers, who were all, of course, natives of Hindostan, requested the commanding officer to place a guard of men around the scene of display—a precaution which was adopted, and which proved a very wise one. The floor of the court, be it observed, was composed of sand, firm and well trodden. On this ground, then, after some preliminary tricks of an inferior kind, one man was left alone with a little girl, the latter seeming about eight or nine years old. Beside them stood a tall narrow basket, perhaps three or four feet high, by little more than a foot in width, and open at the top. No other object, living or inanimate, appeared on the ground. After a short period, spent by the man in conversing with the girl, he seemed to get angry, and began to rail loudly at her for her neglect of some wish of his. The child attempted to soothe him, but he continued to show an increased degree of irritation as he went on. By degrees he lashed himself up into such apparent fury, that the foam actually stood upon his lips, and, being naturally of an unprepossessing countenance, he looked, to the white spectators at least, as like an enraged demon as might be. Finally, his wrath at the girl rose seemingly to an uncontrollable height, and he seized her, and put her beneath the basket; or, rather, turned down the open mouth of the basket over her person. She was thus shut entirely up, the turned bottom of the basket closing her in above. Having thus disposed of the child, in spite of her screams and entreaties, the man drew his sword, which was as bright as the surface of a mirror, and he appeared as if about to wreak some further evil on the object of his ire. And after some moments, during which he talked to himself and to the enclosed girl as if justifying his anger, he did actually at length plunge the sword down into the basket, and drew it out dripping with blood, or at least blood-red drops! The child screamed piteously from her prison, but in vain; for the man plucked the weapon again and again into the scene of her confinement. As he

did so, the cries of the girl became faint by degrees, and in the end died away altogether. The deed of death was consummated!

So, at least, thought most of the horror-struck persons who witnessed this action. And well it was for the chief performer in it that he had requested a guard to be placed, for it required all the exertions of this guard to prevent the aroused soldiery, who believed this to be no trick, but a piece of diabolical butchery, from leaping into the arena, and tearing the man to pieces. The excitable Irishmen among the number, in particular, ground their teeth against one another, and muttered language not very complimentary to the juggler. Even the officers, whose better education and experience made them less open to such feelings, grew pale with uneasiness. But observe the issue of all this.

When the man seemed to have carried his rage to the last extremity, warned, perhaps, by the looks of the soldiery that it would be as well to close the exhibition without delay, he raised his bloody sword for a moment before the eyes of the assemblage, and then struck the basket smartly with it. The basket tumbled over to a side, and on the spot which it had covered, in place of the expected corpse of the girl whose last groans had just been heard, there was seen—nothing! Nothing but the flat sand of the courtyard! No vestige of dress, or any other thing to indicate that the girl had ever been there! The amazement of the spectators was unbounded, and it was, if possible, rendered more intense, when, after the lapse of a few seconds, the identical little girl came bounding from the side of the courtyard—from among the spectators' feet, it seemed—and clasped the juggler round the knees, with every sign of affection, and without the slightest marks of having undergone any injury whatever. As we have said, the astonishment of the assembly was immeasurable; and it might really well be so, seeing that the feat was performed in the centre of a court, every point of the circumference of which was crowded with spectators, whose eyes were never off the performers for one instant. As to the notion of a subterranean passage, the nature of the ground put that out of the question, and, besides, that nothing of that kind existed, was made plain to all who chose to satisfy themselves on the subject, by looking at the scene of the performances when they had closed. Every one was sure that the child had been put below the basket, and that she did not get out of it in the natural way. But she did get out; and how! It is impossible to say, though there can be no doubt that it was accomplished by some skilful manoeuvre.

A somewhat similar feat is occasionally performed with animals. A juggler will place a lean dog below one of these baskets, and presto, pass! when he lifts it up, you will behold a litter of as fine pups as ever whipper-in could desire. But most people will probably think the tree-trick a more wonderful one than any of these. A juggler, in performing this, chooses either a small spot of earth, of the extent of two or three feet square, and in the open air; or he takes a large flower-pot, and fills it with mould for his purpose. Either of the ways will do. Having this small plot of earth before him, and his spectators ranged around, at the distance of two or three feet, the juggler shows to the company a mango stone, or the stone found in the centre of the eastern fruit known by that name, which varies in size from that of an apple upwards. This stone the juggler then plants in the earth, at the depth of several inches, and covers it up. Not many minutes elapse until the spectators behold a small green shoot arise from the spot. It increases visibly in height and size every moment, until it attains the altitude of a foot or so. It then begins to send off branches from the main stem; on these branches leaves begin to appear, bearing the natural hue of vegetation. Buds next present themselves; the whole affair, meanwhile, assuming the regular aspect, in every particular, of a miniature tree, some four feet high. The buds are followed by blossoms, and, finally, the green fruit of the mango meets the astonished eyes of the spectators. "Look, but touch not," is all this time the juggler's word, and he himself also preserves the character of an onlooker. When the fruit has arrived at something like a fair growth for such a tree, the originator of this extraordinary vegetation plucks it, and hands it to the spectators. This is the winding up of the charm. The assembled persons handle the fruit, and see nothing in it in the slightest degree different from the ordinary produce of the mango, elaborated by the slow vegetation of months. Our informant on these points ate a portion of the fruit brought forth by this jugglery, and found it to taste exactly like the raw mango. The whole process, now detailed, usually occupies about a quarter of an hour, from the planting of the stone to the production of the fruit. Though he gives away the fruit, the performer does not part with the tree. This feat, which is perfectly familiar to all who have been in India, is certainly an extraordinary one, and affords the most effectual evidence of the powers of deception to which the race of jugglers has attained.

The feat of sitting without seeming support in the air, is one of the few first-rate Indian tricks which have been exhibited in Europe; but even this is now held somewhat cheap, the mode of performing it being pretty clearly understood. The feat is performed in this way. In the centre of a ring of spectators, stands the juggler with an assistant. When all is ready for

the performance, the assistant holds an ample cloak, or awning, over the juggler, which covers him completely for the time. In a few minutes this covering is removed, and the juggler is discovered, seated cross-legged in air, unsubstantial air, at the height of a foot or so from the ground! He is in the thin dress of his country, and on one of his arms, which is extended horizontally in a bent form, and which, as well as the other, has a wide sleeve upon it, a fold of a cloak is negligently thrown, the remainder of the cloak hanging down to, and resting on, the ground. This slight contact of the elbow with the cloak is all that connects the man with terrestrial things. Otherwise, he is totally left in air; and how he maintains himself there, is inexplicable to appearance. But the cloak alluded to seems to lie in careless contact with another cloak, or portion of attire, that rests on the ground farther off. Now, it is believed that, at the point where the cloak touches the elbow, a spring of a very powerful kind passes up the sleeve of the arm, and bends down under his body, placing him probably upon a hoop. The other end of the spring passes off, and finds its support under the second or farthest off cloak. This spring, in all likelihood, can be folded up into short divisions, so as to be easily concealed while the awning is thrown over the juggler at the close of his performance, and before he gives liberty to the spectators to examine the spot, which he usually does. This is the received explanation of the feat, but there is still some difficulty in understanding the nature of the weight or support which is placed beneath the cloak. This must evidently be of considerable power to sustain his frame; and how he gets it out of the way, is not easily seen. These feats are the result of surprising art, address, or contrivance; and for such, the natives of India certainly far excel the whole world.

A FEW WEEKS ON THE CONTINENT.

ANTWERP, GHENT, OSTEND—RETURN TO ENGLAND.

HAVING spent a few days agreeably in the Belgian capital, we proceeded on our route to Ostend, by way of Antwerp, in which we designed to spend a day in passing. Our journey to Antwerp was speedily performed by means of the railway train, which in less than a couple of hours brought us to the place of our destination.

In travelling from Brussels to Antwerp we proceed in a northerly direction, passing through the pleasantly situated and thriving town of Mechlin or Malines, celebrated for its manufactures of lace. After quitting Malines, we are made sensible of approaching the low-lying coast of the country. The land assumes all the appearance of polders reclaimed from the sea, the ditches are full of water, and canals are seen on the tops of the broad mounds or dykes. Rich green fields devoted to the pasturing of cattle, the neat farmsteadings of the Flemish peasants, and church steeples projecting from the midst of clumps of leafy trees, all serve to remind us of Holland. The first indication we have of approaching Antwerp, is the sight of the tall Gothic tower of the cathedral, rising from the verdant plain before us. The town itself is concealed from view till we are close upon it, by a number of outflanking bulwarks, in the form of high grassy mounds.

Antwerp, or Anvers, as it is called by the French and Belgians, is strongly guarded on the east and south by high walls and deep wet ditches; on the west it has the fortification called the citadel, and on the north it is bounded by the Scheldt, a river as broad as the Thames at Blackwall, and as capable of navigation. The Scheldt, after passing the town, flows in a northerly direction to the sea at Flushing—a distance of sixty-two miles. The whole country around is perfectly flat. Immediately opposite Antwerp, on the left bank of the river, stand a few houses, fortified by walls, and forming a station for a ferry: this is the Tête de Flandre. Behind this fortified station there is a large flat expanse of land, bare, brown, and marshy, and which could be easily flooded. Plantations of trees border the horizon in the distance.

The interior of Antwerp consists of generally narrow streets, lined with high houses of a sombre antique appearance, and obviously built according to the old Spanish taste. In niches on the projecting angles of some of the houses forming the corners of the streets, are seen large gilt wooden figures of the Virgin and Child, which may be assumed as an evidence that the town is purely Roman Catholic. It was the first time we had observed such representations in the open thoroughfares in Belgium, and we learned that they were generally falling into a state of neglect. Nothing of the kind, at least, was seen by us in Brussels. Some of the streets contain houses of a modern architecture, and there are some good shops; but the air of the whole place is decidedly prison-like and monastic. We observed that many windows were stanchioned with iron bars, and that some of the doors of the houses had small open-

ings in them, covered with gratings, through which the inmates could spy those who demanded admittance, and thus protect themselves from violent intrusion. Antwerp has been so frequently attacked and taken possession of by Spaniards, French, English, and Dutch, that those, and such like evidences of a state of turbulence, can excite no surprise. I know of few towns in western Europe which have suffered so much from war as Antwerp. Previous to the disastrous reign of Philip II., it was the greatest commercial city in the world. From two to three thousand vessels were constantly in the Scheldt, loading and unloading cargoes of goods, five hundred waggons entered the gates daily, and the inhabitants amounted to 200,000 in number. The dreadful severities of Alva drove thousands of the merchants and artisans to England; and when the Dutch finally made their peace with Spain in 1648, the last great blow was given to the trade of the town, it being then settled that the Scheldt should in future be closed against the entrance of shipping. After this, Antwerp dwindled down to the condition of a poor neglected town, known only for its churches and the pictures which ornamented them. Napoleon, having conceived the plan of making Antwerp the greatest of the French naval arsenals in the northern part of his empire, if not a rival of the port of London, for both of which it was eminently suited, greatly improved the town by constructing a beautiful quay along the bank of the river, also two large docks for the reception of shipping, and a complete suite of ship-building yards, an arsenal, and other important accommodations. At the peace of 1814, by the treaty of Paris, the whole establishment was broken up, the storehouses and docks ordered to be demolished, and the shipping and materials divided between the French and Dutch. These measures were forthwith carried into effect, with the exception of the destruction of the docks or basins, those being spared at the anxious solicitation of the citizens, who wished to preserve them for their trading vessels. These basins are situated within the eastern boundary of the town, and possess commodious entrances from the Scheldt. In winter, when the river is apt to bring down masses of ice, they serve the important purpose of protecting the shipping from injury. The quay forms a most agreeable promenade; when we visited it in the evening, we found hundreds of persons enjoying themselves in walking, or sitting on benches at the doors of the houses. Only a few vessels lay in the river or alongside the quay; altogether the number did not exceed seventeen, exclusive of barges, and a steam-vessel which was to sail next day for London. The trade of the town, which suffered by the events of the revolution of 1830, is, we were told, improving; and there can be no doubt that when the railway is completed to Cologne, a very considerable revival of traffic will be experienced. The town now contains about 77,000 inhabitants.

Being desirous of visiting the interior of the citadel of Antwerp, rendered famous by its protracted siege in 1832, we were fortunate in procuring a recommendation to the officer in command, and were therefore admitted on presenting ourselves at the entrance. I had expected to see something like a castellated fortress, and never was more surprised than when we were brought in front of certain green mounds, over the tops of which nothing could be seen. Pursuing a crooked path between the mounds, we are led by a wooden bridge across a broad wet ditch, thence through a covered way, which opens on another ditch beyond; having crossed that, we enter another vaulted passage in the walls, and are shortly in the interior of the garrison. Previous to the bombardment, the interior contained a populous village and church, besides barracks and storehouses. The whole of these were completely destroyed, and at present the visitor perceives only an open space, or smooth grassy park, with two or three recently-erected houses for the soldiery. During the siege, the French artillery fired sixty-four thousand shots, including nearly twenty thousand bombs which were thrown into the garrison. The Dutch are proud of the defence made by Chassé on this occasion; but as it could not, and really did not, tend to any useful purpose, we may be excused for viewing his conduct, or that of the parties for whom he acted, only as an example of irrational obstinacy.

Antwerp is usually styled the cradle of the Flemish school of painting, and it is more frequently visited for its treasures in this branch of the fine arts than for the inspection of the many scenes of historical interest by which it is surrounded. From the window of our hotel we looked across the Alée Verte, an open place lined with rows of trees, to an object which would have charmed the eye of an architect. This was the cathedral, with its tall elegant square tower, and richly decorated transepts, raised in airy proportions above the level of the houses in the Place. The cathedral of Notre Dame of Antwerp is one of the largest and finest specimens of the Gothic style of architecture now existing in the Netherlands. It was commenced in 1422, and finished in 1518, the building having thus required ninety-six years. Properly speaking, it was never finished according to the original design, two towers were intended to be raised at the east end of the edifice; but only one, that on the right of the main doorway, has been erected, the other being cut short and brought to a point a little above the roof of the church. Notwithstanding this deficiency, the building is a wonder of architectural beauty, although almost entirely hung round with paltry parasitical structures

occupied as shops. The interior is one entire open sweep from end to end, except an inclosed space in the choir, containing the grand altar. The side aisles are occupied as chapels, each with an altar and pictorial embellishments. Entering by the door in the northern transept, and advancing a few steps, we have the vast open expanse before us, the choir on the right and the ample nave on the left. On the wall of the transepts on our right, one on each side of the choir, hang the two pictures of Rubens, which artists have made pilgrimages to visit for the last two hundred years. The first we come to is the Descent from the Cross, a picture justly esteemed as the masterpiece of Rubens, and which is in some degree familiar to the whole civilised world, in consequence of having been so frequently copied and engraved. The figure of the dead Christ, in the process of being lowered from the cross, is exceedingly faithful to nature, and forms the central and most striking object in the piece. The picture has two wings to fold over it, and on these are representations of the Salutation and Purification. We went to see this great production six times during our stay in Antwerp—the church being always open—and always with increased delight. The companion to the picture on the wall of the farther transept, represents the Elevation of the Cross, the body of Christ being seen nailed to it, while a number of figures are exerting themselves in raising it into its place. This piece, though less celebrated, is not less remarkable for fidelity of drawing than the other. The Assumption of the Virgin is a third picture by Rubens, placed over the grand altar; and a fourth, representing the Resurrection of Christ from the tomb, is pointed out in one of the side chapels. It would be an oft-repeated tale for me to make a single remark on these admirable productions. Nearly two hundred and fifty years have elapsed since they were painted; yet they are still in a good state of preservation, though a little faded and old in their appearance, and the substance on which they have been painted exhibits a few cracks. Before quitting the edifice, we mounted to nearly the summit of the tower, whence a view was obtained, including the borders of Holland, Breda, and Bergen-op-Zoom, on the east, Brussels on the south, Ghent on the west, and the verge of the sea at Flushing on the north. The tower is 466 feet in height; it is at present, along with the eastern entrance, undergoing considerable repairs. General Chassé, it will be recollected, threatened to fire upon it from the citadel, in consequence of its having been made a station for peeping down upon his operations during the siege; fortunately, means were found to prevent him from fulfilling a threat, which, if executed, would have occasioned a public misfortune to all Europe.

We visited a number of other churches noted for pictures of Rubens, Vandyke, and other eminent artists, also for carvings in marble and oak, some of which, such as rails to altars twisted with garlands of flowers sculptured in pure white marble, were among the most elegant works of art which had ever come under our observation. The museum of Antwerp was likewise visited in the course of our ramble through the town. It contains a collection of pictures from suppressed churches and convents, including fourteen productions of Rubens; but though these have commanded universal admiration, we could not look upon them with any degree of complacency. There is a certain point, beyond which, in examining representations of crucifixions, martyrdoms, and other physical sufferings, the mind becomes bewildered with the reiteration of horrors, and the spectacle ceases to please. This point we had now gained, and were glad to make our escape from the collection into the open air.

Decayed as Antwerp seems to be, it is not without symptoms of liveliness and wealth. Lately a new theatre was erected; it is on a large and tasteful plan, fully equal to some of our best English establishments, and has a body of good actors. The dialogues are in French, as in the theatres at Brussels. The Bourse, or Exchange, where in days of yore five thousand merchants congregated daily, is an elegant old structure, with a central court and piazzas, which formed a model for the erection of the Royal Exchange in London. It is unfortunately placed in a confined situation, but is still resorted to for the purposes to which it was originally destined.

Living is said to be cheap at Antwerp. I inquired the price of beef, and other articles, which I found were much lower in price than in England, or even in the cheapest districts of Scotland. The price of bread may be readily learned in Holland or Belgium, as every baker is obliged by law to hang up a tariff of prices weekly over his door, for the public perusal. Bread is baked of six qualities, marked A, B, C, D, E, and F, and opposite each the charge per pound weight is inserted. The price, during my visit, varied from 8 to 18 cents per pound (there are 100 cents in 10d. English), which was considered to be more than usually dear.

We proceeded in a few hours by the railway to Ghent, at which living is generally allowed to be cheaper than at Antwerp. As we approach Ghent, the country appears more densely peopled than in the eastern provinces. The villages, embowered among trees, quickly succeed each other, and we pass different walled towns and localities celebrated in the wars of Marlborough. Ghent occupies a favourable situation for commerce, in the midst of the richest and most beautiful part of Flanders, on the banks of the Scheldt,

Lis, and Lieve, which here unite, and with their innumerable ramifications in the form of deep canals, pass through the town. The appearance of Ghent is very much like that of the Dutch towns, in which the walls of long rows of houses seem to grow out of the water; and hence, however well adapted the town may be for trade, I cannot conceive it to be suitable as a place of residence for persons accustomed to a dry climate. I believe that Ghent has upwards of a hundred bridges.

Ghent is the ancient capital of Flanders, and in its days of glory prior to the Spanish oppression, it was as populous and wealthy as Antwerp. At the commencement of the fifteenth century, it was distinguished as the chief seat of the cloth manufacture on the continent, and contained 40,000 weavers. These formed the strongest and holdest corporation of craftsmen in Europe, and to their invincible love of freedom are we owing much of the constitutional liberty which we now enjoy. The town, it is almost needless to relate, was effectually ruined by the measures of Charles V. and his son Philip II., and its revival is only of comparatively recent date. In 1801, the cotton manufacture was introduced into it by a native who had received instructions at Manchester, and succeeded in a very remarkable manner. There are now a number of cotton factories driven by steam-power, the indications of which, in the shape of tall brick chimnies, appear in all directions. The situation, on canals which bring the raw material to the very doors, the large population of the place (80,000), among whom are many poor, and the cheapness of living, render it advantageous for this or any other species of manufacture on a large scale. The railway to Ostend on the one hand, and to Liege and the Rhine on the other, must in time accelerate the progress of the town in all branches of traffic.

The spectacle of cotton-spinneries placed amidst rows of antique buildings, old gloomy churches, and monasteries, is at variance with our ordinary conceptions of social improvement. We passed from the contemplation of spinning-jennies moved by steam-engines to that of an object of an entirely different character—the cathedral or church of St. Bavo, an edifice of the thirteenth century, enriched with twenty-four chapels, and possessing some carved rails and sculptures in marble, executed in a style of exquisite beauty. Before the grand altar in the choir stand four massive silver-gilt candlesticks, each at least five feet in height. They originally belonged to St. Paul's in London, and were sold during the protectorate of Cromwell. The tower of the cathedral is less conspicuous in the town than an isolated square turret, which is called the Belfry, and was anciently used as a post of outlook by the citizens. Its date is 1183. On the summit is a gilt dragon, which was originally brought from Constantinople during one of the crusades, by a detachment of the citizens of Bruges. At the conquest of Bruges by the inhabitants of Ghent—these towns were always fighting against each other—in 1445, the gilt dragon was carried off as a trophy, and has been here ever since.

Wandering from church to church, we at length came to the conventual establishment called the Béguinage. This is a very curious place. It consists of an entire square surrounded with houses, with a church in the open space in the centre; also several lanes lined with houses—the whole being enclosed, and entered by a single gateway. In front of the houses there was a secluded wall, in which were doors leading to the respective dwellings. Each door had inscribed upon it a particular motto or saint's name, by which, in all probability, the dwelling within was known. All these houses are residences of nuns, and the number of the establishments must be nearly one hundred—the whole, indeed, form a distinct town of nunneries. There were lately six hundred inmates, of whom we saw several, both here and on the streets, in their black stuff garments, and white head coverings; they were all elderly women, of a respectable appearance, and I was informed that they devote themselves to the duty of sick-nurses, and are to be found wherever there is either sorrow or suffering. Some are ladies possessing considerable wealth, and to these others act as attendants or domestics, but all meet on an equal footing in the religious services of the church. They are bound by no vow, as other nuns usually are, and may therefore be described as single women of a religious turn of mind, who devote themselves to works of charity and mercy.

Ghent contains a university, which was founded by William when king of the Netherlands; also a botanic garden, and several educational establishments, including a school of arts. It likewise possesses a Casino, situated in a pleasing part of the environs, and at which musical entertainments are given: it is surrounded by a garden for the recreation of visitors during fine weather.

Having spent a day in Ghent, we passed onward by the railway to Bruges, and thence to Ostend. This journey used formerly to be accomplished by a treck-schuit on the canal, and was exceedingly tedious. By the railway train we were whirled along at a rapid rate, and at a very small expense. For a sum not exceeding four or five shillings, the traveller may now be transported from Ostend or Antwerp to Brussels; and as steam-vessels sail regularly from London to both of these ports, all difficulty of reaching the Belgian capital from England has vanished. The railway from Ghent to Ostend proceeds directly through

a suburb of Bruges, a number of houses having been taken down to admit the line of road. In passing, we were a little amused at seeing a monk or friar in his brown tunic, with shaven crown and beads, standing in the gap of one of the destroyed buildings, contemplating the ruin which had been made: the line, we were told, had cut through the centre of his monastery.

Bruges is a town of great antiquity, and has been less benefited by the revival of commerce in modern times than any other of the old Flemish cities. The streets, which are neat, clean, and dull, possess many remarkable edifices of antique Spanish architecture. The place is chiefly known in the present day for its retired character and its suitability as a place of living for those English who wish to make slender incomes go a great way in housekeeping.

On approaching Ostend, at the distance of sixteen miles from Bruges, we perceive before us the long line of rough sandy hillocks which the winds have brought up from the sea-shore, and in the midst of these dreary wilds is built the town of Ostend, an opening being left for the entrance of the sea into the harbour. Ostend, which is strongly walled and defended, is a regularly built plain town, not over cleanly, and contains about 30,000 inhabitants. The entrance to its port is a flat sandy beach at low water, and hence it is badly adapted for shipping, at least for steam-vessels, whose passengers cannot brook delay. We nevertheless found the harbour full of shipping, and a general appearance of traffic. The number of vessels which had entered the port during one month previous to our visit, was 85, with a burden of 10,441 tons. As a place of residence for strangers, Ostend is in no respect fitted. Like all other travellers, we remained in it only so long as was absolutely necessary. By one of the excellent Post-Office steam-packets we proceeded on the morning after our arrival across the Channel to Dover, which we reached in seven hours.

NOTE.

The narrative of my excursion in Holland, the countries on the Rhine, and Belgium, has now been brought to a conclusion, not without fear that I have tired the patience of the reader. My object has been to describe simply what I saw, avoiding as far as possible matters of trivial detail, or those which have been previously described, and taking care to express no rash opinion on the subjects which came immediately under my observation. As respects the important subject of education in Holland and Belgium, which chiefly engaged my attention, I have, for the sake of brevity, excluded a number of illustrations and remarks; these, however, with some other additions, will be given to the public in a revised edition of my tour, which will appear, in the form of a volume of small compass, in the course of a few weeks.

W. C.

CONDITION OF THE LOWER CLASSES IN A GREAT CITY.

THE Report of the University Hospital and Dispensary of Glasgow for 1837, recently read at an annual meeting of the subscribers, where the Principal of the university was in the chair, affords some valuable light on what is to most persons a subject of a very obscure nature, the circumstances in which the great bulk of the labouring classes of a large city live. Of the correctness of this Report, we presume there can be no doubt, as it is drawn up under the care of intelligent and every way respectable individuals, who are in the constant habit of visiting the sick poor at their own houses. "The tales of distress," says the Report, "sometimes told at the dispensary, and the visits made to the sick poor at their own houses, have directed the physician (Dr Cummin) to several circumstances in the condition of the working classes of this city, to which it may not be improper to advert, as they have a considerable influence over the health, as well as the morals, of these people. The bye-streets, lanes, and alleys of the city and suburbs of Glasgow, are, with few exceptions, exceedingly ill paved, therefore very difficult to be kept clean. They are also very badly lighted, and some of them altogether without lamps, while the attention of the police is directed chiefly to the main streets of the town, neglecting the poorer and more obscure districts. The effect of such a state of matters on the health and moral habits of those people cannot be otherwise than highly injurious.

Many of the dwellings of the labouring poor are quite ruinous, unfit for lodging human beings, and such as would be condemned by any board of inspectors. Their dwellings are not only very wretched, but the rents paid for them are exorbitantly high, partly from the small number of houses for the poor, and partly from the difficulty of collecting the rents. Single rooms are sometimes let for five pounds a-year, and miserable cellars for two or three. The rents are collected by the fortnight, or even the week, and sometimes even in advance; thus, the rents paid by the labouring people are exceedingly high, and charged at the rate of thirteen months to the year. Great numbers of the labouring poor, consisting of different families, are often crowded together in one apartment, with little regard to the distinctions of age and sex; and the consequences, as might be expected, are highly prejudicial to the health and to the moral feelings and habits of the individuals. The want of proper dwellings for the poor, and the high rents exacted for those which they now occupy, naturally suggest the idea of forming building societies, for supplying the deficiency at more moderate charges: and there seems

no reason to doubt, that, by judicious management, these objects might be successfully attained without any considerable pecuniary sacrifice, or perhaps even with some small profit.

The indigent condition of the lower classes, and the miserable dwellings into which they are huddled, oblige them to purchase their provisions and fuel in small quantities, sometimes on credit, and therefore at prices which would be deemed quite exorbitant by the wealthy inhabitants of this city. Hence their small pittance of wages becomes still less adequate to the supply of their reasonable wants. The indigence of the labouring classes in Glasgow is much greater than the rest of the community are aware of—a very small interval indeed separates them from complete destitution, which is immediately produced by the sickness of the head of the family, or his want of employment. It would be a melancholy and painful subject of statistical inquiry to endeavour to ascertain how many individuals in this great city, with all its masses of wealth, get up in the morning without knowing where they are to find a meal, and how many actually cannot obtain food without having recourse to begging or theft. The wretchedness of the houses occupied by the labouring classes where they are crowded together in such numbers, causes them to congregate together in the streets after the day's work is done, or if they have a few pence, it leads them to the tavern or drinking shop. Few of them, in fact, can afford to enter a tavern; they are obliged, therefore, to swallow their glass of spirits in some open shop, lounging by the counter, or against some bench or empty cask. The vice of intemperance is indeed making frightful advances among the lower classes of our population of both sexes, and it has proved the most powerful of all the causes of their demoralisation and misery, and the prevalence of disease. Even the children are taught to suck in the poison; several instances have occurred at the dispensary where mothers and nurses have confessed the practice of giving ardent spirits to infants, and on one occasion the writer of these remarks saw a wretched woman in a dram-shop give a little girl of five years the glass, to drain from it the last drops. But if we look well into the condition of the working classes, the temptations held out to them, and the facilities of obtaining ardent spirits, we shall perhaps be inclined to censure them with less unsparring severity.

Go where we choose, in every quarter of this vast city numerous shops for the sale of ardent spirits are to be met with. No sooner is a new building erected in the place of some ruinous edifice, than splendid shops are immediately opened in it for the retail of intoxicating liquors. In the streets most frequented by the poor, they are to be seen brilliantly illuminated with gas, even at the early hour when the cotton-mill workers are repairing to their factories. It is not, therefore, matter for wonder that these poor people, scantily clothed, and shivering in the morning air, should be tempted to warm their stomachs with a glass of spirits; for nothing which they can obtain at that hour, and for the small sum which they can command, will produce the same grateful feeling. It would be a wise employment of the funds of temperance societies, if, instead of printing tracts which are seldom read, or establishing coffee-houses for those in better circumstances, they were to open small shops for the poor, where they might at all times obtain for a trifle hot broth, hot tea, or coffee, or chocolate, or ginger tea, or a glass of hartshorn cordial, such as would be useful in weaning drunkards from their vicious habits. Much benefit would also accrue from such an increase of the malt duty, and the duty on distilled spirits, as should render them less easily obtained. Petitions from the intelligent classes of the community, calling on the legislature to stay the progress of intemperance by such means as these, could not fail to be listened to. Perhaps one cause of the intemperance of the working and lower classes in Scotland, is the want of those recreations and spectacles which they enjoy in some other countries; in corroboration of which it may be remarked, that on the occasion of the rejoicings for her present majesty's coronation, when the people were treated with various shows and innocent entertainments, less intoxication was observed both in this city and in London, than at any former similar festival. If we could succeed by the means which have now been proposed, or by any other, in materially ameliorating the condition of the labouring classes, and in checking the diffusion of intemperance, there is good ground for believing that disease would be less frequent—that crime of every description would diminish—and that the soil would be found prepared for the labours of the ministers of religion, which, it is admitted, are now so deplorably unsuccessful in extending the blessings of Christianity among the lowest ranks of our population."

* We take the liberty of dissenting from these proposals. It is well ascertained, that if the duty on spirits were raised, the business of illicit distillation would immediately commence. The true way to eradicate habits of drunkenness consists neither in raising at spirit-dealers, nor at low duties on liquors, for these are but results of a cause. We must abolish the cause, and then the results will disappear. The true plan will consist in cultivating the minds and improving the physical condition of the people; unless this be done on a scale only limited by the extent of the whole nation, habits of intemperance and disregard of the decencies of life, will, as a matter of course, continue to flourish.—*Edin. C. J.*

SCRAPS FROM AMERICAN PAPERS.

As collected in New York Mirror and New Yorker.

SELF-MADE MEN.

You may take the whole population of Maryland, and select from it the fifty men who are most distinguished for talents, or any description of public usefulness, and, I will answer for it, they are all, every one of them, men who began the world without a dollar. Look into the public councils of the nation, and who are they that take the lead there? They are men who made their own fortunes—self-made men, who began with nothing. The rule is universal. It pervades our courts, state and federal, from the highest to the lowest. It is true of all the professions. It is so now; it has been so at any time since I have known the public men of this state or the nation; and it will be so while our present institutions continue. You must throw a man upon his own resources to bring him out. The struggle which is to result in eminence is too arduous, and must be continued too long, to be encountered and maintained voluntarily, or unless as a matter of life and death. He who has fortune to fall back upon will slacken from his efforts, and finally retire from the competition. With me it is a question whether it is desirable that a parent should be able to leave his son any property at all. You will have a large fortune, and I am sorry for it, as it will be the spoiling of a good lawyer. These are my deliberate sentiments, and I shall be rejoiced to find, in your instance, that I shall have been mistaken.—*Clement Falconer.*

CROCKERY, Delf, AND CHINA.

A lady, proud of her rank and title, was one day decanting on the superiority of the nobility over the rest of mankind, to a large company of visitors. Says she, "I think we may very well compare the three classes of people, nobility, gentry, and commonalty, to the three classes of tea-drinking utensils, china, delf, and crockery." A few minutes elapsed, when one of the company expressed a wish to see the lady's little girl. "Tell the maid, John," said she to the footman, "to bring the little dear." The fellow, wishing to expose his mistress's ridiculous pride, cried, loud enough to be heard by all the company, "Crockery! bring down little China."

LIVING UPON AIR.

A queer idea has somehow got abroad that periodical proprietors, paper-makers, printers, pressmen, and all the multifarious, viviparous, warm-blooded animals connected with publishing matters, share the properties of the camelion. There can be no greater mistake than this. Whatever theories may exist upon the subject, it is a well-ascertained fact that none of these classes of people are exempt from the ordinary laws of humanity, but are compelled, in order to preserve their vitality, to repair the waste of nature from time to time with substantial aliment. But this zoological absurdity is not more preposterous than another dogma which seems to obtain among some of our delinquent agents and subscribers. They seem to think that a periodical is one of the lower order of vegetables, which, when once planted, grows and flourishes of itself, and drops its blossoms and fruits at their door without any expense of care and culture. How such a stupid belief can obtain currency among people so enlightened as the readers of the Mirror, we are wholly at a loss to determine; but we earnestly hope that every one of our subscribers to whom the suspicion attaches of sharing such laughable ignorance, will at once exonerate himself, and prove his undoubted intelligence by forwarding the funds, which will enable us to go on cheerfully, administering to his entertainment and delight in these columns.

THE BEST WAY TO TEACH.

It was once said by the French philosopher Diderot, "that the best way to educate a child is to tell it stories, and let it tell stories to you." There is so much true philosophy in this remark, that we will extend it a little. There is a school-room education, and an ambulating or walking education; the one is obtained out of the book on the bench, the other from walking among and talking of things. And we believe that this out-door instruction has been too much neglected; education having been conducted on the principle of looking out of the window at things, instead of visiting objects, and learning their properties and uses. The student, for example, looking out of his college window at the horse, can give five or six names to the animal: one in Latin, one in Greek, another in German, and then the French name, &c. The stable boy can give but one name; yet which knows the most of the properties, nature, disposition, and uses of the horse? Education consists too much in merely naming things, when it should relate more to their properties and uses. It should connect words with ideas, and ideas, as much as the nature of the subject will allow of, with objects. If we instruct children orally while visiting nature, words, ideas, and objects, will naturally be more in connection with each other than the school-room lesson can make them. And the teacher should take occasion to instruct in the fields, in ship-yards, in the crowded streets, and in the pathway of canals and railroads. He should talk on all these subjects, and elicit from the children their own impressions, inquiries, and reflections. He should talk and walk, and let the children talk and walk more, in the process of education, than has been the practice with the majority of instructors.

A PRACTICAL JOKE.

A gentleman of considerable talent as an orator became a member of a legislative body in one of the eastern states. In speaking, he was addicted to an odd habit of handling his spectacles; first placing them on his nose, suffering them to remain a minute or two, throwing them upon his forehead, and finally folding them up and laying them before him upon the desk. One day, a very important question came up for consideration, and he commenced a speech in opposition. A friend to the proposed measure, who was a most incorrigible wag withal, determined to spoil the effect of the honourable member's remarks, and, accordingly, before he entered the house, provided himself with a dozen pairs of spectacles. The

member commenced his speech, with his usual ability. Only a few minutes had elapsed before he was at work with his spectacles, and finally got them upon his forehead. At this juncture, our wag, who stood ready, laid another pair upon the desk before the speaker. These were taken up, and, by regular gradations, gained a place on his forehead, by the side of the others. A third, fourth, and fifth pair, was disposed of in the same manner. A smile settled upon the countenances of the honourable members, which gradually lengthened into a grin; and at last, when the speaker had warmed into one of his most patriotic and eloquent sentences, he deposited a sixth pair with the others, and there was one long and loud peal of laughter from all quarters of the hall—president, clerks, members, joined in chorus. The speaker himself looked around in astonishment at this curious interruption; but, accordingly, raising his hand, he grasped the spectacles, and the whole force of the joke rushed upon his mind. He dashed the glasses upon the floor, took up his hat, and left the hall. The bill passed by a triumphant majority, probably in consequence of the gentleman's very silly and useless habit.

VALUE OF A ROPE.

When the Killarney steamer was lately wrecked upon the coast of Ireland, with the loss of twenty-four lives, a few of the crew and passengers succeeded in getting upon a rock about two hundred yards from the shore. The humane in the vicinity flocked to the spot, and after twenty-four hours of constant exertion, succeeded in getting out a rope to the sufferers. Night closed upon their labours, however, before one of them could be got to land, and the next morning it was found that the cord had been cut and *stolen* (!) by some of the wreckers of the coast. The delay in procuring another was fatal to a poor carpenter, who died from the prolonged exposure to the elements; and it is to be hoped that the rope by which the unfortunate mariners were ultimately relieved, will be applied to an equally humane use in stringing up the wretches who could commit such a theft, perilling the lives of fourteen suffering human beings for a few bounds of cordage!

A CARD PARTY.

It is related of Madame du Deffan, that three of her friends brought a card-table to her bed-side, at her request, in her last illness, she taking a hand. As she happened to die in the midst of an interesting game, her partner played dummy for her, and thus the three quietly played it out, and settled the stakes before they called the servants to notify them of the very important demise of their mistress. Shocking as is this incident, it is trivial in comparison with one that is said to have occurred at Albany many years since. There was at that time a low-eaved, peak-roofed, stone-built inn, situated in the upper part of the city, known as the "Colonic;" a place much frequented by Schenectady teamsters and Mohawk boatmen, before the completion of Clinton's grand canal had caused that dissipated mongrel race to be superseded in their vocation. At this inn one day a man by the name of Derrick Helfenstein, but better known as "Dirk Hell of German Flats," had been seized with convulsions amid a drunken frolic, and expired during the fit, with his limbs all twisted and knotted together by the fierce muscular action incident to his disease. In Albany, at that time, the Dutch custom of several friends of the deceased remaining all night in the same room with the body, and keeping their vigil until the moment of interment, was always strictly observed; coffee, and mulled wine, with *dote*, or dead-cakes, and other refreshments, being generally provided by the nearest relatives to cheer the gloomy duty of the watchers. Dirk Hell (or Helldirk, as he was quite as often called), though a wretched vagabond, had still some whom he called friends, among the reckless and gambling crew with whom he chiefly associated; and as the landlord of the inn where he died could not well refuse the customary refreshment of liquor upon an occasion like this, three idle hangers-on of the establishment readily consented to honour the obsequies of Dirk by the usual vigil. The dead man, in the meantime, was duly laid out; but the distorted shape which his body had assumed in the death agony, made it necessary to use great force in straightening out the corpse, and recourse was had to cords to bind down his limbs to the decent form it was desirable they should assume. This disagreeable task being accomplished, the three friends of the gambler, when night came on, took possession of the apartment where he was laid out. With characteristic recklessness, they had brought a pack of cards into the chamber of death, and after taking a glass of liquor all round, and drinking the memory of their comrade with some unfeeling allusion to his sudden fate, the three profligates sat down to a game of cards upon the foot of his bed. Four hands were then dealt; that of "dummy" falling almost upon the feet of the corpse, and the other three upon the opposite sides and extreme end of the bed around which the players were thus arranged. The game proceeded apparently to the satisfaction of all parties; each of them by turns playing the hand of dummy until drinking and gambling had carried them deep into the middle watches of the night. Some slight dispute, however, now occurred as to who should play the next dummy. Words waxed high, and the two opposite players both attempted to seize upon the vacant hand at the same time, while the third, impatient at the contention, exclaimed, "I wish that Helldirk would spring up and take the cards from both of you!" The wretch had hardly uttered the wish, before the cords which bound the corpse gave way with a sharp cracking noise, the struggle about the feet having probably disarranged them—and the distorted body, released from its ligatures, bounded forward in resuming the form under which life had left it, and seated itself upon its haunches with knees drawn up to its chin, arms akimbo, and hideously distended jaws, in the midst of the appalled and disconcerted trio. The three worthies were said never to have played a game of cards afterwards.

IMITATION WINES.

It is not perhaps generally known that very large establishments exist at Cette and Marseilles in the south

of France, for the manufacture of every description of wines. Some of these establishments are on so large a scale as to give employment to an equal if not greater number of persons than our large breweries. It is no uncommon occurrence with speculators engaged in this sort of illicit traffic, to purchase and ship imitation wines, fabricated in the places named, to Madeira, where, by collusion with persons in the custom-house department of the island, the wines are landed in the entrepot, and thence, after being branded with the usual marks of the genuine Madeira vintage, reshipped principally, it is believed, for the United States. The scale of gratuity for this sort of work to the officials interested, may be estimated by the fact, that on one occasion seventy pipes were thus surreptitiously passed at a charge of one thousand dollars. It is a circumstance no less singular, that the same manoeuvre is said to be commonly carried on with counterfeit wine made up in Cette and Marseilles, and thence dispatched to Oporto, where the same process of landing, branding, and reshipment as genuine port, is gone through, the destination of this spurious article being most generally the United States. Such is the extent of this nefarious commerce, that one individual alone has been in the habit of dispatching, four times in the year, twenty-five thousand bottles of Champagne, each shipment of wines not the produce of the Champagne districts, but fabricated in these wine factories.

AN ODD KIND OF DEATH.

When Mr Kennedy, the author of "Horse Shoe Robinson," was making his eloquent speech in Congress against the sub-treasury bill, he spoke of the eccentric scruples of certain Virginia politicians in regard to a national bank. "Let Virginia," said he, "give up her dialectics, renounce her spirit of dissertation and debate, and betake herself to commerce and manufactures—let her do this, and thrive; let her neglect it, and it may be her fate" [while the orator paused, Mr Wise finished the sentence for him by saying, "to die of an abstraction."] "I adopt," said Mr Kennedy, "the gentleman's expression, though I hope a better fate awaits her, 'to die of an abstraction.'"

NEW COPYRIGHT BILL.

Edinburgh, February 27, 1839.

THE new bill for altering the law of copyright differs from the former in a few particulars. The clause for giving back assigned copyrights to the representatives of authors, at the end of the presently existing periods, is abandoned—the opposition of the publishing world having been found too strong to allow that part of the measure to pass. Mr Talfourd now proposes that the present periods shall only be extended in the case of books, the copyright of which has never been assigned away by the author—such extension to be for sixty years from the date of the author's death. The following is the clause of the bill which makes this provision:—

"Be it enacted, That in all cases in which the copyright in any book shall be subsisting at the time of passing this act, and shall be the property of the author thereof, or of the personal representative, legatee, widow, or next of kin of such author, or other person who may have acquired the same in the course of the administration of the estate of such author, or of any person to whom such author shall have assigned the same in consideration of natural love and affection, such copyright shall continue and belong to the party so entitled to the same and his assigns until the expiration of sixty years, commencing at the death of such author, subject nevertheless to any charge subsisting upon the same, and to any licence or contract granted or made relating thereto, which shall remain in force according to the true intent thereof."

Not alone, however, in cases where the author has retained the whole copyright in his own hands, does Mr Talfourd propose this extension. He provides that it shall be extended also in cases where a part has been assigned away; the holder or holders of the assignation being endowed with the same advantages as the representatives of the authors, in proportion to the amount of their share of the copyright.

The bill contains a cumbersome residue of provisions, amongst which is one to the effect, that, hereafter, in respect of books, of which the present periods of copyright have expired, and the new periods are running, it shall be lawful for any one to reprint a book which has been out of print for five years, provided he give a twelve-month's notice by advertisement of such being his intention; and the book which he thus reprints thenceforth becomes his copyright, with all the advantages conferred by the present act!

It would almost appear as if there were a predestination to absurdity awaiting all attempts to legislate on copyright. Whether there be so or not, we feel the absurdity of the present attempt so deeply, as to be scarcely able to speak of it in a serious manner. The public are well aware that almost all books are assigned by their authors to men who make a business of pushing them off, as the phrase goes, into the world. Such assignations take place by virtue of what is the nearest thing to a positive necessity—not the necessity which authors generally are under of raising as large a present sum as possible on their books, but the necessity there is for the

exertions of a tradesman, deeply interested in the speculation, to make almost any book sell or keep its place in the market. Now, it has been clearly shown, that, when a publisher buys the copyright of a book from an author, he never contemplates benefit from it for so many as even twenty-eight years, nor for the half of that time, but would give as much for a copyright which he was to have exclusively for only twelve years, as for one of three or six times the period—always providing that he was not, at the end of the period, to be deprived of the power of publishing in common with others. Certainly, there are a few cases in which popular and profitable books have been kept in the possession of the authors, and in which, of course, the bill would operate to the benefit of the posterity of these authors; but such cases are so extremely rare, as to require to be legislated for rather as an exception than as a rule: and it is, after all, very doubtful if the protection of a monopoly for twenty-eight years, or for life, be not a sufficient remuneration to the producer, and if the public have not then a claim to the free use of the book, in consideration of the very protection of that monopoly for so long a period. Amongst the very few literary productions of the last forty years, which have not been assigned away to publishers, are, we understand, the works of Messrs Southey and Wordsworth, the cause of the non-assignment in their case being the very valid one, that the works were at first unsaleable. It chances that, from a change of taste, these books have now become popular, their authors, meanwhile, having become old; so that, in the course of nature, the copyright must soon expire, unless the present legal term be protracted. It is universally rumoured that it is specially with a regard to these few peculiar cases that the present attempt has been made to alter the law of copyright—that is to say, for the sake of Mr Wordsworth, Mr Southey, and perhaps one or two other persons, whose works have been rather late in obtaining general approbation, the whole system of cheap reprinting, which has been the chief means of supplying books to the middle and poorer classes for centuries, is to be completely demolished. Was there ever such a vast amount of means required before to bring about an end so small? Could there be a more striking converse of Mr Bentham's celebrated maxim? "The smallest happiness of the smallest number" must surely be Mr Talfourd's philosophy.

Quite in accordance with this view of the principles of the learned gentleman, is his provision for cases of partial assignment. Rather than that the least fraction of a copyright that has remained with an author should be lost to those whose interests he seeks to advance, he is willing that the publishers and their heirs should have the rest. Thus, if Mr Wordsworth had retained only a tenth part of his copyrights, while Messrs A, B, C, and Company had obtained the rest, these gentlemen and their heirs and assigns are to enjoy nine times as much as the poet's children and grandchildren, and that for the same length of time. In such a case, supposing the profit from the publication to be £1000 per annum, the posterity of the booksellers realise altogether £54,000, and the posterity of William Wordsworth £6000, the books being all the time preserved as dainties for the rich, and kept effectually out of the hands of the poor—certainly a very handsome arrangement for Messrs A, B, C, and Company, who, let it be marked, did not pay one penny to the poet for this long-drawn-out benefit. The absurdity of the provision is shown in an equally striking point of view, if we suppose a bookseller thus rewarded for buying a *share* of a copyright, whereas, if he had patronised the author so heartily as to buy the *whole*, his privilege would have expired at twenty-eight years from publication, or at the death of the author—sixty years of fat monopoly being thus lost to him for his generosity.

The clause admitting of republication by any one after the work has been five years out of print, is owing, evidently, to the fears which were expressed last session as to the possible suppression of books. Of this clause we shall only say, that to men of business it must appear utterly impracticable. Not one republication would take place in consequence of it, except it were in some very peculiar case, where some considerable body of men were determinedly anxious, for moral or political reasons, to republish. We mean that no books would be republished, through favour of this clause, in the ordinary way of mercantile speculation.

We might protract these remarks, but it is surely unnecessary. The fundamental as well as superficial errors of this bill are so glaring, that, while they only can provoke derision from individuals acquainted with the business of bookselling, they must be readily appreciated by the mass of society. We trust, confidently, that the copyright bill of the next session will be one for giving exclusive satisfaction to Messrs Southey, Wordsworth, and the one or two other parties concerned, so that their interests may be reasonably protected, without, for that end, working ten thousand times greater evil than their works ever will effect good.

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STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
ST PAUL.

"TIME ENOUGH."

ONE of the most amusing and acute persons I remember—and in my very early days I knew him well—was a white-headed lame old man, known in the neighbourhood of Kilbaggin by the name of BURNT EAGLE, or, as the Irish peasants called him, "Burnt Aigle." His accent proclaimed him an Irishman, but his habits were not those usually ascribed to the country, for he understood the value of money, and that which makes money—TIME. He certainly was not of the neighbourhood in which he resided, for he had no "people," no uncles, aunts, or cousins. What his real name was I never heard, but I remember him since I was a very little girl, just old enough to be placed by my nurse on the back of "Burnt Eagle's" donkey. At that time he lived in a neat pretty little cottage, about a mile from our house: it contained two rooms; they were not only clean, but well furnished, that is to say, well furnished for an Irish cottage. During the latter years of his life, these rooms were kept in order by two sisters; what relationship they bore to my old friend, I will tell at the conclusion of my tale. They, too, always called him "Burnt Aigle;" all his neighbours knew about them—and the old man would not be questioned—was, that he once left home suddenly, and, after a prolonged absence, returned, sitting as usual between the panniers on a grey pony, which was young then, and, instead of his usual merchandise, the panniers contained these two little girls, one of whom could walk, the other could not: he called them Bess and Bell; and till they were in a great degree able to take care of themselves, "Burnt Eagle" remained entirely at home, paying great attention to his young charges, and exciting a great deal of astonishment as to "how he managed to keep so comfortable and rear the children;" his neighbours had no idea what a valuable freehold the old man possessed in—his time. When Burnt Eagle first came to Kilbaggin, he came with a load of fresh heather brooms, in a little cart drawn by a donkey; but besides the brooms, he carried a store of sally switches, a good many short planks of wood, hoops large and small, bee-hives, and the tools which are used by coopers and carpenters; these were few and of the commonest kind, yet Burnt Eagle would sit on a sort of driving box, which raised him a great deal above the level of the car, into which he elevated himself by the aid of a long crutch that always rested on his knees: there he would sit; and as the donkey jogged quietly, as donkeys always do, through the wild and picturesque scenery of hill and dale, the old man's hands were busily employed either in weaving kishes or baskets, or forming noggins, or little tubs, and his voice would at times break into matches of songs, half English half Irish; for though sharp mannered, and of a sallow complexion that tells of melancholy, he was cheerful-hearted, and his voice, strong and clear, woke the echoes of the hills, though his songs were generally sad or serious.

I never heard what attached him to our particular neighbourhood, but I have since thought he chose it for its seclusion. He took a fancy to a cottage, which, seated between two sand-hills that were covered by soft green grass and moss, was well sheltered from the sea-breeze that swept along the cockle strand, and had been the habitation of Corney the crab-catcher, who, poor fellow, was overtaken by a spring tide one windy evening in March, and drowned. For a long time "Crab Hall," as it was jestingly called, was untenanted, and when Burnt Eagle fell in love with it, it was nearly in ruins. Some said Corney's ghost walked at nights over the sand-hills, but my old friend entered the dwelling, together with the donkey and a grey cat,

and certainly were never disturbed by any thing worse than their neighbours or a high storm. It did not, however, suit Burnt Eagle's ideas of propriety to suffer the donkey to inhabit any portion of his cottage dwelling; and, accordingly, after repairing his own, he built him a stable, and wove a door for it out of the sally switches. His neighbours looked upon this as a work of supererogation, and wondered what Burnt Eagle could be thinking of to go on slaving himself for nothing. What would all a lone man to live in our town!—wasn't that enough for him! It would be "time enough" to be building a house when he had some one to live in it. But he went on his own way, replying to their remonstrances with a low chuckling laugh, and darting one glance of his keen piercing eyes upon them, in return for the stare of lazy astonishment with which they regarded his proceedings.

Burnt Eagle was, as I have said, an admirable economist of time; when he took his little car about the neighbourhood with brooms, or noggins, or baskets, or cockles, or any thing else, in fact, that might be wanted, he never brought it home empty; when he had disposed of all his small merchandise, he would fill it with manure or straw, which the gentry or farmers gave him, or that he gathered on the roads. If he could bring nothing else, he would bring earth or weeds; suffering the latter to decay, preparatory to the formation of a garden, with which he proposed to beautify his dwelling; the neighbours said it would be "time enough" to think of getting the enrichment for the ground when the place was laid out for it. But Burnt Eagle would not be stayed in his progress by want of materials. So, not until he had every thing ready, even a sty built for the pig, and a fence placed round the sty to prevent the pig from destroying his bit of land when it was made and cropped: not until then did he commence; and though the neighbours again said "it would be 'time enough' to deprive the pig, the craythur, of his liberty whin the garden was to the fore," Burnt Eagle went on his own way, and then every one in the parish was astonished at what he had accomplished.

The little patch of ground this industrious old man had, after incredible labour, succeeded in forming over the coat of sward that covered the sand, was in front of Crab Hall. The donkey had done his best to assist a master who had never given him an unjust blow; the fence was formed, round the little enclosure, of grey granite, which some convulsion of nature had strewn abundantly on the strand; these stones the donkey drew up when his day's work was ended, three or four at a time. Even this enclosure was perfected, and a very neat gate of basket-work, with a latch outside and a bolt in, hung opposite the cottage door before Burnt Eagle had laid down either the earth or manure on his plot of ground.

"Why, thin, Burnt Aigle dear," said Mrs Radford, the net-maker's wife, as, followed by seven lazy dirty healthy children, she strolled over the sand-hills one evening to see what the poor *bocker** was doing at the place, "that was good enough for Corney the crab-catcher without alteration, dacent man! for twenty years."—"Why, thin, Burnt Aigle dear, what are ye slaving and fencing at?"

"Why, I thought I could ye, Mrs Radford, whin I taught ye the tight stitch for a shrimp-net, that I meant to make a garden here; I understand flowers, and the gentry's ready to buy them; and, sure, when once the flowers are set, they'll grow of themselves, while I'm doing something else. Isn't it a beautiful thing to think of that!—how the Lord helps us to a great deal, if we only do a *little* towards it!"

"How do you make that out?" inquired the net-maker.

Burnt Eagle pulled a seed-pod from a tuft of beautiful sea-pink. "All that's wanted of us," he said, "is

to put such as this in the earth at first, and doesn't God's goodness do all the rest?"

"But it would be 'time enough,' sure, to make the fence whin the ground was ready," said his neighbours, reverting to the first part of her conversation.

"And have all the neighbours' pigs right through it the next morning?" retorted the old man, laughing; "no, no, that's not *my* way, Mrs Radford."

"Fair and aisy goes far in a day, Masther Aigle," said the gossip, lounging against the fence, and taking her pipe out of her pocket.

"Do you want a coal for your pipe, ma'am?" inquired Burnt Eagle.

"No, I thank ye kindly; it's not out, I see," she replied, stirring it up with a bit of stick previous to commencing the smoking with which she solaced her laziness.

"That's a bad plan," observed our friend, who continued his labour as diligently as if the sun was rising instead of setting.

"What is, Aigle dear?"

"Keeping the pipe a-light in yer pocket, ma'am; it might chance to burn ye, and it's sure to waste the tobacco."

"Augh!" exclaimed the wife, "what long heads some people have! God grant we may never want the bit o' tobacco! Sure it would be hard if we did; we're bad enough off without that."

"But if ye *did*, you know, ma'am, ye'd be sorry ye wasted it, wouldn't ye?"

"Och, Aigle dear, the poverty is bad enough whin it comes, not to be looking out for it."

"If you expected an inimy to come and burn yer house" ("Lord defend us!" ejaculated the woman), "what would you do?"

"Is it what would I do? bedad, that's a quare question. I'd pervent him, to be sure."

"And *that's* what I want to do with the poverty," he answered, sticking his spade firmly in the earth; and, leaning on it with folded arms, he rested for a moment on his perfect limb, and looked earnestly in her face. "Ye see every one on the *sod*—green though it is, God bless it—is somehow or other born to some sort of poverty. Now, the thing is to go past it, or undermine it, or get rid of it, or prevent it."

"Ah, thin, how?" said Mrs Radford.

"By forethought, prudence; never to let a farthing's worth go to waste, or spend a penny if ye can do with a halfpenny. Time makes the most of us—we ought to make the most of him; so I'll go on with my work, ma'am, if you please; I *can* work and talk at the same time."

Mrs Radford looked a little affronted, but she thought better of it, and repeated her favourite maxim, "Fair and aisy goes far in a day."

"So it does, ma'am; nothing like it; it's wonderful what a dale can be got on with by it, keeping on, on, and on, always at something. When I'm tired at the baskets, I take a turn at the tubs; and when I'm wearied with them, I tie up the heath—and sweet it is, sure enough; it makes one envy the bees to smell the heather! And when I've had enough of that, I get on with the garden, or knock bits of furniture out of the timber the sea drifts up after those terrible storms."

"We burn that," said Mrs Radford.

"There's plenty of turf and furze to be had for the cutting; it's a sin, where there's so much furniture wanting, to burn any timber—barring chips," replied Eagle.

"Bedad, I don't know what ill luck sea timber might bring," said the woman.

"Augh! augh! the worst luck that ever came into a house is idleness, except, maybe, extravagance."

"Well, thin, Aigle dear!" exclaimed Mrs Radford, "what's come to ye, to talk of extravagance!—what in the world have poor craythurs like us to be extravagant with?"

* A lame man.

"Yer time," replied Burnt Eagle, with particular emphasis; "yer time."

"Ah, thin, man, sure it's 'time enough' for us to be thinking of that whin we can get any thing for it."

"Make any thing of it, ye mean, ma'am; the only work it'll ever do of itself, if it's let alone, will be destruction."

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs Radford, indignantly, "it's a purty pass we're come to, if what we do in our own place is to be comed over by a stranger who has no call to the country. I'd like to know who you are, upsetting the ways of the place, and making something out of nothing like a fairy man! If my husband did go to the whisky shop, I'll pay him off for it myself; it's no business of yours, and maybe we'll be as well off in the long-run as them that are so mean and thoughtful, and turning their hand to every man's trade, and making gentlemen's houses out of mud cabins, and fine gardens in the sand-hills, doing what nobody ever did before! It won't have a blessing, mark my words! Ye're an unfriendly man, so ye are. After my wearing out my bones, and bringing the children to see ye, never to notice them, or ask a poor woman to sit down, or offer her a bit of tobacco, when it's rolls upon rolls of it ye might have *antagonist*, without duty, if ye liked, and ye here on the sea-coast."

"I have nothing that doesn't pay duty," replied Burnt Eagle, smiling at her bitterness. "I don't go to deny that the excise is *hard* upon a man, but I can get my bit of bread without breaking the law, and I'd rather have no call to what I don't rightly understand. I'm sure ye're heartily welcome to any thing I have to give. I offered to make a gate for yer sty, to keep yer pig out of the cabbagees, and I'm sure!"

Again Mrs Radford, who was none of the gentlest, interrupted him.

"We are ould residents in the place, and don't want any of yer improvements, Misher Burnt Aigle, thank you, sir," she said, drawing herself up with great dignity, thrusting her pipe into her pocket, and summoning her stray flock, some of whom had entered Crab Hall without any ceremony, while others wandered at their "own sweet will" in places of dirt and danger—"I daresay we shall get on very well without improvement. We're not for setting ourselves above our neighbours; we're not giving up every bit of innocent diversion for slavery, and thin having no one to lave for what we make—no chick nor child!"

"Woman!" exclaimed Burnt Eagle, fiercely, and he shook his crutch at the virago, while, astonished at the generally placid man's change, she drew back in terror, "go home to yer own piggery, follow yer own plan, waste the time the Almighty gives to the poorest in the land, gossip and complain, and make mischief; what advice and help I had to give, I gave to ye and to others ever since I came in the place; follow yer own way, but lave me to follow mine—time will tell who's right and who's wrong."

"Well, I'm sure!" said Mrs Radford, quailing beneath his bright and flashing eye, "to think of that now! how he turns on us, like a wild baste, out of his sand-hole, and we in all friendship! Well, to be sure—sure there was 'time enough'!"

"Mammy, mammy!" shouted one of the seven "hopes" of the Radford family, "ye're smoking behind, ye're smoking behind!"

"Oh, the marcy of heaven about me!" she exclaimed; "Burnt Aigle's a witch; it's he has set fire to me with a wink of his eye, to make his words good about the coal and the pipe in my pocket. Oh, thin, to see how I'm murdered entirely through the likes of him! I've carried a live coal in my pocket many's the day, and it never earned me so before! Oh, it's true, I'm afeared, what's said of ye, that ye gave the use of one of yer legs to the devil—mother of marcy protect me!—to the devil for knowledge and luck; and me that always denied it to be served so. Don't come near me—I'll put it out myself; oh, to think of the beautiful gown, brae new it was last Christmas was a year! Am I out now, children dear! Oh, it's yer mother's made a show before the country to please him! What would come over the coal to do me such a turn as that now, and never to think of it afore! Oh, *sovereign* was in me to come near yer improvements!"

"Mammy," interrupted the eldest boy, "don't be hard upon Burnt Aigle: there's the coal that dropt out of the pipe, red hot still—see, here where ye stood—and the priest tould ye the danger of it long ago."

"Oh, sure it's not going to put the holy man's advice ye are on a level with Burnt Aigle's! Come, we'll be off. I meant to take off my beautiful gown before I came out, but thought it would be 'time enough' whin I'd go back. And to see what a *bocher* has brought ye to, Judith Radford!" And away she went, fuming and fretting over the sand-hills, stopping every moment to look back at the devastation which her own carelessness had occasioned her solitary dress. Burnt Eagle imagined he was alone, and kept his eyes fixed upon the foolish woman as she departed, but his attention was arrested by Mrs Radford's second daughter, who stole round the lame man, and touched his hard hand with her little fingers.

"Ye're not a witch, are ye, daddy?" she said, while looking up smilingly, but with an expression of awe in his face.

"No, darlint."

"'Twas the coal done it—wasn't it?"

"It was."

"Well, good night, Burnt Aigle; kiss little Ailey—there. Mother will forget it all, or have it all out—the

same thing you know. I haven't forgot the purty noggin you gave me; only it hurts mother to see how you got on with a little, and father blames her, and gets tipsy; so just go on yer own way, and don't heed us. Mother wants that the sun should shine only on one side of the blackberries; but I'll larn of ye, daddy Aigle, if ye'll tache me; only don't bother the mother with what she has no heart to, and sets the back of her hand against." And, after asking for another kiss, the little barefooted pretty girl—whose heart was warm, and would have been a credit to any country if she had been well married—darted over the banks like a fawn, her small lissom figure graceful as a Greek statue, her matted yellow hair streaming behind her, and her voice raised to the tune of "Peggy Bawn."

"It's truth she says—God's truth, any way," said Burnt Eagle, as he turned to enter his cottage. "It's truth; they set the back of their hand and the back of their mind against improvement; they'd be ready to tear my eyes out, if I tould them what keeps them back. Why, their own dislike to improvement, part; and the carelessness of their landlords, part; the want of sufficient employment, a great part; and, above all, their being satisfied with what they get, and not trying to get better. As long as they're content with the salt and potato, they try for nothing else: set John Bull down to salt and potato, and see how he'll look; and why shouldn't you get as good, Paddy agh! But no, you won't; a little more method, a little more capital employed amongst you, and plenty of steadiness, would make you equal to any thing the world produced since it was a world. But no: ye keep on at yer ould ways, and yer ould sayings, and all things ould, and ye let others that haven't the quarter of yer brains get the start of ye. Yet where, Paddy, upon the face of the earth, is a finer man or a brighter head nor your own?" The old man shut his door, and lit his lamp, which was made of a large scallop shell, the wick floating in oil he had extracted from the blubber of a grampus that otherwise would have decayed unnoticed on the shore.

I have told all I heard as to Burnt Eagle's first settlement in what I still call "my neighbourhood." I will now tell what I know, and what occurred some time after. I very well remember being taken by my mother, who was a sort of domestic doctor to the poor, to see Judy Radford, who, plunged into the depths of Irish misery, was mourning the loss of her husband, drowned because of the practice of the principle that it was "time enough" to mend the boat; "it had taken the boys often, and why not now?" But the boat went down, and the poor, overworked, good-natured father and his eldest son were lost! We could hardly get to the door for the slough and abominations that surrounded it. "Judy," said my mother, "if this was collected and put at the back of the house, you need not have come begging to the steward for measure."

"Och, ma'am, won't it be 'time enough' to gather it when we have the seed potatoes!—sure it was *always* there, and the young ducks would be lost without it."

"Such a quantity of impurity must be unhealthy."

"We has the health finely, thank God! if we had every thing else;" and then followed a string of petitions, and lamentations, and complaints of her neighbours, all uttered with the whine of discontent which those who *deserve* poverty indulge in, while those who are struggling against it seek to conceal, from a spirit of decency, the extent of their wants. "Indeed, ma'am," she continued, "the ill luck is after us; my second boy has, as all the country knows, the best of characters, and would have got the half acre at the Well corner, if he had gone to his honour in time for it, and that would have been the help to us, sure enough; but we thought there was 'time enough,' and Bill Deasy, who's put up to all sort of sharpness by Burnt Aigle, got the promise."

"Well, did Ailey get the flax wheel I told her she could have from Lucy Green until she was able to buy one?"

"Oh, ma'am, there it is again; I kept her at home just that *one* day on account of a hurt I got in my thumb, and thought it would be 'time enough' to be troubling your honour for a plaster if it got worse—which it did, praise be to God!—and never did a hand's turn with it since; and whin she went after it, Miss Lucy had lent it, and was stiffer about it than was needful. My girl tould her she thought *she'd* be 'time enough,' and she hurt her feelings, saying, 'she thought we'd had enough of 'time enough' among us before.' It was very sharp of her; people can't help their troubles, though that ould thriving *bocher* that's made all he has out of the gentry, never scruples to tell me that I brought them on myself."

"I must say a word for Burnt Eagle," said my mother; "he has made all he has out of himself, not out of the gentry; all we did was to buy what we wanted from him—one of his principles being, never to take a penny he did not earn."

"And very impudent of him to say that, whin the gentry was so kind as to offer him money—setting himself up to do without help!" said Mrs Radford, whom we were fain to leave in the midst of her querulous complainings.

We now proceeded along the cliffs to the *bocher's* dwelling: to visit him was always a treat to me; but childhood's ready tears were excited by the detail of his sorrow for his companion and friend, for such the poor donkey had been to him.

The struggle which took place between his habit of making the best and most of every thing, was in this

particular instance at war with the affection he had borne his dead favourite; he knew her skin was valuable, and he did not see why he ought not to use it; one of our friends had called accidentally at the cottage, and found Burnt Eagle standing beside a deep pit he had excavated in the sand-hill, intended for the donkey's grave; he had a knife in his hand, and had attempted the first incision in its skin.

"It can't be any hurt to a dead animal, sir," he said, "and yet I can't do it! It seems like taring off my own flesh: the poor baste had such a knowledge of me—such a feeling for me—up hill and down dale—it knew all my poverty, and was through the world with me, in trouble that was harder to bear than poverty—and if ever I struck it a hasty blow, it would look in my face like a Christian. It was neither giddy, nor greedy, nor wilful, though it was a she; and the low whining it would give me of a morning, was like the voice of a dear friend. I knew the skin would be useful, and the times are hard; but I can't, sir, I can't; it would be like skinning a blood relation," and he threw the knife from him—the finest sea-pinks of the banks grew on the donkey's grave! We found our humble friend surrounded by business, and indeed we jested with Mrs Radford's daughter Ailey, who met us at the gate, for visiting her old sweetheart. The yellow-headed child had grown into a fine young woman; the old man's precept and example had been of use to her; whatever she had learnt of good, she had learnt from him. She had been tying up some flowers for her friend, and hastened to tell us that Burnt Eagle had been making her a flax wheel, and she was to knit out the money for it in stockings; but her mother knew nothing of it, and we mustn't tell. I was lifted, for the first time, on the grey pony, and galloped it, to Burnt Eagle's delight, over a sand-hill. There was something to love and respect in the old man's countenance; I remember him so well that day, leaning on the top of his staff at the gate of his little garden, which had become celebrated for beautiful flowers; there he stood—I can close my eyes and see him now—his small figure bent over his stick; his thick, long, grey hair curling on the white collar of his shirt; his eyes rendered more brilliant by the healthy complexion that glowed upon his cheeks; his jacket of grey frieze girded with a leathern belt that was garished by such tools as he was constantly requiring; the outline of his form, thrown forward by the clear sky; the roll of the distant waves, the scream of the sea-gull; the cottage, so picturesque; its white smoke curling up, up, up, till it mingled with the air; I can hear the warning voice of my dear mother, entreating me not to canter; the admonishing yet pleased tone in which the old man spoke to his new purchase; the sleepy look of his dog Blarney, as he half wagged his tail and opened one eye to observe what passed;—in the distance, the old ruined church of Kilbaggin, standing so bravely against sea and land storms; my own heart echoing the music of the peary's feet, as, despite all warning, he cantered right merrily over the sward; happy, happy was I then as any crowned queen!—how fresh the breeze!—how clear the air!—faster, good pony, don't lag on my account—well done!—there's mettle in you, that there is! Oh, memory!—I open my eyes. It was indeed but memory, for here is my desk, and there my books and town-bred flowers, and my pretty quiet greyhound—and the sea, the ruins, the cottage, those lofty hills and toppling cliffs, are now far, far from me, yet near my heart as ever. And poor Burnt Eagle!—But I must not anticipate, and will only say, that, if we endeavour to improve our generation with as much zeal and sincerity as that old man did, we shall owe Time nothing.

I have seen lately in Ireland as well-built and as well-kept cottages as over I saw in England; they are not universal—would to God they were!—yet I have seen them, and in my own county too, where, I trust, they will increase. But when I was a very little girl, they were not so general, and Burnt Eagle's was visited as a curiosity; the old man was so neat and particular; the windows—there were two—looked out, one on his little garden, the other commanded the vista that opened between the sand-hills; and when the tide was in, the oockle strand presented a sheet of silver water; the rafters of the kitchen were hung with kishies and baskets, lobster-pots, bird-cages, strings of noggins, bunches of skewers, little stools, all his own workmanship; and the cabbage and shrimp nets seemed beyond number; then brooms were piled in a corner, and the handles of spades and rude articles of husbandry were ready for use; there was a grinding-stone, and some attempt at a lathe; and the dresser, upon which were placed a few articles of earthenware, was white and clean; a cat, whom Burnt Eagle had not only removed, but, in defiance of an old Irish superstition, carried over water, was seated on the hearthstone, and the old man amused us with many anecdotes of her sagacity. One beautiful trait in his character was, that he never spoke ill of any one; he had his own ideas, his own opinions, his own rules of right, but he never indulged in gossip or backbiting. "As to his never doing," he said, when complimented on the superior appearance of his own cottage, "the hand of the Lord has been heavy on her to point out the folly of her ways, and that ought to tache her: those who cast the grace of God from them are very much to be pitied; for if it's a grace to the rich, it is surely a grace to the poor. But the people are greatly improved, madam, even in my time; the Agricultural Societies do good, and the Loan Societies do good, and there's a dale of good done up and down

through the country, particularly here, where the landlords—God bless them—stick to the sod; and the cottages are whitewashed, and ye can walk dry and clane into many of the doors; and some that used to turn me into ridicule, come to me for advice; and I'm welcome to high and low, not looked on, as when I came first, with suspicion; indeed, there are not many now like poor Mrs Radford: but Ailey will do well, poor girl—she always took to dacency."

"You certainly worked wonders, both for yourself and others; I think you might do me a great deal of good, Burnt Eagle, by telling me how you managed," said my mother.

"Thank you, my lady, for the compliment; but, indeed, the principal rule I had was, 'NEVER TO THINK IT WAS TIME ENOUGH TO DO ANY THING THAT WANTED DOING.' I've a great respect for time, madam; it's a wonderful thing to say it was before the world, and yet every day of our lives is both new and old—old in its grateness, yet new to thousands; it's God's natural riches to the world; it never has done with us, till it turns us over to Eternity; it's the only true teacher of wisdom—it's the Interpreter of all things—it's the miracle of life—it's flying in God's face to ill use it, or abuse it; it's too precious to waste, too dear to buy; it can make a poor man rich, and a rich one richer! Oh, my lady, time is a fine thing, and I hope little miss will think so too; do, dear, remember poor Burnt Eagle's words, never to think it 'TIME ENOUGH TO DO ANY THING THAT IT'S TIME TO DO.'"

"I wish," said my mother, "that you had a child to whom to teach so valuable a precept." The old man's lips (they were always colourless) grew whiter, and he grasped the top of his crutch more firmly; his eyes were rivetted as by a spell; they looked on nothing, yet remained fixed; his mouth twitched, as by a sudden bitter pain; and by degrees tears swam round his eyelids. I could not help gazing on him, and yet, child though I was, I felt that his emotion was sacred; that he should be alone; and though I continued to gaze, I moved towards the door, awe struck, stepping back, yet looking still.

"Stay, stay, miss," he muttered. "Sit down; you are not well," said my mother. "Look at that child," he continued, without heeding her observation; "she is your only one, the only darlint ye have; pray to the Lord this night, lady, this very night, on yer bended knees, to strike her with death by the morning, before she should be to you what mine has been to me." He staggered into his bedroom without saying another word. My mother laid upon the table a parcel containing some biscuits I had brought him, and we left the cottage, I clinging closely to her side, and she regretting she had touched a string which jarred so painfully. I remember I wept bitterly: I had been so happy with the pony, which I fancied worth all the horses at our house; and the revulsion was so sudden, that my little heart ached with sorrow; I wanted to know if Burnt Eagle's daughter had been "very naughty," but my mother had never heard of his daughter before.

What I have now to tell has little to do with the character of my story, and yet is remarkable as one of the romances of real life, which distance all the efforts of invention, and was well calculated to make an impression on a youthful mind. The next morning, soon after breakfast, my cousin came to my mother to inquire if she knew any thing of the destruction of a provincial paper, the half of which he held in his hand. "I wanted it," he said, "to see the termination of the trial of that desperate villain Ralph Blundel at the Cork assizes." "I think I wrapt it round those biscuits Maria took to Burnt Eagle," said mamma, "but I can tell you the termination of the tragedy. Blundel is hanged by this time; but the sad part of the story is, that a young woman, who is supposed to have been his wife, visited him in prison, accompanied by two children; he would not speak to her, and the miserable creature flung herself into the river the same night."

"And the two children?"

"They were both girls, one a mere baby; there was nothing more said about them."

Tales of sorrow seldom make a lasting impression even on the most sensitive, unless they know something of the parties. We thought little and talked less of Ralph Blundel; but we were much astonished to hear the next morning that Burnt Eagle had set off without any thing in his creels. This was in itself remarkable; and it was added, that he appeared almost in a state of distraction, yet gave his cottage and all things contained therein in charge to his friend Ailey. Time passed on, and no tidings arrived of the old man, though we were all anxious about him. Some said one thing, some another. Mrs Radford hinted, "the good people had got him at last," and began to speculate on the chance of his never returning, in which case she hoped Ailey would keep Crab Hall. He had been absent nearly six weeks, but was not forgotten, at all events by me. I was playing one summer evening at the end of the avenue with our great dog, when I saw Burnt Eagle jogging along on his pony. The animal seemed very weary. I ran to him with childish glee, forgetting our last interview in the joy of the present. I thought he looked very old and very sad, but I was delighted to see him, notwithstanding. "Oh, Burnt Eagle," I exclaimed, "Grey Fan staved in Peggy's best milk pail, and eek wants some new cabbage-nets; and I've got two young magpies, and want a cage; and grandmamma wants a netting pin; and—but what have you got in your panniers?" and I stood on tiptoe to peep

in; but instead of nets, or noggins, or cockles, or wooden ware, there was a pretty rosy child as fast asleep in the sweet hay as if she had been pillowed on down.

I was just going to say, "Is that your little girl?" but I remembered our last meeting.

"That's little Bell, miss," he said, and his voice was low and mournful. "Now, look in the other, and you will see little Bess," and his smile was as sad as any other person's tears would have been.

I did look, and there was another! How astonished I was!—I did not know what to say. That child was awake—wide awake—looking up at my face with eyes as bright, as blue, as deep, as Burnt Eagle's own. He wished me good-bye, and jogged on. I watched him a long way, and then returned full of all the importance which the first knowledge of a singular event bestows. The circumstance created a great sensation in the country. The gentry came from far to visit Burnt Eagle's cottage. Civil he always was, but nothing could be extracted from him relative to the history of his little protégés; the priest knew, of course, but that availed nothing to the curious; and at last, even in our quiet nook, where an event was worn threadbare before it was done with, the excitement passed away, and my mother and myself were the only two who remembered the coincidence of the old man's emotion, the torn newspaper, and Burnt Eagle's sudden disappearance.

Bess and Bell grew in beauty and in favour with the country. They were called by various names—"Bess and Bell of Crab Hall," or "Bess and Bell Burnt Eagle," or "Bess and Bell of the Sand-hills."

For a long time after the old man's return, he was more retired than he had been. He was melancholy, too, at times, and his prime favourite Ailey declared "there was no pleasing him." By degrees, however, that moroseness softened down into his old gentle and kindly habits. He would not accept gifts of money or food from any of us, thanking us, but declining such favours firmly. "I can work for the girls as still," he would say; "and by the time I can't, please God they'll be able to work for themselves; there's many wants help worse than me." It was a beautiful example to the country to see how those children were brought up; they would net, and spin, and weave baskets, and peel osiers, and sing like larks, and weed flowers, and tie up nosebags, and milk the goats, and gather shell-fish, and knit gloves and stockings, emulating the very bees (of which their protector had grown a large proprietor) in industry; and in the evenings the old man would teach them to read, and the nearest schoolmaster would come in and set them a copy, for which Burnt Eagle, scrupulously exact, would pay night by night, although the teacher always said "it would be 'time enough' another time;" and the old man would reply, while taking the pence out of his stocking-purse, "that there was no time like the present; and that if folks could not pay a halfpenny to-day, they would not be likely to be able to pay a penny to-morrow." The neighbours laughed at his oddity. But prosperity excites curiosity and imitation; and his simple road to distinction was frequently traversed. Solitary as were his habits, his advice and humble assistance were frequently asked, and always given. When first we left our old home, we went to bid him farewell. He was full of a project for establishing a fishery, and said, "Some one had told him that the Irish seas were as productive as the Irish soil, where there was a new harvest every season, free of rent, tithe, or taxes, and needing only boats, nets, and hardy hands, to reap the ocean-crop which Providence had sown. I've spoke to the gentry about it," he said, "but they say 'they'll see about it,' and it'll be 'time enough.' If my grave could overlook a little set of boats," he added, "going out from our own place, I'd rest as comfortable in it as on a bed of down; but if they stick to 'time enough,' the time will never come!"

"Burnt Eagle," said Bell, who was growing a very tall girl—girls do grow so fast!—"you said 'time enough' to Bess yerself yesterday."

"When, avourneen?"

"When she asked you when she might begin to think about—about—oh, you know what."

"I can't think of any thing but the fishery—what was it, a chora?"

"Oh, thin, it was a sweetheart," said the merry maid, covering her blushing face with her hands, and running away.

"See that now, how they turn on me!" he exclaimed, while his eyes followed her. "Well, Miss Bell, maybe I won't be even with you 'time enough.' God bless her, the gay light-hearted girl!—the life is in her heart and the joy in her eye!—only she's too like them that's gone! But, sure, out of the deep pit of trouble rode up the joy and pace to me in the end, though, at first, it drove me for ever from my own people, and I've done my best for her that's gone; and poor Ailey is married to a decent boy, and will do well. An empty heart's a lonely thing in a man's bosom—but the country and the girls has filled mine—God be praised for his goodness! I knew ye mistrusted how it was—on account—but it's all over, my lady; and for a poor old sinner like me, I've had a dale of happiness! I never ill-treated Time, and he has never ill-treated me. Maybe I'll never see either of you again; but, oh, miss dear, don't forget yer country, and don't think there'll be 'time enough' to do it a good turn, but do it at once—do—and God bless you! It's to manage time rightly—that's a fine knowledge—it's a grate knowledge, and would make a poor man's fortune, and tache a rich one

to keep it. You'll do a good turn for the country, and think always there's no time like the present!"

I saw the old man no more, but the last time I visited Kihlaggin, I stood by his grave. It was a fine moonlight evening in July; and Bess and Bell, the former being not only a wife, but a mother, had come to show me his last resting-place: they had profited well by his example, and Bess made her little boy kneel upon the green-sward that covered his remains. "He died beloved and respected by rich and poor," said Bell (Bess could not speak for weeping), "and had as grand a funeral as if he was a born gentleman, and the priest and minister both at it; and the Killbarries and Mulvanays met it without wheeling one shillah, and they sworn foes, only out of regard to his memory for the fine example he set the country, and the love he bore it."

The old ruined church of Kihlaggin overlooks the entrance to its pretty silver-sanded bay, and the voices of the fishermen, who were at that time putting out to sea, availing themselves of the beauty and stillness of the night, arose to where we stood. I shall never forget the feelings that crowded on me; the ocean was so calm, the moonlight so bright: the picture of the good old man who lay beneath, where the innocent baby was still kneeling, came before me; I remembered the useful and virtuous tenor of his life, the heroism with which he withstood envy, and persevered in the right way; the white sails of the fishing-boats glimmered in the moonlight; it was Burnt Eagle who had stirred up the hearts of the people to the enterprise, which now brought plenty from the teeming ocean to many a cottage home.

"I mind, when you war going to England first," said Bell, "his saying, that if his grave could overlook a little fleet of boats going out from our own bay, he'd be happy as on down! Sure he may be happy now!—his good thoughts, and quiet good actions, blossom over his grave. I remember how delighted he was with the first regular boat that went; it was built by Bess's husband. What a happy man he was, to be sure! and how he sat on the cliff, shading his eyes with his hand from the sun, though he had lost sight of the sail long before; and then he knelt down, and raised his old hands to heaven, and blessed us both."

"That's enough," said Bess; "sure the lady knew the good that was in the old pathriol, who asked her—if ever she could—never to think it 'time enough' to do a good turn for the country, but to believe there's no time like the present for doing that and every thing else."

MACLAREN ON THE NATURAL HISTORY OF COAL.

A "SKETCH of the Geology of Fife and the Lothians, including Detailed Descriptions of Arthur's Seat and the Pentland Hills, by Charles Maclaren, Esq., F.R.S.E.," is the title of a volume recently published.* The district referred to is very interesting in a geological point of view, not only as containing a considerable variety of rocks, sedimentary and igneous, but as exposing specimens of most of those above the ground, in a very liberal manner, so as to give the place peculiar advantages as a practical school for the geological student. To those who have visited Edinburgh, and seen the precipitous hills among and upon which it is situated, the edges of strata exposed on the neighbouring coasts, the numerous mines in the coal field of the Esk, and the quarries which have been opened for building purposes in the adjacent sand and limestones, we need say no more on this point. The description of this district has fallen into good hands. Mr Maclaren is well known to British and also foreign geologists, as an industrious student of rocks, and an enlightened and cautious theoriser. He has expended a wonderful amount of labour on the volume, more, by many degrees, than it is the fashion now-a-days to expend on any kind of books: we have heard that the task has been the sole occupation of his leisure time for several years. But the result has been the production of a work which exhausts the subject as far as existing circumstances will allow, and which is not only complete as a description of the field it professes to refer to, but throws considerable light on the science in general. Its value is greatly enhanced by the numerous wood-cuts and other engravings by which it is illustrated.

We present the following account of the nature and origin of coal, not as a characteristic specimen of the book, or as containing any new views by Mr Maclaren, but as one of the passages most likely to be generally understood:—

"It is now universally allowed that coal is the product of decomposed vegetable matter; and there are two hypotheses as to the mode in which it was brought together in such vast quantities. Deluc, Brongniart,

* Edinburgh, Adam and Charles Black, 1860.

Dr Macculloch, and Mr Hutton of Newcastle, think that the plants generally grew and died on the spot where the coal exists, and that a bed of coal was analogous in its origin to a peat-bog. The other hypothesis (which is perhaps more generally received) assumes that the vegetable matter was swept from the land into estuaries or lakes by inundations and streams, as the trunks and branches of trees, with plants and foliage, are carried down by the Mississippi and St Lawrence in North America. The difficulty of accounting for the immense accumulations of vegetable matter spread over such extensive areas, is great in either way. But without going into the comparative merits of the two hypotheses, the former is assumed as true, for the purpose of illustration, in the following remarks.

Coal was analogous in its origin to modern peat, and each bed was most probably formed on an extended surface of marshy land, covered with a rank vegetation. The finest caking coal Mr Hutton considers as a crystalline compound, whose constituents had been in a state of solution; but slate coal and cannel coal often bear distinct impressions of plants. The new method of cutting minerals into slices so thin as to be transparent, of which Mr Witham has made so happy a use, has been applied to coal; and by examining these with the microscope, the vegetable structure has been detected where no external trace of it was visible. In cannel coal it exists throughout the whole mass, while the fine coal retains it only in small patches, which appear as if it were mechanically entangled. Among other indications of the ligneous origin, tubes have been discovered filled with a yellowish resinous matter, which is the most volatile part of the coal, being what is first driven off by heat. All coal, therefore, had originally existed in the state of plants or trees. About three hundred species have been found in the sandstone and shale of the coal measures; and the greater part of these probably exist in the coal itself, though the tenderness and opaqueness of the material render it difficult to detect them by examination. The three hundred species are all extinct. About two-thirds of them are ferns; the others consist of large Conifere (allied to the pine), of gigantic Lycopodiaceae, of species analogous to the Cactee and Euphorbiaceae, and of palms. The plants indicate a moist climate, as hot as that of the tropics; and this holds true in the coal plants, not only in England, but at Melville Island within the polar circle. Dr Hutton thought that the vegetables had been carbonised by heat; but Dr Macculloch contends, on good grounds, that the change has been effected solely by water and pressure, and that by these agents peat is capable of conversion into coal.

In the coal, therefore, familiarly used in our houses, we have the forests of primeval times, deprived of their watery and volatile parts, but preserving all their combustible matter, laid up for our use, as it were, in vast cellars under our feet, closely packed, and protected from air, rain, and floods, by a solid covering of rock and soil. Few of those who are in the daily enjoyment of the comforts and advantages derived from abundant supplies of this fuel, think of the long and operose processes by which it was prepared in the laboratory of nature. A short calculation will explain what is here meant. Wood affords in general about 20 per cent., and coal about 80 per cent. of charcoal. Neglecting the oxygen and hydrogen, therefore, it must have required four tons of wood to yield the charcoal which we find in one ton of coal. Let us then suppose a forest composed of trees 80 feet high, that the trunk of each tree contains 80 cubic feet, and the branches 40, making 120; the weight of such a tree, at 700 specific gravity, will be 2½ tons; and allowing 130 trees to an acre, we have 300 tons on that space. Supposing the portion that falls annually, leaves and wood, to be equal to one-thirtieth, we have 10 tons of wood annually from an acre, which yields 2 tons of charcoal; and this charcoal, with the addition of bitumen, forms 2½ tons of coal. Now, a cubic yard of coal weighs almost exactly one ton; and a bed of coal one acre in extent, and three feet thick, will contain 4840 tons. It follows, therefore, that one acre of coal is equal to the produce of 1940 acres (that is, 4840 divided by two and a half) of forest; or if the wood all grew on the spot where it remains exist, the coal bed three feet thick, and one acre in extent, must be the growth of 1940 years! Even if we suppose the vegetation, as that of a tropical climate, to be twice as rapid as I have assumed, we shall still require about a 1000 years to form a bed of coal one yard thick; and for the 36 yards of coal in the Mid-Lothian field a period of 36,000 years! When we reflect further that the coal constitutes only one-thirtieth part of the entire series of beds comprehended in the group, some of which were probably formed by as slow a process, we shall have no reason to reject Dr Macculloch's estimate of 600,000 years as too long for the production of the whole mass.

An attempt to explain the formation of the coal strata leads us to infer many changes of level in the land or water, and is attended with considerable difficulties. The sandstone, shale, and limestone, must all have been formed under water, and the coal on land, perhaps in a marsh. In the section of the Mid-Lothian field, for instance, the coral limestone at the bottom must have been formed in the sea. We may then suppose the bottom to have been raised by the deposition of four fathoms of sandstone and shale, formed of detritus, swept down from the neighbouring land, till the gulf or bay shoaled into a tract of marshy

ground. Upon this forests grew for a thousand years, the spoils of which accumulated where they fell, and formed a thick stratum of vegetable matter. The land must then have sunk suddenly or gradually under water to a great depth, and remained there perhaps for ten thousand years, till a fresh deposit of sandstone and shale, to the depth of nineteen and a half fathoms, took place, the pressure of which, aided by water, converted the stratum of wood into coal, No. 1. By this deposit the bottom was raised, the bay again converted into marsh or meadow, upon which vegetation again flourished for a thousand years, till the materials of a second bed of coal (No. 2) three feet nine inches thick were collected. A third submergence took place, nineteen fathoms of rocky strata were deposited, the water again shoaled into land capable of bearing plants; a third period of forests commenced, and continued till the mass of vegetable matter destined to form the bed of coal No. 3, six feet thick, was accumulated. This was followed by a fourth subsidence, during which six fathoms of strata were deposited. The land, by this addition, again rose above water, was clothed with wood, and materials for a fourth bed of coal were accumulated. I need not pursue the series of changes further. The land must have subsided more than thirty times, and descended through a space of 3000 feet, from the formation of the coral limestone to that of the uppermost beds of the group; and after these subsidences were completed, a series of counter movements, resulting partly from the agency of trap, must have again elevated a great portion of the beds above water. Such numerous changes, when surveyed in the aggregate, and without reference to time, appear inconsistent with the usual stability of nature; but the inconsistency vanishes on a little reflection. The changes now produced by earthquakes, and the faults and fractures of the coal strata, assure us beyond all doubt that rocky masses have undergone movements both of subsidence and elevation; and as to their great number or apparent frequency in this instance, when we consider them as diffused over a period of half a million or a million of years, it is obvious at once that the objection loses its force.

It is inferred that the water under which the sandstone and shale were deposited, was chiefly that of lakes; for five-sixths of the plants, according to Adolphe Brongniart, are such as grow on land or in fresh water. Of the tribe of Algae, comprehending sea-weeds, he found none. The scales and teeth, however, of the great predaaceous fishes formerly mentioned, and the shells of genera allied to the mussel and oyster, indicate that salt or brackish water was occasionally present.

The repeated subsidences, so many in number, form one objection (and there are others) to this hypothesis; and yet, if the coral limestone exists, as we have every reason to believe, under the Newcastle and Durham coal-fields, at the depth of 2000 feet or more beneath the sea, the fact of subsidence to this extent is proved; for it is now admitted that all corals were formed at or near the surface of the ocean. Whether this subsidence took place at once, or by successive stages, is immaterial.

The other hypothesis is thus explained by Professor Phillips, with reference to the coal formation of Yorkshire. The alternating beds he attributes to alternating currents from different points of the compass, charged with different sediments, and passing into a great estuary or lake. Lime, he thinks, was transported by the marine currents from the south-east, because the limestone beds are thickest in that direction, and thinnest towards the opposite point: argillaceous sediment was swept in by a river from the west, the shales being thickest in that direction; while sand and floating wood were drifted from the north, the beds of coal and sandstone being thickest in that direction. This hypothesis, like the other, involves various difficulties, of which two may be mentioned. Of the four currents bearing wood, sand, clay, and lime, how did it happen that three so generally suspended their action, while the fourth was operating? Again, supposing the wood to be floated from the north by a river which inundated its banks like the Mississippi, it is plain that such a stream could carry off only a small part, probably not one-thirtieth, of the spoils of the forest annually deposited in its hydrographical basin. It follows, that to furnish materials for a bed of coal extending over a given space, the river must have drawn its waters from an area thirty times as large as would be required if the wood was carbonised where it grew, or the period must have been thirty times as long. But, looking to the extent (once much greater than it now is) of the coal formations in the north of England and Scotland, where is the continent to be found in which such a river could exist? Mr Phillips, in fact, finds it necessary to admit, that the large tracts of land required to furnish the sediments of sand and clay, and the masses of vegetable matter, have disappeared in the northern and western oceans.

The fossils of the coal measures are chiefly plants. They are most abundant in the shale, but are also found in the sandstone. They generally lie on their sides; but various examples have been found of trees standing erect, piercing through several beds, with their roots spread out, and so circumstanced as to lead to the conclusion that they have been converted into stone at the very spot where they grew. Fossil trees seldom exceed a few feet in length; but examples are cited of some 20 feet long, found in what is considered their native locality. Their roots are sometimes in

sandstone, but more frequently in a bed of shale, which had originally consisted of fine mud, and formed the soil in which they grew. Trees which had been transported from their native seat, are, however, infinitely more common, and these have been found of great length. A magnificent specimen was exposed in Craigleith quarry in 1833. Its colour approaches to black; it is about three feet in diameter; and there were above twenty feet of its length exposed when I saw it in 1834. It has no branches, but the scars where branches had been inserted, are well marked. It has been ascertained, by slicing, to be a Conifera of the genus Araucaria, of which living species exist in New Holland. Like its modern type, the fossil tree wants those concentric rings which mark the annual additions made to the growth of pines. It penetrates the sandstone obliquely, at an angle perhaps of 20 degrees."

"AMERICAN SCENERY."

A work under this general title is at present in the course of publication,* twenty out of thirty parts having already appeared. Each part contains four views, with appropriate letter-press. The engravings are executed in good style from drawings by Mr W. H. Bartlett, and the letter-press is contributed by Mr N. P. Willis, author of "Pencilings by the Way." As calculated to introduce us, at a moderate cost, to the magnificent natural scenery of the western republic, and the external aspect of its principal cities and public buildings, we consider this work entitled to general patronage. In the numbers already published, besides the comparatively well-known wonders of Niagara and the Hudson, we find a great variety of lake and river scenery of the most beautiful description, several impressive scenes from the White Mountains and other Alpine regions, and some of the more celebrated waterfalls, the whole eminently tending to justify what has been said by Transatlantic travellers respecting the grand scale on which the natural features of America are constituted. There is, in particular, one peep from a tangled wood, giving to the eye at once forty miles of unbroken forest, with Lake Ontario as a faint thin line in the distance, which strikes us as one of the finest pictures we have ever seen, having all the Martin sublimity with the advantage of truth.

The descriptive matter is executed with that lively ease which gave the "Pencilings by the Way" so much popularity. We pass over descriptions of scenery as likely to be of little force without the aid of the drawings; but a few specimens of other matter, introduced by Mr Willis to help out his text, will convey a notion of the pleasant literary character of the work. The following relates to the general circumstances attendant upon a landing of the steamers at Albany.

"The association most people have with Albany, is that of having lost a portmanteau there. The north river steam-boats land you, with from three to seven hundred passengers, upon a narrow pier, in the dusk of the evening, where you find from three to seven hundred individuals (more or less), each of whom seems to have no other object in life, than to persuade you, at that particular instant, to go by a certain conveyance, or to stop at a certain hotel. Upon setting your foot on shore, you find yourself among five or six infuriated gentlemen, two or three of whom walk backward before you, and all talking at the pitch which is necessary to drown the deepening hiss of the escape-valve and each other's voices. If you attempt to reason, you have no sooner satisfied the aforesaid six that your route, your baggage, and your choice of an hotel, are matters in which they cannot be of the slightest assistance to you, than six more take their places, who must be satisfied as well; and so on in the same order. If you resolutely shut your lips, silence is taken for consent; your baggage is seized, and disappears before you have recovered from your amazement; and your only course is to follow the most importunate of your remaining five persecutors to an hotel, advertise in the next morning's paper for your portmanteau, and wait in Albany till it returns from Canada or Lake Erie, or till you are reconciled to its loss.

One of the most amusing scenes in the world, if it were not so distressing, is to see a large family of rather respectable emigrants landed by the steamer in Albany. It is their first step inland; and with all the confidence of those who are accustomed to countries where a man's person and property are outwardly respected, they yield their children and baggage to the persuasive gentlemen who assure them that all is right; and if a passing wonder crosses the mind of the sufferer, that his route should be so immediately comprehended by a perfect stranger, it is chased away the next moment by his surprise at the scene of bustle and confusion. At the end of five minutes the crowd thins a little, and he looks

* Virtue, London.

about for his family and effects. A stage-coach is dashing off at top-speed in one direction, with his eldest daughter stretching out of the window, and crying in vain that there is some mistake; his two youngest are on board a steam-boat just off from the pier, and bound eight miles farther up the river: the respectable part of his baggage has entirely disappeared; and nothing but his decrepit grandmother and the paternal bedstead (both indebted for their escape to being deaf, and not portable) remain of his family and chattels. For his comfort, the gentry around inform him that his children may be got back in a day or two, and he may find his baggage somewhere on his route to the west—offering, for a consideration not very trifling, to send off an express for either one or the other."

The singular town of New Haven, the seat of Yale College, in Connecticut, is thus depicted:—"The area occupied by the town of New Haven is estimated to be six times as great as that of a European town with the same number of inhabitants. It was originally laid out in parallelograms, and the houses are built upon the outer sides of the squares, with large gardens meeting in the centre. Almost every house stands separate, and surrounded by shrubbery and verdure; and it is the great peculiarity of the town, that all its streets are planted with rows of elms, grown at this day to remarkable size and luxuriance. It has the appearance of a town roofed in with leaves; and it is commonly said, that, but for the spires, a bird flying over would scarce be aware of its existence. Nothing could be more beautiful than the effect of this in the streets; for, standing where any of the principal avenues cross at right angles, four embowered aisles extend away as far as the eye can follow, formed of the straight stems and graceful branches of the drooping elm, the most elegant and noble of the trees of our country. The roads below are kept moist and cool with the roof overhead; the side-walks, between the trees and the rural dwellings, are broad and shady; the small gardens in front of most of the houses are bright with flowering shrubs; and the whole scene, though in the midst of a city, breathes of nature."

The style of domestic architecture in New Haven favours the rural character of the town. Built, as was remarked before, in the midst of a garden, each house looks like what would be termed in England a cottage, or, in streets where a more ambitious style prevails, like the sort of white villa common at watering-places. The green Venetian blind is universal; the broad open hall extends through the house, showing the gay alley of a garden in the rear; and, living in the midst of a primitive and friendly community, the inhabitants sit at their low windows along the street, or promenade, without fear of rude observation, on the shady pavement before their dwellings, preserving for the place altogether that look of out-of-doors life and gaiety which, with less elegance, distinguishes Naples and other cities of southern Europe. The prettiest of English rural towns have a general resemblance to it."

Although Mr Willis acknowledges that little interest is attached in America to the scenes of remarkable events, the eager youthful spirit of the nation pressing quickly over and obliterating the traces of the past, he overlooks no remarkable incident or crisis of affairs connected with the localities which fall under his notice. Many incidents of the war of independence in city, as well as in country, are thus adverted to. A number of legends respecting the hostilities between the early settlers and the native Indians are also given, the balance of barbarity being by no means on the side of the latter. The following is one of this class of legends, which Mr Willis extracts from a work entitled "The New Mirror for Travellers":—

"Little more than a century ago, the beautiful region watered by this stream [a rivulet called Murderer's Creek,] was possessed by a small tribe of Indians, which has long since become extinct, or been incorporated with some other savage nation of the West. Three or four hundred yards from where the stream discharges itself into the Hudson, a white family, of the name of Stacey, had established itself in a log-house, by tacit permission of the tribe, to whom Stacey had made himself useful by his skill in a variety of little arts highly estimated by the savages. In particular, a friendship existed between him and an old Indian called Naoman, who often came to his house and partook of his hospitality. The Indians never forgive injuries or forget benefits. The family consisted of Stacey, his wife, and two children, a boy and girl, the former five, the latter three years old."

The legend goes on to say, that Naoman, in grateful friendship, gave the wife of Stacey a secret warning that a massacre of the whites was resolved on, exacting from her a solemn pledge of secrecy, and advising instant escape across the river.

"The daily visits of old Naoman, and his more than ordinary gravity, had excited suspicion in some of the tribe, who had accordingly paid particular attention to the movements of Stacey. One of the young Indians, who had kept on the watch, seeing the whole family about to take their boat, ran to the little Indian village, about a mile off, and gave the alarm. Five Indians collected, ran down to the river side, where their canoes were moored, jumped in, and paddled after Stacey, who by this time had got some distance out into the stream. They gained on him so fast, that twice he dropped his paddle, and took up his gun. But his wife prevented his shooting, by telling him, that if he fired, and they were afterwards overtaken, they would meet no mercy from the Indians. He accordingly refrained,

and plied his paddle, till the sweat rolled in big drops down his forehead. All would not do; they were overtaken within a hundred yards of the shore, and carried back with shouts of yelling triumph.

When they got ashore, the Indians set fire to Stacey's house, and dragged himself, his wife, and children, to their village. Here the principal old men, and Naoman among the rest, assembled to deliberate on the affair. The chief among them stated that some one of the tribe had undoubtedly been guilty of treason, in apprising Stacey, the white man, of the designs of the tribe, whereby they took the alarm, and had well nigh escaped. He proposed to examine the prisoners as to who gave the information. The old men assented to this, and Naoman among the rest. Stacey was first interrogated by one of the old men, who spoke English, and interpreted to the others. Stacey refused to betray his informant. His wife was then questioned, while at the same moment two Indians stood threatening the two children with tomahawks in case she did not confess. She attempted to evade the truth, by declaring she had a dream the night before which had alarmed her, and that she had persuaded her husband to fly. 'The Great Spirit never deigns to talk in dreams to a white face,' said the old Indian: 'woman! thou hast two tongues and two faces: speak the truth, or thy children shall surely die.' The little boy and girl were then brought close to her, and the two savages stood over them, ready to execute their bloody orders.

'Wilt thou name,' said the old Indian, 'the red man who betrayed his tribe? I will ask thee three times.' The mother answered not. 'Wilt thou name the traitor? This is the second time.' The poor mother looked at her husband, and then at her children, and stole a glance at Naoman, who sat smoking his pipe with invincible gravity. She wrung her hands and wept, but remained silent. 'Wilt thou name the traitor? 'Tis the third and last time.' The agony of the mother waxed more bitter; again she sought the eye of Naoman, but it was cold and motionless. A pause of a moment awaited her reply, and the next moment the tomahawks were raised over the heads of the children, who besought their mother not to let them be murdered.

'Stop!' cried Naoman. All eyes were turned upon him. 'Stop!' repeated he in a tone of authority. 'White woman, thou hast kept thy word with me to the last moment. I am the traitor. I have eaten of the salt, warmed myself at the fire, shared the kindness of these Christian white people, and it was I that told them of their danger. I am a withered, leafless, branchless trunk; cut me down if you will. I am ready.' A yell of indignation sounded on all sides. Naoman descended from the little bank where he sat, shrouded his face with his mantle of skins, and submitted to his fate. He fell dead at the feet of the white woman by a blow of the tomahawk."

We conclude with a whimsical description of Congress Hall, the principal hotel used by the New England fashionables who flock to the salt springs of Saratoga. "It is an immense wooden caravanserai, with no pretensions to architecture beyond what is seen in the drawing, and built with the sole view of affording the average accommodations of packed herrings to an indefinite number of persons. The roominess and liberal proportions of the Colonnade are one of those lies of architecture common to the hotels of this country. The traveller passes from the magnificent promise of the outside, to a chamber ten feet by four, situated in a remote gallery, visited once a-day by the 'boots' and chambermaid. His bed, chair, and washstand, resemble those articles as seen in penitentiaries; and if he chance to be ill at night, he might die like a Pagan, 'without bell or candle.' The arrangements of the house are, of necessity, entirely gregarious. A bell rings at half-past seven in the morning, at which every body who intends to breakfast, must get up; another bell at eight, to the call of which, if he prefers hot omelette to cold, he must be punctual. Dinner and tea exact the same promptitude; and the latter, which in other countries is a thing of no circumstance or importance, becomes, where you dine at two, a meal not willingly missed. 'Tea' is at six or half-past, and consists of cold meats, hot rolls, Indian cakes, all other kinds of cakes, all kinds of berries, pies, sweetmeats, and jellies, coffee and tea. This is not a matter to be slighted after a fast of four hours; and home hurry beaux and belles from their abbreviated drives, with a loss of sentiment and sunset, and with profit to the keepers of stables, who let their horses 'by the afternoon.'

After tea, the gentlemen who dressed for dinner and 'undressed' for their drive, dress once more for the evening, and the spacious Colonnade is thronged with the five hundred guests of the house, who pace to and fro for an hour, or, if it is a ball night, till the black band have made an orchestra of the tables in the dining-room, and struck up 'Hail, Columbia!' A hoop, bound with evergreens, and stuck full of candles, hangs in the centre of the hall (*ci-devant* dining-room); an audience of all the negroes in the establishment sweetens the breath of heaven as it steals in at the windows; and, as the triumphant music returns a second time to the refrain, the lady patroness enters on the arm of the gentleman who has the most stock in the bank, followed in couples by all the gentlemen and ladies who intend to dance or play wall-flower. The black musicians 'vex their instruments,' and keep time with their heads and heels, as if all their extremities had been hired; the beaux who were interrupted in their declamations by the last *chassé* (if they wish to go on with it), lead out their partners to take the air and a cold—

perhaps a heart—on the Colonnade; and at eleven, champagne goes round for the ladies, and the gentlemen take 'summat to drink' at 'the bar;' after which the candles burn brighter, and every body is much more agreeable."

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

PAINTING BY THE ACTION OF LIGHT.

It has long been known that a surface covered by the nitrate of silver became black when exposed to the light, and that, when light fell in different degrees of intensity on this surface, the blackness was produced with various degrees of rapidity, or, what was the same thing, in different degrees of depth, in proportion as the light fell strongly on those parts or not. Many years ago, Mr Wedgwood, the celebrated improver of pottery, and Sir Humphry Davy, made experiments with a view to turn these chemical facts to account in causing objects to *paint themselves*, for they rightly calculated that the rays of light proceeding from any object would affect such a surface as is described, differently, according as they proceeded from light or dark parts of the object, and would thus produce an effect on the prepared surface not unlike the lights and shades of a common drawing, and which would be in reality a picture or representation of the object. Various difficulties caused these gentlemen in the long-run to abandon their design, but it has lately been revived with success by Mr Henry Fox Talbot, F.R.S., and contemporaneously, as it happens, by a Frenchman named Daguerre. The invention of the latter individual was expounded by M. Arago to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, on the 8th of January last, without particularising the chemical substances employed. Mr Talbot's experiments were immediately after detailed to the Royal Society in London, without any attempt to conceal the nature of the processes. From the explanations presented on this occasion by Mr Talbot, we are enabled to lay the following account of Photogenic Drawing, as it is called, before our readers.

Mr Talbot commenced his experiments in the spring of 1834, in ignorance, as he informs us, that anything of the kind had been attempted before. He at first expected that, if he should succeed in causing light to impress pictures on prepared surfaces, he should be obliged to keep them immured in a portfolio, and look at them only by candle-light, as any exposure of them to the sun's light would for certain, unless somehow prevented, cause the surface to be speedily blackened all over uniformly, by which the picture would of course be obliterated. In time, however, Mr Talbot discovered a method by which, when the drawing was effected, he could render the paper insusceptible of any further action from the light, so that the drawing might be considered as fixed. Without following him through the various steps by which he finally arrived at the present stage of the invention, we may mention that he prepares his paper in the following manner. Having selected it of a firm quality and smooth surface, he dips it in a weak solution of common salt, dries it, and then spreads its surface with nitrate of silver, which he dries at a fire. Afterwards, he washes it alternately for a considerable number of times with saline water and a solution of silver, by which process the sensibility of the paper is increased. The paper is presented to the object by means of a camera obscura, and the time usually required for producing the effect is about a quarter of an hour. When finished, he washes the picture with a weak solution of iodide of potassium, which, transforming the former preparation into an iodide of silver, renders it thenceforth "absolutely unalterable by sunshine." The same effect may be produced in a simpler way by giving the picture one more washing in dissolved salt; for, strange to say, the same solution which formerly increased the sensibility of the paper, now destroys it.

The images obtained are white, but the ground on which they display themselves is variously and pleasingly coloured. As far as we can judge from a not very clear description, the effect is like that of certain stone-ware, in which the whole ground is blue, and the figures are produced by open or white lines. The various grounds producible are sky-blue, yellow, rose-tint, brown, and black: green, contrary to what might have been expected, has not been obtained. To quote Mr Talbot's own words, "The first kind of objects which I attempted to copy by this process were flowers and leaves, either fresh or selected from my herbarium. These it renders with the utmost truth and fidelity, exhibiting even the venation of the leaves, the minute hairs that clothed the plant, &c. &c."

It is so natural to associate the idea of *labour* with great complexity and elaborate detail of execution, that one is more struck at seeing the thousand florets of an *Agrostis* depicted with all its capillary branchlets (and so accurately that none of all this multitude shall want its little bivalve calyx, requiring to be examined through a lens), than one is by the picture of the large and simple leaf of an oak or a chestnut. But in truth the difficulty is in both cases the same. The one of these takes no more time to execute than the other; for the object which would take the most skilful artists days or weeks of labour to trace or to copy, is effected by the boundless powers of natural chemistry in the space of a few seconds. To give an idea of the degree of accuracy with which some objects can be imitated by this process, I need only mention one instance. Upon one occasion, having made an image of a piece of lace of an elaborate pattern, I showed it to some persons at the distance of a few feet, with the inquiry, whether it was a good representation? when the reply was, "That they were not so easily to be deceived, for that it was evidently no picture, but the piece of lace itself."

He proceeds to speak of what he calls *The Art of Fixing a Shadow*. "The phenomenon which I have now briefly mentioned, appears to me to partake of the character of the *marvellous*, almost as much as any fact which physical investigation has yet brought to our knowledge. The most transitory of things, a shadow, the proverbial emblem of all that is fleeting and momentary, may be fettered by the spells of our 'natural magic,' and may be fixed for ever in the position which it seemed only destined for a single instant to occupy. This remarkable phenomenon, of whatever value it may turn out in its application to the arts, will at least be accepted as a new proof of the value of the inductive methods of modern science, which, by noticing the occurrence of unusual circumstances (which accident perhaps first manifests in some small degree), and by following them up with experiments, and varying the conditions of these until the true law of nature which they express is apprehended, conducts us at length to consequences altogether unexpected, remote from usual experience, and contrary to almost universal belief. Such is the fact, that we may receive on paper the fleeting shadow, arrest it there, and in the space of a single minute fix it there so firmly as to be no more capable of change, even if thrown back into the sunbeam from which it derived its origin."

In the paper which we are quoting, Mr Talbot details the purposes to which he has applied his method with success. It appears to be suitable for the copying of stained glass, for the representation of minute objects through the intervention of the solar microscope, for the copying of engravings and sculptures, and in general for representing natural and artificial objects—the only failures occurring, we believe, where the object is not quite at rest. The account of his first experiments with the camera obscura in the representation of scenery, is extremely interesting:—"Not having with me in the country a camera obscura of any considerable size, I constructed one out of a large box, the image being thrown upon one end of it by a good object-glass fixed in the opposite end. This apparatus being armed with a sensitive paper, was taken out in a summer afternoon, and placed about one hundred yards from a building favourably illuminated by the sun. An hour or two afterwards, I opened the box, and I found depicted upon the paper a very distinct representation of the building, with the exception of those parts of it which lay in the shade. A little experience in this branch of the art showed me that with smaller camera obscuræ the effect would be produced in a shorter time. Accordingly, I had several small boxes made, in which I fixed lenses of shorter focus, and with these I obtained very perfect but extremely small pictures: such as, without great stretch of imagination, might be supposed to be the work of some Lilliputian artist. They require indeed examination with a lens to discover all their minutiae. In the summer of 1835, I made in this way a great number of representations of my house in the country, which is well suited to the purpose, from its ancient and remarkable architecture. And this building I believe to be the first that was ever yet known to have drawn its own picture. The method of proceeding was this: Having first adjusted the paper to the proper focus in each of these little camera, I then took a number of them with me out of door, and placed them in different situations around the building. After the lapse of half an hour, I gathered them all up, and brought them within doors to open them. When opened, there was found in each a miniature picture of the objects before which it had been placed. To the traveller in distant lands who is ignorant, as too many unfortunately are, of the art of drawing, this little invention may prove of real service; and even to the artist himself, however skilful he may be. For although this natural process does not produce an effect much resembling the productions of his pencil, and therefore cannot be considered as capable of replacing them, yet it is to be recollected that he may often be so situated as to be able to devote only a single hour to the delineation of some very interesting locality. Now, since nothing prevents him from simultaneously disposing, in different positions, any number of these little camera, it is evident that their collective results, when examined afterwards, may furnish him with a large body of interesting memorials, and with numerous details which he had not had himself time either to note down or to delineate."

In thus presenting an account of Mr Talbot's invention, our sole object is to acquaint our readers with what appears a very wonderful discovery. That it will ultimately be found to answer all the contemplated ends, or add any thing to the triumphs of imitative art, is more than we are prepared to certify. This, time and further experiment alone can try.

HOSPICE OF THE GREAT ST BERNARD.

THIS conventual establishment, famous in the annals of continental travelling, is situated on the mountain of the Great St Bernard, in the alpine regions of Switzerland. The Hospice stands at the very highest point of a great pass, connecting Italy and the Valais, and renowned as the route by which Napoleon carried his legions to the field of Marengo, and the conquest of Italy. The height of this pass above the level of the sea, at the point where the Hospice is placed, is 1275 toises, or 7542 French feet, according to Saussure. The spot is thus the highest inhabited ground in Europe. The route is wild and precipitous in the most extreme degree, and is covered and enveloped by perpetual snows. Travelling is therefore very hazardous, and in particular during the seasons of winter and spring, at which latter period the avalanches fall with terrible frequency, through the partial loosening of the snow. Yet the pass of the Great St Bernard is much frequented, as it saves an immense round-about to those journeying between Italy and the Valais. Nor are travellers deterred by the fact that scarcely one winter passes without lives being lost in the pass. And many more would be periodically sacrificed, but for the existence of the noble establishment which we are about to describe, the Hospice of the Great St Bernard.

At what time the convent known by this name was originally founded, is not satisfactorily known. The most credible account represents the establishment as having been at first a sort of post for the protection of travellers from the predatory bands infesting the pass. Subsequently, it fell under the charge of a body of monks of the order of St Augustine, who took upon themselves the task of relieving the wants of travellers, and aiding them to escape the dangers with which nature has encompassed the route. That it might fulfil these objects effectually, the establishment was liberally endowed with lands and revenues to defray its expenses. In the course of time, the greater part of these funds were withdrawn, and at the present day the Hospice enjoys only some petty rents in the Valais, being indebted for support otherwise, chiefly to charitable contributions from various parts of Catholic Europe. The same monastic brotherhood still retains the charge of the Hospice. It is a large lengthy building, very irregular in its construction, and in any other situation would be held gloomy in appearance; but rising, as it does, in the midst of a wintry solitude, its view is to travellers the most cheering that can be well imagined. The ordinary purposes of the establishment, as it has been long conducted, are simply those of an inn, but an inn where the entertainer receives and cherishes his guests gratuitously. On this footing are received all travellers whatever, whom business, curiosity, or pleasure, may lead across the pass of the Great St Bernard. "Here (says a visitor to the Hospice) rich and poor, Jews, Pagans, and Christians, persons of all ages, sexes, sorts, and conditions, are received with a kindness and courtesy which know no distinctions; their wants are supplied, and their sufferings are assuaged; no prying questions are asked, no remuneration is demanded, none is (individually) accepted. In a corner of the little chapel stands a box, into which those who can afford it, and who please to do so, may drop their contributions for the support of this admirable institution; but no hint is given, not even is the existence of the box indicated to the guest; if he finds it out and contributes, the act is entirely voluntary."

In this manner is the passing traveller entertained at this hospitable resting-place amid the alpine snows. The duties of the establishment are performed by ten or twelve individuals, who are regular canons of the order of St Augustine. In all, the *religieux* of St Bernard amount in number to between twenty and thirty, but of these a portion are always absent on missions or other duties, while others reside temporarily at Martigny, a town at the base of the mountain, where there is a house belonging to the fraternity. The principal functionaries are the provost, or superior; the prior; the sacristan, who has charge of the chapel; the steward; the cellarer, or purveyor; and the hospitaller, who superintends the infirmary. Almost all the brethren resident at the Hospice are young men, the climate being too severe for persons advanced in life. On this account, the provost, usually an old man who has spent the best part of his days in serving the order, is privileged to remain at Martigny, visiting the Hospice only once a-year, on the festival of St Bernard, to hold a chapter for the examination of novices. The prior for the most part resides, as acting superior, at the Hospice. A noviciate of one year is the course preparatory to admission as canons; but even to be received as a novice requires in the party a good education, a fair character, and a respectable standing in society. It is highly to the honour of these regions that men should be found ready to devote their lives thus to acts of charity, as well as to the continued endurance of no ordinary hardships and privations. Independently of incidental sufferings, the residents

at the Hospice are much afflicted with pains in the head, eyes, and ears, as well as with indigestion; evils arising from the elevated atmosphere around them, and from the want of proper exercise for a great part of the year. The habits of the brotherhood are simple and regular. They rise early, breakfast at seven, dine at one, and sup at seven. The rest of their time is spent in devotion, or in cultivating the elegant accomplishments of drawing and music; while some of them, again, love to wander abroad, when the weather is favourable, and amuse themselves by examining the botanical or mineralogical features of the precipitous country around. Towards their guests, who are much more numerous in summer than one would readily imagine, the fraternity conduct themselves with the utmost courtesy and kindness. They converse frankly, and often surprise visitors by the exhibition of minds abounding as well in natural genius as in acquired information. To their lady-visitors, who often appear in considerable bands at the Hospice, the residents are most laudably attentive, and indeed have fitted up a saloon, for their especial use, in a most tasteful manner. This was rendered somewhat necessary by a rule of the order, which forbids the entrance of females into the refectory of the building. So much have many lady-visitors been gratified by the entertainment given to them by the brethren of the Hospice, that numerous little presents have been left or sent in consequence, most of which now adorn the walls and tables of the saloon. One is in the respectable form of a piano-forte. The provisions of the convent are usually brought from Martigny, which can be reached on mules in ten or twelve hours. A garden also furnishes various necessities in summer.

Such is the character of the residents of the Hospice, as well as of the ordinary duties which they cheerfully perform. But they are often summoned to give assistance in cases of greater emergency than those of merely wearied travellers, and they show an equal readiness to answer the summons. In the winter and spring—that is, from November till May—they hold a perpetual watch for travellers endangered in the pass by snow-storms or avalanches. Every day about noon, an active and experienced servant of the Hospice, called the *Marronnier*, leaves the convent and goes about three miles down the pass to a spot where there is a small sheltered cot. In the neighbourhood of this there is an eminence, commanding an extensive view of the pass. The *Marronnier* ascends this height, and calls as loudly as he can. If his experienced eye and ear meet no reply, he returns to his shelter, but re-ascends in a short time, and again makes his voice ring among the rocks. This process he repeats until the hour comes when he has to return to the convent to prevent the monks becoming alarmed about himself. In this expedition, the *Marronnier* is provided with wine and other restoratives in a basket, which basket is borne by a faithful and docile companion, a dog. The dogs of the Hospice have acquired great celebrity for their sagacity. They are usually of great size, of a dark brown colour, with shaggy coats, and very gentle in temper. They are remarkably quick in comprehending the wishes of their masters, whether expressed by signal or word, and they bark at command. As their bay is loud and deep, their value is great in this respect alone, from their directing wanderers to any given spot, or informing them of aid at hand. With one of these fine animals to bear him company, the *Marronnier* performs his duties. If he finds any straggling traveller, he either brings him to the convent, or leaves him in the sheltered hut, and goes for assistance. Should the *Marronnier* not return at the wonted time, the monks then know that either he himself requires help, or that he has fallen in with others who do, and a party immediately sets out to render it, taking with them the other dogs of the Hospice, which seldom in all exceed four in number. The principal use of these creatures lies in their marvellous ability to keep the track, however deep the snow may be. They have also a strong scent, which leads them to the discovery of human bodies. Under the guidance of these dogs, the monks set out to give their help to the *Marronnier*, whether he individually, or others, may be the party requiring it. If they find straggling, but still living travellers, the monks supply them with the necessary restoratives, and get them conveyed to the convent. If dead bodies, as is but too often the case, are the objects discovered, these are placed in a small shed with grated windows, near the hut of the *Marronnier*; and there they lie, until recognised and claimed by friends. From the low temperature of the region, bodies will remain here without decay for a whole year.

Of course, the fraternity of the Hospice do not give up as lost the unfortunates whom they find in the snow, without the liberal use of all possible remedies to revive them, and in the application of such means their experience has made them remarkably skilful. To attempt the sudden restoration of heat in such cases, it is well known, is a fatal step. The monks use friction with snow and ice-water in the cases that fall under their charge, and their practice is attended with much success. The number of persons whom they rescue annually from the brink of destruction is very great, and as most of these are poor persons who have attempted to traverse the pass without guides, *gratitude* is the only return in general made to the fraternity for such services. "This the monks know well," says the visitor already quoted; "yet their humanity is unabated, and their efforts

unrelaxed. When the rank and circumstances of those who enter this order, voluntarily to embrace poverty and privations, to encounter the dangers and terrors to which they must be exposed in the exercise of their duties, and to brave a climate so rigid and ungenial, that even the hardest constitutions cannot long withstand its severities—when these things are considered, it is impossible to conceive that any thing but the most exalted sense of duty, and the most enthusiastic and chivalrous devotion to the cause of humanity, could dictate a choice of life so full of hardships, and so destitute of attractions." The fraternity, it ought to be mentioned, keep watch on both sides of the mountain. A Maronnier descends regularly on the side of the Valais, as well as on the Italian side, and travellers are preserved from danger, from whatever quarter they may ascend. By the wealthier orders, the ascent is usually accomplished on mules accustomed to the journey. Yet, even with guides and every other provision that can be made, the drifting and falling of snow, as well as the sinking of avalanches—large enough sometimes to fill up whole valleys—the pass is for a great part of the year a dangerous route to all.

The road over the Simplon, in the same alpine ranges, is one of the real benefits that Napoleon conferred on mankind, during his extraordinary career. He also planned a road over the Great St Bernard, and, but for his sudden fall, would have executed it in all probability. Many anecdotes are preserved relative to his famous passage on this way with his troops. Napoleon talked familiarly with the guide who attended him personally on the route, and learnt from the man that the passage of the army had disturbed all the ordinary business of the district, and had prevented himself from building a house which he had begun. Though desired by Napoleon not to go home without seeing him, the man was afraid of being impressed into permanent service, and took leave of the army secretly. Five years afterwards, a messenger came in quest of the same guide, and paid, by orders of Bonaparte, the whole expenses attending the erection of the house alluded to. Considering the multiplicity of Napoleon's affairs, this act was more extraordinary as an exertion of memory, than on account of its munificence. Another memorial of the grand army's passage over the Great St Bernard is to be found in the monument erected to Desaix by his friend and chief, and which stands in the chapel of the Hospice. Most readers will remember that it was to Desaix that Napoleon owed the all-important victory of Marengo.

Enough has now been said to give the reader an idea of the character and objects of this excellent institution. The philanthropy and generous devotion of its residents well deserve, indeed, that in all quarters of the civilised world men should hold in honourable remembrance the Hospice of the Great St Bernard.

ADVANCEMENT OF EDUCATION IN GREECE.

It is very pleasing to know that in Athens—the true Athens in Greece—now in the course of regeneration, education is going on prosperously, or has, at least, begun to advance with spirit and every appearance of success. A few particulars of this improvement in the social condition of the modern Athenians, are given by Mr Stephens, an American, in his recently published work, "Incidents of Travel." According to him, the principal agent in putting this great power in operation, has been an Episcopal missionary from the United States, of the name of Hill; and we can well understand Mr Stephens's feelings, when he speaks of the proud satisfaction it gave him to find, "that, in the city which surpassed all the world in learning, where Socrates and Plato and Aristotle taught, the only door of instruction was that opened by the hands of American citizens, and an American missionary was the only schoolmaster." In 1831, Mr Hill first established himself with his family in Athens, bringing printing-presses with him, and other auxiliaries for his purpose. The people of the United States having sent provisions to Greece in a very critical moment of the late struggle, the missionary found the Athenians favourably disposed towards him and the objects he had in view. He opened a school for boys, while Mrs Hill took charge of another for girls, professing to give secular instruction only, or at least avoiding, in their religious instructions, all points calculated to excite the prejudices of the Greeks. The school, at the time of Mr Stephens's visit, numbered not less than five hundred pupils. "The boys' school (says he) is divided into three departments, the lowest under charge of a Greek qualified on the Lancasterian system. They were of all ages, from three to eighteen; and, as Mr Hill told me, most of them had been half clad, dirty, ragged little urchins, who, before they were put to their A, B, C, or rather their Alpha, Beta, Gamma, Delta, had to be thoroughly washed, rubbed, scrubbed, doctored, and dressed, and, but for the school, would now perhaps be prowling vagabonds in the streets of Athens, or training for robbery in the mountains. They were a body of fine-looking boys, possessing, as Mr Hill told me, in an extraordinary degree, all that liveliness of imagination, that curiosity and eagerness after knowledge, which distinguished the Greeks of old, retaining,

under centuries of dreadful oppression, the recollection of the greatness of their fathers, and, what was particularly interesting, many of them bearing the great names so familiar in Grecian history; I shook hands with a little Miltiades, Leonidas, Aristides, &c., in features and apparent intelligence worthy descendants of the immortal men whose names they bear. And there was one who startled me; he was the son of the Maid of Athens (celebrated by Byron)! To me the Maid of Athens was almost an imaginary being, something fanciful, a creation of the brain, and not a corporeal substance, to have a little urchin of a boy. But so it was. The Maid of Athens is married. She had a right to marry, no doubt; and it is said that there is poetry in married life, and, doubtless, she is a much more interesting person now than the Maid of Athens at thirty-six could be.

The principal and most interesting part of this missionary school was the female department, under the direction of Mrs Hill, the first, and, except at Syra, the only school for females in all Greece, and particularly interesting to me from the fact that it owed its existence to the active benevolence of my own countrywoman. At the close of the Greek revolution, female education was a thing entirely unknown in Greece, and the women of all classes were in a most deplorable state of ignorance. When the strong feeling that ran through our country in favour of this struggling people had subsided, and Greece was freed from the yoke of the Mussulman, an association of ladies in the little town of Troy, perhaps instigated somewhat by an inherent love of power and extended rule, and knowing the influence of their sex in a cultivated state of society, formed the project of establishing at Athens a school exclusively for the education of females; and, humble and unpretending as was its commencement, it is becoming a more powerful instrument in the civilisation and moral and religious improvement of Greece, than all that European diplomacy has ever done for her. The girls were distributed in different classes, according to their age and advancement: they had clean faces and hands, a rare thing with Greek children, and were neatly dressed, many of them wearing frocks made by ladies at home (probably at some of our sewing societies); and some of them had attained such an age, and had such fine, dark, rolling eyes as to make even a northern temperament feel the powerful influence they would soon exercise over the rising, excitable generation of Greeks, and almost make him bless the hands that were directing that influence aright.

Before we went away the whole school rose at once, and gave us a glorious finale with a Greek hymn. In a short time these girls will grow up into women, and return to their several families; others will succeed them, and again go out, and every year hundreds will distribute themselves in the cities, and among the fastnesses of the mountains, to exercise over their fathers, and brothers, and lovers, the influence of the education acquired here; instructed in all the arts of woman in civilised domestic life, firmly grounded in the principles of morality, and of purified religion. I have seen much of the missionary labours in the East, but I do not know an institution which promises so surely the happiest results. If the women are educated, the men cannot remain ignorant."

It is pleasant to think that the people in power, and above all the king himself, should be fully sensible of the benefits likely to accrue to the whole land from this excellent seminary. The ex-secretary Rigos, after examining the female school, pointed with his hand to the Parthenon, and said with deep emotion to Mrs Hill, "Lady, you are erecting in Athens a monument more enduring and more noble than yonder temple!" Otho was "so deeply impressed with the value of the same institution (says our traveller), that, a short time before my arrival, he proposed that Mr Hill should take into his house girls from different districts, and educate them as teachers, with the view of sending them back to their districts, there to organise new schools, and carry out the great work of female education." Mr Hill acceded to the royal proposition, though it had not then been acted upon; but, long after Mr Stephens had left Greece, he received a letter from Mr Hill, in which that gentleman announced that he had then about forty persons residing with him, of whom thirty-five were Greeks, and the greater part Greek girls from various districts, all undergoing a proper training for becoming instructresses of youth in their native regions. Mr Hill had already sent out several individuals on the task of instruction, and had the most promising prospect of success from their labours.

Thus, as Greece is a country neither of very great extent nor population, there is every reason to hope that, during the lives of the rising generation, a great degree of enlightenment will have spread throughout the land. The government, however, is poor, and cannot do much to further the cause; and the greater is the merit, therefore, of the strangers who are thus philanthropically dedicating their lives to the welfare of Greece. Otho is an amiable well-intentioned youth, according to every account; though candour compels us to say that he appears to possess a truly regal spirit of profusion, being engaged in building a palace of white Pentelican marble, which is to cost three hundred thousand pounds, the whole sum in his treasury being, at the same time, something less than ten thousand. Poor as Otho's court is, the Bavarians flock to it, nevertheless, as to the land of promise; and upon

the score of their national relationship with the monarch, they take it upon themselves to lord it rather oppressively over the Greek population. Mr Stephens was an eye and ear witness of things which made him conclude that the score which the Bavarians were running up would be paid off by the Greeks in blood some day. After the high promise held out, however, in educational matters, we hope that Greece will gradually become averse to bloodshed, and that no more of her own gore or that of others will for centuries wet her regenerated plains.

HYSLOP OF GLENMANNOW.

At the head of a romantic glen in the parish of Penpont, Dumfriesshire, there resided, in the early part of the last century, an individual of the name of John Hyslop, otherwise called Glenmannow, which was the designation of a sheep-farm rented by him from the Duke of Queensberry. His almost superhuman strength of body made Glenmannow a subject of constant wonder and discourse throughout his native district, and to this hour his feats are remembered and recounted there with pride and astonishment. His appearance indicated his great physical powers, his person being of an uncommonly massive build, and about six feet in height. He was very averse to making displays of his strength, particularly where these might be injurious to others. His modesty and good nature were proverbial, and it was only when repeated provocations had overcome his patience, that his strength became a source of terror to those around. The Duke (James) of Queensberry used sometimes to put the prowess of his tenant to the proof. On one occasion he sent a party of six stout grenadiers to billet on Glenmannow, giving them a hint to behave roughly. Confident in the belief that a single man would never venture to beard them, the grenadiers used their licence freely, but narrowly escaped with their lives in consequence, being pursued to the very gates of Drumlanrig Castle by the excited Glenmannow, with the pole or *tram* of a cart upon his shoulder.

Another feat of Glenmannow is recorded in the Dumfries Magazine, from the pages of which we extract these particulars respecting this athletic countryman. "Duke James of Queensberry, like others of our nobility and gentry, resided during a part of the year in London; and on one of his visits to the metropolis, he and a party of friends happened to have a match at discus, or, as it is more commonly called, 'putting the stone.' Several attempts happened to be of the party, who boasted much of their superior strength and adroitness, and after making one of their best throws, offered to stake a large sum that not one of their companions knew of, or could find, a person to match it. 'The throw is certainly a good one,' said the Duke of Queensberry, 'yet I think it were easy to find many champions of sufficient nerve to show us a much better. I myself have a homely unpractised herdsman in Scotland, on whose head I will stake the sum you mention, that he throws the quoit fully two yards over the best of you. 'Done! produce your man,' was the reply of all; and the duke accordingly lost no time in dispatching a letter to one of his servants at Drumlanrig, ordering him to set out immediately on its receipt for Glenmannow, and to come with honest John Hyslop to London without delay. The duke's letter with Glenmannow was not less absolute than the rescript of an emperor. He wondered, but never thought of demurring, and without any further preparation than clothing himself in his Sunday's suit, and giving his wife a few charges about looking to the hill in his absence, he assumed his large staff, and departed with the servant for 'Lannum.'

On his arrival, the duke informed him of the purpose for which he had been sent, and desired that on the day and at the hour appointed, he should make his appearance along with one of his servants, who knew perfectly the back-streets and bye-lanes of London, and who, after he should have decided the bet, would conduct him immediately in safety from the ground, as it was not improbable that his appearance and performance might attract a crowd, and lead to unpleasant consequences. When the day arrived, the party assembled, and proceeded to the ground, where, to the duke's surprise, though not to his terror, his crafty opponents chose a spot directly in front of a high wall, and at such a distance that the best of their party should pitch the quoit exactly to the foot of it; so that their antagonist, to make good the duke's boast of 'two yards over them,' should be obliged to exceed them these two yards in height, instead of straightforward distance. This implied such an effort as amounted in their minds to a physical impossibility; and as the duke, from having neglected to specify the particular nature of the ground, could not legally object to this advantage, they looked upon the victory as already their own. The quoit chosen was a large ball of lead, and already had the champion of the party tossed it to the wall, and demanded of the duke to produce the man appointed to take it up. His grace's servant, who fully comprehended the instructions given him, entered at this crisis with the 'burly,' and, to them, uncouth Glenmannow. His appearance attracted no small notice, and even merriment, but the imperturbable object of it regarded the whole scene with the indifference peculiar to his character, and, with his mind fixed only upon the great end for which he was there, demanded to be shown the quoit, and the spots from which and to where it had been thrown. This demand was soon complied with; and while he assumed his station, with the quoit in his hand, the duke whispered in his ear the deception which had been practised, and urged him to exert his whole force in order to render it unavailing. 'Will you throw off your coat? It will give you more freedom,' said his grace in conclusion. 'My coat! Na, na; nae coats aff wi' me for this silly affair,' replied he. 'I thought it had been some terrible throw or other that these chaps had made, when I was ca'd for a' the way to Lannum to see to gang ayont them; but if this be a', I wadna hae mean'd ye to hae done't ye'red.' Then poising the ball for a little in his hand, and viewing it with an air of contempt, 'There!' said he, tossing it

carelessly from him into the air, 'he that likes may gang an' fetch it back.' The ball, as if shot from the mouth of a cannon, flew on in a straight line completely over the wall, and alighted on the roof of a house at some distance beyond it. Its weight and velocity forced it through the tiles; and with a crash which immediately caused the house to be evacuated by its inmates, it penetrated also the garret floor, and rolled upon that of the next story. A great hubbub ensued; but the servant knew his duty, and in a twinkling Glenmannow was no longer amongst them.

His grace, after paying for the damage done to the house, conducted the whole party to his residence, there to discharge their forfeit, and to gaze upon the prodigy by whom they were vanquished. Glenmannow was well rewarded for his trouble and loss of time in journeying to London, and, over and above the immediate bounty of his grace, he returned to his honest wife Mally with a discharge for one year's rent of the farm in his pocket."

M. DE LATOUR.

Or M. de Latour, painter to the king of France, the following amusing anecdotes are presented in the letter-press descriptions to "Kay's Edinburgh Portraits":—

"Admitted into the Royal Academy of Painting at the age of thirty-three, it was not long before he was called to court. His free and independent spirit, however, led him to refuse what most eagerly coveted. At length he submitted to the monarch's commands. The place in which Louis XV. chose to sit for his picture, was a tower surrounded with windows. 'What am I to do in this lantern?' said Latour: 'painting requires a single passage for the light.' 'I have chosen this retired place,' answered the king, 'that we may not be interrupted.' 'I did not know, sire,' replied the painter, 'that a king of France was not master of his own house.'

Louis XV. was much amused with the sallies of Latour, who sometimes carried them pretty far, as may be conceived from the following anecdote:—Being sent for to Versailles to paint the portrait of Madame de Pompadour, he answered, surlily, 'Tell Madame the Marchioness that I do not run about the town to paint.' Some friends, representing to him the impropriety of such a message, he promised to go to Versailles on a certain day, provided no one were permitted to interrupt him. On his arrival he repeated the condition, requesting leave to consider himself at home, that he might paint at his ease. This being granted, he took off his buckles, garters, and neckcloth, hung his wig upon a girandole, and put on a silk cap which he had in his pocket. In this dishabille he began his work, when presently the king entered. 'Did you not promise me, madame,' said the painter, rising and taking off his cap, 'that we should not be interrupted?' The king, laughing at his appearance and rebuke, pressed him to go on. 'It is impossible for me to obey your majesty,' answered he; 'I will return when the marchioness is alone.' With this he took up his buckles, garters, neckcloth, and perwig, and went into the next room to dress himself, muttering, as he went, that he did not like to be interrupted. The favourite of the king yielded to the painter's caprice, and the portrait was finished. It was a full length, as large as life, afterwards exhibited at the Louvre, and perhaps the greatest work of the kind ever executed.

M. de Latour painted all the royal family, and both court and city crowded to his closet. With an agreeable talent for conversation, just taste, a memory stored with extensive knowledge, and an excellent heart, he could not be destitute of friends. His house was resorted to by the most distinguished artists, philosophers, and literati, of the capital. Favoured by the sovereign, and by the heir-apparent, he was devoid of pride, and had the modesty twice to refuse the Order of St Michael.

In private, M. de Latour was a useful member of society, generous, and humane. The desire of making others happy was his predominant, or rather sole passion. Gratitude published, in spite of him, his numerous acts of benevolence, and his door was continually surrounded by the needy.

Amongst the useful establishments to which M. de Latour turned his thoughts, painting—the source of his fame, and in great measure of his fortune—particularly claimed his attention. He gave a sum (equal to four hundred guineas) to found an annual prize for the best piece of linear and aerial perspective alternately, to be adjudged by the Academy of Painting at Paris. Persuaded too of the benefits of good morals and useful arts, he founded an annual prize of twenty guineas, to be distributed by the Academy of Amiens to the most worthy action, or most useful discovery in the arts. He also founded and endowed two establishments: one for the support of indigent children—the other, an asylum for distressed age; and, at St Quentin, a free school for drawing.

Having enjoyed all the pleasures attached to celebrity in the capital, M. de Latour at length retired to the place of his nativity. His entrance into St Quentin resembled a triumph—a mark of respect to which, as the benefactor of mankind, as well as for his talents, he was justly entitled."

A SAVING OF FIVEPENCE A-DAY.

At a late meeting in Birmingham of a Total-Abstinence Society, the following statement was made by a working coach-painter, who was called on in his turn to speak on the subject of temperance. "He had made a few calculations, which he wished to communicate, with the view of showing the pecuniary benefit he had derived during the four years he had been a teetotal member. Previous to that time he had been in the practice of spending, on an average, in intoxicating drink, fivepence per day, or L.7, 12s. 1d. per annum, and which in four years would amount to L.30, 8s. 4d. He would now show how this sum had been expended during the four years he had abstained from all intoxicating drinks. First, it had enabled him to allow an aged father L.3, 5s. per an-

num towards his rent, or in the four years, L.13. Secondly, he had entered a benefit society, and paid one shilling and sevenpence per week, or L.4, 2s. 4d. per annum, or L.16, 9s. 4d. for the four years. For this payment he secured the following advantages, namely, in case of his being disabled from doing his accustomed work by illness or accident, the society will pay him eighteen shillings per week, until restored to health: in case of death, his widow or rightful heir is entitled to a bonus of L.9, besides half the amount paid into the society by the deceased up to the time of his death, with the interest due thereon. Thirdly, it left him four shillings and ninepence per annum, or nineteen shillings for the four years, to be expended in temperance publications. It might further be added, that when the sum of L.54 had been paid into the society's funds, no further payment would be required, and the contributor would be entitled to all the benefits before enumerated; medicine and medical attendance were included in the arrangement. His brother, a coach-smith, has pursued the same course for the same length of time, contributing to his aged father, and providing against a day of need.—Reader, how much may be done with fivepence a-day!

I MUST NOT LOVE.

[BY THE LATE ANDREW JOHNSTON.]

I must not love!—for envious Time
Its shoreless gulf between us throws;
As well might Lapland's snowy clime
Hold dalliance with the blushing rose.

I must not love!—for thou art fair,
And still that face but paints thy mind!
While I, disfigured by despair,
Own not one charm thy heart to bind.

I must not love!—for thou art dear,
Too dear to this impassioned heart;
No home have I thy life to cheer,
This bursting sigh proclaims, "We part!"

I must not love!—for I must toil,
Unloved, unprized, through life's scene;
My very heart's blood would recoil
To blend thy path with woes so keen.

I must not love!—for I have loved,
And felt that bitterness of fate—
To weep the loved one far removed
From life's unquenching cheerless state.

I must not love!—farewell! farewell!
Maid of my heart, my sister friend!
In vain I curb this passion-swell,
In thee I leave the world behind.

PROVOST DRUMMOND.

About seventy years ago, Provost Drummond was the chief magistrate of Edinburgh, and renowned for the benevolence of his disposition. He was one day coming into the town by the suburb called the West Port, when he saw a funeral procession leaving the door of a humble dwelling, and setting out for the churchyard. The only persons composing the funeral company were four poor-looking old men, seemingly common beggars, one at each end of a spoke, and none to relieve them; there was not a single attendant. The provost at once saw that it must be a beggar's funeral, and he therefore went forward to the old men, saying to them, "Since this poor creature now deceased has no friends to follow his remains to the grave, I will perform that melancholy office myself." He then took his place at the head of the coffin. They had not gone far till they met two gentlemen who were acquainted with the provost, and they asked him what he was doing there. He told them that he was going to the interment of a poor friendless mendicant, as he had none else to do it; so they turned and accompanied him. Others joined in the same manner, so that there was a respectable company at the grave. "Now," said the kind-hearted provost, "I will lay the old man's head in the grave," which he accordingly did, and afterwards saw the burial completed in a decent manner. When the solemnity was accomplished, he asked if the deceased had left a wife or family, and learned that he had left a wife, an old woman, in a state of perfect destitution. "Well, then, gentlemen," said the provost, addressing those around him, "we met in rather a singular manner, and we cannot part without doing something creditable for the benefit of the helpless widow; let each give a trifle, and I will take it upon me to see it administered to the best advantage." All immediately contributed some money, which made up a respectable sum, and was afterwards given in a fitting way to the poor woman; the provost also afterwards placed her in some way of doing, by which she was able to support herself without depending on public relief.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

The Boston Mercantile Journal gives the following remarkable case of murder, and conviction of an innocent person, as illustrating the uncertainty of circumstantial evidence. The journal also employs it as an argument against capital punishment:—"A negro who had run away from his master in South Carolina, arrived in London in an American ship. Soon after he landed, he got acquainted with a poor honest laundress in Wapping, who washed his linen. This poor woman usually wore two gold rings on one of her fingers; and it was said that she had saved a little money, which induced this wretch to conceive the design of murdering her and taking her property. She was a widow, and lived in a humble dwelling with her nephew. One night her nephew came home much intoxicated, and was put to bed. The negro, who was aware of the circumstance, thought this would be a favourable opportunity for executing his bloody design. Accordingly, he climbed to the apartment of the laundress, whom he murdered—not until after a severe struggle, the noise of which awoke her drunken nephew in the adjoining room, who got up, and hastened to the rescue of his aunt. In the meantime, the villain had cut off the finger with the rings; but before he could escape, he was grappled with by the nephew, who, being a very

powerful man, though much intoxicated, very nearly overpowered him—when, by the light of the moon, which shone through the window, he discovered the complexion of the villain, whom, having seldom seen a negro, he took for the devil! The murderer then disengaged himself from the grasp of the nephew, and succeeded in making his escape through the chimney. But the nephew believed, and ever afterwards declared, that it was the devil with whom he had struggled, and who had suddenly flown into the air, and disappeared. The negro, in the course of the struggle, had besmeared the young man's shirt in many places with the blood of his victim; and this, joined with other circumstances, induced his neighbours to consider the nephew as the murderer of his aunt. He was arrested, examined, and committed to prison, though he persisted in asserting his innocence, and told his story of the midnight visitor, which appeared not only improbable, but ridiculous in the extreme. He was tried, convicted, and executed—protesting to the last his total ignorance of the murder, and throwing it wholly on his black antagonist, whom he believed to be no other than Satan. The real murderer was not suspected, and returned to America with his little booty; but after a wretched existence of ten years, on his death-bed confessed the murder, and related the particulars attending it."—*New York Mirror*.

PRECOCIOUS WIT.

A few days since, a little ragged urchin was sent by a mechanic to collect a small bill, which had just become due. He began in the usual way, but, becoming more and more importunate, at length the gentleman's patience being exhausted, he said to him, "You need not dun me so sharply—I am not going to run away at present." "I don't suppose you are," said the boy, scratching his head, "but my master is, and he wants the money."—*New Yorker*.

LIFE ASSURANCE.

Since writing the article on Life Assurance in a late number, our attention has been drawn to a number of peculiarities in the mode of effecting insurances on lives. Almost every institution, it would appear, professes to hold out some peculiar advantage to assurers, which it would be altogether endless for us to notice. It can, however, be neither invidious nor out of place for us to bring under the attention of the public a set of rules for insurance, which strikes us as being conceived in a spirit of enlarged intelligence and liberality. We here allude to those put forth by the institution called the National Loan Fund Life Assurance Society. In the event of having discontinued to pay premiums, the policy is not forfeited, but an allowance made for it to the assurer or his heirs, to the extent of two-thirds of all payments which have been made after the first five years. It also lends to assurers at any time to a similar extent, and, as far as safety to the society will admit, without guarantees; thus preventing the necessity for forfeiting the policy. To the person who falls into a state of poverty, these regulations must prove very advantageous: at all events, this society cannot boast of increasing its gains by the lapsing of insurances. Another regulation still more peculiar consists in the relaxation of the ordinary provision for depriving the heirs of assurers of all benefit in the event of the assurer having committed suicide. It being now a well-ascertained fact that suicides are in almost all cases a simple result of mental disease or insanity—not by any means premeditated acts—the usual deprivation of all benefit in such cases is, we think, to the last degree oppressive towards the unhappy family of the deceased. The institution to which we refer considerably relaxes this provision in reference to those who have been insured for a certain number of years, so that no injurious result to society can possibly take place.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Having been requested, on different occasions, to present an account of SOUTH AUSTRALIA, with reference to its eligibility as a place of settlement for emigrants, we beg to state, that we do not at present possess any very distinct or peculiar information on that subject, but that, should such come into our possession, and appear to us worthy of credit, we shall lose no time in laying it before our readers.

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BUSINESS AND LEISURE.

THE almost universal practice among men of business in England, is to devote the whole of the earlier and middle portion of life to their avocations, with the design of enjoying the latter portion in leisure. In other parts of the civilised world, a different practice prevails, namely, to mingle business and leisure throughout the whole extent of life. It would never, of course, occur to an Englishman that his plan was not the best; yet to us, like other individuals at a distance, who are in circumstances to form an unprejudiced opinion, this is not quite clear; and we think the point may not be unworthy of some discussion.

The practice of the English people is truly and thoroughly as above stated. The years of youth and middle life are devoted to business, with no intermission worthy of being spoken of as an exception. Morning, noon, and night, from one year's end to another, are closely and fully occupied. The other duties of life, which nature plainly imposes upon human beings, such as the education of the young—all these are deputed to individuals who make a business of them. The culture of any of the mental faculties besides those required for business, is never dreamt of, and, accordingly, there is scarcely, perhaps, any corresponding class of human beings on earth whose ideas are so limited as those of the great mass of business-devoted Englishmen. That this course of life is a species of slavery, is generally allowed by the individuals subject to it; but then there is the prospect of its terminating, before the decline of life, in a competency which will give the means of spending the years which remain in a complete exemption from all drudgeries. The grinding exertions, the agonising anxieties, the dreary monotony of the present, is cheerfully endured, in the hope of a future which will make up for it all in an indefinite period of gentlemanly leisure, quiet, and enjoyment.

We are not prepared to say what proportion of the whole number attain the object of their wishes. Certainly, the desired competency and the consequent relaxation are secured in many instances, yet not perhaps in one out of twenty, the other individuals sinking under the severity of their toils, or through the other accidents of life, or else being obliged to work on into old age for the sake of mere current subsistence. And what is usually the condition of the enviable few who have been successful? The fictitious literature of a century past would answer this question by holding up its numerous examples of retired citizens vainly seeking in frivolous amusements and hobbies, the means of agreeably whiling away their time, until at length, unable any longer to endure a vacuity for which they were unprepared, they found it necessary to return to their former business, if not intercepted by a death of sheer ennui. Perhaps these pictures are a little overdrawn, or do not represent the bulk of the class of retired men of business; but there can be no doubt of the general fact, that the leisure period, when it comes, is invariably more or less disappointing. It could not, we believe, be otherwise, for there are natural principles in the case which admit of no other result. Any kind of life, however unconformable to nature, which has been persisted in for many years, becomes, by virtue of that continuance, a matter of habit, and cannot be changed without a shock to the whole system. Besides, the mind is totally unprepared for the enjoyment of leisure. It has acquired none of the tastes which, in the case of those who never had to yield to the yoke of business, make leisure only an opportunity for enjoyment. The contemplation of natural objects, reading, rural pursuit, such as gardening, have no charm for such a mind, or seem to it

as mere trifling, and, if tried, are immediately thrown aside. Life having now no aim, and time no cheering occupation, the retired citizen becomes the victim of melancholy, and ends, like the Hebrew sage, in declaring all to be vanity and vexation of spirit. No doubt, life may well appear such to a person in his circumstances, for its energies have from the very first been directed in such a way that no other consequence could ensue. He has concentrated, on one object, talents and feelings for which nature has furnished a thousand that are equally fitting. He has made that the grand aim and end of his being which was intended only to be a means by which his being might be supported while he was following more noble pursuits. The natural and unavoidable consequence is, that life will appear to him in the long-run as only a disappointing dream.

The continental mode of life is greatly different. There business is rarely an engrossing or exclusive pursuit. The Frenchman spends half of his life in public places; the life of the Italian is quarter business, three quarters fête; the German meditates for hours every day over his pipe. The leisure of life is thus enjoyed in daily instalments, instead of being reserved for one large but imaginary *bonne bouche*, or sweet mouthful, at last. We will not say that any of these nations devote such shares of their time to business and leisure respectively, as are strictly rational: much less do we think that they employ their leisure in the best possible way. But, certainly, in their general plan of distributing leisure in small portions over the whole extent of life, they are more conformable to nature than we. The periods of repose called for by the muscular system, are obviously short and frequent. It would never do for a labourer to attempt to work incessantly for one week, and rest all the next. He only can work efficiently for a few hours at a time, after which he requires a short interval of rest. When that interval is past, he can renew his exertions with the same vigour as at first; and so on. Now, the man of business, although he may not exert his muscular system in any great degree, is under exactly the same regulations as the ordinary labourer. The nervous system, which he chiefly exerts in his calling, also requires frequent alternations of labour and rest. Let intervals of rest be given, and he renews his exertions with the full amount of his natural vigour. Let these be denied, and he wears himself out as effectually as the labourer would do if he were not to make the necessary pauses in his task. The operation of these principles may be readily traced in our ordinary sensations. Every one must have experienced the languor consequent on too long protracted mental exertion, and the briskness with which business is resumed after rest. We may thus read, as it were in nature's own book, the law by which she designs us to be regulated. It is clearly inconsistent with this law that youth and middle age should be spent in one paroxysm of extreme activity, and the elderly period, if an elderly period be vouchsafed, in a fit of luxurious indolence. It would be almost as wise to attempt to eat at one meal the food required for a couple of days, or to think that by a sleep of thirty hours we should be the better enabled thereafter to endure some extraordinary fatigue.

This is to limit the question merely to a consideration of the most natural way of distributing leisure. The subject may be considered in still more important points of view. It is not merely a question of how much time shall be given to business and how much to relaxation, but how shall the faculties of our nature be employed in such a manner as to make life upon the whole agreeable, and fulfil the great ends of our

being. The faculties brought into exercise in the affairs of ordinary business, are not the only faculties we have, nor the best. We have other faculties which may be employed to far higher purposes, and which may consequently bring us far higher enjoyments. Without attempting to specify the whole of these purposes or enjoyments, we would say that, at least, every human being should be to a certain extent a contemplative and reflecting creature, studious of the many phases in which the physical and moral worlds display themselves, feeling tenderly the sympathies towards his kind, and deeply the relations towards the unseen Supreme and Future. Thus his whole nature would receive employment; all would be cultivated; a harmony would exist in the various parts and employments; and when age came on, man would feel that the world, instead of being an unprofitable delusion, had been a scene in which a certain instrument had played a certain proper part, and been participant accordingly of certain proper enjoyments, so that its natural design had been fulfilled so far, and it was now ready to be transferred to the new scene of being all along reserved for it, and for which its existence hitherto had been a suitable preparative. When we consider that the course of life first described necessarily and absolutely precludes the possibility of this entire and harmonious cultivation of our nature, and necessarily precludes these results, we can be at no loss to pronounce it wrong. The thoughtless half vacant life of the continental European may be as far as the busy life of the Englishman from the philosophical mode here pointed out; but certainly, while it is, in the very first place, and upon the lowest consideration, more likely to give health and length of days, it is also necessary as a step to the attainment of the better mode which we have in view.

We well know what will be said of these speculations by those whose mode of life is not approved of. It will be allowed that they are all very well in theory, but that existing necessities are such as to make their realisation in practice impossible. Englishmen, it will be said, have got into an artificial state, which renders incessant toil the doom of all who would live. Individuals are helpless; for if they intermit the least in their struggles for a living, their neighbours take advantage of the circumstance, and thrust them aside. Ideas of this kind are apt, we suspect, to be merely imaginary. Men dream of necessities which they think themselves liable to, when they are only enthralled by their own inclinations. Thus, we conceive, it is only the powerful thirst of gain, or an undue ambition for superior rank and consideration, which operates on most minds to induce a supposition that extreme toil is unavoidable. If this be the case, it becomes purely a question of comparative advantages, and men are only required to choose whether they will have, with the chance of wealth, a life of unintermitted exertion, tending to injure health, and make the human being only a fraction of what he ought to be, or a mode of existence such as has been described as that for which we are designed by nature, wherein, while industry and its objects are not neglected, there is a full range of intellectual and sentimental pleasures, making the present a kind of heaven, and preparing a better heaven for the future.

Even admitting that there are circumstances in the general condition of our country which condemn its people to extra labour, it must be for good that the non-conformity of that extra labour with nature's institutions is pointed out. We can consider no doom of this kind as irreversible. The nature of man is such, that it is impossible for him long to be convinced of the existence of an evil, without endeavouring to remedy

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It. Already, the evil in question is to a certain extent perceived and acknowledged; and already men, in large numbers, are forming the wish for shorter periods of daily business and labour. The necessity of amusement is also beginning to be acknowledged as a principle, and acted upon accordingly, under moral guidance, instead of being left, as formerly, to chance: this we consider as in itself a great step towards a natural mode of life. Let but the influences now at work experience no check, and no misdirection, and we have no doubt that in a very few years there will be such a progress towards that object, as will cause men to look back with astonishment to the habits, both mercantile and domestic, which now exist.

A STORY OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

BY THE OLD SAILOR, AUTHOR OF "TOUGH YARNS," ETC.

"Till then I banish thee, on pain of death."

King Henry IV.

THE period of my narrative is the year 1797, and the opening scene is in the city of Paris. The parties in the French Directory were at daggers' points; and notwithstanding the efforts of Madame de Staël to bring about a reconciliation, the Constitutionalists refused to swear fealty to regicide supremacy, or to acknowledge a power formed exclusively from the most sanguinary faction of the Revolution. The great dependence of the Terrorists was upon the army, under Generals Hoche and Bonaparte, who contemplated a *coup d'état* to overwhelm the Girondists, who, though in a great measure sensible that danger was hanging its dark clouds over them, yet knew not from what quarter the thunder would burst, and felt themselves unable to shun or counteract it when the storm should roll its overwhelming force to destroy them.

It was on the evening of the 15th of September, and Madame Michaud sat with her husband in a parlour of their house, which commanded a view of the Boulevards. The evening was rather sultry; there was but little wind; the sun was hastening down to the verge of the western horizon, mantled in his richest splendour of gold, and purple, and vermilion. Martial music filled the air, for the morrow was to present a grand review to the citizens of Paris, and the troops under Augereau were marching into the capital to take up their positions.

"How delightfully those strains come upon the ear!" said Madame to her devoted and attached husband, as he stood gazing with emotion upon the beautiful woman. "I dearly love at all times to listen to the soul-inspiring harmony of music, but never more so than when the swell of a full military band breaks the silence of approaching twilight. Hark!" she continued; "and yet it makes one shudder to think that such heavenly sounds should herald the messengers of warfare and blood."

Michaud started, and a paleness overspread his cheeks. "It is but too true, Eulalie," said he, mournfully; "they are indeed the agents of death. And perhaps even now—" he added hastily, but instantly checked himself, and paced to and fro in the apartment.

"You appear to be disturbed, my dear," uttered the lady, rising, and throwing her finely moulded white arms round his neck. "Surely I could have said nothing to displease you."

"You! Eulalie! Oh no!" responded the husband; "you have ever been a treasure to me, and had I followed your counsel—but it is too late now. But come what may, I must meet it as a brave man ought."

"What do you apprehend, Michaud?" inquired the lady, labouring under painful alarm. "Do you suspect the troops? I cannot think that any evil is intended. It would be a death-blow to the liberty the councils have struggled through seas of gore to attain. It will be but a show to please us women. Hark! can any thing sanguinary be connected with such exquisite music?"

"I may be mistaken, my love," replied the husband, endeavouring to assume a composure he was far from feeling, for Pierre Michaud was a Constitutionalist and a national representative, against whom the vengeance of the opposing party would be unsparingly levelled, and he had looked upon the expected review as a mere subterfuge to get possession of the capital. He would not, however, terrify a mind that he felt it was his duty, as well as his affectionate inclination, to soothe and tranquillise; therefore he concealed the presentiments of evil that had seized upon his mental faculties, so as greatly to depress his usual flow of animation, and forced nature into a burst of hilarity foreign to his heart.

That night the faithful and attached pair sat till near morning holding sweet converse, and enjoying that delightful communion which flows from purity of affection. It was a night of exquisite gratification, and in the stillness of the hour did the eloquent Michaud pour forth, in energetic language, his ardent and faithful love for his wife: he seemed as if inspired; there was an unusual glow of feeling in his breast that he himself could not account for; a heavy weight hung upon his mind, and seemed to force out the ardour of his soul in beautiful and energetic language, and Madame Michaud was happy.

Suddenly the heavy report of a cannon came booming through the silence of midnight; the deputies started;

he caught his wife to his arms, and clasped her to him with a fervour and strength which seemed to say, "They shall not part us." For several minutes a death-like stillness prevailed; neither of them scarcely breathed; but the discharge was not repeated, for the sound of a single unshotted gun had annihilated the French republic. Augereau had surrounded the Tuilleries—the guard surrendered—the place was taken possession of—several members of the Five Hundred were arrested, and conveyed to the Temple, that prison to which many of them had been instrumental in consigning the unfortunate Louis—and the army was triumphant. But Pierre Michaud knew nothing of all this; and the next morning, after a most tender parting with his lovely wife, he repaired to the hall of sitting, was apprehended on his entrance, and sent to join his companions in the very apartments which had been occupied by the royal martyr and his devoted queen. Some of the prisoners had been in the Convention, and had given their votes for the death of their sovereign; and now the wheel had nearly performed its revolution—the period of blood had approximated to its cycle—they knew and felt themselves to be victims appointed to die. Oh! could it have been possible to enter into the secret recesses of their hearts, and witness what was passing there, when retributive justice unbared her arm, and demanded "as they had meted out to others, so should it be measured back to them again." But, in this instance, the guillotine was not resorted to; there was a cruelty in the mercy that condemned the prisoners to perpetual banishment to Cayenne. Michaud was not even allowed the mockery of a trial; and without any attention to his prayers and entreaties to give one last embrace to his beloved and almost heart-broken wife, he was hurried to Brest, and embarked, with many others, on board a frigate bound across the Atlantic. The ship remained but a few days in port; orders came for her sailing; the wind was fair, her anchors were weighed, and she stood out to sea. There is a feeling connected with the departure from our native shore that operates even upon the roughest nature. The bold land which, when near, seems to lift its head with daring pride from the depths of the ocean, sinks lower and lower as the vessel recedes; and to the uninitiated in this deception, the ship appears to be stationary, and the land departing. It was this that made Michaud exclaim, in the extreme of his agony, "The land is leaving me—beloved of my heart, I shall see thee no more!" Each believed the separation was eternal. The God of Nature and of Providence has implanted in the human heart a veneration for the place of nativity—an attachment to the soil on which we first drew our breath. Men may affect philosophy; they may call themselves "citizens of the world;" but, oh! even the most crude and callous cannot resist the appeal which is made to the kinder emotions by the mention of the word "HOME." And here were individuals banished from their home, and all that endeared them to existence; here were individuals bidding farewell to their native land—a long, an eternal farewell; here were parents, brothers, all the male ties of relationship, torn from those loved ones whom they could never hope to see again. Nor were these the poor, the destitute, or the outlawed felon—many of them had inhabited palaces, and lived in splendour; there were the once wealthy and highly privileged noblesse; there were the ministers of religion, the learned scholar, and the devoted patriot; but there were also the sanguinary regicides who had consigned their monarch to a public execution, and had been present at the scaffold to witness his last sufferings. Recollections of such a spectacle were not calculated to alleviate misery.

Pierre Michaud was about twenty-seven years of age, possessed of a very fair estate, and fairer prospects, when he contracted marriage with a lady whom he long had loved. They had only been united a short time, when he found himself dragged into the vortex of the Revolution, by being chosen one of the deputies for the south of France. To have declined, would have been tantamount to rendering himself suspected; and having a liberal bias towards a constitutional form of government, he repaired to Paris, accompanied by his young wife. His only crime in the eyes of the Terrorists was his being a Constitutionalist. Had he been permitted to choose, he would have retired from the revolting scenes that shocked his spirit, to homely peace and love. He was no regicide. He loved his country, and ardently longed to see the wolves that preyed upon it destroyed. Yet Pierre Michaud was a banished man.

And what had become of his attached wife? After parting with her husband, she employed herself in such little offices as she knew would gratify him, and win a smile and embrace on his return to take her to the review. Martial music was once more filling the air with its thrilling swells; but there came a sound mingling with it that brought the chilliness of fear. There is no other sound like it in creation. It proceeds from the voices of assembled thousands, uttering wild but simultaneous shouts of revolutionary vengeance. I have heard those rolling shouts in different parts of the world, when all that is human has been laid aside, and all that is infernal reigned paramount in savages, and the cry has been the same, though dissimilar in language. Eulalie had not been habituated to those fearful explosions of brutal passion, when the yells of multitudes roll upon the breeze; but a shuddering instinct crept through her frame, as mingled with the pealings of the trumpets, she heard the sounds, more like the dying groans of a prostrate

army, than the triumphant cheers of conquering victors. She listened with an indefinable sensation that she could not account for: never had any sounds which she had heard, produced such strange and appalling effects. They evidently grew louder, and indicated a nearer approach to her dwelling. A presage of some calamity, but of what nature she knew not, darkened her mind, and caused a tremor to shake her frame. Suddenly a friend of her husband rushed frantically into the room. "Fly, fly, Madame!" he hurriedly exclaimed; "fly whilst there is yet hope of escape. The blood-hounds are coming to wreak their fury. Hark to their advent!"

"And Pierre! what has become of him!—where is my husband?" inquired Madame Michaud, rallying all her energies to meet the approaching danger.

"There is no time for converse now," returned the person addressed. "Pierre is a prisoner, and well needs your best exertions to support him in his adversity."

"And he shall have them," responded the lady, with firmness. "This is his house and his property, and I will not abandon it to strangers."

"You will defeat your own purposes," uttered the man; "if you remain, you perish, and the prospect of saving your husband lost. Hark! they are close at hand, and even now it may be too late. A fiacre awaits. Slip on your bonnet and shawl. Hieed no other dress, and hasten, for your life."

Thus solemnly warned, Madame Michaud complied. The fiacre was gained, and drove off. The mob assailed the dwelling; the work of demolition commenced; and in one short hour, the place presented a scene of revolutionary ruffianism and wreck. The unfortunate lady, though she had saved her life, could not obtain a refuge. She was a woman of talent and integrity, two dangerous qualities to the regicidal faction; and, consequently, she was proscribed, and driven into obscurity, at the very period that her husband was quitting Brest harbour for the colony of Cayenne.

Away flew the ship over the foaming waves, bearing within, hearts sad, and stricken, and despairing—consciences, over which a sense of crime was exercising a despotic sway—blood-guiltiness, that left a stain upon the immortal soul—groans, and complaints, and cries, mingling with the clanking of chains, and the ringing of fetters, came up the hatchways, and were wasted on the desert waters. Yet the sun by day, and the stars by night, shone bright and clear. The heavens wore a smiling and a cheerful aspect, and none who saw that gallant vessel proudly stemming the billows, could have conjectured that she carried a freight of such appalling misery. The dreaded Bay of Biscay was crossed in pleasant weather, and Cape Ortegal appeared. It was opening daylight when they made the dark blue land arising from the azure ocean, and a few minutes afterwards a strange sail was visible from the deck. Glasses and straining eyes were directed towards the object; many a conjecture was hazarded; many a gasconade was uttered; but none, though several were well assured of the fact, declared her to be what she actually was—a British frigate, full of eager spirits to engage. Being under the land, she had the advantage of the Frenchman in seeing the enemy first; and, when discovered, was already crowded with canvas, in chase. But the French captain was fully acquainted with the admirable qualities of his noble ship. She was one of the fastest sailers in the republican navy, and carried her broadcloth with the stiffness of an alderman. Nor was the British frigate any way inferior, either in fleetness or stability; and from the moment of interview at daybreak, till the twilight hour of evening, when sombre shades were gradually deepening into night, no perceptible change had taken place in their relative positions. Oh, what anxious moments were these for the wretched prisoners in the hold! They would be content to remain captives, if taken; but then it would be in England, where the hand of the oppressor could not reach them.

Sometimes, during the day, the bold bulwark of St George, by various manoeuvres, contrived to draw upon the democratic citizens; but the French captain was a seaman, and by cutting away his anchors, and retreating his ship, was again enabled to walk ahead; and as they were not within reach of shot, no actual hostility had occurred. Anxious and earnest were the gazers during the whole of that night; and though sometimes, when a haze was on the horizon, it was hoped by the French captain that he had escaped from his pursuer, yet no sooner did the mistiness evaporate into thin air, than the indefatigable and watchful enemy was once more visible, and carrying on to come up with the chase. During the darkness, the British frigate had thrown up rockets, burnt blue lights, and fired guns, to attract the attention of any friendly cruiser; and when daylight again dawned upon the waters, another large frigate was seen nearly abreast of the Frenchman, and about two miles distant. At first she was standing towards the republican, but the superior sailing of the latter plainly evidenced that there was no chance of nearing the French ship but by running on a parallel line, and occasionally hauling up, for the Englishman was to leeward. An engagement now appeared inevitable; but the French captain dexterously avoided it, by changing his course two points to windward; and though a few shots were exchanged, yet but trifling injury was done on either side. For four days and three nights did this chase continue; the British sometimes bringing up a fresh of wind, and getting within gun-shot, and then the French frigate would

catch the breeze, and again outsail them. The fourth night a heavy gale of wind came on, that continued for nearly a week. The furious elements, though they did not calm the passions of the hostile parties towards each other, yet drew all their attention to their own peculiar safety, and the ships parted to meet no more.

Nothing scarcely could exceed the horrible situation of the state-prisoners during the storm. From their countrymen they suffered the utmost indignity and inhumanity. Several of them perished in that loathsome and pestilential hold; and eight or ten having held a solemn council, frenziedly determined on self-destruction.

At length the frigate arrived at Cayenne. The appearance of the island in its rich fertility was beautiful, and the verdure presented a grateful spectacle to the eyes of the wretched captives. But on landing, the intense heat of the climate almost overpowered them, and sickly apprehension aided the attacks of fever that speedily diminished their numbers. They were placed in a coffee logie as a temporary prison, and provisions of the worst quality were served out to them in very scanty allowances, and they were kept under extremely rigid restrictions.

Pierre Michaud, although the bitterest anguish oppressed him when he thought of his home and his wife, yet struggled with his afflictions, and, like many others, determined upon attempting to escape. It is true that several had lost their lives in their endeavours to reach Surinam or Berbice, or to penetrate into the interior to the Spanish settlements of Paraguay. Some, in fact, after almost incredible hardships, succeeded in getting to Pernambuco. Michaud at length was enabled, through the generous aid of a Swedish gentleman, a planter, who was about to embark in an American brig for the purpose of conducting a sick wife to Europe, to obtain concealment in the same vessel. The brig was bound to Gottenburg; and oh! the delight that swelled in the heart of the banished man when they gained the mouth of the river, and were rapidly running off from the land. The very air, as it came laden with the perfumes from the orange blossoms, was now the breath of liberty to him, and hope resumed its wonted hold upon his mind; he was free, free, and he felt in his whole frame the expansive powers with which emancipation had blessed him.

"Oh, blest liberty! it is thou alone
That gives to fleeting life its sweetness and perfume,
And we are slaves without it!"

The winds were fair, the weather favourable, and the captain promised a speedy passage. Monsieur Berthollon had laid in his own provisions for himself, his wife, his daughter, and his friend; and trusting to the assurances of the captain, who was poorly supplied, they lived merrily and unsparingly upon their stock, which was daily decreasing. It was the month of December when the brig neared the British isles, intending to run through the English Channel. But north-easterly gales set in; the cold became piercing; and, to their dismay, they discovered that there was even, upon the most economical scale, not more than a week's victuals remaining, and a very scanty supply of water. Day after day passed on, and still those hard-hearted winds prevailed. Gradually the food disappeared, till their only nourishment consisted of a single biscuit, about a quarter of a pound of salt pork, and one glass of water, for twenty-four hours. The sails were several of them split; the brig being deep in the water, the sea broke fearfully over her, and at length she became leaky, so as to keep the half-famished and nearly worn-out crew incessantly at the pumps. But the thrilling dread of starvation overcame the horrors of prospective shipwreck; scarcely a morsel of nourishment was left; the water, except a very small portion, which, to the eternal honour of the seamen, was preserved for the females, was gone, and death stared them in the face with that gaunt and terrifying look which ravening hunger and parching thirst create. The captain of the brig proved inadequate to his duty; by his soundings he discovered that he was considerably out in his longitude; and when emergency demanded prompt activity and exertion, terror overcame him, and he shrunk back dismayed, confining himself to his cabin under pretence of illness, which, however, was not long before it came in reality.

It was a pitiable spectacle to witness the despairing countenances of those unhappy creatures, whose hollow cheeks soon betrayed the urgent wants of nature, and whose wolfish eyes glared wildly upon each other as unbidden longings arose that made them sick to shuddering. Every means had been resorted to that human invention could suggest to prolong existence, but the last resource was failing. No vessel appeared in sight; the gates of heaven seemed to be closed to their earnest supplications, and despair triumphed over even the consolations of religion. And there sat the father gazing with tender anxiety, verging upon agony, at his wife and child, but with his tenderness there came also a mingling of ferocity that he could not subdue. The demon hunger was preying upon his vitals, and the corroding tooth of the monster poisoned the source of generous feelings. Madame Berthollon possessed a most kind and indulgent husband; disease had made her petulant, but impatience and repining were swallowed up in the prospect of the dreadful death which awaited them, and the affliction of the wife and the mother raised her above the ebullitions of corporeal

suffering. The incessant breaches made by the sea kept them constantly wet; their bedding, every thing was saturated with water; whilst, to add to their misery, they had seventeen hours of darkness to seven of light.

In time, the gale suddenly shifted to the west-north-west, and bore them along with great rapidity towards England. Hope once more revived, that, though they might not reach a friendly port, yet, getting in the fair-way of the Channel, there was a chance of falling in with a vessel from which they could obtain assistance. A day and a night passed away, and still they were careering onward without having been able to speak one ship, although several had been in sight. Disappointment increased their irritability; there was a maddening unnatural savageness in all that the crew did; they wrangled, they fought, without knowing why or wherefore; and there was a tiger-like desire to gratify their appetites with flesh. A little negro lad, belonging to Monsieur Berthollon, disappeared; it was reported he had been washed overboard, and one or two asserted that they had seen him struggling for his life. It might be true, but the men had food; where they procured it, none would tell; but conjecture was not long in deciding as to what the horrible banquet actually was, and many partook without questioning further. At the close of the second day, the wind veered round more to the northward, and increased in fury so as to compel them to lay to, and before its close the land was dimly seen, through the dense haze, dead under their lee. Where they were, whether on the coast of Ireland, England, or France, no one could tell. They had not been able to obtain a meridian altitude for ten days; the reckoning had been wholly neglected; and though to the passengers the land presented a prospect of safety, yet to the seamen it threatened wreck and death. A long dark dreary night was before them; there was the blackness of darkness above, there was the blackness of darkness below, and the gloom of the sky and ocean were united by links of white sparkling foam. The water gained so fast upon the brig that she was nearly unmanageable; the billows threw their lofty feathery heads clear over her, washing every thing from the decks.

About two o'clock in the morning, a tremendous shock told them of their fate; the brig had struck the ground, and shook and trembled as in agony. She was lifted on the curling summit of a mountain breaker, borne along with irresistible velocity; and then, as she descended, was dashed upon the rocks, that rent her stout timbers, already shattered by the gales. The crew and passengers had crowded on the deck, grasping any thing that promised security; but their hands were benumbed by the cold, and the relentless billows washed them away into the yawning abyss, or crushed them on the craggy rock on which the brig was heaving with convulsive throes. Again rolled in a mountain wave, roaring and raging in the power of its might, the remnant of the wreck was hove farther in and fixed, where, though the sea was not so violent, it still beat incessantly over them in showers of spray. At the first shock, Monsieur Berthollon, aided by his friend Michaud, succeeded in lashing the mother and daughter to the stanchions of the winch near the mainmast. Berthollon was performing the same office for himself; his wife and child clung to him so as to impede his labours. Alas! the second wave tore him from their grasp. He caught a rope, but it was not fast. Wild shrieks mingled with the howling of the gale, as the dark form of the wretched father was seen whirling along amidst the hoary foam, and then disappeared for ever. Pierre Michaud beheld the catastrophe, but he could not avert it. He had been with difficulty enabled to make himself fast near the ladies; and futile as his attempts were likely to be to soothe them under affliction, he could not refrain from offering consolatory kindness. But their hearts were bereaved and desolate; the voice of the comforter—oh, it was almost a mockery to think of comfort then—was borne away upon the wild gushes of the gale; and exhausted by fatigue and faintness, Pierre found his strength, both mental and physical, forsaking him. A benumbing heaviness crept over his faculties, and he conjectured that he was approaching the termination of his earthly career. His eyes became dim, his recollection faded, he sank into insensibility.

The east had opened her portals, and daylight, in mournful array, had gloomily issued forth, when Pierre Michaud, stiffened with cold, and scarcely alive, awoke to a consciousness of his awful situation. He shook with convulsive agitation that portended the last struggles against dissolution; he felt his end was near at hand. And what was the spectacle which he beheld? The brig had fallen over nearly on her broadside, and he was in some measure suspended by his lashings. At his side were the mother and the daughter clasped in each other's arms; the former with her head thrown back and her eyes fixed and glaring, the latter with her face upon that bosom from which she had drawn her nutriment in early infancy; both were dead! At his feet, in the waste of the water, were two seamen, whose only motion arose from the fluctuation of the waves; they were past suffering. On his left hand, a little below the shattered bulwark, lay the captain on his back; but though the sea was breaking over him, he made no movement, for he too was lifeless. The shore, a wild rocky coast, could be faintly discerned; but as the gale still exulted in its devastating strength, Michaud dared not cherish a single hope

He resigned himself to his fate; a stupor came over him, and he was lost to consciousness.

Once more the banished man awoke to sensibility; but oh, what a change was presented! There was no longer the howling of the tempest and the bellowing of the waters; there was no longer death and destruction stalking in fearful array around him; he lay upon a soft bed, under warm coverings; his pillows had been carefully arranged beneath his head, and the curtains were closely drawn to exclude the cold air. "Where am I?" exclaimed the bewildered man, as with difficulty he raised himself up, and, having parted the curtains, gazed with astonishment at the scene. "Father of mercies!" he exclaimed, "has it then been only a dream! Eulalie—my own Eulalie!" for she was sitting by his side, "what is all this? Oh, there is too much of horrible reality in the remembrances that crowd upon my mind!—am I yet living? Come, come to my arms, thou partner of my joys and sorrows, and by your fond embraces convince me that this is no deception."

Madame Michaud passed her arms around her husband's neck, kissed his pallid lips, and shed tears of joy upon his breast. "Yes, Pierre," said she, "thus wonderfully restored to me and to your home—blessed be his holy name who has wrought out this deliverance."

"I see—I see," exclaimed Pierre delightedly; "we are in my own ancestral mansion. In this room I drew the first breath of existence; and here, Eulalie," continued he, as he pressed her to his heart, "here am I restored to a second life. But how has this astonishing event been brought about?"

Madame Michaud briefly informed him of the wreck being observed on the coast near to his own dwelling, and himself, with three or four others, rescued from impending death. Notwithstanding his emaciated appearance, he was recognised by many who had known him in brighter days, and the papers found upon his person corroborated the evidence of his identity. He was promptly removed, and assiduously attended to by his devoted wife, who, after undergoing severe hardships and cruelties, had been restored to her matrimonial rights.

"But the Directory," exclaimed Michaud; "my enemies, Eulalie; will they not discover where I am, and continue to persecute?"

"The Directory is no more, Pierre," responded his wife; "the monsters have been shorn of their power. Napoleon Bonaparte effected a revolution on the 18th Brumaire, and is now Chief Consul. It is through him that I am here—and you, oh, my husband!—you are no longer a banished man."

Pierre withdrew from public life, and cultivated his estates; and it is but a few years since I plucked delicious grapes in his vineyard, and saw him surrounded by a numerous and noble progeny, on whose minds he had inculcated one excellent and wholesome lesson, that may be summed up in two words—NEVER DESPAIR.

SINGULAR MODE OF TENANTING LAND IN GUERNSEY.

THE island of Guernsey, situated on the coast of France, but belonging to Great Britain, has a surface of twenty-four square miles, or 15,360 acres, two thirds of which only are capable of cultivation, and yet it contains 24,349 of population, being at the unexampled rate of a thousand to the square mile, or more than three times the ratio of Belgium, which is usually represented as the most densely peopled country in the world. Making every allowance for a busy town, which draws support from commerce and from fishing, and contains 1476 inhabited houses, the population of Guernsey, as a small piece of agricultural territory, must still be considered as a singular phenomenon—one of which it is well worth while to inquire into the causes. A writer, resident in the island, has an interesting paper on this subject in a late number of Tait's Edinburgh Magazine, from which it would appear that the chief if not sole cause of the extraordinary populousness of the rural part of Guernsey, is a mode of occupying land peculiar to this part of the British dominions, and to some of the neighbouring islands. It is, we believe, the ancient Norman mode of land-teaure, or something little different from it, and its practice in Guernsey is of many centuries' standing.

The letting of land by a landlord to a tenant is unknown in this island. When a proprietor chooses to depute the cultivation of his ground, or, as the phrase goes in Guernsey, to give it to rent, he submits it to a species of sale, or what, at least, would be considered as a sale in this country. All land is considered as divided into lots called quarters, a quarter being equivalent to twenty pounds of Guernsey currency. Suppose that A possesses land to the value of twelve hundred pounds, or sixty quarters, and wishes to dispose of it to B, he conveys it to that individual, either without receiving any cash, or receiving (which is the more common case) one-fourth of the value in hand. If no cash has been paid, A receives interest at five per cent. for the whole L.1200, namely, sixty pounds per annum, which may be considered as the rent; or if a fourth of the purchase money has been advanced,

he receives only L.45, being the interest of the portion allowed to rest with the purchaser. "The reason," says our authority, "why it is usual to pay one-fourth part of the purchase money in cash is, that such payment may be some guarantee to A that B will faithfully work the estate, and pay his rent regularly; for, should the rent fall in arrear, then A, by a process called *saisie*, may totally eject B from the property, and the three hundred pounds paid by B when the contract was passed would be lost to him for ever. In this manner, then, is the seller or landlord secured in the receipt of the equivalent for which he has parted with the estate."

As soon as the contract between the parties is executed, B becomes, to all intents and purposes, absolute proprietor of the soil; and so long as he pays his quarters, he can never be evicted; nay, more, he can fell timber, convert meadow into arable, and arable into meadow, and perform any and every act that a tenant in fee-simple can do in England. The estate, thus acquired, descends to the heirs of the purchaser, and, on failure of direct issue, to his nearest of kin. Sometimes these annual quarters are made permanent, but most frequently they are redeemable by certain instalments, as the buyer and seller may have agreed."

The descent of these tenant-properties, as we may call them, is not regulated by the law of primogeniture; neither is it quite free of this law, but appears to be conducted upon a sort of medium between the evils on both sides. "The eldest son takes the principal house, and from sixteen to twenty perches of land, on which the outbuildings may be supposed to stand; this the law gives him exclusively, and he also has the right to keep all the land attached to the house in a ring fence, and not separated from it by a public road; but whatever he takes over and above the sixteen to twenty perches, he must account for it to his brothers and sisters, by paying them the value of this excess in money. By this plan the estates in Guernsey are never so subdivided as to produce inconvenience, nor are they ever so consolidated as to produce injustice."

A great subdivision and a very thorough cultivation of the land have been the consequences of this system. "The estates," says our author, "are small, none exceeding seventy acres; and the average amount of land attached to each house in the country, may be computed at five English acres. This minute subdivision causes the whole island to be cultivated as a garden; not an inch of available soil is lost, and even the hedges are planted with furze for winter fuel. The crops are abundant, and far exceed those of England. The average produce of wheat per acre is thirty-three Winchester bushels, and as much as fifty-five to sixty have been raised. Five hundred bushels of potatoes per acre are the ordinary produce, and the hay crops average three tons and a half, English weight. Twenty-two tons of parsnips per acre are considered a fair crop: 2500 milch cows are kept, yielding an annual revenue, in milk and butter, of L.32,520; 550 cows are annually exported to England, and the same number of cattle slaughtered for home consumption. Vegetables, fruit, poultry, eggs, and cider, are most abundant, and of excellent quality. Now, the question, the commercial question, arising out of these facts, is simply this: Where, in Great Britain or Ireland, can be found 10,000 acres equally productive? Let it not be said that the islands have richer land, a more favourable climate, or better implements of husbandry; this is not the fact: they have, moreover, many disadvantages, as tremendous gales of wind in winter, and scorching droughts in summer; but they have one paramount superiority, and that is their system of landed tenure—the true source of their agricultural wealth."

The rent of land in Guernsey, expressed in English terms, is never less than five pounds per English acre; and it is a very rare case indeed, if it ever falls in arrear. The landlord is seldom disappointed in the regular receipt of his income. * * * We shall now proceed to the moral influence produced on the people by this system of tenure. One of its first consequences is to raise the standard of virtue—to inspire the whole population with a manly and independent spirit—and to destroy that cringing adulation and fawning servility, which leases for years have necessarily engendered among the tenantry of England. All men have admitted that the institution of property is the basis of civilisation. This principle being acknowledged sound by universal consent, it follows that whatever counteracts its expansion must be vicious, and that whatever promotes its extension must be nationally beneficial. The bare possession of property on a doubtful tenure is scarcely a good: it is essential that the possession should be secure; and if security for a term of years be desirable, much more so must it be for permanent enjoyment. Now, the plan of leases for seven, fourteen, or twenty-one years, together with tenancies from year to year or at will, is bad in principle, as they merely convey a temporary interest determinable at a date specified; the working farmer thus becomes a bird of passage, without any fixed home. He may be prudent, industrious, and sober—a good father, a good husband, a good master, a good neighbour, and a good citizen; but these virtues avail him nothing; he lives in a state of agricultural servitude, and, at the expiration of his lease, the caprice or spite of his landlord may expel him from his farm. Far different is the condition of the Guernsman. Once possessed of land, he can

never lose it, except by his own fault; he has only to pay the stipulated quarters of rent, and he continues absolute lord of the property; he feels proud of his position, and the spirit of independence is within him; he has a solid stake in the country, though it may be small; he can say with honest pride, 'This house is mine; that field is mine; and when I die, the law will give them to my children.'

This system of tenure prompts to industry, encourages economy, and represses intemperance. A man having paid down in cash one-fourth of the value of the land he holds, is stimulated by the most powerful impulse to redeem the annual quarters, and disengage his estate from the payment of rent. In the eyes of a person so circumstanced, labour loses its repulsive character, for he feels that he is working for himself. He has an object constantly before his mind which he steadily pursues. The propensity to drunkenness, so fatal to the working-classes of Great Britain, is counteracted with the Guernsman by the desire and the opportunity of acquiring a disencumbered landed property. * * * We may with truth affirm that habits of prudence, economy, moral restraint, and the wisdom of appreciating in what consists a competency, and the disposition to live within one's income, are virtues indigenous to the soil of Guernsey, and rooted in the native character. Agrarian outrage is unknown; there is not on record an instance of machine-breaking, rick-burning, or hamstringing of cattle; all are interested in the preservation of order, for all have a property."

We hear so much of the evils of excessive subdivision, as illustrated by the condition of Ireland, and are so much accustomed to be told by the political economists that large farms conduce to production, that it is difficult to understand that any good can attach to the Guernsey system, thus described. Yet, if we are to believe the writer under our notice, while population is more than four times denser in Guernsey than in Ireland, beggary is unknown, the people enjoy peace and comfort, and an immense quantity of surplus produce is exported. We cannot follow the writer into the speculations which he founds upon his facts; but we render him our hearty thanks for the account he has given us of a system which certainly appears, as far as exemplified, to conduce greatly to human happiness, and of which it is cheering to a philanthropic mind even to imagine, much more to see realised, upon however small a scale.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

PROFESSOR SAMUEL LEE.

It is not unknown to the public that the Reverend Samuel Lee, Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, was a self-taught genius, and made his way to his present situation through very remarkable difficulties. Chancing lately to find an account of the early life of this learned person in the Report of a Bible Society, we were so much struck with it, that we deemed it worthy of being made more generally known. It is awkward, we confess, to detail so many things to the praise of a living man; yet, as they have been published before, and are calculated to do much good wherever they are read, we trust he will pardon the liberty we are about to take.

Mr Lee was born at Longnor, in the parish of Conover, and county of Salop: the date has not been mentioned, but it was probably from ten to fifteen years antecedent to the close of the last century. The only education he received was that of a village school, where nothing was taught besides reading, writing, and arithmetic. At twelve years of age, he left this school, and was placed at Shrewsbury with a relative of his own, to learn the trade of a carpenter and builder. He soon became noted for the skill, neatness, and ingenuity of his mechanical operations, and for his dexterity in those performances on musical bells for which England is remarkable. But it was in the acquisition of languages that he chiefly displayed the powers of his extraordinary mind. To this study he appears to have been impelled purely by the force of his own natural gifts. He had no example before him, to raise in his breast an anxiety to excel as a linguist: he had no one to recommend the study to him, as likely either to improve his mind or advance his fortune. Of the steps by which he acquired languages we have no detailed account. Mr Archdeacon Corbett, in describing his progress at a meeting of the Shropshire Bible Society in August 1818, speaks of him as commencing his studies in Latin about the year 1806, and as prosecuting them under the pressure of severe labour and many cares, without the stimulus of either hope or fear; seeking concealment rather than the smile of approbation, and very scantily supplied with materials. "At this time," says the venerable archdeacon, "his earnings were barely sufficient for the poorest maintenance; yet he spared from this pittance to purchase such a grammar as could be met with upon the book stalls of this town (Shrewsbury); and when he had read through one volume procured in this manner, he

was forced to pay it away again, as part of the price of the next book he wished to purchase." He omitted at this time none of the hours usually devoted by his fellow-artizans to manual labour, so that the time he could devote to study was very small. His opportunities were further abridged by a disorder in his eyes, which forbade reading at night. Nevertheless, in the space of six years, and while still, we believe, under twenty, he had taught himself the Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, and Samaritan languages, being able to write as well as read the first three. This, says Archdeacon Corbett, he did, "unaided by any master, uncheered by any literary companion, uninfluenced by the hope of either profit or praise."

The obscure and almost secret studies of this singular youth at length brought about a slight change in his situation. He was promoted from his mechanical labours to the scarcely less servile drudgery of teaching a humble charity school. The change brought him little advantage, as far as leisure for study was concerned; but it did him an important service in introducing him to the notice of the eminent Oriental scholar, Dr Jonathan Scott, who had been Persian secretary to Mr Warren Hastings in India. Dr Scott presented an Arabic grammar to Mr Lee, who had now for the first time the pleasure of conversing upon the studies in which he was engaged. In the course of a few months he was able both to read and compose in the Arabic and Persian. Through Dr Scott's unremitting exertions in his behalf, he afterwards formed an engagement with the Church Missionary Society, and was admitted to Queen's College, Cambridge, with a view to his taking holy orders.

When he entered at the university, he was unacquainted with mathematics; but in one fortnight he qualified himself to attend a class which had gone through several books in Euclid, and he soon after discovered an error, not indeed in Euclid, but in a treatise on Spherical Trigonometry usually bound up with Simpson's Euclid, the 14th proposition of which Mr Lee disproved. Now, as Simpson's edition of Euclid may be looked upon as a text-book at either university, as it is the one usually put in the hands of students, and to which the lectures of the tutors apply, it is most wonderful if a mistake should have been pointed out in such a work, and for the first time, as it would seem, by a student of not many weeks' standing in that science. Though he thus manifested great aptitude for the study by which the highest honours are acquired at Cambridge, he did not allow himself to be led too deeply into it, reflecting that his main object in being at college was to accomplish himself as a preacher. In proper time he was ordained as a minister of the Established Church of England, and immediately thereafter began to preach to large congregations.

Archdeacon Corbett, speaking, it will be recollected in August 1818, described Mr Lee as then skilled in seventeen languages besides his own, namely, Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, Samaritan, Arabic, Persian, Hindostanee, French, German, Italian, Ethiopic, Coptic, Malay, Sanscrit, and Bengalee; all of which had been acquired in the space of fourteen years. The venerable archdeacon justly remarked that this was a greater wonder than was presented in the famous case of the Admirable Crichton, who, at twenty-one, was said to know eleven languages besides his own, namely, the Hebrew, Syriac, Arabic, Greek, Latin, Spanish, French, Italian, Dutch, Flemish, and Slavonian. Mr Lee had made himself well acquainted with the classical productions of Greece and Rome; but he was chiefly inclined to cultivate the languages of the east, as those most calculated to be of service in advancing the missionary cause. He had therefore engaged in or perfected a series of literary labours, of which the following note was presented by Archdeacon Corbett:—

1. The Syriac New Testament, edited by Mr Lee, and published, is not a continuation of that begun by Dr Buchanan, but an entirely new work, for which Mr Lee collated three ancient Syrian MSS., the Syrian Commentary of Syrius, and the texts of Ridley, Jones, and Welstein.

2. An edition of the Malay New Testament, from the Dutch edition of 1733; and the Old Testament is now in the press.

3. An enlarged and corrected edition of Mr Martyn's Hindostanee Prayer-Book, in conjunction with Mr Corrie.

4. A tract, translated into Persian and Arabic, and printed, entitled "The Way of Truth and Life," for the use of Mahometans.

5. A Malay Tract for the London Missionary Society; and some tracts in Hindostanee, for the Society for Instructing the Lascars.

6. A tract in Arabic, on the New System of Education, written by Dr Bell, and first translated by Michael Sabag for Baron de Sacy, oriental interpreter to the king of France.

7. Dr Scott having translated the Service for Christmas-day from the Prayer-Book of the Church of England into Persian, Mr Lee has added to it the rest of the Liturgy.

8. Mr Lee has under hand a new translation of the Old Testament into Persian, in conjunction with Mirza Khaleel.

9. Mr Lee is printing an Hindostanee New Testament.

10. He is preparing for an Ethiopic Bible and other works.

* There appears to be a resemblance betwixt this plan and that of *fencing ground* in Scotland.

11. Mr Lee has moreover made a new fount of letter for Hindostanee and Persian printing; and a new fount for an edition of the Syriac Old Testament, and for which he has collated nine ancient MSS. and one ancient commentary. Some of these were collated for the London Polyglot, but Mr Lee looks upon those collations both as incorrect and deficient. He hopes to restore many omissions, both in the London and Paris Polyglots."

The spokesman added—"The whole of Mr Lee's life has been sober, moral, and consistent. He bears his faculties most meekly. The resources of his mind are unapparent till called forth. He seeks not polished society, but he mingles in it when invited, without effort and without embarrassment; and without losing any of his humility, he sustains his place in it with ease and independence. Mr Lee's learning is without any tincture of pedantry; and his religion is as far from enthusiasm on the one hand, as it is from lukewarmness on the other."

In March 1819, Mr Lee was elected Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, under circumstances which reflected great honour upon him. Not having been at college the time usual for taking his degree of A.M. requisite to his standing for the chair, a *grace* passed the senate to supplicate for a mandamus from the Prince Regent, which was graciously granted by his Royal Highness. In this distinguished situation Mr Lee still continues.

WILD SPORTS IN LITHUANIA.

In Lithuania, formerly a part of Poland, now a province on the western borders of the Russian empire, wild animals still abound, particularly wolves and bears. When it is mentioned that the country is still partially overspread with forests, and that one of these, styled the Grand Forest, is no less than twenty-five miles in extent each way, this will not appear surprising. The cattle belonging to the peasantry suffer much from these animals, and it accordingly becomes necessary, at certain periods of the year, to hunt them, with a view to keeping down their numbers. A Scottish gentleman of our acquaintance, who spent the last summer in Lithuania, and joined occasionally in both wolf-hunts and bear-hunts, supplies us with the following particulars of an affair of the former kind.

A wolf-hunt usually takes place on a Sunday, as on no other day would it be possible to gather a sufficient body of the peasantry to join the regular huntsmen. One Saturday evening, a pack of wolves which had been very destructive amongst the cattle about three weeks before, was reported by the head huntsman, at the house where our friend resided, to have taken up a position in the centre of the Grand Forest. A party of chasseurs was immediately ordered to proceed to the forest, for the purpose of *calling the wolves*—a duty which consists in keeping up a howling noise near the wolves all night, to which the wolves reply, the men thus ascertaining the exact place where the animals are prowling, and also the den or covert in which, at the approach of morn, they station themselves for the day. When the wolves on this occasion had taken to their covert, the chasseurs returned and made their report, and notice was immediately communicated to the people of the neighbourhood, to assemble at church with all the fitting accoutrements.

When mass was ended, seventy men with guns, and a hundred and fifty *beaters*, ranked themselves up as ready to attend the hunt. After travelling six or seven miles, the party arrived at the centre of the Grand Forest, where a number of the under-chasseurs were in waiting. "I think," says our friend, "the horses on which my host and I were mounted must have known what we were going after, from their snorting so much, and patting the ground in so remarkable a way with their feet. When the party was assembled in the wood, and, looking round me, I saw such a multitude of eager-looking men, clad in such various costumes—some of them of an eastern cast—and armed so variously, I could not help wishing that David Wilkie or William Allan had been present, to fix the scene upon immortal canvass."

No extraordinary adventure signalled the hunt; but the way in which it was set about is worthy of being particularised. At the distance of about a quarter of a mile round the covert of the wolves, a circle is formed by the party, the chasseurs and other armed persons filling the one half of this circle, each man about thirty yards distant from another. The other half of the circle is formed by the more numerous class named *beaters*, whose duty it is in the first place to advance slowly, beating the bushes as they move along, for the purpose of driving any stray wolves towards the centre. In the middle of the beaters the head huntsman takes up his station; and, directly across the circle, in the middle of the chasseurs and armed peasants, did our informant and his host plant themselves, that being the point to which it was most likely that the pack, when dislodged, would proceed, so that they had the best chance of a shot of the whole party. All the persons engaged were on foot.

When the semicircle of chasseurs and armed peasants had been properly formed, and the beaters were also marshalled in proper order, the head huntsman blew his horn, as a signal for the commencement of the hunt. The beaters then advanced in a close phalanx, which always grew closer as they approached the den. Notwithstanding all their care, however, three of the wolves broke through their ranks and escaped. The other two—for there were but five—ran forward, but not, as had been expected, towards the place where our informant was stationed. They went in different directions towards the sides of the semicircle, where they were shot by the chasseurs. It is perhaps scarcely worthy of being mentioned here, though it was productive of some good soup at the time, that three hares were added to the more important game. A chasseur now stationed himself at the original place of rendezvous, whence we had set out to take our places in the circle: by blowing a horn, he quickly gathered us all together once more at that spot, where the appearance of the party was even more striking than before, in consequence of the excitement which had been raised by the hunt. Presently, two peasants approached, bearing the two slain wolves on their backs, which, with great glee and triumph, they laid at the feet of the chief gentleman of the party. With this ceremony ended the hunt. It was afterwards learned that two of the wolves which had broke through amongst the beaters, found their way into the neighbouring road, where a gentleman travelling along on horseback, seeing their ferocious appearance, gave himself up for lost, but was speedily relieved from his terrors, as the animals, too much frightened to attack any human being, instantly plunged into the forest on the other side. The wolf is in his ordinary state a cowardly animal, and never attacks human beings except when very hungry, or when put to great difficulty in a hunt. In these conditions, however, he is decidedly dangerous. Our friend, one day passing a field in the course of being reaped, was surprised to see two chasseurs apparently mounting guard on the reaping party, one at each flank. Inquiring the reason, he learned that the soldiers were there to protect the reapers, in the event of a hungry wolf walking up to them from the neighbouring forest. He also learned that, not long ago, a peasant girl, returning from Wilkomirz to this place, was attacked by some wolves, and so dreadfully torn by them before she was rescued, that she died the following day.

The bear-hunt is rather of a more dangerous nature than the wolf-hunt. Two kinds of bears haunt the Grand Forest; the large black bear is the more powerful and fierce of the two. He is a cunning, as well as a fierce animal, and proves very destructive to horses, cattle, and sheep. Nor does he scruple, when he finds an opportunity, to walk off with the children of the peasantry. When attacked in his den, he makes a most determined fight, often killing the dogs, and sometimes even the hunters. Last spring (1838), at a bear-hunt which took place near the house where our friend resided, a gentleman, observing a large black bear approaching, discharged his piece at the animal, aiming, as he thought, at a vital part. The bear tumbled over, and the gentleman, supposing him killed, or at least thoroughly disabled, went up to the spot. The monster almost instantly recovered his feet, and attacked the hunter, from whose face and head he tore off the whole integuments, before any one could come up to his assistance. The unfortunate gentleman lived thirty-six hours in this deplorable condition. The brown bear is less dangerous; he lives chiefly on honey and vegetables, but, when put to a push, can fight a good battle. A curious instance of the revengeful spirit of a bear was mentioned to our friend. A peasant having lost a cow, and observing the marks which had been made by the animal as it was drawn into the forest, followed immediately upon those traces, and after walking a long way, came to a spot where he found the cow lying on the ground half devoured. Feeling assured that the depredator was not far off, and would in time return to renew his feast, he erected a kind of stage between two trees, for the purpose of fully commanding the spot, and being also in some degree of safety from the bear. Here he took his station with his gun in his hand, and a boy for a companion. In the course of a few hours, a large black bear made its appearance, and began to regale himself with the cow. The man fired, and the bear rolled over, as if killed. He descended from the stage to complete his victory if necessary, but was immediately attacked by the monster in a most furious manner. The boy ran off screaming, and soon brought a number of peasants with sticks to the rescue of their companion, but before they could force the bear to let the man go, he was quite dead. They bore off the body through the wood towards his home, and, as they went, the bear hung upon the party, and, wounded as he was, made repeated and furious efforts to get his victim once more into his power. When they reached the house, and deposited the body, the animal came up to the door, and made many attempts to force his way in, his object evidently being to revenge himself still further upon the man who had wounded him. In a little, growing faint with loss of blood, he withdrew with two or three fearful growls, lay down opposite the door, and died.

Of the other sports of Lithuania, our friend supplies the following note from his journal. "The fishing is excellent. In the river St Swinton, which runs close by, and joins the Niemen at Kovno, the salmon reach

to about thirty pounds weight; and I never ate better fish at Broughty Ferry. (St Swinton is the river the Prince of Lithuania was baptised in when converted to Christianity.) There is also a kind of sea-trout, which gives very good sport. One forenoon I killed twenty-seven, some weighing nearly two pounds, all with a small black fly and a light fishing-rod. This kind of angling was never before heard of in this country. There is also in the loch near the house, excellent pike, perch, and bream, which give good sport. Some pike have been killed, weighing upwards of twenty pounds."

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

DOMESTIC GREENHOUSES.

A PLAN has lately been discovered for keeping green plants in a fresh and lively growing state, in all seasons and climates, with a very small degree of trouble. As it must be quite new to many of our readers, though well known to professional horticulturists and men of science, I shall try to describe it, from a recollection of seeing it in operation in London in the autumn of last year. It is, I suppose, generally understood that greenhouse plants, among which may be numbered many flowering tender herbs, will not grow in the open air in a town, or even in a carefully kept room. The smoky or otherwise impure atmosphere either kills them outright, or causes them to languish, so that at the best they are poor stunted things. But, besides being deprived of pure air, the plants are not properly and regularly watered. Watering only now and then does not suit all kinds of plants; many require to live in an atmosphere from which moisture can be at all times drawn. In short, by the common artificial methods, it is often impossible to imitate the processes of nature so effectually as to keep a number of pet flowers and shrubs about our dwellings in a state of health and beauty.

The new and improved method consists simply in the use of a glass case for the plants. The case may be the size of a room, or of a box—it is all one. The top and sides of the case are of glass frames; the bottom contains earth in which the plants grow; the whole is kept closed, except at short intervals, when a small door is opened for any necessary purpose. The case may be placed in a room at a window full in the sun's light, or if the enclosure be large, like a greenhouse, it may be situated out of doors. The plants being set in the usual manner, the earth is saturated to a certain extent with water, and the case closed. Nature now takes upon itself the entire management of the process. When the sun shines on the case, the moisture rises in a natural evaporation from the earth, and hangs in condensed globules on the inside of the glass. When the cold of evening ensues, the moisture descends, and is absorbed by the plants and by the earth. Thus alternately rising and descending, the moisture in the case keeps up a proper and regular system of irrigation, whereby the plants are sustained in a state of great freshness and beauty. I am not aware that there is any precise method followed for admitting fresh air into the case, and am inclined to believe that this is accomplished only by the casual opening of the small door, or by slight crevices in the frame-work.

A gentleman residing in the eastern and most confined part of London, has brought the growth of plants by these very simple means to an extraordinary degree of perfection. In one of his front rooms he has a case, about the size of a bird-cage, in which there grow a variety of plants, native and exotic, in the most lively state of health and freshness; and in a small back court he has erected a series of sheds, enclosed, and framed with glass on top and front, in which a prodigious variety of plants are seen growing in an equally healthy condition. On being conducted into one of these enclosed out-houses, I was struck with admiration of the freshness and greenness of the vegetation. From the ground grew tall exotics, and from jutting stones resembling rock-work, there depended mosses and creeping plants of divers kinds in a state of as luxuriant vegetation as if they had sprung amongst the cliffs which overhang a Highland lake. Yet all this was in one of the smokiest parts of London, in a confined back court, where a breath of fresh air could not at any season be reasonably expected, and where certainly the same plants could not grow in the open air, notwithstanding every care which might be bestowed upon them. What a triumph is this over local circumstances! Here is a gentleman of taste, who, though placed in a situation the most untoward, has it in his power, at the merest trifle of expense, to cultivate at least one of the branches of the delightful science of botany, and at all times enjoy the contemplation of some of nature's most beautiful works.

A special advantage of this mode of plant-culture consists in its applicability to the transportation of certain growing vegetables to distant countries. It has hitherto been difficult to keep plants alive on ship-board, in consequence of the great quantity of fresh water which they require. The expenditure of water, for instance, in taking plants from Great Britain to New South Wales, is so considerable as to be a complete bar to their exportation. This obstacle to the diffusion of plants no longer exists. By the above described method, growing plants are carried safely

round the world without requiring a drop of additional water during the voyage. There may now therefore be a free interchange of a variety of vegetables betwixt the most distant parts of the earth. The heaths, ferns, wild-flowers, furze, and "lang yellow broom" of Scotland, may now be transported with ease across immense oceans, to gladden the eyes of our countrymen in America or Australia. Such, indeed, has already been done. Not long ago, as we have been informed, there was an exhibition of a number of our indigenous plants in Sydney, some of which, from the force of early recollections, affected the spectators even to tears.

For an account of the kind of plants to which this mode of culture is most suitable, I must refer to recently published works on botany, where, in all likelihood, the subject is scientifically treated.

VISIT TO THE CAVE OF CASTLETON IN DERBYSHIRE.*

I HAD travelled one hundred and seventy miles from London, when, on ascending the highest eminence which lay before me, I all at once obtained a view of a charming valley completely enclosed by mountains, and intersected by rivers and brooks. In this valley lay Castleton, a small village consisting of mean-looking houses, and which derives its name from an old castle, the ruins of which are still to be seen. A narrow path winds down the side of the mountain into the valley and through the town, where I quickly swallowed a refreshment, and continued my journey to the cave. A small brook, which flows through Castleton, guided me to the entrance. Here I stood gazing a while in wonder and astonishment at the enormous masses of steep rock which rose before me, overgrown on both sides with green shrubs, and crowned at the top with the shattered walls and towers of an ancient stronghold that once stood there, while at the bottom yawned the immense opening of the cavern. As I stood rapt in admiration at the scene, I observed a person of rather rough and wild aspect standing in the gloomy mouth of the cave. In a voice which in harshness corresponded with his uncouth appearance, he asked me if I wished to see it. I answered in the affirmative, and he forthwith told me to follow him boldly, and we stepped together into the cave. On the left-hand side of the entrance lay a huge trunk of a tree, near which the boys of the village were playing. The descent was somewhat steep, so that the broad day which seemed streaming through the entrance was gradually lost in twilight. After proceeding forward a few paces, what was my surprise on perceiving all at once on my right, under the immense vault of the cave, a whole subterranean village, where the inhabitants, it being Sunday, were enjoying an interval of repose, and sat with their children before the doors of their lowly dwellings, apparently cheerful and happy. Immediately on passing these abodes, I saw here and there a number of large wheels, with which on working days the subterranean inhabitants manufactured ropes and cordage.

As we descended deeper down, the opening by which the light of day entered, appeared to grow smaller and smaller, and the darkness to increase almost with every step we took, until at length only a few rays seemed to dart through a little aperture, and which coloured the thin cloud of vapour that rose curling through the twilight to the vaulted roof of the cavern.

At last we arrived at a door where the high vault of rocks closed upon us, and here an old woman presented us with a couple of lights, each of us taking one in his hand. My guide now opened the door, which totally excluded the faint twilight that yet remained, and conducted me into this temple of Night, whose vestibule alone I had yet traversed. The roof here was so low, that for some paces we were under the necessity of stooping our bodies to be able to pass. But how great was my astonishment on reaching the opposite extremity of this strait, to see, as far as our lights permitted us, the vault expand into a length, height, and breadth, so amazing as to make the first huge cavern through which we had come appear of no consideration. After walking for a whole hour over a flat sandy soil, as if beneath a black midnight sky, so lofty was the roof, and so deep the darkness, the rocks again began by degrees to decline in height, and we found ourselves suddenly on the margin of a tolerably broad river, which, with the glimmer of our lights, threw back a remarkable reflection on the surrounding gloom. To the bank of the stream there was fastened a small boat, in which some straw was lying; and my guide told me to step into it, and stretch myself out in the bottom, because in the middle of the river the impending rocks approached very near the edge of the water. After I had done so, he stepped into the stream, which reached above his middle, and drew the boat after him. The solemn stillness of death reigned around us, and as we advanced, the rocks, like a dark-grey cloud, sank deeper and deeper, till at last they almost touched my face, and I was scarcely able to hold the light from my breast. In this position I lay as in a coffin, not daring to move, until the frightful strait was passed, and the rocky roof of the cave again swelled upwards on the opposite shore, where I was safely set down by my conductor.

Our way was now all at once broad and high, and

then, as suddenly, again it became low and narrow. As we passed, we observed on each side of us a multitude of petrified plants and animals, some of large size, others smaller, but which, from want of time, we could not stay to examine. We now arrived at a second river, not, however, so broad as the first, for we were able to discern the opposite shore; and there being no ferry-boat here, my guide carried me across on his shoulders. Proceeding onwards a few steps, we came to a third narrow stream of water, which extended lengthways before us, and led the way to the extremity of the cavern. The road which wound along this rivulet was wet and slippery, and sometimes so narrow that we scarcely could get one foot placed before another. Notwithstanding the difficulties which I had to surmount, I with pleasure continued my journey along the subterranean shore, delighted with the appearance of the wonderful objects which surrounded me in this realm of darkness and shadows, until my attention was suddenly arrested by sounds resembling music heard from a distance, which broke the silence of this dreary solitude.

Struck with astonishment, I came to an instant halt, and asked my guide what was the meaning of this? "You will soon see," was his reply.

But as we went on, the melodious tones died away; the noise became fainter and fainter, and was lost at last in a gentle drizzle, as if caused by drops of rain falling from the roof. How great was my surprise to find this was really the case, and that, from the rocks above, as from a dense cloud, an everlasting shower of rain descended, the drops of which, now glittering in the light of our torches, had, by their fall on the floor, caused the melodious sounds which we heard! The phenomenon is occasioned by a muddy brook, which searches down through the veins of the rocks above, and drips into the vault as from a huge filter.

We dared not approach too near, lest the falling drops should extinguish our lights, and then, perhaps, we might in vain have attempted to explore our way back. We continued our course along the margin of the narrow stream, and, in passing, I observed a number of wide openings in the walls of rock which rose on each side of me. They seemed the entrances to new caverns, but I proceeded without stopping, till told by my conductor to prepare for one of the most splendid appearances of the cave, and which was just at hand. Scarcely had I gone on half a dozen of steps, when I was ushered into a majestic temple, consisting of magnificent arches resting upon beautifully formed pillars—all so delicately moulded, that they seemed the handiwork of an accomplished architect, rather than the fortuitous productions of nature. This subterranean temple, whereon no human hand had been laid, appeared to me at the moment in regularity, splendour, and beauty, to surpass the most lordly structures I had ever beheld.

We now approached the termination of our journey. The little streamlet faithfully accompanied us to the farthest extremity of the cave, while to the last the roof continued to bend like an arch. It then rapidly declined in height till it came into contact with the brook, which here made a semicircular bend. The cavern was thus closed as with a door of adamant, for ever barring all farther progress to human foot. Hereupon my conductor sprang into the water, and swam over to the rocks, and also down for some feet, for the purpose of showing me that it was impossible to get any farther, unless we could blast the rocks with gunpowder, and perhaps open up a second cavern. It was now my belief that our next way would be back again; but I was destined to encounter greater difficulties and to behold lovelier scenes than any which I had hitherto met with.

Turning himself round, my conductor led the way through an opening in the wall of rock on the left hand, and I followed him. He now inquired if I had any objections to creeping a tolerable distance beneath rocks which brooded so low as almost to touch the ground; and telling him I had not, he bade me take great care of my light, and faithfully follow him. Crooking our bodies, we commenced our journey on all fours, over wet sand, and through openings of rock scarcely large enough to allow our bodies to pass. After completing this irksome part of our travel, and assuming the erect posture, the first object which attracted my notice was a steep hill rising to such a height in the cavern, that it appeared to be lost as in a cloud amongst the lofty rocks which frowned above us. So wet and slippery was this elevation, that on attempting to ascend it, I instantly lost my footing and fell back. But my guide, laying hold of my hand, told me to fear nothing, but boldly accompany him, as he well knew where a firm footing was to be obtained. We began our ascent, and rose to such a height, at the same time looking down into such a frightful chasm on either side, that my head yet grows giddy when I think upon the scene.

At length we reached the summit, where, having been pointed out a secure place to stand upon, my conductor told me to remain without stirring, and then, descending the hill, left me alone to meditate on my situation. I lost sight of him for a considerable time; at last I perceived not him, but his light, shining like a beautiful star far down in the depths of the abyss. The view was splendid, indeed indescribably so; and after allowing me to enjoy it a sufficient length of time, my guide returned, and taking me on his shoulders, I was safely landed on the spot from which the ascent was begun. But a still more surprising sight

awaited me. Leaving me standing where I was, he again ascended the hill, and placing his light in such a manner as to make it shine through a small opening of the rocks (while at the same time I concealed my own light with my hand), it seemed as if at darkest midnight a star were gleaming through a thick cloud; it was a sight which, in loveliness, far surpassed anything that I had seen. We had now reached the limits of our subterranean journey, and with much trouble and difficulty we retraced our steps to the world above us. Again we entered the solemn temple which we had so lately left; heard anew the rain-drops gently drizzling near us; listened to the melodious sounds which they produced at a distance; re-crossed the streams which flowed on so noiselessly; and passed along the vast hall of the cavern to the narrow door where we had taken leave of the light of day, and which I again longed to hail after my sojourn in this realm of darkness. But before my guide opened the little door, he bade me prepare for yet another sight, which, he said, would excel in beauty all the former views. I found that he was right; for on opening the door only half, I felt, not dreamingly, but in reality, as if I had obtained a glimpse of Elysium—so wonderfully beautiful did every object appear in the refreshing twilight which dawned upon the gloom. Day gradually broke upon me, clearer and clearer, and night and darkness vanished in proportion. Far in the distance, I first saw the smoke of the cottages, and then the cottages themselves. Still higher up, the boys, yet at their play around the large tree, came into view; then I beheld the purple streaks which ran along the evening sky beaming through the opening of the cavern, and, just as we reached its mouth, the sun disappeared below the western horizon. I had thus spent nearly half a day in the cavern; and when I began to examine myself a little attentively, I found that, in regard to attire, I bore a tolerable resemblance to my guide, whose dilapidated dress had attracted my notice when we first met. My shoes, too, scarcely held together on my feet, so much had they been torn and destroyed by my walk over moist sand and hard sharp-pointed stones.

THE BROOCH OF LORN.

Whence the brooch of burning gold,
That clasps the chieftain's mantle-fold,
Wrought and chased with rare device,
Studded fair with gems of price,
On the varied tartan beaming,
As, through night's pale rainbow gleaming,
Painter now, now seen afar,
Fits shines the morning-star.

Lord of the Isles, Canto II.

In these lines Scott makes allusion to a jewelled brooch worn by the heroic King Robert Bruce, as a means of keeping together the folds of his plaid or mantle, and which still exists in the possession of the chief of one of the Highland clan families. As this bijou has gone through some rather remarkable adventures, a short history of it, which we derive from the best, and in part from original sources, may be interesting to our readers.

The brooch, we must premise, is an article essential to the dress once worn by both sexes in the Highlands. Brooches were used by all ranks in that country, and were of all degrees of plainness and elegance, from the simple ring with a tongue across it, up to the massive silver plate of complicated mechanism, and glittering with precious stones. A Highland bridegroom gave his bride, not a ring, but a brooch, usually with some affectionate inscription upon it; and as the same article sometimes served several generations of one family, it was apt to become invested with many endearing associations. A friend of the writer has seen one inscribed with the names of five successive couples of one family, of whose matrimonial union it had been the outward symbol. Sometimes a still more sacred feeling was connected with the brooch, and it was considered as a sort of amulet, possessing a power to charm away disease. Pennant, in his Tour of 1769 gives a drawing of a beautifully jewelled one, belonging to Campbell of Glenlyon, the reverse side of which contained the names of the three kings of Cologne, Caspar, Melchior, and Baltazar, with the word *consummatus*—a clear proof that it was a consecrated article, as it is well known that the names of the royal sages, written on slips of paper, or otherwise were esteemed in the middle ages (and perhaps to this day in some parts of Europe) as preservatives against the falling-sickness.

The brooch to which the present paper more immediately refers, is represented by unvarying tradition in the Highlands as having been worn by Robert Bruce king of Scotland. It is not of gold, as Scott, from misinformation, erroneously represented it, but of silver, and consists of a circular plate, about four inches in diameter, having a tongue like that of a corset buckle on the under side. The upper side is magnificently ornamented. First, from the margin rises a neatly formed rim, with hollows cut in the edge at certain distances, like the embrasures in an embattled wall. From a circle within this rim, rise eight rows tapering obelisks, about an inch and a quarter high finely cut, and each studded at top with a river pearl. Within this circle of obelisks, there is a second rim also ornamented with carved work, and within which rises a neat circular case, occupying the whole end of the brooch, and slightly overtopping the obelisks. The exterior of this case, instead of forming a plain

* By K. P. Moritz, a German author of celebrity.

circle, projects into eight semi-cylinders, which relieve it from all appearance of heaviness. The upper part is likewise carved very elegantly, and in the centre there is a large gem. This case may be taken off, and within there is a hollow which might have contained any small articles upon which a particular value was set.

In the summer of 1306, Robert Bruce caused himself to be crowned at Scone, but almost immediately afterwards was overthrown in battle by the troops of Edward I., which then occupied the country. With only a few gentlemen in his train, he was obliged to become a fugitive and vagabond in the country which he lately pretended to govern. On the 11th of August, as he was endeavouring to make his way across the Highlands, in order to take refuge in Ireland, he was encountered at a place now called Dalree, near Tyndrum, on the borders of Argyshire, by a powerful lord, named in ancient writings "Alexander of Argyre," the ancestor of the Macdougals of Lorn. Alexander was one of those great Hebridean and Argyshire chiefs who at this time, and for more than a century after, deemed themselves independent of the king of Scotland. He was in alliance with the English monarch, and had further and more special causes of hostility to King Robert, from his being uncle by marriage to John Cuming, whom Bruce had recently slain at Dumfries. A fierce combat ensued between Bruce's party and the followers of the Lord of Argyre, as related in the following terms by Barbour (the spelling being modernised):—

'The king's folk full weel them bare,
And slew, and felit, and wounded sair;
But the folk of the other party
Fought with axes sae fellily,
For they on foot were everik ane,
That they feil of their horse has slain.*
And till some gave they wounds wide;
James of Douglas was hurt that tide
And also Sir Gilbert de la Hay.
The king his men saw in affray,
And his enseinzie 'gan he cry;
And amang them right hardily
He raid, that he them dushit all,
And feil of them there garred he fall.
But when he saw they were sae foill,
And saw them sae great dints deal,
He dreed to tyne his folk.† Forthly,
His men till him he 'gan rely,
And said, 'Lordings, folly it were
Till us for till assemble mair,
For they feil of our horse has slain;
And gif we fecht with them again,
We sall tyne of our small menzie.‡
And ourselves sall in peril be.
Therefore methink maist awenand
To withdraw us, us defendand,
Till we come out of their danger,
For our strength at our hand is near.'

Then they withdrew them hardily,
But that was not full cowardly,
For then intill a sop held they,
And the king him abandoned ay,
To defend behind his menzie;
And through his worship sae wrought he,
That he rescued all the flecra,
And stinted sae-gate the chasra,
That nane durst out of battle chase,
For always at their hand he was.
Sae weel defended he his men,
That whasever had seen him then
Prove sae worthily vasselage,
And turn sae oft-siths the visage,
He suld say he aucht weel to be
A king of a great royalty.'

The poet then states that the Lord of Lorn himself could not help admiring the prowess of the king, whom he likened to Gaul, son of Morni, famous in Celtic fable. But the action was not yet concluded:

— "two brothers were in that land,
That were the hardiest of hand,
That were intil all that countrie;
And they have sworn, if they might see
The Bruce, where they might him o'erta',
That they should die, or there him slay.
Their surname was Macindrosser,
That is, as mickle to say here
As the *Durward's* son perlay.
Of their covin ¶ a third had they,
That was right stout, ill, and feloun.
When they the king of great renown
Saw sae behind his menzie ride,
And saw him turn sae mony-tide,**
They abade till that he was
Entered in a narrow place
Betwixt a loch-side and a brae,
That was sae strait, I underta',
That he might not weel turn his steed;
Then with a will till him they gaed;
And ane him by the bridle hynt:
But he raucht till him sic a dint,
That arm and shoulder flew him frae.
With that ane other 'gan him ta'
By the leg, and his hand 'gan shoot
Betwixt the stirrup and his foot;
And when the king felt there his hand,
In his stirrups stithly 'gan he stand,
And strack with spurs the steed in hy,††
And he launched forth deliverly;

Sae that the tother failed feet,
And not forthy his hand was yet
Under the stirrup, maugre his.
The third, with fall great hy, with this
Right till the brae-side he gaed,
And start* behind him on his steed.
The king was then in full great press;

— syne him that behind him was,
All mangle his will, him 'gan he rass†
Frae behind him, though he had sworn,
He laid him even him before,
Syne with the sword sic dint he gave,
That he the head to the harns clava.‡
He rushed down of blood all red,
As he that stound fell off dead.
And then the king, in full great hy,
Strak at the other vigorously,
Whom he after his stirrup drew,
That at the first straik he him slew.
In this wise him delivered he
Of all these felon faes three.'

The king and his party were now permitted to retire. He is said by tradition to have taken refuge that night in a cave at the head of the glen of Balquidder, which is still called from that circumstance *Craigree*, or the King's Rock. Another account states that his shelter that night was a cave at Craigrostan on Lochlond side, where his companions were a flock of goats; and so pleased was he, it is said, with his nocturnal associates, that he afterwards made a law exempting all goats from grass-mal or rent.

Barbour makes no allusion to the brooch; but from the unvarying nature of the tradition, there can be no doubt that he lost that part of his habiliments on this occasion. The local story is, that, in making his escape, he was under the necessity of parting with his plaid, and the brooch which fastened it. It is said that Finlay Macnab, chief of the name, who headed his clan in aid of the Lord of Lorn, came into personal conflict with the king. Throwing down his sword, he grappled with Bruce, and, being a man of uncommon strength, he was like to have the advantage, when the king, feeling himself about to be overpowered, contrived to withdraw, leaving his plaid and its splendid brooch in the grasp of his Herculean antagonist. According to another narration, Alexander of Lorn was himself the individual who entered into a personal struggle with the king. He was thrown down, and would have been slain, had not three of his vassals, named McKeoch, a father and two sons, come to his rescue, and dragged the king away by his mantle, which with the brooch remained in their grasp. In whatever way the brooch was gained, the uniform tradition represents it as continuing for centuries in the possession of the family of Alexander of Lorn, as a proud trophy of the victory gained by him at Tyndrum.

The ultimate ascendancy of Bruce proved ruinous to this great family, on the ruins of which rose the Campbells and other clans. In the seventeenth century, the Macdougals, once styled of Argyre, afterwards of Lorn, but now of Dunolly, while boasting of a most distinguished ancestry, and the chiefs of their clan, possessed but a comparatively small estate. Dunolly Castle, which overlooks the sea near Oban, and Goleen Castle in the neighbouring island of Kerrera, were their chief seats. In the civil war, the Macdougals of that day adhered to the royal cause, and suffered as much thereby as he had formerly done by opposing it. In 1647, he was besieged in Dunolly by a detachment of General Leslie's troops under Colonel Montgomery. From the impregnable nature of the situation, he was successful in holding out this strength; but Goleen Castle was taken, sacked, and burned. Campbell of Inveraw, who took part in the latter affair, secured the brooch of King Robert, or, as it was now commonly called, the *Brooch of Lorn*, which he took into his possession as fair spoil, though he did not think proper to make his good fortune too well known, lest the Macdougals might have thought it necessary afterwards to attempt the recovery of the highly-valued relic by force. Time rolled on; the Macdougals of the early part of the last century lost his lands in consequence of his embracing the cause of the Pretender in 1715; his son regained them in consequence of keeping loyal in 1745. Meanwhile, the brooch won at Dalree continued safe, amidst all the vicissitudes of the family fortunes, in the strong chest at Inveraw. To the Macdougals themselves it was not even known to exist.

At length, about thirty years ago, this precious relic passed into the hands of a cadet of the Inveraw family, who, at a subsequent time, appointed it by testament to be sold, and the proceeds divided amongst his younger children. It was accordingly, about the year 1819, sent to Messrs Rundell and Bridge in London, to be exposed for sale, the price put upon it being a thousand pounds. The late King George IV., then Prince Regent, is said to have offered five hundred pounds for the brooch, but without obtaining it; nor did any other customer appear who was willing to give the large price put upon it by the possessor. It must be understood that, when thus laid before the public, it was openly described as the *Brooch of Lorn*, originally the property of King Robert Bruce; yet the fact of its existence and exposure for sale did not become known to the representative of the Macdougals family, till after it had been withdrawn from the market. Ultimately, in the year 1825, the late amiable General

Campbell of Lochnell, being anxious to bestow some mark of grateful regard on his esteemed friend and neighbour Macdougals, purchased the brooch, and caused it to be presented to that gentleman, by his chief the Duke of Argyre, at a social meeting of the landholders of the county. It thus, after an interval of more than a century and a half, found its way back to the family, who, next to King Robert and his heirs and representatives, were certainly its most rightful owners. It is at present kept with great care at Dunolly Castle.

[NOTE.—The Brooch of Lorn was shown a few years ago at a meeting of the Antiquarian Society of Scotland, on which occasion the present writer had the gratification of seeing it. A representation of it in oil was taken at the expense of the society, and hung up in their hall in Edinburgh. Some other remarkable instances of trinkets recovered at great distances of time, may here be adverted to. About the year 1690, a year after the battle of Killiecrankie, the Viscountess of Dundee, widow of the Jacobite chief who fell in that action, paid a visit to Colzium, in Stirlingshire, a seat of the Kilsyth family. William Livingstone, afterwards Viscount of Kilsyth, and who subsequently married her, paid his first addresses to Lady Dundee on this occasion. As a pledge of his love, he presented her with a ring, which, unfortunately, she dropped next day in the garden—a circumstance regarded as extremely unlucky. To obviate evil forebodings, she offered a large reward for the recovery of the ring, but in vain. She married Lord Kilsyth, and, when he had to leave his country for his concern in the rebellion of 1715, she accompanied him to Holland, where she and an infant son were soon after killed by the fall of a house. The public were greatly surprised when, in 1795, the bodies of this lady and her child were found in an embalmed and perfect state in the vault beneath the church of Kilsyth; but it was a still more remarkable circumstance, that, in the ensuing year, the lost ring was found by the tenant of the garden at Colzium, while digging for potatoes. It had then been lost for exactly a hundred and six years. On the internal surface were the words, "Zovrs only and Euer." About a hundred years ago, Mr Murray of Toftingall in Caithness, while walking on the sea-beach, near his house, lost a massive gold ring, bearing his coat armorial and initials. So anxious was he to recover it, that all his tenants were brought to the place to look for it; but they looked and searched in vain. A few months ago, a herd-boy, sauntering on the beach, found this ring under a rock, and restored it to the descendant of the original owner, Sir Peter Murray Threipland, of Fingask, Baronet.]

THE PIASA,

AN INDIAN TRADITION OF ILLINOIS.

No part of the United States can vie, in wild and romantic scenery, with the bluff of Illinois. On one side of the river, often at the water's edge, a perpendicular wall of rock rises to the height of some hundred feet. Generally on the opposite shore, is a level bottom or prairie, of several miles width, extending to a similar bluff that rises parallel with the river. One of these ranges commences at Alton, and extends, with a few intervals, for many miles along the banks of the Mississippi and Illinois rivers. In descending the river to Alton, the traveller will observe, between that town and the mouth of the Illinois, a narrow ravine through which a small stream discharges its waters into the Mississippi. That stream is the Piasa; its name is Indian, and signifies, in the language of the Illinois, "the bird that devours men." Near the mouth of that stream, on the smooth and perpendicular face of the bluff, at an elevation which no human art can reach, is cut the figure of an enormous bird, with its wings extended. The bird which this figure represents was called by the Indians "the Piasa," and from this is derived the name of the stream. The tradition of the Piasa is still current among all the tribes of the Upper Mississippi, and those who have inhabited the valley of the Illinois, and is briefly this.

Many thousand moons before the arrival of the pale faces, when the great Magalonic and Mastodon, whose bones are now dug up, were still living in the land of the green prairies, there existed a bird of such dimensions that he could easily carry off in his talons a full-grown deer. Having obtained a human victim, from that time he sought human beings as his prey. He was artful as he was powerful—would dart suddenly and unexpectedly upon an Indian, bear him off to one of the caves in the bluff, and devour him. Hundreds of warriors attempted for years to destroy him, but without success. Whole villages were nearly depopulated, and consternation spread through all the tribes of the Illinois. At length Owatoga, a chief whose fame extended as a warrior even beyond the great lakes, separating himself from the rest of his tribe, fasted in solitude for the space of a whole moon, and prayed to the Great Spirit, the Master of Life, that he would protect his children from the Piasa. On the last night of his fast, the Great Spirit appeared to him in a dream, and directed him to select twenty of his warriors, each armed with a bow and pointed arrows, and conceal them in a designated spot. Near the place of the concealment another warrior was to stand in open view, as a victim for the Piasa, which they must shoot the instant that he pounced upon his prey. When the chief awoke in the morning, he thanked the Great Spirit, returned to his tribe, and told them his dream. The warriors were quickly selected, and placed in ambush as directed. Owatoga offered himself as the victim. He was willing to die for his tribe. Placing himself in open view of the bluff, he soon saw the Piasa perched on the cliff, eyeing his prey. Owatoga drew up his manly form to its utmost height, and placing his feet firmly upon the earth, began to chant the death-song of a warrior. A

* Have slain many of the horses.

† Dressed to lose his people.

‡ Retained.

§ Wholly.

¶ Company.

** So often.

†† Hunted.

* Leapt.

† Reached.

‡ Gave the head into the brain.

moment after, the Piasa rose into the air, and, swift as the thunderbolt, darted down upon the chief. Scarcely had he reached his victim, when every bow was sprung, and every arrow sent to the feather in his body. The Piasa uttered a wild fearful scream, that resounded far over the opposite side of the river, and expired. Owatoga was safe; not an arrow, not even the talons of the bird had touched him. The Master of Life, in admiration of the noble deed of Owatoga, had held over him an invisible shield. In memory of this event, the image of the Piasa was engraved in the face of the bluff.

Such is the Indian tradition; of course I do not vouch for its truth. This much, however, is certain: the figure of a large bird cut into the solid rock, is still there, and at a height that is perfectly inaccessible. How and for what purpose it was made, I leave it for others to determine. Even at this day, an Indian never passes the spot in his canoe, without firing his gun at the figure of the bird. The marks of balls on the rock are almost innumerable. Not a great while since, I was induced to visit the bluffs below the mouth of the Illinois river, and above that of the Piasa. My curiosity was principally directed to the examination of the caves connected with the above tradition, as one of those to which the bird had carried its human victims. Preceded by an intelligent guide who carried a spade, I set out on my excursion. The cave was extremely difficult of access, and at one point of our progress I stood at an elevation of more than one hundred and fifty feet on the face of the bluff, with barely room to sustain one foot; the unbroken wall towered above me, while below was the river. After a long and perilous clambering we reached the cave, which was about fifty feet above the surface of the river. By the aid of a long pole, placed on the projecting rock, and the upper end touching the mouth of the cave, we succeeded in entering it. Nothing could be more impressive than the view from the entrance of the cavern. The Mississippi was rolling in silent grandeur beneath us—high over our heads, a single cedar hung its branches over the cliff, on the blasted top of which was seated a bald eagle. No other sound of life was near us—a Sabbath stillness rested upon the scene—not a cloud in the heavens—not a breath of air was stirring—the broad Mississippi lay before us, calm and smooth as a lake. The landscape presented the same wild aspect as it did before it had yet met the eye of the white man.

The roof of the cavern was vaulted, the top of which was hardly less than twenty-five feet in height—the shape of the cave was irregular, but, so far as I could judge, the bottom would average twenty by thirty feet. The floor of the cave through its whole extent was a mass of human bones; skulls and other bones were mingled together in the utmost confusion. To what depth they extend, I am unable to decide; but we dug to the depth of three or four feet in every quarter of the cavern, and still we found only bones. The remains of thousands must have been deposited here—how, and by whom, and for what purpose, it is impossible to conjecture.—*Richmond Enquirer, American paper.*

MR ROBERTS'S EXCURSION INTO EGYPT.

MR D. ROBERTS, well known as one of our most eminent painters of architectural scenery, is at present in the East, engaged in an undertaking of great magnitude, from which the lovers of the fine arts have formed the highest expectations. His object is to take coloured designs of the splendid ruins and chief existing cities of Egypt and Syria, from which, at his leisure, on his return to England, he may produce paintings in the first style of art. Mr Roberts departed on his arduous expedition some time last autumn, and his friends have been made acquainted with his proceedings since, by means of the following letter, dated from Cairo, December 24, and published a few weeks ago in the *Athenæum*:

"I will not trouble you (he proceeds) with an account of my journey through France, further than to observe that the passage down the Rhone was most delightful. At Marseilles I was detained a short time; thence I embarked for Malta, touching at Leghorn, Civita Vecchia, &c. At Malta, I changed steamers, and proceeded to Syria, a small but thriving and bustling place, which has sprung up since the establishment of the Greek independence, and which was principally formed of the unfortunate fugitives who escaped the sacking of Scio. Here I again changed steamers, leaving the Sesostris for the Rhameses, and on board of the latter I found a numerous company of Mussulmans from Constantinople on their way to Mecca; certainly as picturesque a group as painter could desire—huddled together on the deck, and provided with all the requisites for such a journey. The weather was delightful, and our voyage through the Greek islands truly one of pleasure. After four days we hove in sight of Alexandria, and all that remains of its ancient city, namely, vast heaps of rubbish, Pompey's Pillar, and the obelisk called Cleopatra's Needle. My stay here was short. Having delivered my letters of introduction, and provided myself with an Arab servant and necessities for my voyage up the Nile, I embarked in one of the native boats, and after a three days' sail found myself on a donkey in the midst of the crowded streets of Cairo. The English hotel here is good, but, being the only one, is, like all English hotels, most extravagant. Cairo exceeded my expectations; its streets, its crowded population, the sumptuous and picturesque appearance of the mosques and bazaars, beggar all description: from the crowded and narrow nature of the streets there will be much difficulty in making drawings, but still it must be done. The mosque of Sultan Hassan is not surpassed in point of magnitude, and the exquisite beauty of its arabesques, by any building in existence, St Peter's excepted; but all these I must skip over, together with the eternal pyramids themselves: the latter of which I visited, and ascended to the summit of the only one that is ascensible—gazed upon the desert that now covers the ancient Memphis—and returned, I suppose, like all who visit them, lost in wonder and conjecture; for there is so much to puzzle one in this mighty country, and its still more

mighty remains, that the mind becomes bewildered; mine was in this state when I struck a light on the summit of the Great Pyramid, and endeavoured to smoke a cigar with as much coolness as an addled pate and a burning sun would allow of.

But being anxious to get to the extremity of my journey before commencing operations, I freighted a boat or kanga, with eight men, a tent or awning for covering the deck, provisions for three months, all the necessary articles of house-keeping, or rather boat-keeping. Behold me seated, my English flag mounted at the mast-head, under an awning—sketch-book before me, my head covered with a red turban or skull-cap—a very respectable pair of mustachios—a long chibouk or Turkish pipe—commander of my own boat, a servant to attend to all my wants, and, with the exception of mosquitos, of which there were myriads, fleas, flies that cover your eyes and mouth till you can neither see nor speak, lizards, scorpions, &c., add to which about a dozen of *bats* dancing the fandango over you at night—with the exception of these, and the thermometer at about 115 or 116 degrees in the shade, all was *very comfortable*.

I cannot tell you all I found on the passage up the river. Suffice it to say, Thebes surpassed and surpasses all that can be imagined of it; and all that has hitherto been drawn of these extraordinary remains conveys no more idea of them than a country village would of the magnitude of London—I cannot find a better simile, so you must put up with this bad one. Passing the first cataract, I entered Nubia, and reached as far as 22 degrees of north latitude.—Wady Halfah. Here the navigation of the Nile southwards terminates, all beyond being a succession of rapids. Mohammed Ali, who had preceded us, having passed us lower down the Nile, on his way to Senaar and Dongola, reached as far as the first cataract in a steamer built at Cairo, and by native Egyptians. They endeavoured to get her up the cataract, but stove a hole in her bottom, lost her rudder, and the pasha left and proceeded southwards in an open boat with rowers: as she passed us, being the first steamer that had ascended the Nile, we gave her three hearty cheers. His object is to visit the gold mines worked by the ancients, which he has re-opened—a deputation of learned and scientific men accompanying him as far as where the White River joins the Nile, and which they are to explore to its source, and finally settle the long-disputed point—the source of the river. And now to myself. I began with Ebsamboul, a temple excavated in the rock, discovered by Burckhardt, cleared of the sand by Belzoni, and in the most excellent preservation, although formed by an ancient Egyptian called Rhameses, who lived 1400 years before the Christian era. It proves the arts to have been in such a state of perfection at that time, that it is very questionable whether they have been surpassed since—all of which I hope to be better able to show you on my arrival in England. From thence I took the whole line of temples, extending from this to the island of Philæ, at the first cataract (the great barrier betwixt Nubia and Upper Egypt), entering the Thebaid, where the ruins are of greater magnitude, although most are nearly buried to the capitals in the sands of the desert, including Ombi, Esneh, Abydos, Hermouths, Luxor, Karnac, Gournou, Medinet Abou, the sitting statues in the ruins of Thebes and Denderah. I have formed one of the most interesting collections of sketches, perhaps, ever brought out of any country—I mean, of course, of their kind. To these I hope soon to add Grand Cairo; and in about six weeks I shall enter Syria, by the way of Hebron and the Dead Sea, visiting Jerusalem, Bethlehem, Nazareth, Balbec, and Damascus. I think, if I am spared health, I shall return through Italy, by the way of Rome. Thank God, after an absence in Upper Egypt of nearly three months, I have returned in better health and spirits than I have had for years."

THE NEGRO FIDDLER.

A negro man was going through the woods, with no companion but his fiddle, when he discovered that a pack of wolves were on his track. They pursued very cautiously, but a few of them would sometimes dash up, and growl, as if impatient for their prey, and then fall back again. As he had several miles to go, he became much alarmed. He sometimes stopped, shouted, drove back his pursuers, and then proceeded. The animals became more and more audacious, and would probably have attacked him, had he not arrived at a deserted cabin, which stood by the way-side. Into this he rushed for shelter, and without waiting to shut the door, climbed up and seated himself on the rafters. The wolves dashed in after him, and becoming quite furious, howled, and leaped, and endeavoured with every expression of rage to get to him. The moon was now shining brightly, and Cuff being able to see his enemies, and satisfied of his own safety, began to act on the offensive. Finding the cabin full of them, he crawled down to the top of the door, which he shut and fastened. Then removing some of the loose boards from the roof, scattered them with a tremendous clatter upon such of his foes as remained outside, who soon scampered off, while those in the house began to crouch with fear. He had now a large number of prisoners to stand guard over until morning; and, drawing forth his fiddle, he very good-naturedly played for them all night, very much, as he supposed, to their edification and amusement, for, like all genuine lovers of music, he imagined that it had power to soften the heart even of a wolf. On the ensuing day, some of the neighbours assembled and destroyed the captives, with great rejoicings.—*Hall's Notes on the Western States.*

IMPROVEMENTS FROM ACCIDENT.

Next in importance to the discovery of steam was the discovery of the spinning-jenny in the manufacture of cotton, which has revolutionised the commerce of the world, and the discovery of this too is attributable to accident. Hargraves, who first invented the spinning-jenny, was a poor weaver, near Blackburn in Lancashire; his residence was near the print-ground, the first and infant establishment of the late Sir Robert Peel, to whom

he suggested his discovery, and to which circumstance the Peel family are indebted for their opulence. A number of young people were one day assembled at play at Hargraves' house during the hour generally allotted to dinner, and the wheel at which he or some one of his family was spinning, was by accident overturned. The thread still remained in the hand of the spinner, and as the arms and periphery of the wheel were prevented by the framing from any contact with the floor, the velocity it had acquired still gave motion to the spindle, which continued to revolve as before. Hargraves surveyed this with mingled curiosity and attention; he expressed his surprise in exclamations which are still remembered, and to this trifling accident was that stupendous improvement attributable at the time.—*Pilot.*

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

There are 8000 deaf mutes in England; the institutions at present in operation are not capable of educating more than 600. It is calculated that at least one-eighth of the whole number are within the age and other qualifications generally prescribed for education. It therefore seems necessary that more extended provisions should be made for their instruction.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

FAREWELL TO INDIA,

LINES WRITTEN BY A PRIVATE SOLDIER.

Land of the sun! land of the sun!
I bid thy shores adieu!
My years of exile now are run,
And smiling prospects have begun
To bless my sight anew,
And hopes, which long have withering lain,
Arise to cheer my soul again.
Thy rich mines yield the gems and ore
For which men roam and toil—
I've roamed and toiled, but leave thy shore
Poor as I left my father's door,
Poor as I touched thy soil:—
Yet me thou hast despoiled of wealth—
The bloom of youth—the rose of health!
Though thou no wintry storms dost know,
Though still thy bowers be green,
Yet, through thy changeless summer's glow,
A long, long dreary winter's snow
Hath chilled my heart, I ween;
Alas! how tardy did appear
The lingering pace of each dull year!
Once more, Madras, at sea I stand,
And eye the sullen wave
That breaks in thunders on thy strand:—
But where is now that gallant band
That with me came, the brave—
The gay!—alas, how few remain
To cross thy restless surge again!
O thou Almighty, gracious power,
My God, my only stay,
How oft, when storms began to lower,
Thy smile hath lent their merriest hour
A gleam of heav'n's own day:
Thou'lt led me, since I crossed these waves,
Safe through a path of yawning graves!
My God and Father, guide me now
Safe o'er the rolling sea,
And, while I at thy footstool bow,
For all the sunless blessings thou
Hast showered on worthless me,
Accept, most holy, just, and good,
The heartfelt gush of gratitude!
Poor helpless Hindoo tribes, farewell,
Slaves of CASTE's fourfold chain!
Soon may the sun of truth dispel
Your deep, deep darkness, black as hell,
Idolatry's foul reign,
And chase away your long digrace,
Weak, abject, ever vanquished race.
Ye followers of the Crescent bright,
Proud, warlike, dark-eyed race,
Though now your emblem's silvery light
No more shines prosperous o'er the fight,
It set not in digrace!
Farewell! though fallen from empire low,
Ye bowed to no inglorious foe!
Farewell, ye plains so parched and sere,
Where weary travellers pant;
Farewell, ye jungles wild and drear,
Where rushes in his mad career
The mighty elephant;
Where restless glaring tigers prowl,
Where serpents hiss, and jackals howl.
Mountains, farewell! whose summits high
Pierce ether's cloudless day—
Round whose dark sides the tempests fly
In winged wrath, and vividly
The fierce red lightnings play;
Where man looks down with awe and wonder,
To find himself above the thunder!
Farewell, thou clear and azure sky,
Ye life-sustaining streams!
Farewell, ye lovely scenes that lie
In beautiful calm before my eye,
Lit by the white moon-beams!
India, adieu! I leave thy shore
To see it never, never more!

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STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
ST PAUL.

"IT'S ONLY A DROP!"

It was a cold winter's night, and though the cottage where Ellen and Michael, the two surviving children of old Ben Murphy, lived, was always neat and comfortable, still there was a cloud over the brow of both brother and sister, as they sat before the cheerful fire; it had obviously been spread not by anger, but by sorrow. The silence had continued long, though it was not bitter. At last Michael drew away from his sister's eyes the checked apron she had applied to them, and taking her hand affectionately within his own, said, "It isn't for my own sake, Ellen, though the Lord knows I shall be lonesome enough the long winter nights and the long summer days without your wise saying, and your sweet song, and your merry laugh, that I can so well remember—ay, since the time when our poor mother used to seat us on the new rick, and then, in the innocent pride of her heart, call our father to look at us, and preach to us against being conceited, at the very time she was making us proud as peacocks by calling us her blossoms of beauty, and her heart's blood, and her king and queen."

"God and the blessed virgin make her bed in heaven now and for evermore, amen," said Ellen, at the same time drawing out her beads, and repeating an ave with inconceivable rapidity. "Ah, Mike," she added, "that was the mother, and the father too, full of grace and godliness."

"True for ye, Ellen; but *that's* not what I'm after now, as you well know, you blushing little rogue of the world; and sorra a word I'll say against it in the end, though it's lonesome I'll be on my own hearth-stone, with no one to keep me company but the ould black cat, that can't see, let alone hear, the craythur!"

"Now," said Ellen, wiping her eyes, and smiling her own bright smile, "lave off; ye're just like all the men, purtending to one thing, whin they mane another; there's a dale of desate about them—all—every one of them—and so my mother often said. Now, you'd better have done, or maybe I'll say something that will bring, if not the colour to your brown cheek, a dale more warmth to yer warm heart, than would be convanient, just by the mention of one Mary—Mary! what a purty name Mary it is, isn't it?—it's a common name too, and yet you like it none the worse for that. Do you mind the ould rhyme!—

"Mary, Mary, quite contrary."

Well, I'm not going to say she is contrary—I'm sure she's any thing but *that* to you, any way, brother Mike. Can't you sit still, and don't be pulling the hairs out of Pusheen cat's tail, it isn't many there's in it; and I'd thank you not to unravel the beautiful English cotton stocking I'm knitting; lave off your tricks, or I'll make common talk of it, I will, and be more than even with you, my fine fellow! Indeed, poor ould Pusheen," she continued, addressing the cat with great gravity, "never heed what he says to you; he has no notion to make *you* either head or tail to the house, not he; he wont let you be without a mistress to give you yer sup of milk, or yer bit of sop; he wont let you be lonesome, my poor puss; he's glad enough to swop an Ellen for a Mary, so he is; but *that's* a secret, avourneen; don't tell it to any one."

"Any thing for your happiness," replied the brother, somewhat sulkily; "but your bachelor has a worse fault than ever I had, notwithstanding all the lecturing you kept on to me; he has a turn for the drop, Ellen; you know he has."

"How spitefully you said that!" replied Ellen; "and it isn't generous to spake of it when he's not here to defend himself."

"You'll not let a word go against him," said Michael. "No," she said, "I will never let ill be spoken of an absent friend. I know he has a turn for the drop, but I'll cure him."

"After he's married," observed Michael, not very good-naturedly.

"No," she answered, "*before*. I think a girl's chance of happiness is not worth much who trusts to *after*-marriage reformation. *I wont*. Didn't I reform you, Mike, of the shockin' habit you had of putting every thing off to the last! and after reforming a brother, who knows what I may do with a lover! Do you think that Larry's heart is harder than *yours*, Mike! Look what fine vegetables we have in our garden now, all planted by your own hands when you come home from work—planted during the very time which you used to spend in leaning against the door cheek, or smoking your pipe, or sleeping over the fire; look at the money you got from the Agricultural Society."

"That's yours, Ellen," said the generous-hearted Mike; "I'll never touch a penny of it; but for you I never should have had it; I'll never touch it."

"You never shall," she answered; "I've laid it every penny out, so that when the young bride comes home, she'll have such a house of comforts as are not to be found in the parish—white table-cloths for Sunday, a little store of tay and sugar, soap, candles, starch, every thing good, and plenty of it."

"My own dear generous sister," exclaimed the young man.

"I shall ever be your sister," she replied, "and hers too. She's a good *colleen*, and worthy my own Mike, and that's more than I would say to 'ere another in the parish. I wasn't in earnest when I said you'd be glad to get rid of me; so put the pouch, every bit of it, off yer handsome face. And hush!—whist! will ye! there's the sound of Larry's footstep in the bawn—hand me the needles, Mike." She braided back her hair with both hands, arranged the red ribbon, that confined its luxuriance, in the little glass that hung upon a nail on the dresser, and, after composing her arch laughing features into an expression of great gravity, sat down, and applied herself with singular industry to take up the stitches her brother had dropped, and put on a look of right-*raidenly* astonishment when the door opened, and Larry's good-humoured face entered with the salutation of "God save all here!" He popped his head in first, and, after gazing round, presented his goodly person to their view; and a pleasant view it was, for he was of genuine Irish bearing and beauty—frank, and manly, and fearless-looking. Ellen, the wicked one, looked up with well-feigned astonishment, and exclaimed, "Oh, Larry, is it you, and who would have thought of seeing you this blessed night!—ye're lucky—just in time for a bit of supper after your walk across the moor. I cannot think what in the world makes you walk over that moor so often; you'll get wet feet, and yer mother 'ill be forced to nurse you. Of all the walks in the county, the walk across that moor's the dreariest, and yet ye're always going it! I wonder you havn't better sense; ye're not such a chicken now."

"Well," interrupted Mike, "it's the women that bates the world for deaving. Sure she heard yer step when nobody else could; its echo struck on her heart, Larry—let her deny it; she'll make a shove off if she can; she'll twist you, and twirl you, and turn you about, so that you wont know whether it's on your head or your heels ye're standing. She'll tossicate yer brains in no time, and be as composed herself as a dove on her nest in a storm. But ask her, Larry, the straightforward question, whether she heard you or not. She'll tell no lie—she never does."

Ellen shook her head at her brother, and laughed. And immediately after, the happy trio sat down to a cheerful supper.

Larry was a good tradesman, blythe, and "well to do" in the world; and had it not been for the one great fault—an inclination to take the "least taste in life more" when he had already taken quite enough—there could not have been found a better match for good, excellent Ellen Murphy, in the whole kingdom of Ireland. When supper was finished, the everlasting whisky bottle was produced, and Ellen resumed her knitting. After a time, Larry pressed his suit to Michael for the industrious hand of his sister, thinking, doubtless, with the natural self-conceit of all *mankind*, that he was perfectly secure with Ellen; but though Ellen loved, like all my fair countrywomen, *well*, she loved, I am sorry to say, unlike the generality of my fair countrywomen, *wisely*, and reminded her lover that she had seen him intoxicated at the last fair of Rath-coolin.

"Dear Ellen!" he exclaimed, "it was 'only a drop,' the least taste in life that overcame me. It overtook me unknowst, quite against my will."

"Who poured it down yer throat, Larry?"

"Who poured it down my throat is it? why, myself, to be sure; but are you going to put me to a three months' penance for that?"

"Larry, will you listen to me, and remember that the man I marry must be converted before we stand before the priest. I have no faith whatever in conversions after!"

"Oh, Ellen!" interrupted her lover.

"It's no use oh Ellening me," she answered quickly;

"I have made my resolution, and I'll stick to it."

"She's as obstinate as ten women!" said her brother.

"There's no use in attempting to contradict her; she always has had her own way."

"It's very cruel of you, Ellen, not to listen to reason. I tell you a tablespoonful will often upset me."

"If you know that, Larry, why do you take the table-spoonful?"

Larry could not reply to this question. He could only plead that the drop got the better of him, and the *temptation*, and the *overcomingness* of the thing, and it was very hard to be at him so about a trifle.

"I can never think a thing a trifle," she observed, "that makes you so unlike yourself; I should wish to respect you always, Larry, and in my heart I believe no woman ever could respect a drunkard. I don't want to make you angry; God forbid you should ever be one, and I *know* you are not one yet; but sin grows mighty strong upon us without our knowledge. And no matter what indulgence leads to bad; we've a right to think any thing that *does* lead to it sinful in the prospect, if not at the present."

"You'd have made a fine priest, Ellen," said the young man, determined, if he could not reason, to laugh her out of her resolve.

"I don't think," she replied, archly, "if I was a priest, that either of you would have liked to come to me to confession."

"But Ellen, dear Ellen, sure it's not in positive downright *earnest* you are; you can't think of putting me off on account of that unlucky drop, the *least taste in life* I took at the fair. You could not find it in your heart. Speak for me, Michael, speak for me. But I see it's joking you are. Why, Lent 'ill be on us in no time, and then we must wait till Easter—it's easy talking."

"Larry," interrupted Ellen, "do not you talk yourself into a passion; it will do no good; none in the world. I am sure you love me, and I confess before my brother it will be the delight of my heart to return that love, and make myself worthy of you, if you will only break yourself of that one habit, which you qualify to your own undoing, by fancying, because the *least taste in life* makes you what you ought not to be, that you may still take it."

"I'll take an oath against the whisky, if that will please ye, till Christmas."

"And when Christmas comes, get twice as tipsy as ever, with joy to think yer oath is out—no!"

"I'll swear any thing you please."

"I don't want you to swear at all; there is no use in a man's taking an oath he is anxious to have a chance of breaking. I want your reason to be convinced."

"My darling Ellen, all the reason I ever had in my life is convinced."

"Prove it by abstaining from taking even a drop, even the least drop in life, if that drop can make you ashamed to look your poor Ellen in the face."

"I'll give it up altogether."

"I hope you will one of these days, from a conviction that it is really bad in every way; but not from cowardice, not because you dar'n't trust yourself."

"Ellen, I'm sure ye've some English blood in yer veins, ye're such a reasoner. Irish women don't often throw a boy off because of a drop; if they did, it's not many marriage duels his Reverence would have, winter or summer."

"Listen to me, Larry, and believe, that, though I spake this way, I regard you truly; and if I did not, I'd not take the trouble to tell you my mind."

"Like Mick Brady's wife, who, whenever she thrashed him, cried over the blows, and said they were all for his good," observed her brother slyly.

"Nonsense!—listen to me, I say, and I'll tell you why I am so resolute. It's many a long day since, going to school, I used to meet—Michael minds her, too, I'm sure—an old bent woman; they used to call her the Witch of Ballaghton. Stacy was, as I have said, very old entirely, withered and white headed, bent nearly double with age, and she used to be ever and always muddling about the streams and ditches, gathering herbs and plants, the girls said to work charms with; and at first they used to watch, rather far off, and if they thought they had a good chance of escaping her tongue and the stones she flung at them, they'd call her an ill name or two, and sometimes, old as she was, she'd make a spring at them sideways like a crab, and howl, and hoot, and scream, and then they'd be off like a flock of pigeons from a hawk, and she'd go on disturbing the green-coated waters with her crooked stick, and muttering words which none, if they heard, could understand. Stacy had been a well-rared woman, and knew a dale more than any of us; when not tormented by the children, she was mighty well spoken, and the gentry thought a dale about her more than she did about them; for she'd say there wasn't one in the country fit to tie her shoe, and tell them so, too, if they'd call her any thing but Lady Stacy, which the *rale* gentry of the place all humoured her in; but the upstarts, who think every civil word to an inferior is a pulling down of their own dignity, would turn up their noses as they passed her, and maybe she didn't bless them for it.

One day Mike had gone home before me, and, coming down the back bohren, who should I see moving along it but Lady Stacy; and on she came muttering and mumbling to herself till she got near me, and as she did, I heard Master Nixon (the dog man's) hound in full cry, and seen him at her heels, and he over the hedge encouraging the baste to tear her in pieces. The dog soon was up with her, and then she kept him off as well as she could with her crutch, cursing the entire time, and I was very frightened, but I darted to her side, and, with a wattle I pulled out of the hedge, did my best to keep him off her.

Master Nixon cursed at me with all his heart, but I wasn't to be turned off that way. Stacy, herself, laid about with her staff, but the ugly brute would have finished her, only for me. I don't suppose Nixon meant that, but the dog was savage, and some men, like him, delight in cruelty. Well, I beat the dog off; and then I had to help the poor fainting woman, for she was both faint and hurt. I didn't much like bringing her here, for the people said she wasn't lucky; however, she wanted help, and I gave it. When I got her on the floor, I thought a drop of whisky would revive her, and, accordingly, I offered her a glass. I shall never forget the venom with which she dashed it on the ground.

"Do you want to poison me," she shouted, "after saving my life?" When she came to herself a little, she made me sit down by her side, and fixing her large grey eyes upon my face, she kept rocking her body backwards and forwards, while she spoke, as well as I can remember—what I'll try to tell you—but I can't tell it as she did—that wouldn't be in nature. "Ellen," she said, and her eyes fixed in my face, "I wasn't always a poor lone creature, that every ruffian who walks the country dare set his cur at. There was full and plenty in my father's house when I was young, but before I grew to womanly estate, its walls were bare and roofless. What made them so?—drink!—whisky! My father was in debt; to kill thought, he tried to keep himself so that he could not think; he wanted the courage of a man to look his danger and difficulty in the face, and overcome it; for,

Ellen, mind my words, the man that will look debt and danger steadily in the face, and resolve to overcome them, *can do so*. He had not means, he said, to educate his children as became them: he grew not to have means to find them or their poor patient mother the proper necessities of life, yet he found the means to keep the whisky cask flowing, and to answer the bailiffs' knocks for admission by the loud roar of drunkenness, mad, as it was wicked. They got in at last, in spite of the care taken to keep them out, and there was much fighting, ay, and blood spilt, but not to death; and while the riot was a-foot, and we were crying round the death-bed of a dying mother, where was he?—they had raised a tennagallon cask of whisky on the table in the parlour, and astride on it sat my father, flourishing the huge powder funnel in one hand, and the black jack streaming with whisky in the other; and amid the fumes of hot punch that flowed over the room, and the cries and oaths of the fighting drunken company, his voice was heard swearing "he had lived like a king, and would die like a king!"

"And your poor mother?" I asked.

"Thank God! she died that night—she died before worse came; she died on the bed that, before her corpse was cold, was dragged from under her—through the strong drink—through the badness of him who ought to have saved her; not that he was a bad man either, when the whisky had no power over him, but he could not bear his own reflections. And his end soon came. He didn't die like a king; he died smothered in a ditch, where he fell; he died, and was in the presence of God—how? Oh, there are things that have had whisky as their beginning and their end, that make me as mad as ever it made him! The man takes a drop, and forgets his starving family; the woman takes it, and forgets she is a mother and a wife. It's the curse of Ireland—a bitterer, blacker, deeper curse than ever was put on it by foreign power or hard-made laws!"

"God bless us!" was Larry's half-breathed ejaculation.

"I only repeat ould Stacy's words," said Ellen; "you see I never forgot them. 'You might think,' she continued, 'that I had had warning enough to keep me from having any thing to say to those who war too fond of drink, and I thought I had; but, somehow, Edward Lambert got round me with his sweet words, and I was lone and unprotected. I knew he had a little fondness for the drop; but in him, young, handsome, and gay-hearted, with bright eyes and sunny hair, it did not seem like the horrid thing which *had made me shed no tear over my father's grave*. Think of that, young girl: the drink don't make a man a beast at first, but it will do so before it's done with him—it will do so before it's done with him. I had enough power over Edward, and enough memory of the past, to make him swear against it, except so much at such and such a time, and for a while he was very particular; but one used to entice him, and another used to entice him, and I am not going to say but I might have managed him differently; I might have got him off it—gently, may be; but the pride got the better of me, and I thought of the line I came of, and how I had married him who wasn't my equal, and such nonsense, which always breeds disturbance betwixt married people; and I used to rave, when, may be, it would have been wiser if I had reasoned. Any way, things didn't go smooth—not that he neglected his employment: he was industrious, and sorry enough when the fault was done; still he would come home often the worse for drink—and now that he's dead and gone, and no finger is stretched to me but in scorn or hatred, I think may be I might have done better; but, God defend me, the *last* was hard to bear." Oh, boys!" said Ellen, "if you had only heard her voice when she said *that*, and seen her face—poor ould Lady Stacy, no wonder she hated the drop, no wonder she dashed down the whisky."

"You kept this mighty close, Ellen," said Mike; "I never heard it before."

"I did not like coming over it," she replied; "the last is hard to tell." The girl turned pale while she spoke, and Lawrence gave her a cup of water. "It must be told," she said; "the death of her father proved the effects of deliberate drunkenness. What I have to say, shows what may happen from being even once unable to think or act."

"I had one child," said Stacy, "one, a darlint, blue-eyed, laughing child. I never saw any so handsome, never knew any so good. She was almost three years ould, and he was fond of her—he said he was, but it's a quare fondness that destroys what it ought to save. It was the Pattern of Lady-day, and well I knew that Edward would not return as he went; he said he would, he almost swore he would; but the promise of a man given to drink has no more strength in it than a rope of sand. I took sulky, and wouldn't go; if I had, may be it would not have ended so. The evening came on, and I thought my baby breathed hard in her cradle; I took the candle and went over to look at her; her little face was red; and when I laid my cheek close to her lips so as not to touch them, but to feel her breath, it was hot—very hot; she tossed her arms, and they were dry and burning. The measles were about the country, and I was frightened for my child. It was only half a mile to the doctor's; I knew every foot of the road; and so leaving the door on the latch, I resolved to tell him how my darlint was, and thought I should be back before my husband's return. Grass, you may be sure, didn't grow under my feet. I ran with all speed, and wasn't kept long, the Doctor said—though it seemed long to me. The moon was down when I came home, though the night was fine. The cabin we lived in was in a hollow; but when I was on the hill, and looked down where I knew it stood a dark mass, I thought I saw a white light fog coming out of it; I rubbed my eyes, and darted forward as a wild bird flies to its nest when it hears the scream of the hawk in the heavens. When I reached the door, I saw it was open; the fume cloud came out of it, sure enough, white and thick; blind with that and terror together, I rushed to my child's cradle. I found my way to that, in spite of the burning and the smothering. But Ellen—Ellen Murphy, my child, the rosy child whose

breath had been hot on my cheek only a little while before, she was nothing but a cinder. Mad as I felt, I saw how it was in a minute. The father had come home, as I expected; he had gone to the cradle to look at his child, had dropt the candle into the straw, and, unable to speak or stand, had fallen down and asleep on the floor not two yards from my child. Oh, how I flew to the doctor's with *what* had been my baby; I tore across the country like a banshee; I laid it in his arms; I told him if he didn't put life in it, I'd destroy him and his house. He thought me mad; for there was no breath, either cold or hot, coming from its lips *then*. I couldn't kiss it in death; *there was nothing left of my child to kiss*—think of that! I snatched it from where the doctor had laid it; I cursed him, for he looked with disgust at my purty child. The whole night long I wandered in the woods of Newtownbarry with that burden at my heart."

"But her husband, her husband!" inquired Larry in accents of horror; "what became of him?—did she leave him in the burning without calling him to himself?"

"No," answered Ellen; "I asked her, and she told me that her shrieks she supposed roused him from the suffocation in which he must but for them have perished. He staggered out of the place, and was found soon after by the neighbours, and lived long after, but only to be a poor heart-broken man, for she was mad for years through the country; and many a day after she told me that story, my heart trembled like a willow leaf. 'And now, Ellen Murphy,' she added, when the end was come, 'do ye wonder I threw from yer hand as poison the glass you offered me? And do you know why I have told you what tares my heart to come over?—because I wish to save you, who showed me kindness, from what I have gone through. It's the only good I can do ye, and, indeed, it's long since I cared to do good. Never trust a drinking man; he has no guard on his words, and will say that of his nearest friend, that would destroy him soul and body. His breath is not as the breath of the plague; his tongue is a foolish, as well as a fiery serpent. Ellen, let no drunkard become your lover, and don't trust to promises; try them, prove them all, before you marry.'"

"Ellen, that's enough," interrupted Larry. "I have heard enough—the two proofs are enough without words. Now, hear me. What length of punishment am I to have? I won't say that, for, Nell, there's a tear in your eye that says more than words. Look—I'll make no promises—but you shall see; I'll wait yer time; name it; I'll stand the trial."

And I am happy to say, for the honour and credit of the country, that Larry did stand the trial—his resolve was fixed; he never so much as tasted whisky from that time, and Ellen had the proud satisfaction of knowing she had saved him from destruction. They were not, however, married till after Easter. I wish all Irish maidens would follow Ellen's example. Woman could do a great deal to prove that "*the least taste in life*" is a great taste too much!—that "*ONLY A DROP*" is a temptation fatal if unresisted.

WALKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

ROOM OF EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.

No portion of the contents of this great national collection arrests the attention of visitors more forcibly than the relics of ancient Egypt. These remarkable works of art may in general be assumed as above three thousand years old; and that objects of such extreme antiquity should still exist, and be actually shown in England, is one of the most interesting facts which could possibly be mentioned. The cause for the preservation of these ancient relics till the present day, is matter familiar to the world. The inhabitants of Egypt, in the days of its former glory, followed a peculiar custom of embalming the bodies of the dead, of placing these bodies or mummies in carved and painted coffins of stone and wood, of wrapping up along with the bodies objects of art and veneration; and, in short, of making the tombs great receptacles of every species of things which were used in their communities. Possessing extraordinary skill in the use of the chisel and the pencil, they covered the insides of many of their tombs and temples with paintings and sculptures, which represent the military customs, manufacturing operations, and domestic arts, of ancient Egypt; and implements have been also found in great quantities, which bear upon and elucidate the same subject. Until within the last few years, comparatively little had been done to explore the tombs and temples of Egypt; but this having now been effected on an extensive scale, the result has been the importation to England and other European countries of an immense variety of ancient objects of art, so that those curious in such things have an opportunity of forming almost as complete an idea of the state of Egyptian civilisation two or three thousand years ago, as they could of that of any nation at the present day. Since the arrival of these valuable stores in England, the greater proportion of them have been placed in the British Museum, where, arranged in different large halls, they may be freely inspected by visitors.

In the lower halls of one wing of the Museum are placed the principal remains of Egyptian sculpture, consisting of sarcophagi, or huge stone coffins of various shapes, colossal statues of deities and kings, with many monstrous figures, half-human and half-bestial,

* Tax-gatherers were so called some time ago in Ireland, because they collected the duty on dogs.

† In the house.

inscribed slabs, friezes, and bas-reliefs, all of them of massive size, and cut from the solid rock. These objects, however, are more calculated to astonish the eye than to enlighten the mind respecting the extraordinary nation from whom they proceeded. Not so in the case of the lighter or purely domestic antiquities of the same country. These are arranged in a large room in the upper part of the building, which is lighted from the roof, and the walls of which are lined with glass-cases, containing the objects in question, and thus presenting them to the eyes of visitors. A number of mummy coffins or cases occupy the centre of the apartment, along with stands having glass frames upon them, through which are seen various smaller objects of Egyptian art.

The case to which we shall first advert, contains some interesting specimens of the bricks used by the Egyptians in the erection of their houses. They are in different states with respect to hardness, but all are in a very perfect condition. They are about the same size as the bricks employed in modern building, and have the dunish grey colour of the common dried mud or clay of this country. The process of baking, being conducted merely by exposing them to the sun, made comparatively little change on them in colour. The whole process of brick-making is delineated in some of the paintings at Thebes, where slaves, under the command of "taskmasters," are seen digging up the mud, mixing it with water brought from a tank, shaping the bricks by placing them in wooden moulds, and finally carrying them in a perfect state to the taskmasters. It is observable that the specimens of bricks in the Museum are stamped with some hieroglyphical figures, which renders it probable that the Egyptian rulers had taken the brick manufacture into their own hands, and turned it to a source of revenue, keeping the trade out of the hands of private persons by means of these stamps. It appears that in some instances bricks were made with a small mixture of straw in the clay, for the purpose of giving adhesiveness to the mass, upon the same principle that hair is infused into plaster. Hence the meaning of the complaint made by the captive Israelites of being obliged to make bricks without straw. As many Egyptian bricks are found without any sensible appearance of straws in their composition, it has been doubted whether there were in reality any such process of mixture; but the exhibition of a brick with straws still existing in its mass, is an incontestible evidence that at least in some instances—probably those in which the clay was not very adhesive—straws were used in making bricks in Egypt.

It would scarcely be anticipated that the British Museum should contain an Egyptian house, but it really possesses the next thing to that, namely, a wooden model of a house. This very curious object was brought from Egypt by Mr Salt, and is about a foot in height, by nearly twice the length. It is a model of one of the very humblest kinds of dwelling-houses or cots, calculated for a small family. It partly resembles a lidless box, more than half of the interior of it being devoted to the purpose of an open courtyard. The other half is covered over, and the shut up space is divided within, into three or four small rooms. On the top of these rooms is a sort of balcony or terrace, which is reached by a staircase from the court, and which terminates at one end in a small open chamber, forming the highest part of the model. As this upper room seems to have been too small and too much exposed to serve as a place for living or sleeping in, the rooms below, which open into the courtyard, must have been in part applied to these purposes, although, when the model was first found, these apartments in it were entirely filled with grain, as if they had been store-rooms. The court has a door which turns upon two pins in place of hinges, one above and one below, and is secured by a bar running through two staples, which was the usual way of securing doors. The figure of a woman engaged in rolling out something like bread in the court, shows that place to have been the scene of most domestic operations. This model gives an idea of all the Egyptian dwellings—an enclosing wall, a court in the interior, with the house or habitable apartments on one or both sides of it, or around it altogether.

Of the furniture of the houses, numerous specimens are presented to us in the cases of the Museum. Upwards of three thousand years ago, the seats, tables, and other conveniences of the Egyptian dwellings, seem to have been fully more rich and luxurious than any thing to be seen in modern times. Although by far the finest specimens of such articles are to be found in the paintings of the Theban tombs, yet the collection in the Bri-

tish Museum contains remains sufficiently beautiful and well preserved to bear out the preceding assertion. The finest of the relics there is a large stool, resembling a chair without a back. It is of ebony, finely inlaid with ivory, and stands upon four legs, connected with one another by numerous crossing spars of ebony. From each of the four corners, the bottom of the chair tapers away downwards and inwards, making the resting-place a gentle hollow, in which a soft cushion was placed. There are other stools of common wood with upright legs, and of square form; but, what is more remarkable, Mr Salt brought home a stool with crossing legs, exactly the same as our camp-stool, and folding up in the very same way. This stool is of common wood, and wants the seat, whether of withes or leather, which no doubt originally belonged to it. Every one must regard this Egyptian camp-stool as a most remarkable proof how often we are merely returning to antique usages and inventions, when we imagine ourselves striking out ideas perfectly new and original.

We next have our attention attracted to a chair which occupies a prominent situation in the same case as the foregoing objects of household use. This most ancient specimen of Egyptian carpentry closely resembles a common deal chair of modern times, such, for instance, as is usually to be seen in kitchens, or in the cottages of our peasantry. The only peculiarity in the construction consists of a frame of spars sloping from the seat to about the middle of the upright back, so that a person in sitting might conveniently lean backward, and have a certain degree of support to the lower part of the spine. Trifling as this peculiarity may appear, we accept it as an evidence of the advanced state of intelligence among the ancient Egyptians. In our own times there are only a few original inquirers into the functions of the animal frame, who have pointed out the necessity for giving support to the spine in nearly its whole length while sitting; this, then, the mechanics of Egypt understood three thousand years ago. It is further of some little moment to observe, that this Egyptian chair is precisely of the same height of legs and seat from the ground as our modern chairs, from which we may understand that mankind are of the same bodily stature that ever they were. The height of doors and of stools and chairs, also the length of stone coffins and the skeletons of mummies, all prove this important fact. These, therefore, who feel any alarm for the physical degeneracy of mankind, may rest quite contented, on learning from the sight of these exhumed relics that the human frame is just as bulky and stout as ever it was. The Pharaohs, and other worthies of those times, measured no more than from five feet to five feet eight or ten inches, the ladies being shorter in proportion.

A curious article in one of the Museum cases gives an insight into an odd custom of the Egyptians. This is a head-stool, or hollowed piece of wood raised upon legs like a stool, which was used as a pillow for resting the head upon during the hours of sleep. Why the Egyptians should have indulged their bodies with luxurious couches for resting-places, and at the same time mortified their heads, is not easily understood, but ancient authors confirm the evidence afforded by these relics, of the reality of the practice. Foot-stools as well as head-stools have been brought from Egypt, but not of a fine or elegant kind. No perfect specimen of the carpeting or matting used for the floors of the Egyptian rooms, seems to have been found among the ruins of the country. But from the skill exhibited in the plaiting of the sandals, baskets, and chair-bottoms, contained in the Museum, there can be little doubt that they would at least have elegant mats beneath their feet. Some fragments of worsted stuff found at Thebes have led to the supposition that they had even carpets like our own.

Various specimens of the articles used in the Egyptian dressing-rooms, are to be seen in the cases of the British Museum. Among these the metallic mirrors or looking-glasses are not the least remarkable. The metal used in their manufacture was a particular alloy of copper, which the Egyptians had discovered to be admirably fitted for receiving a polish. The three or four mirrors of this kind in the Museum, are of a circular shape, and vary from about three to six inches in diameter. They are provided with short handles, of wood or metal, being intended to be held up in the hand during use. These handles are fanciful in shape, and have been ornamented with various figurings. One cannot look at one of these articles without having the thoughts sent back over the immense intervening period of time, to the days when its smooth and glittering surface reflected the dusky charms of some young and beautiful daughter of Egypt. Ages have passed away, and the inanimate matter, which man calls perishable, is still existent, while the nobler thing, the breathing being, whose passing look this mirror was but made to reflect, has long passed away, and left not a shadow of a trace upon earth.

Similar reflections arise at the sight of the combs in the Museum, which have doubtless parted the locks of the maidens of Thebes in far distant days. Though the Egyptians were so well acquainted with working in ivory as to render it probable that they used that substance in the manufacture of their finest combs, yet those alluded to are all made of wood. They are three or four inches in length, with teeth about one inch long, and more or less fine and numerous in different instances. The wood is of a brownish hue, and is supposed to be from the acacia, or that hard spinous tree which produces gum-arabic. Pins and needles

are also articles of the Egyptian toilet which have been discovered and preserved, though not in any great quantities, as indeed was scarcely to be expected. The pins have generally gold knobs or heads, and probably were as much employed for binding the hair as for any other purpose. The women always wore their own hair. The men, on the contrary, had an universal custom of shaving their heads and wearing artificial hair; and there is in the British Museum one of the greatest curiosities that a modern eye can look upon, in the shape of an ancient Egyptian wig. It was brought from a tomb near the temple of Isis at Thebes, and is about a foot and a half in length, and of considerable amplitude, being calculated seemingly for one of the largest of human heads. The upper part of the hair is in curl, and the sides and lower part in neat and numerous plaits. But for its being partly plaited, this wig would very much resemble those of Charles the Second's time, which every one must have seen exemplified in such portraits as those of the Duke of Lauderdale and Lord William Russell. This fine specimen of antique head-gear is in perfect preservation, and looks almost as if it had newly left a block in Bond Street. Many ancient authors notice this Egyptian practice of shaving the head and wearing false hair, and it is ascribed to the desire of protecting that part of the body from the heat of the climate. Indeed, the custom must have conducted greatly to coolness, as all who have tried a wig under similar circumstances concur in admitting. The heavy head-dress which is seen on almost every one of the Egyptian busts and statues, is intended to represent these wigs, and the long parallel grooves, or rather ridges, carved in the stone, are figurative of the plaits into which the hair was wrought. Even the sphinxes, or imaginary quadrupeds with human heads, are usually gifted with the plaited wig of stone, both in ancient and modern sculptures. When the luxury of false hair could not be afforded, woollen wigs were substituted by the Egyptians. The very poorest classes wore caps, but the whole male population adhered to the custom of shaving the head, except at times of mourning, when they let the hair grow, both on the head and chin. The courtiers of Charles the Second's time, when they prided themselves upon adopting the novel continental fashion of wearing massive wigs, little thought they were merely returning to the venerable dandyism of Thebes. Do the solar rays really shine upon any thing new?

The cases of the Museum contain various specimens of the articles worn upon the feet in ancient Egypt. Sandals, or simple protections for the sole of the foot, kept on by ties or laces, were undoubtedly the oldest forms of this part of dress, and of these we find several specimens, constructed of palm-leaves plaited neatly together, and shaped to the sole of the foot. Some of those in the Museum have their toes turned up, after the fashion common in eastern countries at this day, and particularly, as is well known, in China. A tie round the instep, joined by one from the toe, with another round the ankle, kept the sandal firmly in its place. Some sandals had wrought sides, like ordinary shoes. In the Museum there are three or four specimens of leather shoes, but not in very good preservation. Their hue is greenish, their form clumsy, and the sewing rough and rude. Some of them want the fore part or upper leather; but the deficiency seems to have been partly made up by the turned points, which, as the soles are very thin and slight, might be pulled back by laces, so as to cover the foot anteriorly. The shoes most nearly resembling modern ones are a pair of children's shoes, which one might justifiably presume to have been intended for an infant of this day. Upon the whole, the sight of these articles convinces one that the sandal must have been a much neater protection for the foot than the shoe, at least as the Egyptians made the latter article. With their skill in dyeing, the sandal would doubtless be made highly ornamental as well as serviceable.

Certain other articles of house-furniture, of which curious specimens exist in the Museum, may here be noticed. The boxes in which the Egyptians kept their small articles of value were sometimes of a beautiful description, if we may judge from one box brought home by Mr Salt, and which is of considerable size. It is in shape a parallelogram, and its top consists of two parts, which meet in the centre, and incline to each other like the roof of a house. All the edges of this box are inlaid with pieces of ivory, of lozenge or diamond shape. These are stained or painted red and blue, and, retaining all the original brightness of their tints, would render the box a fit ornament for the most splendid of modern mansions. Another box of nearly the same shape, but not brilliantly veneered, has a number of figures painted on its sides, representing the members of a family bringing offerings to the parents, with other devices and hieroglyphical figures. These boxes are nearly of the trunk size; but Mr Salt also brought from Egypt a great number of smaller boxes, fitted for holding ointments, paints, or the minor appurtenances of a lady's toilette-table. These boxes are generally of fine wood, such as sycamore, and are cut into all manner of fanciful shapes. Some of them are in the form of a fish, others of a duck, and others in more odd and fantastic forms, while some have handles that are also in the form of animals. The interior of the box most commonly resembles a cup or saucer, and the lid turns aside on a pin. They are besides elaborately decorated with various figures and devices, carved or painted. The genius of the people

had led them to expend an inconceivable amount of pains on the ornamenting of these and similar little articles, and the result must have been a degree of elegance in the interior of their houses, such as no country on the face of the earth has probably ever yet seen exceeded.

RICHARD PARKER, THE MUTINEER.

In the year 1797, when the threatening aspect of affairs abroad made the condition of her naval force a matter of vital consequence to Britain, several most alarming mutinies broke out among the various fleets stationed around the shores of the country. In April of the year mentioned, the seamen of the grand fleet lying at Portsmouth disowned the authority of their officers, seized upon the ships, and declared their determination not to lift an anchor, or obey any orders whatsoever, until certain grievances of which they complained were redressed. After some delay, satisfactory concessions were made to them by the government, and the men returned to their duty. But the spirit of insubordination had spread among other squadrons in the service, and about the middle of May, immediately after the Portsmouth fleet had sailed peacefully for the Bay of Biscay, the seamen of the large fleet lying at the Nore broke also into open mutiny. The most prominent personage in this insurrection was an individual named Richard Parker, whose history it is our special object in this paper to lay before the reader.

Richard Parker was a native of Exeter, where he was born about the year 1765 or 1766. His father was a reputable tradesman, and kept a baker's shop at St Sidwell's, in the bounds of the city mentioned. Young Parker received an excellent education, and in the course of time went to sea, which he had chosen as the scene of his future career. He served for a considerable period in the royal navy as midshipman and master's mate, and at one period also, it is said, held the post of lieutenant. He appears to have given up the naval profession on his marriage with Miss Ann Machardy, a young lady resident in Exeter, but of Scottish origin, being a member of a respectable family in the county of Aberdeen. This connection led Parker to remove to Scotland, where he embarked in some mercantile speculations that proved unsuccessful. The issue was, that he ere long found himself involved in difficulties, and without the means to maintain his wife and two children. In Edinburgh, where these embarrassments fell upon him, he had no friends to apply to, and, in a moment of desperation, he took the king's bounty, and became a common sailor on board a tender at Leith. When he communicated to his wife the step he had taken, she was in the greatest distress, and resolved to set off instantly for Aberdeen, in order to procure from her brother there the means of hiring two seamen as substitutes for her husband. Though successful in raising the necessary funds, no time was allowed her to complete her project. On her return from Aberdeen, she was only in time to see the tender sail for the Nore, with her husband on board. Her grief on this occasion was bitterly aggravated by the death of one of her children. Parker's sufferings were shown to be equally acute by his conduct when the vessel sailed. Exclaiming that he saw the body of his child floating on the waves, he leapt overboard, and was with difficulty rescued and restored to life.

It was in the beginning of May 1797 that Parker reached the Nore, or point of land dividing the mouths of the Thames and the Medway. Probably on account of his former experience and station as a seaman, he was drafted on board the Sandwich, which was the guard-ship, and bore the flag of Admiral Buckner, the port-admiral. The mutinous spirit which afterwards broke out, certainly existed on board of the Nore squadron before Parker's arrival. Communications were kept up in secret between the various crews, and the mischief was gradually drawing to a head. But though he did not originate the feeling of insubordination, the ardent temper, boldness, and superior intelligence of Parker, soon became known to his comrades, and he became a prominent man among them. Their plans being at length matured, the seamen rose simultaneously against their officers, and deprived them of their arms, as well as of all command in the ships, though behaving respectfully to them in all other respects. Each vessel was put under the government of a committee of twelve men, and, to represent the whole body of seamen, every man-of-war appointed two delegates, and each gun-boat one, to act for the common good. Of these delegates Richard Parker was chosen president, and, in an unhappy hour for himself, he accepted of the office. This representative body drew up a list of grievances, of which they demanded the removal, offering to return immediately afterwards to their duty. It is unnecessary to specify these demands further, than that they related to increase of pay and provisions, a more equal division of prize-money, liberty to go on shore, proper payment of arrears, and other points of naval discipline. A committee of naval inquiry subsequently granted almost all that was demanded, thereby acknowledging the general justice of the complaints made. Parker signed these documents, and they were published over the whole kingdom with his name, as well as presented to Port-admiral Buckner, through whom they were sent to government.

When these proceedings commenced, the mutineers

were suffered to go on shore, and they paraded about Sheerness, where a part of the fleet lay, with music, flags (red in colour—the customary hue of insubordination), and other appendages of a triumphal procession. But, on the 22d of May, troops were sent to Sheerness to put a stop to this indulgence. Being thus confined to their ships, the mutineers, having come to no agreement with Admiral Buckner, began to take more decisive measures for extorting compliance with their demands, as well as for insuring their own safety. The vessels at Sheerness moved down to the Nore, and the combined force of the insurgents, which at its greatest height consisted of twenty-four sail, proceeded to block up the Thames, by refusing a free passage, up or down, to the London trade. Foreign vessels, and a few small craft, were suffered to go by, first receiving a passport, signed by Richard Parker as president of the delegates. In a day or two the mutineers had an immense number of vessels under detention. The mode in which they kept these was as follows. The ships of war were ranged in a line, at considerable distances from each other, and in the interspaces were placed the merchant-vessels, having the broadsides of the men-of-war pointed to them. The appearance of the whole assemblage is described as having been at once grand and appalling. The red flag floated from the mast-head of every one of the mutineer ships. It may be well imagined that the alarm of the citizens of London was extreme. The government, however, though unable at the period to quell the insurgents by force, remained firm in their demand of "unconditional submission as a necessary preliminary to any intercourse." This, perhaps, was the very best line of conduct that could have been adopted. The seamen, to their great honour, never seemed to think of assuming an offensive attitude, and were thereby left in quiet to meditate on the dangerous position in which they stood in hostility to a whole country. They grew timorous, the more so, as the government had caused all the buoys to be removed from the mouth of the Thames and the adjacent coasts, so that no vessel durst attempt to move away for fear of running aground. The mutineering vessels held together, nevertheless, till the 30th of May, when the Clyde frigate was carried off through a combination of its officers with some of the seamen, and was followed by the St Fiorenzo. These vessels were fired upon, but escaped up the river.

On the 4th of June, the king's birth-day, the Nore fleet showed that their loyalty to their sovereign was undiminished, by firing a general salute. On the 5th, another frigate left the fleet, but its place was supplied by a sloop and four men-of-war, which had left Admiral Duncan's fleet at the Texel to join the mutiny. On the 6th, Lord Northesk met the delegates by desire on board the Sandwich, and received from them proposals for an accommodation, to which the unfortunate Parker still put his name as president. The answer was a direct refusal, and this firmness seems to have fairly humbled the remaining spirit of the mutineers. From that time one vessel after another deserted the band, and put themselves under the protection of the fort at Sheerness. On the 10th, the merchantmen were allowed by common consent to pass up the river, and such a multitude of ships certainly never entered a port by one tide. By the 12th, only seven ships had the red flag flying, and on the 16th the mutiny had terminated, every ship having been restored to the command of its officers. A party of soldiers went on board the Sandwich, and to them the officers surrendered the delegates of the ship, namely, a man named Davies, and Richard Parker.

Richard Parker, to whom the title of Admiral Parker had been given by the fleet and by the public during the whole of this affair, was the individual on whom all eyes were turned as the ringleader of the mutineers. He was brought singly to trial on the 22d of June, after being confined during the interval in the black-hole of Sheerness garrison. Ten officers, under the presidency of Vice-Admiral Sir Thomas Paisley, composed the court-martial, which sat on board the Neptune, off Greenhithe. The prisoner conducted his own defence, exhibiting great presence of mind, and preserving a respectful and manly deference throughout for his judges. The prosecution on the part of the crown lasted two days, and on the 26th, Parker called witnesses in his favour, and read a long and able defence which he had previously prepared. The line of argument adopted by him was—that the situation he had held had been in a measure forced upon him; that he had consented to assume it chiefly from the hope of restraining the men from excesses; that he had restrained them in various instances; that he might have taken all the ships to sea, or to an enemy's ports, had his motives been disloyal, &c. &c. Parker unquestionably spoke the truth on many of these points. Throughout the whole affair, the injury done to property was trifling, the taking of some flour from a vessel being the chief act of the kind. This was mainly owing to him. But he had indubitably been the head of the mutineers. He was proved to have gone from ship to ship giving orders, and haranguing the men—to have been cheered as he passed along, and treated with the honours of a chief. Nothing could save him. He was sentenced to death. When his doom was pronounced, he stood up, and uttered these words in a firm voice: "I shall submit to your sentence with all due respect, being confident of the innocence of my intentions, and that God will receive me into favour; and I sincerely hope that my death will

be the means of restoring tranquillity to the navy, and that those men who have been implicated in the business may be reinstated in their former situations, and again be serviceable to their country."

On the morning of the 30th of June, the yellow flag, the signal of death, was hoisted on board of the Sandwich, where Richard Parker lay, and where he was to meet his fate. The whole fleet was ranged a little below Sheerness, in sight of the Sandwich, and the crew of every ship was piped to the fore-castle. Parker was awaked from a sound sleep on that morning, and after being shaved, he dressed himself in a suit of deep mourning. He mentioned to his attendants that he had made a will, leaving his wife heir to some property belonging to him. On coming to the deck, he was pale, but perfectly composed, and drank a glass of wine "to the salvation of his soul, and forgiveness of all his enemies!" He said nothing to his mates on the fore-castle but "Good bye to you," and expressed a hope that "his death would be deemed a sufficient atonement, and save the lives of others!" He was strung up to the yard-arm at half-past nine o'clock. A dead silence reigned among the crews around during the ceremony. In closing their account of this affair, the journals of the day state that the body of Parker was put into a shell, and interred, within an hour or two after the execution, in the New Naval Burying Ground at Sheerness. A curious sequel to this account, however, it is now in our power to present to the reader.

Richard Parker's unfortunate wife had not left Scotland, when the rumour came to her ears that the Nore fleet had mutinied, and that the ringleader was one Richard Parker. She could not doubt that this was her husband, and immediately took a place in the mail for London, to save him if possible. On her arrival, she heard that Parker had been tried, but the result was unknown. Being able to think of no way but petitioning the king, she gave a person a guinea to draw up a paper, praying that her husband's life might be spared. She attempted to make her way with this to his majesty's presence, but was obliged finally to hand it to a lord-in-waiting, who gave her the cruel intelligence that all applications for mercy would be attended to, except for Parker. The distracted woman then took coach for Rochester, where she got on board a king's ship, and learnt that Parker was to be executed next day: she sat up, in a state of unspeakable wretchedness, the whole of that night, and at four o'clock in the morning went to the river-side, to hire a boat to take her to the Sandwich, that she might at least bid her poor husband farewell. Her feelings had been deeply agonised by hearing every person she met talking on the subject of her distress, and now, the first waterman to whom she spoke exclaimed, "No! I cannot take one passenger. The brave Admiral Parker is to die to-day, and I will get any sum I choose to ask for a party." Finally, the wretched wife was glad to go on board a Sheerness market-boat, but no boat was allowed to come alongside the Sandwich. In her desperation she called on Parker by name, and prevailed on the boat-people, by the mere spectacle of her suffering, to attempt to go nearer, when they were stopped by a sentinel threatening to fire at them. As the hour drew nigh, she saw her husband appear on deck between two clergymen. She called on him, and he heard her voice, for he exclaimed, "There is my dear wife from Scotland." Immediately afterwards, she fell back in a state of insensibility, and did not recover till some time after she was taken ashore. By this time all was over, but the poor woman could not believe it so. She hired another boat, and again reached the Sandwich. Her exclamation from the boat must have startled all who heard it. "Pass the word," she cried, in her delusion, "for Richard Parker!" The truth was now told to her, and she was further informed that his body had just been taken ashore for burial. She immediately caused herself to be rowed ashore again, and proceeded to the churchyard, but found the ceremony over, and the gate locked. She then went to the admiral and sought the key, which was refused to her. Excited almost to madness by the information that the surgeon would probably disinter the body that night, she waited around the churchyard till dusk, and then, clambering over the wall, readily found her husband's grave. The shell was not buried deep, and she was not long in scraping away the loose earth that intervened between her and the object of her search. She got the lid removed, and then she clasped the cold hand of her husband in her own!

Her determination to possess the body aroused the widow from the enjoyment of this melancholy pleasure. She left the churchyard, and communicated her situation to two women, who, in their turn, got several men to undertake the task of lifting the body. This was accomplished successfully, and at three o'clock in the morning the shell containing the corpse was placed in a van, and conveyed to Rochester, where, for the sum of six guineas, Mrs Parker procured another waggon to convey it to London. On the road they met hundreds of persons, all inquiring about, and talking of the fate of "Admiral Parker." At eleven p.m. the van reached London; but here the poor widow had no private house or friends to go to, and was obliged to stop at the Hlop and Horse-Shoe on Tower-Hill, which was full of people. Mrs Parker got the body into her room, and sat down beside it; but the secret could not be long kept in such a place, more particularly as the news of the exhumation had been

brought by express that day to London. A great crowd, by and by, assembled about the house, anxious to see the body of Parker, which, however, the widow would not permit. The Lord Mayor heard of the affair, and came to ask the widow what she intended to do with her husband's remains. She replied, "To inter them decently at Exeter or in Scotland." The Lord Mayor said that the body would not be taken from her, but prevailed on her to have it decently buried in London. Arrangements were made with this view, and finally the corpse of the unfortunate Parker was inhumed in Whitechapel Churchyard; although not until it had to be removed to Aldgate Workhouse, on account of the crowds attracted by it, and which caused some fears lest "Admiral Parker's remains should create a civil war." After the closing ceremony was over, Mrs Parker, who had in person seen her husband consigned to the grave, gave a certificate that all had been done to her satisfaction. But, though strictly questioned as to the parties who had aided her in the disinterment, she firmly refused to disclose their names.

Parker, as has been said, made a will, leaving to his wife a small property on which he had claims near Exeter. This she enjoyed for a number of years, but ultimately her rights, whether erroneously or not, were decided to be invalid, and she was deprived of the pittance which had formed her maintenance. She was thrown into great distress, and was compelled to solicit assistance from the charitable, having become nearly if not entirely blind. The late King William gave her at one time L.10, and at another L.20. In 1836, the forlorn and miserable condition of poor Parker's widow was made known to the London magistrates, and a temporary refuge was provided for her. But temporary assistance was of little avail to one whose physical infirmities rendered her incapable any longer of helping herself, and again her miserable condition came under the cognisance of the public authorities. An appeal to the charitable has recently been made, by a portion of the daily press, in her favour, but with what success we are unable to say. She is now sixty-nine years of age, blind, and friendless. Time and misfortune have not quenched her affection for the partner of her early days. Of him she yet speaks with all the enthusiasm of youthful affection, and still mourns his fate.

MR S. LAING'S TOUR IN SWEDEN.*

A TOUR in Norway, published about two years ago by Mr Samuel Laing (a brother, we understand, of the late acute historian, Mr Malcolm Laing), was so favourably entertained by the public, that the author has been induced to complete his view of the present condition of the great Scandinavian peninsula by a similar work on Sweden. He visited this country last summer, and spent a few months in perambulating its most interesting districts, and the result has just appeared in the volume now under our notice. Mr Laing is obviously a man of quick apprehension, extensive information, and considerable talents as a writer. The "observations on the moral, political, and economical state of the Swedish nation," which, being mentioned on the title-page, may be presumed to form an important part of his book, are so mixed up with matters less abstract, and have in themselves so little of the dull, that, while they contribute much to the value of the work, they in no respect disqualify it for the popularity to which it is evidently destined.

Mr Laing constructs his work on the principle of a journal—writing it, in fact, as he goes along—thus preferring freshness of impression, with the drawback of possible rashness, to the deliberation of the opposite plan, with the disadvantage of that tameness which, he thinks, must attach to all such productions, when the writer waits till he has become familiarised with every thing that is peculiar to the country. He opens his journal (April 24, 1838) at Hamburg, near which he finds the "royal navy of Hanover" riding at the mouth of the Elbe, in the shape of a cutter of six or eight guns, with the respectable duty of levying eight-pence on every parcel, portmanteau, and package of goods, whatever be the value, which passes up the Elbe. On his way to Keil he remarks on the ruling principle of the continental governments, to take all sorts of business into their own hands—roads, for instance, diligences, steam-vessels, schools, savings' banks, mines, and even manufactures—the result of which is, he thinks, to keep the people in a state of constant pupillage, similar to that of soldiers depending on their officers. In a canoe, formed of a hollowed trunk of a tree, paddled by two women, which lies moored beside a steam-vessel, he sees an expressive proof of the backwardness which a people may manifest in the arts of civilisation, while the government is thus taking all important duties out of their hands. In Denmark he sees the

principle exemplified on a large scale, the machinery for administering public affairs being there of the most perfect kind—far beyond what it is in Britain—while the people nevertheless are two centuries behind the English "in the useful arts, in activity, industry, and well-being." Hence Mr Laing draws the conclusion that it is not what is done for a people, but what a people do for themselves, which acts upon their character and condition. He adds the startling fact that, in Denmark, for every ten of the whole population, there is one of a non-productive class, composed of civil functionaries, priests, soldiery, paupers, and slaves. There is one clergyman to every 276 6-10ths of the people, and one civil functionary to every 176. "If to these perpetual drains on the earnings of the middle and lower classes be added the enormous waste of the capital and time of the country on palaces, gardens, shows, military duties, and such objects as reproduce nothing, it is not extraordinary that the people are sunk in poverty and sloth, although occupying the richest soil and most advantageous situation in the north of Europe."

Passing through a portion of Norway, he enters Sweden at Strand, and soon after has occasion to notice an inscription cut out in a rock by the wayside, "In the years 1772 and 1788, Gustavus III. travelled this way to defend the frontiers; the gratitude of the country will endure as long as the world stands." "It is on the whole fortunate," says Mr Laing, "that the existence of the world has not depended on the gratitude of this part of it." As he advances, he makes the more important observation, that the farm-houses manifest symptoms of decay, want of attention to cleanliness, and other peculiarities, indicating a declining state of things, being the opposite in these respects of the farm-houses of Norway. The wages of labour are also lower in Sweden than in Norway. A bad posting system obtains in the country, by which the farmers of the wayside are compelled to be ready with horses to serve the purposes of travellers. The rate exigible for each horse is about a penny a mile, decidedly an insufficient compensation for the abstraction of horse and man from their proper duties. The effect of this systematic violation of the rights of property on the minds of the people, and the vitiating influences to which the young rustics are exposed in their compulsory attendance at the inns, draw some indignant remarks from our tourist.

Mr Laing finds a great similarity between the language of the Swedes and that of the lowland Scots, many words and even whole sentences being identical. It is also curious to a Scotsman to learn that the names Hamilton, Seaton, Bruce, Maclean, Spens, Montgomery, Murray, and Colquhoun, are common in Sweden, having been introduced there by the auxiliary troops brought in large draughts from Scotland in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. At Westeraas we have a striking scene. "A company of soldiers, as I thought from their appearance, of the foot guards, marched into town yesterday, and the captain and six men were billeted upon my landlord. They were remarkably fine-looking grenadiers, well dressed in white round jackets with yellow epaulets and blue trousers, and all their appointments seemed substantial, clean, and soldier-like. Their evening parade upon the street before our door struck me very much. After the roll was called, and the reports and orders delivered, the commanding officer called one of the soldiers out of the ranks, it appeared to me without turn or selection, and the whole company taking off their caps at once, this man repeated the Lord's Prayer, after which they all sang a hymn very beautifully, and the parade was dismissed. This morning early, about two o'clock, the company mustered before the door again to march to their next halting-place before the heat of the day set in. Between sleeping and waking, I heard the same service repeated—the Lord's Prayer and a morning hymn sung, before they marched off. The service was not hurried over. It lasted from fifteen to twenty minutes, and was gone through as slowly and solemnly as in any religious meeting. This is a remnant of the military practice of the great Gustavus Adolphus, which has been retained in the Swedish service since the 'Thirty Years' War."

The fondness of the people for titles attracts Mr Laing's observation even at this early part of his journey. "The taste has spread widely and deeply through society. Madame and Mam'selle are the equivalents for Mrs and Miss; and Fru and Fröken for My Lady and the unmarried My Lady. But you would be grievously out in your good manners if you were to go into a shop and address the mistress as Madame. It is an equal chance that she is My Lady. There are a great many offices merely nominal, which give the rank entitling the man's wife to be called Her Ladyship. I am not yet fully master of this branch of etiquette. In the military line it goes as low as the lieutenant's wife, in the clerical to that of a priest. In civil functions, the landwaiter in the customs, the clerks in public offices, and even the accredited deputies of the clerks, have the felicity of hearing their wives called My Lady; and a whole host of nominal assessors, councillors, and such dignities, have the same rank. I had almost fallen into the inexcusable error of calling a bookbinder's wife Madame, but fortunately my ear caught the word Fru going as glibly as if her husband carried the portefeuille instead of making it. The title of Mam'selle is a degree above that of Jomfru. The barmaid is Mam'selle, but the girl who waits is

only Jomfru; and below the Jomfru, in dignity and title, is the Flikka—the simple girl. This ridiculous vanity," says Mr Laing, in a spirit of the soundest philosophy, "is not so very innocent a foible, if it takes the place of higher and more moral grounds of distinction with the middle classes, and if the people in the ordinary ranks of life come to be gratified with conventional distinctions, not founded on their industry, property, or social worth, in their stations. This false estimate appears very prevalent in Sweden. In reading the little political brochures and speculations of the periodical press, the stranger must be struck with the inordinate importance they give to personal distinctions. The title of Excellence, or the Order of the Seraphim, are stated in their political views as serious objects and motives of action for public men in public affairs. The public mind must be in a state to accept of this as reasonable, or it would not be presented to it. The value of public opinion, of those positions beyond all titles or orders which Pitt, Fox, Canning, O'Connell, take from it, is unknown and incomprehensible to them."

Mr Laing finds the inns at Stockholm bad, owing to the sufficiency of two club-houses to accommodate almost all the native visitors of the city. He finds the practice of a side-table whet before meals universal—reminding him of the old saying in his own country, that the people of Dunbar used to eat a solan goose to give them an appetite for dinner. He admires the royal palace, as all travellers do, and says a comparison of Hamlet to Tom Thumb would be as absurd as to compare this simply grand building with the Grecian toy-work of most public buildings with us. The population of Stockholm is declining—it is now 77,500—and the yearly deaths exceed the births by nearly nine hundred. Besides the few public buildings and mansions of the nobility, and excepting that the upper and middle ranks dress well under the influence of the taste diffused by a court, it contains no marks of opulence. Mr Laing calculates that there must be above 46,000 persons, or considerably more than a half of the population, who have no regular or describable means of subsistence. The fact of seven months of the year being unfit for labouring operations, produces much misery, and consequently much mortality, among the humbler orders. In short, we conceive from Mr Laing's descriptions that the population of Stockholm must be not unlike that of Dublin, a considerable body of persons living in comfort and elegance in the midst of a vast horde of squalid and starving poor.

The restrictions imposed on the exercise of industry in Sweden, here attract Mr Laing's attention. While we, he remarks, acknowledge *land* and *goods* as the sole kinds of property, there is abroad a third species, as fully established and protected by law as the other two, namely, the *exercise of industry*. "It is not merely the table, the spade, the loaf of bread, or the money acquired in making and dealing in these articles, that is property secured by law to the individual whose industry has produced them; but the exercise of this industry, as a carpenter, smith, baker, or merchant, is also property vested in particular individuals or classes of the community. * * This subject is curious. Suppose a hundred emigrants landed upon an island in the mouth of the Swan River, and that five or six betook themselves to the making of clothes and hats for the rest, would it be very absurd in principle if the five or six were to say to the others, 'We have all landed in this little world of ours, equal in our natural rights—no man has a better right than another to appropriate to himself any part of the land or its produce, and if we give up to you our natural right to the land by which you live, it is but just that you should give up to us your natural right to the exercise of the kinds of industry by which we live, the crafts of the blacksmith and tailor, each kind of property being of course subject to such conditions, regulations, or limitations, as our government may find necessary for the general good of the community.' It seems difficult to deny that labour may be property upon the same principle that land is property—the expediency of such appropriation for the general good of society. This expediency is admitted in the practice of all European countries except Great Britain." In Sweden, where the principle is carried to its extreme, "every trade or branch of industry that can be thought of, excepting perhaps common labour in husbandry, is exercised by privilege; and as the tradesman pays a tax to government for his privilege, or right to exercise his trade, he is entitled to protection from law—like any other proprietor—against whatever would diminish its value and injure his means of living and paying his tax; that is, against free competition. To be entitled to set up as a master, a man must 'serve an apprenticeship of five, seven, and, in some vocations, ten years; and by the laws of the incorporation, each master can only take a certain number of apprentices. He must then serve as a journeyman for a certain number of years, generally for four or six. He must then travel as a journeyman for at least two, in some trades for four or more years, for his improvement," supported, if he can get no work, by the funds of the incorporation at each place he stops at. Finally, he must produce a proper essay piece, to establish his claim to be admitted as a master in his craft. Young mercantile men have to go through similar periods of probation, and, after all, must wait for vacancies before they can get a privilege, like victuallers amongst us waiting for a licence from the justices. The results of the system are—on

* One volume 8vo. pp. 433. Longman and Company, London, 1839.

the one hand, an elevation of the working man by a sense of property, his having leisure to cultivate refined tastes, and an effectual check to the progress of population beyond the limits within which there is comfort for the whole class; on the other hand, a demoralisation from the wandering system, a dependence upon privilege rather than upon expertness or good conduct, and a waste of labour, and consequently of wealth, from the variety of hands into which very simple duties are divided. Hence all the ordinary arts are in a low state in Sweden, and generally all over the continent. Mr Laing remarks, that Britain, in pursuing an opposite system since the abolition of monopolies in 1624, is only trying an experiment. By unlimited freedom to exercise industry, the industrious class is immensely multiplied. A discrepancy arises in two great branches of our social polity, the means of producing food being under restriction, while the increase of mouths is not directly under any. Supposing the supply of food equally unlimited, Mr Laing argues that, with such powers of fire and water, and such industrious inclinations, Britain would become the seat of an enormous population beyond what its land could naturally support. About this, we believe, there is no doubt as to the fact; but the expediency, we need scarcely say, is a subject of great altercation.

With respect to the restrictions upon the exercise of skilled industry, here described by our tourist, we would remark, and it is surprising that Mr Laing has not made the remark himself, that the remaining class of unskilled labourers, constituting the largest portion of every community, must be just so much the worse off. It is simply one more evil in their condition; and from this cause, probably, arises no small portion of that immorality which Mr Laing has to remark as existing in Sweden.

In that country, it appears, the proportion of crime to population exceeds that of all other European countries. While, in England and Wales, one of every 707 is accused, and one of every 1005 convicted, of criminal offences, per annum; while in Ireland, one of every 455 is accused, and one of every 723 convicted, in the same space of time (on an average of the five years from 1830 to 1834); the amount of crime in Sweden reaches the appalling amount of 26,275 accused, and 21,262 convicted, in the year 1835, out of a population of 2,983,144, being an accusation for every 114, and a conviction for every 140! At the same time, while the illegitimate births bear, to the legitimate, in England and Wales the proportion of 1 to 19, in London and Middlesex that of 1 to 38, and in Paris itself that of 1 to 5, and in France at large 1 to 74, in Stockholm it is 1 to 23-10ths—that is, three of every seven persons are illegitimate. There is no where, perhaps never was any where, “a state of female morals approaching to this.” “Suppose,” says Mr Laing, “a traveller standing in the streets of Edinburgh, and able to say from undeniable public returns, ‘One out of every three persons passing us is, on an average, the offspring of illicit intercourse, and one out of every forty-nine has been convicted within these twelve months of some criminal offence!’ The main cause of this unprecedentedly low morality, Mr Laing conceives to be ‘a radical defect in the construction of society in this country. The weight of public opinion upon the side of morality, and acting as a check upon private conduct, is lost in Sweden by the too great proportion and preponderance in the social body of privileged classes—of persons whose living, well-being, distinction, social influence, or other objects of human desire, are attained by other means than public estimation gained by moral worth. The privileged classes in this country are not merely the hereditary aristocracy, the military, and members of the learned professions, but the tailor, the shoemaker, the smith, the joiner, the merchant, the shopkeeper; in short, every man exercising any craft, trade, branch of industry or means of living—that is to say, the whole of the upper and middle classes, down to the mere labourer in husbandry.’ These depend, not on industry, ability, or moral worth, but upon corporate rights, and licence obtained from government. The upper classes, in like manner, depend on birth, rank, and court favour. ‘Like soldiers in a regiment, a great proportion of the people under this social system derive their estimation among others, and consequently their own self-esteem, not from their moral worth, but from their professional standing and importance. This evil is inherent in all privileged classes, but is concealed or compensated in the higher, the nobility, military, and clergy, by the sense of honour, of religion, and by education. In the middle and lower walks of life, these influences are weaker, while the temptations to immorality are stronger.’ We find, Mr Laing remarks, the directly opposite state of things in America, where the influence of public opinion is so searching and vigorous in its operation, that individuals appear to be almost its slaves. Our author also regards, as a cause of the low morality of the Swedes, the custom of giving external rewards and honours—ribbons, crosses, and titles—for almost every kind of presumed merit, in the lower as well as higher classes, where a man’s true reward is his own approbation, and the estimation of the society in which he moves. The influence of a dissolute court and profligate government are other causes reckoned up by Mr Laing. It may be asked, what is the state of religion and of education in a country of such immorality? There is in Sweden, as is well known, a Lutheran church-establishment; it is free from schism, admirably organised,

and well supported. Positively all are educated, as far as reading and writing go; for there is an obligation by law on every adult person to be able to read the Scriptures, and give proof of Christian knowledge, before exercising any act of majority. There is also a perfect good feeling between the people and their clergy. But then, says Mr Laing, under that system by which every thing is matter of privilege, and law interferes to order every thing which men should be inclined to do for themselves, “under this pressure upon industry, property, free opinion, and free will, education is but a source of amusement, or of speculation in science, and religion a superstitious observance of church days, forms, and ordinances, with a blind veneration for the clergy.” Here, we think, the case may be safely left.

We have not room—at present at least—for any further account of Mr Laing’s volume; but, lest we should not be able to take it up in another paper, we meanwhile heartily recommend it to public attention, as the production of a man of agreeable literary talents, and far more than the average of reflecting power and information.

THE LEG.

[A translation from the German—From the New York Mirror.]

In the autumn of 1782, the surgeon, Louis Thevenet, of Calais, received an anonymous letter, requiring his attendance on the following day at a certain house not far from the town, and requesting him to bring with him the necessary instruments for amputating a limb. Thevenet was at that period renowned far and wide for his skill, and it was by no means uncommon for patients to send for him from England, in order to be guided by his judgment in cases of more than ordinary importance. He had been long attached to the army, and, though of somewhat uncouth manner, was universally beloved on account of the kindness of his disposition.

Thevenet puzzled a long time over the anonymous communication. Both time and place were indicated with the greatest exactness; at such an hour, and at such a spot, would he be expected; but, as before observed, the letter bore no signature. “A hoax, in all probability,” was the conclusion he arrived at, and he resolved not to go.

Three days afterwards he received a similar invitation, though couched in more pressing terms, with the announcement that a carriage would be at his door at nine the next morning, to convey him to the appointed spot.

Scarcely had the clock finished striking the hour of nine, on the following morning, than a handsome open carriage drove to the surgeon’s door; he made no further hesitation, but entered it. As he got in, he inquired of the coachman whither he was going to drive him, and the man replied in the English language, “I do not meddle with things that are no business of mine.”

“Oh ho! so I have to do with an Englishman, you surly dog,” replied Thevenet.

The coach arrived at length at the appointed house. “Whom am I to see—who lives here—who is ill?” asked Thevenet of the coachman, as he left the carriage. The man repeated his former answer, and was thanked for his civility in terms very much resembling those above quoted.

He was received at the door by a handsome young man, about twenty-eight years old, who conducted him up a staircase to a large room. His accent betrayed him to be a native of Great Britain. Thevenet addressed him in English, and was replied to with much politeness.

“You desired my attendance,” said the surgeon. “I am very grateful for the trouble you have taken to visit me. Pray, rest yourself; here are refreshments of all kinds, if you wish any thing before performing the operation.”

“First of all, sir, let me see and examine the patient; possibly it may not be necessary to proceed to amputation.”

“It will be necessary, Monsieur Thevenet. Let me entreat you to be seated. I have the fullest confidence in you—listen to me. Here is a purse containing a hundred guineas; they are yours when the operation is over, let the result be what it may. If, on the contrary, you refuse to fulfil my wishes—you see this loaded pistol—you are in my power, and, as sure as you are alive, I shoot you dead on the spot.”

“Sir, your pistol does not in the least alarm me. What is it you require? Tell me at once, without further preface, for what purpose have I been summoned here?”

“You must cut off my right leg.”

“With all my heart, sir, and your head as well, if you please: but if I am not mistaken, your leg appears perfectly sound. You sprang up the staircase just now with all the agility of a rope-dancer. What is the matter with your leg?”

“Nothing whatsoever, only off it must come.”

“Sir, you are a fool!”

“That, Monsieur Thevenet, is no business of yours.”

“Sir, you are a stranger to me, and I should like to have proofs of your being of sound mind.”

“Monsieur Thevenet, will you grant my request?”

“First, sir, give me some sufficient reason for inflicting so wanton a mutilation on you.”

“I cannot disclose the truth to you at present; all shall be communicated in due time. Allow me to ask you if you consider me a man of honour?”

“A man of honour does not present a pistol at his surgeon’s head. I have duties to perform even towards you, who are a total stranger to me. Without it be strictly necessary, I will not consent to mutilate you. If you are bent on becoming the assassin of an innocent father of a family—fire!”

“Tis well, Monsieur Thevenet,” answered the Englishman, taking up the pistol: “I will not be your murderer, but I will still compel you to remove my leg. What my entreaties have failed to obtain, what neither the hope of

reward nor the fear of death has succeeded in extorting from you, I will owe to your passion. I will lodge a ball in my leg, here before your very eyes.”

The young man sat down, and deliberately placed the muzzle immediately above his knee. Monsieur Thevenet rushed towards him in hopes of preventing him from effecting his mad design. “Stir from your seat!” exclaimed the Englishman, “and I pull the trigger. Answer me once more: will you put me to the needless pain—will you, by your refusal, compel me to increase the sufferings I have to endure?”

“Sir, once more you are a fool. But be it as you wish—I consent to take it off.”

The necessary preparations were soon made. The leg was removed; and in a tolerably short space of time the patient was restored to health. He gave his surgeon a munificent fee, and felt his esteem for him increase each day. With tears of gratitude in his eyes he thanked him for relieving him of his limb, and sailed for England duly equipped with a wooden leg.

About eighteen months after these events, Monsieur Thevenet received a letter from England, to the following effect:—

“Enclosed is an order on Monsieur Panchaud of Paris for two hundred and fifty guineas, which I beg you to accept in token of my heartfelt gratitude. By depriving me of a limb, which formed the sole obstacle to my earthly bliss, you have rendered me the happiest of mortals! Best of men! at length shall you be made acquainted with the real grounds of what you were pleased to term my mad whim.

Shortly after my last return from the East Indies, I became acquainted with perfection, in the person of Emily Harley; I fell desperately in love with her. Her wealth and family connections made my relations as eager for the match as myself, though I saw but her beauty and angelic disposition. I yoked myself to the car of her admirers. Alas! my dear Thevenet, I was fortunate enough to become the most unfortunate of all my rivals; she loved me—and me only; she avowed her affection, and—rejected me! In vain did I press my suit, in vain did her parents and friends intercede for me—she remained inexorable.

For a long time did I fail to discover the cause of her refusal to become mine: to make one happy whom she owned to loving to distraction. At length one of her sisters revealed the mystery. Miss Harley was a marvel of beauty, but, strange to relate, was born with but one leg, and this blemish rendered her averse to becoming my wife, as she feared I might look on her with aversion.

My resolution was soon formed. I determined there should be no disparity between us, and, thanks to you, worthy Thevenet, it exists no longer.

I returned to London with my wooden leg, and at once betook myself to Miss Harley. The report had circulated (set on foot by a letter I had previously dispatched to England) that I had injured my leg by a fall from my horse, and that amputation was found necessary; I became the object of universal pity. Emily fainted away at our first meeting. She remained for a long time inconsolable, but at length consented to our marriage. On the day after our union did I, for the first time, disclose to her the sacrifice I had made to gain her hand. Her love for me became even yet more tender. Oh, Thevenet! to obtain my Emily, I would lose ten more legs, without the least compunction.

My gratitude towards you can only end with my life. Come to London and pay us a visit; and when once you have seen my angel-wife, I defy you to say again that I am a fool!

CHARLES TEMPLE.

Monsieur Thevenet showed the letter to his friends, after having related all the preceding circumstances, and he never told the story without a burst of laughter, as he wound it up with, “He is as much a fool as ever!”

The following was his answer to the above:—

“Sir—I am obliged to you for your munificent present, for such must I term a sum so much exceeding the value of my humble services.

I congratulate you on your marriage with your accomplished countrywoman. True, a leg is a heavy price to pay for the possession of a fair and virtuous wife; yet not too heavy, if the result prove in favour of the change. It cost Adam a rib from his body to be blessed with Eve; many other men, since him, have lost their ribs for their fair ones; some even have forfeited their heads.

Notwithstanding your protestations, you must allow me to retain my original opinion. Very probably you are right at present, for you are still in all the rapture of the honeymoon. I am right, too, but with this difference, that it requires time to be convinced of the justice of my opinion; for it is ever long ere we are willing to admit the truth of ideas that clash with our own.

Have a care, sir, for I strongly suspect that ere two years are flown, you will begin to wish that the amputation had been performed *below* the knee-joint. In three years it will strike you that you might very well have compounded for the loss of the foot only. In four years you will think that the sacrifice of your great toe might have very well sufficed, and before the expiration of the fifth year, you will grudge even your little toe. After six years, I am afraid the paring of your nails will seem to you all that was necessary.

I have said all this without prejudice to your wife’s merits. Beauty and virtue are not so fleeting as the judgment of man. In my youth I would have hid down my life for the beloved one, but I never would have lost my leg for her; the loss of the one I would never have repented, but each day I should have repined over the sacrifice of the other. Had I ever consented to such sacrifice, I should say, ‘Thevenet, you were a fool!’ and herewith I have the honour, &c.

L. THEVENET.

In the year 1793, during the reign of terror, Monsieur Thevenet, who had been denounced as an aristocrat by some aspiring member of his profession, fled to London in order to escape the equalising propensities of the guillotine. When there, desiring to increase his acquaintance, he inquired for the residence of Sir Charles Temple.

He was directed to his mansion, and was announced to

his master. Seated in an easy chair by the fireside, a foaming tankard of porter at his elbow, and twenty newspapers strewed about him, appeared a portly gentleman, whose size would scarcely allow him to quit his chair.

"Ha! right welcome, Monsieur Thevenet!" exclaimed the portly gentleman, who was no other than Sir Charles Temple; "do not be offended with me if I resume my seat, but my cursed wooden leg is always in my way. In all probability, my worthy friend, you are come to ascertain if my hour of conviction has arrived?"

"I am here as a fugitive from my native land, and claim your protection!"

"You must take up your abode with me, for, of a verity, you are a wise man. By this time, Thevenet, I should have been admiral of the blue, if this infernal wooden leg had not incapacitated me for serving my country. Here am I reading in the papers news of the most stirring kind, and cursing my stars that I can take no part in all that is going on. Come, say something consoling to me."

"Your excellent lady is far better adapted than I to play the comforter."

"Don't mention her. Her wooden leg hinders her from dancing, so she has devoted herself to cards and scandal; there is no possible dealing with her; but she is a good enough woman in her way."

"Then, after all, I was right?"

"Most indubitably so, my dear Thevenet: but enough of that. I committed an egregious blunder. Had I but my leg back again, not a nail-pairing of it would I part with. Between ourselves, be it said, I was a fool; but keep this piece of truth to yourself."

A FEW WORDS ON ROADS AND RAILWAYS.

THE advantages held out by railways are so palpable, that the opposition which they meet with in some quarters is apt to excite surprise. But if we look but a short way into the history of improvements, we find there is really nothing to be wondered at. Every improvement in the means of internal communication has in its turn been met by similar opposition. We have now, for example, tolerably good roads, but these have not been established without encountering a world of petty annoyance. About a century ago, some of the counties in the neighbourhood of London petitioned Parliament against the extension of turnpike roads into the remoter counties. Those remoter counties, it was pretended, from the cheapness of labour, would be able to sell their grass and corn at a lower rate in the London market than themselves, and would thereby reduce their rents and ruin their cultivation.* In spite of these representations, turnpike roads were extended into the remoter counties; and what has been the result?—the rents of land, and the prices of all kinds of rural produce, have risen instead of fallen in the neighbourhood of the metropolis. Every one has heard of the condition of the roads generally in all parts of Scotland till within the last forty or fifty years. They went in straight lines up one side of a hill and down another, crossed bogs which were impassable during winter, and were so badly laid that days were consumed in a journey which can now be effected in a few hours. An aged gentleman, writing his recollections of these times, drolly observes, "that the common carrier from Selkirk to Edinburgh, thirty-eight miles distant, required two weeks to make out his journey betwixt the two towns, going and returning, with a suitable resting time at each to his poor fatigued horse, which had perhaps not less than five or six hundredweight of goods to drag along. The road, originally, was among the most perilous in the whole country: a considerable extent of it lay in the bottom of that district called Galla water, from the name of the principal stream. The channel of the water itself, when not flooded, was the track chosen, as being the most level, and easiest to be travelled on. The rest of the way, very much up-and-down-hill, was far worse. The townsmen of this adventurous individual, on the morning of his way-going, turned out to take their leave of him, and to wish him a safe return from his perilous undertaking."†

There is, we believe, not a road in the kingdom of which similar tales could not be told, and it is therefore the more surprising that there should have been any opposition to the improved kind of highways. There was opposition, however. The establishment of turnpike roads, such as are now common, was as much opposed by the bulk of the landed gentry and farmers in Scotland, as was the extension of highways by the rural population around London. Unless for the strenuous exertion of a minority of intelligent and liberal minded men, the improved roads would not have been made. "Every one (continues the authority just quoted), at the first laying out of any road in a new direction, was anxious to have it turned as far about as possible from himself. Even the tenantry had no desire to have a public road led close in upon their own premises, but wished them to be turned aside from their farm-houses. The decided utility, however, of these improved means of communication, came latterly

to make them be more correctly appreciated, and the contest at last was, who should have the great roads led nearest to their own respective properties."

Acting according to the glimmering light of practical knowledge which existed in these times—that is, only about half a century ago—the people were as greatly opposed to certain proposed improvements in the form of bridges as to new lines of road. It was universally believed that the stones of an arch would not retain their hold if the curve were made elliptical, or only the segment of a circle. There could, indeed, be no doubt of this, for bridges had been built in the form of half circles from the beginning of the world upwards. At length, doubts began to be entertained on this point. Architects began to erect bridges with only a slight rise in the middle, and great was the astonishment at the result of the enterprise. It was only after such bridges had stood a number of years that doubts of their durability were abandoned.

Canals came in for the usual share of opposition, and now railways take their turn. It is a grievous mistake to blame the individuals who oppose improvements of this nature. They but act according to the degree of intelligence which they possess. Had they lived sixty years since, they would have objected to improved turnpike roads; forty years since, to elliptical bridges; and, thirty years since, to canals. The present opposition is but the last in the series. In forty years hence, there may be something discovered still better than railways; and if so, we cannot entertain a doubt of their encountering the same species of opposition.

The design of railways, as we all know, is to improve the means of communication in inland districts of the country. At present, notwithstanding the many excellent roads, and also some canals, there is a deficiency in this respect. Railways, however, will only act a part in the economy of communication. They will not supersede roads or canals. It is extremely probable that in time railways will augment the traffic on roads—we mean cross and subsidiary roads—and likewise on canals. Each of the three means of conveyance will be found suitable to a particular order of traffic or thoroughfare, and will accordingly exist and flourish in connection with the others. It is treating the subject very loosely to suppose that railways will furnish only the means of readily travelling betwixt remote distances. Besides this, they will serve to develop resources and excite a traffic, of which in the present infancy of their establishment, we can form no adequate idea. It may be safely averred that there is no part of the united kingdom which does not possess some latent capabilities that may be advantageously explored and brought into action. One boasts of its romantic beauty, another its climate, a third its abundance of the purest water, a fourth its mines, a fifth its population, a sixth its rural produce, and so on without end, each containing something of which the others are less or more deficient, and which it would be highly desirable to bring into use for the general good. Taking this extended view, what an immense stock of exchangeable and inexchangeable wealth does our country contain, which is at present all but useless for lack of a ready means of communication! It is distressing to think, that, from the want of some ready means of access, there are certain inland districts of our own land less available for purposes of commerce than places situated on the sea-shores of distant continents; for, according to the existing modes of transport, goods may be sent a thousand miles by sea at a much less expense than they could be carried by a waggon twenty miles on land. Railways, although not reaching every corner of the country, will greatly remedy this evil. They will excite the energies of wide-spread districts through which they pass, and in some respects give to inland towns that degree of accessibility, and consequently opulence, which has till the present day belonged only to towns on the coast. The increase which will take place in the national resources, when the system of railways shall be completed, it is impossible to calculate.

Another very observable benefit from railways will consist of the breaking down of local prejudices. At present, certain towns maintain unworthy jealousies of each other. By residing constantly in one spot, our minds become narrowed: we learn to look upon our own gin-horse tract as all the world; and foolishly imagine that the usages and habits of thinking peculiar to our fellow mortals must necessarily be wrong, and therefore liable to reproach and sarcasm. Railways, by bringing towns into more close neighbourhood with each other, and introducing their respective inhabitants to a mutual acquaintanceship, will tend greatly to soften these jealousies and local prejudices. Where even no such feelings have ever existed, the most beneficial intercourse cannot fail to be established betwixt different seats of population. Let us take the case, for instance, of Newcastle and Edinburgh. Excepting for some slight commercial connections and casual friendships, the inhabitants of these cities know nothing of each other, yet it would be vastly for the benefit of both that they should be reciprocally acquainted; but without a railway it is clear that no such intimacy can take place. In this manner, whether we view railways as a means of improving the mercantile resources or the moral qualities of the people, they cannot fail to be productive of an incalculable degree of good to the whole mass of society.

THE RATTLESNAKE.

A WRITER in the Philosophical Journal presented, a few years ago, the following anecdotes of this remarkable creature:—

"Rattlesnakes have the power of laying down their fangs along their jaw-bones when at rest, and of raising them at will, as sharks also do, and some other fishes. It is only when inflicting a defensive wound that their fangs are used. At this time the snake, either coiled or in any other position, has the power of darting about two-thirds of its body towards its object; and with its mouth open to its utmost stretch, all its fangs being erect, it strikes so violent a blow whilst it bites, that I have been assured by some Osage chiefs, that on such occasions they felt, when struck, as if about to be thrown off their centre of gravity. The fangs make their way into flesh, or, indeed, into tough leather, with perfect ease, and instantaneously. The wound is generally mortal, if proper remedies be not at once resorted to. Among the native Americans, cutting out the wounded part, and searing, or, as it is termed in the country, scaring it with fire, is considered the most effectual; but even this requires great promptitude to afford a chance of safety. The quantity of venom infused is more or less, as the animal may have been more or less irritated. If made to bite themselves, their own flesh affords no antidote, for they die in excruciating torments. The venom of a rattlesnake, while the animal is striking an object, will be sometimes ejected to a considerable distance. I have seen one confined in a wire cage, when much enraged, strike against the bars so furiously that the poison was sent several feet towards me.

To give you an idea of the long time this poison retains its property, I shall relate a curious but well-authenticated series of facts, which took place in a central district of the state of Pennsylvania, about twenty years ago. A farmer was so slightly bit through the boot by a rattlesnake, as he was walking to view his ripening corn-fields, that the pain felt was thought by him to have been from the scratch of a thorn, not having seen or heard the reptile. Upon his return home, he felt, on a sudden, violently sick at the stomach, vomited with great pain, and died in a few hours. Twelve months after this, the eldest son, who had taken his father's boots, put them on, and went to church at some distance. On his going to bed that night, whilst drawing off his boots, he felt slightly scratched on the leg, but merely mentioned it to his wife, and rubbed the place with his hand. In a few hours, however, he was awakened by violent pains, complained of general giddiness, fainted frequently, and expired before any succour could be applied with success; the cause of his illness also being quite a mystery. In the course of time his effects were sold, and a second brother, through filial affection, purchased the boots, and, if I remember rightly, put them on about two years after. As he drew them off, he felt a scratch, and complained of it, when the widowed sister being present, recollected that the same pain had been felt by her husband on the like occasion. The youth went to bed, suffered and died in the same way that his father and brother had done before him. These repeated and singular deaths being rumoured in the country, a medical gentleman called upon the friends of the deceased to inquire into the particulars, and at once pronounced their deaths to have been occasioned by venom. The boots that had been the cause of complaint were brought to him, when he cut one of them open with care, and discovered the extreme point of the fang of a rattlesnake issuing from the leather, and assured the people that this had done all the mischief. To prove this satisfactorily, he scratched with it the nose of a dog, and the dog died in a few hours from the poisonous effect it was still able to convey. In confirmation of these facts, I have been told by native Americans that arrows dipped in rattlesnake venom would carry death for ages after.

Perhaps one of the most wonderful faculties possessed by this and many other species of snakes, is that of being able to live, without any food whatever, for years; and it is quite as remarkable, that during the lapse of this astonishing fast, their appearance and condition scarcely exhibit their being in any want. Their movements, the power of rattling, and that of inflicting mortal wounds, are perfectly kept up. One which I confined in a cage for three years, had frequently rats, young rabbits, and birds of various kinds put in, sometimes alive, and at other times dead, without their ever being touched, not even a movement would be made by the snake to approach them; while, on the contrary, the live quadrupeds and birds showed great symptoms of fear, and threw themselves violently in all directions about the cage to effect their escape from an enemy well known to them. The operation of throwing off its skin annually was, however, abandoned, after the first spring of confinement; and as the animal was small, and I did not consider it as arrived at its middle age, I measured its length with accuracy, and discovered that during the whole time of its imprisonment it did not grow in the least. To what extent this power of abstinence is ever used when the animal is at liberty, I am unable to tell; but I have thought that the animal's possessing it so eminently went a great way towards proving that it had not that of fascination, as it would be very unnatural for an animal so gifted to lie and suffer, while the single glance of a magnetic eye could bring down a bird at once from the top of any tree into its mouth."

The latter observation is evidently liable to a fallacy, as the animal may have the power of taking prey, without using that power. On the subject of its fascination, there is a curious paper in a late work by a respectable American writer, entitled "Peter Pilgrim." It is there treated as an unquestionable property of the rattlesnake, however unlike any other property possessed by animals. The paper contains the following almost incredible statement, as to the reality of this power, by a Mr Willard, and which we learn is extracted from a work by Dr Samuel Williams, of the state of Vermont:—

"When I was a boy about thirteen years old, my father sent me into a field to mow some briars. I had not been

* Dr Adam Smith.

† Robertson's Rural Recollections.

long employed when I discovered a large rattlesnake, and looked round for something to kill him; but not readily discovering a weapon, my curiosity led me to view him. He lay coiled up, with his tail erect, and making the usual singing noise with his rattles. I had viewed him but a short time, when the most vivid and lively colours that imagination can paint, and far beyond the powers of the pencil to imitate, among which yellow was the most predominant, and the whole drawn into a bewitching variety of gay and pleasing forms, were presented to my eyes; at the same time my ears were enchanted with the most rapturous strains of music, wild, lively, complicated, and harmonious, in the highest degree melodious, captivating, and enchanting, far beyond any thing I ever heard before or since, and indeed far exceeding what my imagination in any other situation could have conceived. I felt myself irresistibly drawn towards the hated reptile; and as I had been often used to seeing and killing rattlesnakes, and my senses were so absorbed by the gay vision and rapturous music, I was not for some time apprehensive of much danger; but suddenly recollecting what I had heard the Indians relate (but what I had never before believed) of the fascinating power of these serpents, I turned with horror from the dangerous scene; but it was not without the most violent efforts that I was able to extricate myself. All the exertions I could make with my whole strength were hardly sufficient to carry me from the scene of horrid yet pleasing enchantment; and while I forcibly dragged off my body, my head seemed to be irresistibly drawn to the enchanter by an invisible power. And I fully believe that in a few moments longer it would have been wholly out of my power to make an exertion sufficient to get away."

PLAN FOR IMPROVING THE GIPSIES.

THE operations which have for some time been in progress in England for the improvement of the gipsy population, having lately attracted the attention of a few individuals in Edinburgh, a society has been formed for effecting a similar object in Scotland. All the harsh and oppressive measures which have hitherto been attempted for extirpating the gipsies, or for expelling them from the country, having signally failed, it is now proposed to try how far kindness will induce them to change their habits, and assume the character and condition of respectable members of society. The number of gipsies in Great Britain is believed to be from 18,000 to 20,000, and of these 1000 or upwards are to be found in Scotland. The Scottish gipsies are chiefly located—that is, when not wandering abroad—in Roxburghshire on the borders of England, particularly at the villages of Kirk-Yetholm, Kelso, Jedburgh, &c. The Kirk-Yetholm colony, which amounts to 26 families, or 125 individuals in all, is one of the oldest and most distinct; and here, therefore, it has been determined that the first experiment for improvement shall be made.

The condition of this small remnant of an ancient and interesting race, is that of extreme poverty. The professions which the able-bodied gipsies pursue, are of a humble vagrant character, such as selling crockery, collecting rags, and making baskets; and they consequently possess no means for improving their physical, let alone their moral, condition. Their principal wealth consists of one or more horses or asses, with which they carry about in carts or panniers the wares in which they deal. During the winter months, the members of the clan are confined to their proper home, but as soon as the fine weather of spring sets in, they proceed on their travels through the surrounding rural districts, encamping by the road-sides and in bye-lanes, in a manner perfectly romantic and independent, but with much hardship to themselves, and any thing but benefit to the community. There was a time when this vagrant mode of living had its charms. The country was not inclosed as it now is; the pedlar, spoonmaker, and tinker, were acceptable guests in the kitchens, or at least in the barns, of the farmers; and there prevailed a laxity of police, which was extremely agreeable to all orders of gipsies and mendicants. The state of things is now so very different, that many of the gipsies have expressed their willingness to remain at home, if work were given to them. It is, partially, upon the significance of this willingness to settle, that the hopes of the society for their improvement are founded; for so long as they continue their present wandering life, their character and habits will assuredly remain unaltered.

Two things are proposed to be attempted. Those parents who are willing or can be induced to remain at home, and betake themselves to some regular employment, are to receive every encouragement to do so. In addition to the offer of work of some kind, means will, perhaps, be found to make a present of bibles, books, tracts, tools, clothing, or articles of furniture, to those who, upon trial, have shown their willingness to maintain themselves by their industry at home, instead of wandering abroad. The great thing to be attempted, and which promises better results, is that part of the plan which respects the children. It is proposed, with consent of the parents, to keep the children at home through the whole year, not to separate them from their parents when the latter are at home, but when they take their departure, to have the children left behind, to board them in the village, and to educate them. By these means the juvenile population will acquire habits of local attachment, and moral and religious sentiments, which will indispose them from adopting the vagrant life of their forefathers. It is calculated that the expense of board per week for each child would be from 2s. to 2s. 6d., and that for each, the annual school wages would amount to about 10s. The total expenses of the plan of improvement, including both adults and children, are expected to be at the utmost only £120 per annum, and we should think, that in the present age of benevolence so small a sum will be raised with very little difficulty.

There are, it appears from the small pamphlet from which we glean these particulars,* well-founded expecta-

tions that the operations of the society will be successful. All the parents who have been spoken to on the subject express a most anxious desire to have their children instructed, and afterwards hired as servants, or apprenticed to trades, so that they may lead a comfortable and respectable mode of life. There is, therefore, no fear of the results, provided the necessary funds be raised to carry the benevolent intentions of the society into execution, namely, the rescuing an interesting portion of our countrymen from ignorance, misery, and vice.

THE WILD FLOWER.

BY J. F. SMITH.

Sweet wildling tufts that, 'mid the waste,
Your lowly buds expand;
Though by no sheltering walls embraced,
Nor trained by beauty's hand:
The primal flowers which grace your stems
Bright as the dahlia's shine,
Found thus, like unexpected gems,
To lonely hearts like mine.
Tis a quaint thought, and yet, perchance,
Sweet blossoms, ye are sprung
From flowers that over Eden once
Their pristine fragrance flung;—
That drank the dews of Paradise,
Beneath the starlight clear;
Or caught from Eve's deflected eyes
Her first repentant tear.

JOHN FITCH.

THE following account of a new candidate for the honour of discovering steam navigation, is given in Hall's Notes on the Western States of America, lately published:—

"In 1785, John Fitch, a watchmaker in Philadelphia, conceived the design of propelling a boat by steam. He was both poor and illiterate, and many difficulties occurred to frustrate every attempt which he made to try the practicability of his invention. He applied to Congress for assistance, but was refused; and then offered his invention to the Spanish government, to be used in the navigation of the Mississippi, but without any better success. At length a company was formed, and funds subscribed, for the building of a steam-boat, and in the year 1788 his vessel was launched on the Delaware. Many crowded to see and ridicule the novel, and, as they supposed, the chimerical experiment. It seemed that the idea of wheels had not occurred to Mr Fitch; but instead of them, oars were used, which worked in frames. He was confident of success; and when the boat was ready for the trial, she started off in good style for Burlington. Those who had sneered began to stare, and they who had smiled in derision, looked grave. Away went the boat, and the happy inventor triumphed over the scepticism of an unbelieving public. The boat performed her trip to Burlington, a distance of twenty miles; but, unfortunately, burst her boiler in rounding the wharf at that place, and the next tide floated her back to the city. Fitch persevered, and with great difficulty procured another boiler. After some time, the boat performed another trip to Burlington and Trenton, and returned in the same day. She is said to have moved at the rate of eight miles an hour; but something was continually breaking, and the unhappy projector only conquered one difficulty to encounter another. Perhaps this was not owing to any defect in his plans, but to the low state of the arts at that time, and the difficulty of getting such complex machinery made with proper exactness. Fitch became embarrassed with debt, and was obliged to abandon the invention, after having satisfied himself of its practicability. This ingenious man, who was probably the first inventor of the steam-boat, wrote three volumes, which he deposited in manuscript, sealed up, in the Philadelphia Library, to be opened thirty years after his death. When, or why, he came to the west, we have not learned; but it is recorded of him that he died and was buried near the Ohio. His three volumes were opened about five years ago, and were found to contain his speculations on mechanics. He details his embarrassments and disappointments, with a feeling which shows how ardently he desired success, and which wins for him the sympathy of those who have heart enough to mourn over the blighted prospects of genius. He confidently predicts the future success of the plan, which, in his hands, failed only for the want of pecuniary means. He prophesies that in less than a century we shall see our western rivers swarming with steam-boats; and expresses a wish to be buried on the shores of the Ohio, where the song of the boatmen may enliven the stillness of his resting-place, and the music of the steam-engine soothe his spirit. What an idea! Yet how natural to the mind of an ardent projector, whose whole life had been devoted to one darling object, which it was not his destiny to accomplish! And how touching is the sentiment found in one of his journals: 'the day will come when some more powerful man will get fame and riches from my invention; but nobody will believe that poor John Fitch can do any thing worthy of attention.'"

CURIOSITIES OF THE COINAGE.

The word guinea—that goodly but now obsolete piece of gold—owes its origin to a circumstance which sheds almost unparalleled lustre upon the naval records of our country. In the year 1666, Sir H. Holmes, a highly distinguished admiral, having contributed to the total discomfiture of the Dutch, under De Ruyter, was sent with a strong division of the victorious fleet to the coast of Holland, where he had the good fortune to capture or destroy, in Schelling Roads, 160 sail of rich merchant ships, valued at £1,200,000, part of which being freighted with bullion and gold dust from Cape Coast Castle, an African settlement belonging to the enemy. This rich prize was soon after coined into 21s. pieces, and acquired the name of Guinea, with reference to the country from

which it was derived. About this time our copper currency was first struck with a figure of Britannia upon the obverse, in compliment to Miss Stuart, one of Charles II.'s most memorable beauties, and is said to have originally borne a striking resemblance to that lady, from whose person it was expressly modelled.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

FRESH AIR.

The celebrated Dr Darwin was so impressed with a conviction of the necessity of good air, that, being very popular in the town of Derby, once on a market-day he mounted a tub, and then addressed the listening crowd. "Ye men of Derby, fellow-citizens, attend to me! I know you to be ingenious and industrious mechanics. By your exertions you procure for yourselves and families the necessaries of life; but if you lose your health, that power of being of use to them must cease. This truth all of you know; but I fear some of you do not understand how health is to be maintained in vigour—this then depends upon your breathing an uncontaminated air; for the purity of the air becomes destroyed where many are collected together; the effluvia from the body corrupts it. Keep open, then, the windows of your workshops, and as soon as you rise, open all the windows of your bedrooms. Inattention to this advice, be assured, will bring diseases on yourselves, and engender among you typhus fever, which is only another name for putrid fever, which will carry off your wives and children. Let me again repeat my serious advice—open your windows to let in the fresh air, at least once in the day. Remember what I say; I speak now without a fee, and can have no other interest but your good in this my advice."—*Maidstone Journal.*

EMBARKATION OF TWO ELEPHANTS AT BOMBAY.

By overland accounts lately received from India, two elephants, which the government of India intend to present to the pacha of Egypt, were embarked at Bombay in the Columbo, on the 22d of December last. At ten o'clock in the morning, these noble animals, male and female, were walked out of the Commissariat Compound, where they had been for some time kept, to the jetty opposite, alongside of which the Columbo had been hauled up to receive them. The male elephant is of an extraordinary size, considerably above ten feet high, with very long tusks, good tempered, and cunning wital, for he could not be induced, by any persuasions, to trust his foot on the jetty. The female is not much above nine feet in height, very good tempered, and more tractable than her partner, for she made no hesitation to walk wherever she was commanded. Every preparation had been made on board the vessel to hoist the animals in from the pier, the hatches had been widened and tackled already, when the obstinacy of the male elephant obliged Captain Graham to adopt some other method of shipping his gigantic freight; he determined, therefore, to swim them alongside, and then lift them; for this purpose the vessel was hauled off clear of the jetty, and the male was then marched into the water with the slings on, ready for an immediate hoist; considerable time was occupied in getting him alongside, and, fastening the tackle to the slings, which being at length accomplished, he was hoisted away, and, with not half the trouble that was expected from his immense size and strength, fairly and snugly lodged in his berth, down in the main hold, where stalls had been fitted up for them, similar to those prepared for horses, only stronger and more secure. The female had, all the while, been looking on, and seemed not at all to relish the treatment her partner received, for she became obstreperous, and refused for some time to go into the water; she was, however, compelled to do so, and soon was in mid air, flinging and kicking about her with all her might.—*Correspondent of Athenaeum.*

AMUSEMENT VERSUS DRINKING.

A singing and dancing people is certainly higher in the scale of morality than a sotting people. The national ballad and the national dance open the way to every department of poetry and of music; when people have reached this point, it is easy to awaken the feeling for every kind and degree of art. The hundreds who resort to a museum cannot at the same time be sitting in an ale-house or a gin-shop. Nor is this all; they will soon come to feel the boundless disparity that exists between men whom art raises into demi-gods, and animals in human shape degraded by drunkenness below the level of brutes. It is an error to suppose that Christianity forbids the education of man by the forms, the influences, the conceptions of art: it forbids only those perversions and misapplications of art which the noble and the uncorrupted among the Greeks equally rejected.—*Rammer's England.*

PRECOCIOUS TALENTS.

The effects of study vary according to the age at which it is commenced: long-continued application kills the youthful energies. I have seen children full of spirit attacked by this literary mania beyond their years, and I have foreseen with grief the lot that awaited them; they commenced by being prodigies, and they ended by being stupid. The season of youth is consecrated to the exercise of the body, which strengthens it, and not to study, which debilitates and prevents its growth. Nature can never successfully carry on two rapid developments at the same time. When the growth of intellect is too prompt, its faculties are too early developed, and mental application is permitted proportioned to this development; the body receives no part of it, because the nerves cease to contribute to its energies; the victim becomes exhausted, and eventually dies of some insidious malady. The parents and guardians, who require and encourage this forced application, treat their pupils as gardeners do their plants, who, in trying to produce the first rarities of the season, sacrifice some plants to force others to put forth fruit and flowers which are always of a shorter duration, and are inferior in every respect to those which come to their maturity at a proper season.—*Tissot.*

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* The Scottish Gipsy's Advocate, by the Rev. J. Baird, Kirk-Yetholm; Lindsay and Co., Edinburgh.

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WAGES.

THE circumstances which determine the rate of wages amongst hired operatives have been inquired into, with great anxiety for correct results, by three modern political economists, Ricardo, Malthus, and McCulloch; and it is generally allowed that the principles which operate on this great branch of our social economy have been nearly, if not fully, ascertained by these gentlemen. We propose, in the present place, to give a simplified view of their doctrines, the diffusion of which amongst the labouring-classes must have as yet been very imperfect, although there are few which bear more pressingly on their interests.

Upon the supposition of a system of things, in which men, as employers and employed, compete with each other, instead of co-operating in a great social system, as proposed by Mr Owen; upon the supposition of this system, we have necessarily to understand the existence of two things—labour and capital. Labour is what adapts the works and productions of nature to human needs; capital is an accumulation of the results of labour beyond what has been required for immediate use. Capital, therefore, consists of that part of the value of land which has been given to it by labour, of the stored produce of the land, of buildings, instruments, machinery, manufactured goods, clothes, and all other needful and useful things which possess what is called exchangeable value, and can be made directly available, either to the support of human existence, or to the facilitating of production. All these things are possessed by individuals as property: they belong either to the individuals who have made or produced them, or to the representatives of those individuals. And the great use of capital is its enabling men to set about other labours, seeing that it supports them while the fresh tasks are going forward. Few are without something which may be called capital; the working man who has a spade or hook of his own, or a week's free wages, may be said to possess capital. This class, however, have upon the whole a comparatively small amount of capital. Such amounts of this wealth as serve to employ labourers in certain tasks, are possessed by only a few, forming the class called masters or employers. Yet, in a country where labour is free, every one has his own chance, by saving, to become a capitalist and employer; and practically, in our country, we find that a great proportion of the master manufacturers were once working men, or are the sons of men who have been so.

Labour, being free, is a marketable article. The man, able and willing to work, comes forward for the purpose of finding employment, upon the rewards of which he may live. Certain special circumstances may affect his case, as the difficulty or nicety of the work he can perform, its agreeableness or disagreeableness; but these do not now call for attention. Our object is to explain the circumstances which affect the remuneration of labour in general. It has been laid down, then, that the rate of wages depends on the amount of that portion of capital appropriated to the payment of wages, compared with the number of labourers. This portion of capital consists of food, clothes, and other articles required for the use and consumption of labourers. The money put into the workman's hand is but something representing a certain quantity of those articles which falls to his share. It is not the quantity of money he receives, but the quantity of necessities and conveniences for which that money will exchange, that is to be considered as really forming his wages.

The rate of a working man's returns is thus liable to be affected by various contingencies. It may decline in consequence of the capital distributable in reward

of labour being diminished, while the labourers have remained equally numerous; or by the number of labourers increasing, while the capital has remained the same; or by the capital decreasing and the number of labourers increasing simultaneously. Or it may rise in consequence of all these circumstances reversed. On the other hand, if capital and labourers increase or decrease at the same rate, wages will not be changed. No change ever takes place through any other means than a disturbance of the proportion between the fund of food, clothing, &c., at the command of labourers, and the number of the labourers. Mr McCulloch illustrates the principle by supposing that this fund, in any given country, were reduced to the standard of wheat, and that it formed a store of 10,000,000 of quarters. If the labourers in that country were 2,000,000 in number, each would have five quarters, supposing all to be reduced to one level. The economist asks how it is possible that each could have more than five quarters, if the store were 100,000 quarters less, or the labourers 100,000 more. In these cases, the share of each, that is, his wages, would inevitably be less. "The well-being and comfort of the labouring classes are, therefore," says Mr McCulloch, "especially dependent on the relation which their increase bears to the increase of the capital that is to feed and employ them. If they increase faster than capital, their wages will be reduced; and if they increase slower, they will be augmented. In fact, there are no means whatever, by which the command of the labouring class over the necessities and conveniences of life can be enlarged, other than by accelerating the increase of capital as compared with population, or by retarding the increase of population as compared with capital; and every scheme for improving the condition of the labourer which is not based on this principle, or which has not an increase of the ratio of capital to population for its object, must be completely nugatory and ineffectual."

The doctrine is amply illustrated by circumstances in the condition of our own and surrounding countries. In America, an active and intelligent people cultivate a fine soil of practically unlimited extent to the best advantage: thus the capital destined for the support of labourers rapidly increases. Population also increases rapidly, doubling itself every twenty-five years, but not so rapidly as that department of capital; and hence wages are high, and the working man's command of necessities great. In Ireland the population has nearly quadrupled in about a century, while the fund for the support of labour has not increased in proportion; hence wages are at only fourpence, sixpence, and eightpence a day in Ireland, and employment is often not to be had for months. In England the inhabitants have only doubled in a century, while wealth has greatly increased, and the proportion of food to the labourers has probably experienced some improvement, considering all classes of them together. The nature of the soil, the domestic feelings of a people, and the possibility of spreading out, are circumstances of great importance. The soil of America is such as to provide very quickly and largely for its labourers; it is also of vast extent, and much remains unsettled. On the other hand, in Ireland the soil is limited, capital is scarce, and there is at the same time, from the habits of the people, a tendency to very rapid increase of numbers. It may chance that the most fecund nation is not placed on the less bounded field, or the best soil; or there may be circumstances in the condition of this nation, tending to prevent capital from increasing; in which case the evil of low wages may be considered as almost irremediable amongst that people. To be placed on such

a territory as America, with only a moderate tendency to increase in numbers, may be considered as good fortune in a nation. We need scarcely remark, that an unlimited power to manufacture, and to exchange the manufactures beyond the bounds of the state, for food raised there, is exactly equivalent, in its effects, to an unlimited soil within the state.

The check which is given to population in any country, when the capital proves insufficient to support the people in the way they have been accustomed to, gives rise to a subordinate doctrine as to what is called the *natural or necessary rate of wages*. The rewards of labour, it is assumed, must be such as to allow of the supply of labourers being kept up, and of their being maintained in a proper manner. Every people has different notions of what is necessary for subsistence, or experiences different positive necessities, some feeding chiefly on wheat, and some chiefly on potatoes; but whenever the supply of the food, whatever it may be, falls below a sufficiency, the supply of labourers receives a check. These results are not matter of vague conjecture, but are ascertained by figures: for example, it was found that, in Paris, during the period between 1743 and 1763, there were four years when wheat was 14 livres 18 sols for a certain measure, and during these four years the average annual mortality was 16,559; whereas, during four years in which wheat was 19 livres 1 sol for the same measure, or about a third dearer, the average annual number of deaths was 20,895. It is curious to think how the edicts of Mark Lane thus become only another kind of bills of mortality for the nation; but there can be no doubt that such is the case. Every shilling added to the price of the quarter of wheat, not compensated by an increased ability to get that shilling, numbers off an addition to the banquet of Death! If not by actual thinning of existing numbers, the check is given by the postponement of marriages. The natural rate is thus not a fixed or unvarying rate, but one determined in a great measure by the ideas and habits of the people.

The impossibility of a sudden or immediate result from either the increase or decrease of the supporting or wage fund, affects the question in an important manner. "If the supply of labour," says Mr McCulloch, "could be suddenly increased when wages rise, that rise would be of no advantage to the existing labourers. It would increase their numbers; but it would not enable them to mount in the scale of society, or to acquire a greater command over the necessities and conveniences of human life. And, on the other hand, if the supply of labourers could be suddenly diminished when wages fall, that fall would merely lessen their number, without having any tendency to degrade their habits, or to lower the condition of those that survived. But in the vast majority of instances, before a rise of wages can be counteracted by the increased number of labourers it may be supposed to be the means of bringing into the market, time is afforded for the formation of those new and improved tastes and habits, which are not the hasty product of a day, a month, or a year, but the late result of a long series of continuous impressions. After the labourers have once acquired these tastes, population will advance in a slower ratio, as compared with capital, than formerly; and the labourers will be disposed rather to defer the period of marriage, than, by entering on it prematurely, to depress their own condition and that of their children. But if the number of labourers cannot be suddenly increased when wages rise, neither can it be suddenly diminished when they fall: a fall of wages has therefore a precisely opposite effect, and is in most cases as injurious to the labourer as their rise is bene-

cial. In whatever way wages may be restored to their former level after they have fallen, whether it be by a decrease in the number of marriages, or an increase in the number of deaths, or both, it is never, except in exceedingly rare cases, suddenly effected. It must, generally speaking, require a considerable time before it can be brought about, and an extreme risk arises, in consequence, lest the tastes and habits of the labourers, and their opinion respecting what is necessary for their comfortable subsistence, should be lowered in the interim. When wages are considerably reduced, the poor are obliged to economise, or to submit to live on a smaller quantity of necessities and conveniences, and those, too, of an inferior species, than they had previously been accustomed to; and the danger is, that the coarse and scanty fare, which has thus been in the first instance forced on them by necessity, should in time become congenial from habit. Should this unfortunately be the case, the condition of the poor would be permanently depressed, and no principle would be left in operation that could raise wages to their former level, for the labourers could no longer have a motive to lessen the increase of population, as compared with that of capital; and unless they did this, it is quite impossible they could ever emerge from their depressed condition. Under the circumstances supposed, the cost of raising and supporting labourers would be really reduced; and it is by this cost that the natural or necessary rate of wages, to which the market-rate must generally be proportioned, is always regulated. In the event, for example, of a people who had been accustomed to live chiefly on wheat, being, from a scarcity of that grain, or a fall in the rate of wages, forced to have recourse to potatoes, and then, becoming satisfied with them, the standard of wages among such a people would be permanently reduced; and instead of being, as formerly, mainly determined by the price of wheat, it would, in time to come, be mainly determined by the price of potatoes. This lowering of the opinion of the labouring classes, with respect to the mode in which they ought to live, is perhaps the most serious of all the evils that can befall them. Let them become contented with a lower species of food, and an inferior standard of comfort, and they may bid an eternal adieu to every thing better. And it ought always to be borne in mind, that every reduction in the rate of real wages, which is not of a very transient description, will certainly have this effect, if its debasing influence be not counteracted by the intelligence, forethought, and consideration of the people, producing an increased prevalence of moral restraint, and a diminished supply of labourers."

If the theory of wages here described be the true one, and we believe no principle in political economy is considered as better established, we are enabled to discover very readily various things which exercise great influence over the well-being of the working classes. In the first place, it appears of the first consequence that those sentiments in the working classes themselves, which lead in the several cases to what is above described as the natural or necessary rate of wages, should not be lowered. Let the ideas of the working man as to what is a proper mode of living be kept high, and by irresistible consequence his mode of living will be high, for the number of labourers in the market will be moderate in comparison with the labour-paying fund. At the same time, it must be admitted that the increase of population has a tendency to stimulate ingenuity and exertion for the increase of the fund, so that, where ingenuity and activity exist as qualities of the people, and there is nothing to prevent these qualities from coming into play, the increase may go to a considerable length without lowering wages. This is, however, a much less certain principle, than that the natural tendency to increase of population far exceeds in force all tendency to increase of capital that has ever been exemplified on earth. In the most favourable circumstances, we know well that moral restraint is necessary—marriage itself is but a mode of moral restraint which mankind have in all ages found indispensable. Again, the greater the mental cultivation which any people experience, wages will be apt to rise or to keep high, for mental cultivation elicits qualities which tend to increase capital, at the same time that it implants moral feelings which tend to control the expansion of the population. Another point of immense consequence is, that the conduct of the people at large should be such as to allow capital the freest possible play. Every one has had experience of the natural fear and anxiety which attend the possession of however small a portion of wealth. Wherever there is danger, there wealth disappears. Wherever it cannot be employed in perfect security, and with profitable results, there it will not stay. The greatest natural advantages for its successful employment are in vain, where there is dispeace. We need only look to Ireland to see this

principle illustrated. It therefore becomes essential to the well-being of the working classes that the possessors of the fund out of which they are to be supported, should not have anything to fear, but that on the contrary the vigour of the government and the peacefulness of the people should be such as to inspire in those men the utmost possible confidence. It may be said that this is to ask a great deal from the labour class in behalf of the capital class; but it is just one of the results of human industry carried to a great and complicated extent, that a great number of human beings come into existence who depend for their support upon a thing which may vanish on the occurrence of any events calculated to give its owners uneasiness. The very charter of the being of these people is, accordingly, a conduct in all respects calculated to conciliate the confidence of capitalists. Finally, the freedom of all markets, including its own, is favourable to the interests of labour. It is true that a particular section of the community, or a particular trade, by surrounding itself with restrictions, may appear to obtain a higher share of the supporting fund than would otherwise fall to it. But the effect of all such restrictions is upon the whole injurious; and the general injury which they occasion, in the long-run tells upon the monopolists, so as to make them worse than they would have been, if there had been no restrictions.

SCENES AND STORIES OF VILLAGE LIFE.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

WHITE-THORN FARM.

LUCY MARLOW was the eldest daughter of the wheelwright, whose neat workshops and well-stocked yard occupied an open space at the entrance of the village. There were seven in the family besides Lucy; but Isaac Marlow was a thriving mechanic, and his children constituted a part of his wealth, for his five sons assisted him in the various branches of his craft, which comprehended not only the construction of wheels, but every description of agricultural carriage, from a wheelbarrow up to a waggon. Isaac Marlow had lost his wife, but her place in the household department was well supplied by the active exertions of his daughter Lucy, who conducted the whole of the domestic affairs, assisted by a stout girl of fourteen, who had been apprenticed to her father from the workhouse. Polly Jones was an awkward uncivilised creature when she first arrived, for the children reared in workhouses are seldom instructed either in useful knowledge or decent behaviour, which is the reason why they are so often harshly treated by the persons to whom they are allotted. Such children are indeed deeply to be pitied, generally speaking; but little Polly fell into kind hands; and though at first she was very stupid, and broke many things from not having been accustomed to handle glass and crockeryware, Lucy, by the exercise of a little patience and forbearance, and some judicious encouragement, succeeded, in the course of a few months, in converting her young dependent into a valuable co-operator in her household labours, and in consequence gained time to educate her two little sisters. She also bestowed instruction in reading, writing, and sewing, on Polly, of an evening when she had finished her allotted tasks, and the morning business went on all the better for this indulgence. Polly soon became a brisk handy intelligent girl, and all the neighbours congratulated Lucy on her good luck in meeting with such a treasure, not considering the pains Lucy had taken to render her such.

Lucy was of a serene and cheerful temper, and the inward sunshine emanating from a mind at peace with itself, and the constant practice of virtuous though often laborious duties, gave brightness to her eyes, lightness to her step, and a sweetness of expression to her countenance, far more attractive than beauty. Lucy was, however, very prepossessing both in her manners and person, and her dress was always so exquisitely neat, that she was universally admired when seen, which was but seldom, beyond the precincts of the productive little garden that had been created partly by her own exertions on a slip of waste land between the dwelling-house and her father's yard. Seldom did any young farmer in want of a wife ride past on his way to Scrapeton corn-market, without pausing and thrusting his own, and of course his horse's, head and neck over Isaac Marlow's gate, as if to contemplate the merits of the carts, rollers, and gaily painted waggons, that were drawn forth in that yard to tempt the agricultural purchaser; but, truth to tell, more glances were directed towards the rows of cabbages, lettuces, or it might be the tall lilies and flaunting sun-flowers, that flourished in the trim garden in the background, where Lucy Marlow sometimes might be seen engaged in her horticultural pursuits, assisted by her little sisters Jane and Anne. But, notwithstanding these errant glances, Lucy had attained her twenty-third year without any other token of the

power of her charms, and it was the opinion of Lucy's five great brothers that Lucy would be an old maid; moreover, one of them had the incivility to tell her so.

"I hope it will be for the benefit of my family if I am," was Lucy's meek reply; "but, in truth, Hodge, I hardly know what my father and the little ones would do without me if I were to marry, of which, as you say, there is at present little chance," she added.

The fact was, Lucy had never given the slightest encouragement to those who were willing to attract her regard, because her heart had been secretly won by the silent but unmistakable attentions of a young man, who she feared would not be permitted by his friends to consult his affections in the choice of a wife; for Charles Rushmere was the eldest son of a man of sordid habits, who had amassed a considerable property by farming, and considered the increase of riches as the only duty in life.

Old Mr Rushmere lived in a distant parish, but had purchased a fine farm at Woodfield for Charles to employ himself in cultivating for their mutual profit. Charles Rushmere was a young man of excellent morals, benevolent, handsome, spirited and industrious, farmed in what was considered a good style, rode well, and was reckoned the agricultural Adonis of the village. All the damsels in his degree were disposed to set their caps at him, and their mothers said, "Poor Mr Charles Rushmere must lead a very dull life at White-thorn farm without any one to take care of him except old Sukey Scratclit, his housekeeper, and it would be quite a charity to ask him to tea in a friendly way now and then." So poor Mr Charles Rushmere was charitably invited to tea-drinkings in the parish, too numerous for us to record, and all the "young ladies," as per courtesy the daughters of the farmers and shopkeepers of Woodfield were called, did their best in turn to make impressions on the heart of the handsome heir of the rich old miser of Scrapeton Grange.

Between Michaelmas and Christmas, Mr Charles Rushmere had heard all the jingling piano-fortes, and assisted in turning over all the blue and pink and orange-coloured leaves of all the rival scrap-books in Woodfield, and stared at all the monstrous Cupids, pincushion-roses, lap-sided butterflies, and gaudy groups of oriental tinted flowers and bad prints they contained; also, he had with astonishing want of tact yielded obedience to sundry hypocritical entreaties not to read some halting rhymes to the honour and glory of the respective owners of these show-off volumes. When Christmas came, Mr Charles Rushmere was invited to a series of dances both public and private, at which he enjoyed the felicity of exhibiting his locomotive powers with every damsel in Woodfield successively, except the only one whom he considered worth a second thought, and that was the meek and modest Lucy Marlow. But Lucy never went to dances or gay tea-drinkings; her time was so fully occupied with the duties of her father's household, and the instruction of her young sisters, besides taking care of her brothers' linen, that she never had a moment to spare for other recreation than the cultivation of the garden, and sometimes a quiet walk in the meadows with her father, sisters, and her little maid, on Sunday evenings after church.

Charles Rushmere sat in the next pew to that which was occupied by the honest wheelwright and his family, and soon got into a similar habit of rambling in the meadows after they came out of church, "to help him to digest the sermon, and get an appetite for his tea," as he facetiously observed to Isaac Marlow, as if to account for this practice. The wheelwright, who had his eldest daughter, the pride and delight of his heart, on his arm, and had observed that their new neighbour's eyes had been oftener turned on her sweet face than on his Prayer-book during the service for many Sundays, had his own ideas on the motives of Charles Rushmere in joining them in their family walk; but the young man was so respectful and engaging in his manners, and confined his discourse so entirely to himself or the little girls during these rambles, that Isaac Marlow had no pretence for offering an objection to his company on such occasions. One evening, when they reached Marlow's gate, Charles Rushmere said, "I should consider it a great privilege if I were permitted to make one at your tea-table to-night, Miss Lucy."

Lucy looked down and replied, "that it was one of the rules of their family not to admit of Sunday visitors, because the evening of that day was devoted to the religious instruction of the children and the maid."

"Perhaps," observed Charles, with some degree of pique, "I should be equally unwelcome on any other evening?"

Lucy blushed and said, "that must depend on what her father thought."

"My good sir," said the wheelwright, "we are only members of what may be considered the working class, and you are the son of a rich man, one who is said to make some claim to the rank of a squire, and would probably consider us very much beneath you; therefore we must decline your company as a visitor at our humble board."

After this conversation, Charles Rushmere ceased to join the wheelwright and his family in their Sunday walks. He even went out of church by another door, and for three months looked at his book all prayer time, and at the parson during the sermon, instead of bestowing his devotions on his fair neighbour. Lucy began to think it would have been well if he had never

done otherwise, for she considered that Charles Rushmere ought to have respected both her father and herself the more for the motives which led them to decline his overtures; and so Charles did really, but, like many other lovers, he had any thing but an agreeable way of receiving a necessary repulse. Then he got angry and jealous on the score of the bachelor agriculturists whom he saw bestowing so much more attention on Isaac Marlow's carts and waggons than he considered at all requisite, and at last took the resolution of ordering one of those two-wheeled farming carriages yeleft in East-Anglian parlance a tumbril, as an excuse for obtaining admittance into the domicile over which the wheelwright's pretty daughter was the presiding genius. Charles Rushmere chose a Saturday evening, after he had paid his people, as the time for this important transaction, partly in the hope that he might find Lucy alone, and partly with a half malicious intention of catching the young housekeeper in that state of confusion with regard to the domestic arrangements which in Suffolk is expressively called a *muddle*. But Lucretia herself, when her excellent housewifery was put to the test by the unexpected visit of her lord and his royal companions, appeared not to greater advantage spinning and carding among her maidens, than did the wheelwright's fair daughter sitting tranquilly by the bright fire and clean hearth of the freshly swept and garnished stone kitchen, in her neat brown merino dress and plain white collar, superintending and assisting in darning the hose of the males of the family with her sisters.

Any of the "young ladies" of Woodfield would have been ready to faint at the idea of being surprised at such vulgar employment. Lucy certainly blushed, and allowed her ball of blue-mottled yarn to roll from her lap to the other end of the kitchen, but her confusion proceeded from pleasure at the sight of the unexpected visitor, not shame at having been discovered in the performance of one of her duties. Charles instantly rescued the ball from the impertinent playfulness of a sassy pet kitten that had just pounced upon it, and presented it to Lucy with the air of a Paladin.

"You find us very busy," said Lucy, as with a downcast glance she received this little set of attention; "but we always finish the week with our odd jobs."

"Lucy," said Little Jane, "I do think Hodge always makes such a great hole in the toe of his stocking on purpose. I never can mend this."

"Then give it to me, dear, and run the thin place in the foot of Robert's sock. That is easy work for you," returned Lucy.

Charles cast an observing glance on Lucy's proceedings, and thought how differently Sukey Scratchit would have conducted herself, if he had presumed to wear holes in his stockings of such provoking magnitude for her Saturday evening's amusement.

"Hallo, Lucy! are you giving the young squire a lesson in darning stockings?" cried Isaac Marlow in surprise as he entered, on perceiving Charles Rushmere's curly head peeping over his daughter's shoulder, his lips pursed up, and his round blue eyes intently fixed on the process of crossing the villanous hole in the toe of Hodge's Sunday hose.

It was now Charles's turn to blush, and he did blush scarlet red as he stammered out, in a genuine Suffolk whine, "Mr Marlow, sir, I hope you will excuse me, but I have come to talk to you about a new tumbril."

"Certainly," said Isaac Marlow, rubbing his hands, "that is a very excusable offence; but why did you not come to the workshop at once, where you were sure of finding me?"

It did not suit the young man to explain his reasons; so he said, "he could go and look in the workshop then, if it suited Mr Marlow."

"No," said Marlow, "we have shut up for the night, and to-morrow is Sunday; but I shall be very happy to receive your order, Master Charles, or mayhap I have a tumbril in the yard that may suit you."

"I will come and talk further on the subject on Monday," said Charles, casting a glance of intelligence at Lucy.

"Then be pleased to come to me in the workshop or yard, if you do," returned the cautious father, who had detected the telegraphing between the lovers.

"It is not every farmer who enters this house who is willing to order a new tumbril of you, Mr Marlow," rejoined the young man.

"Mine honoured customer, there is a time for all things, and a place too in my business for receiving orders, and that is the workshop, where I shall be very proud of waiting on you."

Charles was inwardly malcontent at Isaac Marlow's independent way of doing business with him, and half disposed not to give his order at all, especially as he was in no particular need of a new tumbril, and he knew his father would consider such a purchase a great piece of extravagance. However, he recollected that it would afford him a very plausible pretext for loitering in the precincts of Lucy's dwelling, if he were not permitted to enter it. So, on the Monday morning, the order was given, and once a week at least he put on his smart green shooting-frock and bright-coloured leathers, and walked into the wheelwright's yard with the free and easy air of a person who had now a right to come there, and inquired "how they were getting on with his new tumbril?" Marlow's sons thought this an exceedingly good joke; but the wheelwright shook his head, and replied at last, "not the better for your coming so often to trouble us

about it, Master Charles, and we are making all the haste we can to get it off the premises."

Charles considered this observation very uncivil, and in return caused as many artificial delays as he could, by commanding a variety of alterations, and changing his mind twice or thrice as to the colour he willed it to be painted, and all for the sake of standing opposite Lucy's window while he discussed these points, which were considered by Isaac Marlow as very blameable innovations in the orthodox plan of building tumbrils. All the farmers who were accustomed to look over Marlow's gate thought so too, and the fancies of young Charles Rushmere about his new tumbril became at length the talk of the three adjoining parishes. In due course the report reached the ears of Mr Rushmere senior; and one bright morning, when Charles, regardless of Isaac Marlow's repeated intimations that his tumbril had long been finished and ought to be removed, entered the yard with the intention of suggesting another alteration, he found his father standing before the said tumbril, and surveying it with a sarcastic countenance.

"I have done myself the honour of coming from Scrapeton Grange this morning," said he, "to look at this precious article, which has afforded a theme for so many flattering remarks on the wisdom of my eldest son."

"I hope, sir, that it meets with your approbation," returned Charles, endeavouring to assume an air of nonchalance.

"No, sir, you don't hope any such thing; for you know me too well to suppose I can approve of such needless folly and extravagance," retorted the old man with an ireful glance; "and pray," continued he, "how do you think it is ever to be paid for?"

"I shall pay for it out of my share of the profits of White-thorn farm."

"Oh, you will, sir? Then let me tell you that if you turn my liberality to so poor an account, you shall have no farm to gain any profits from another year, but your brother Frank shall come to White-thorn farm, and you shall return home to take the labouring oar at Scrapeton Grange under my own eye."

"As you please, sir," said Charles.

"No, sir; it is not as I please; for Sukey Scratchit, whom I sent here to take care of you and your house, tells me that you are tired of her, and want to bring home a wife to White-thorn farm."

"She only tells you the truth, sir," rejoined the young man. "I have bestowed my affections on the prettiest, the most sensible, and the most industrious girl in the parish, and if you are the good father I have ever had reason to consider you, you will not oppose my wish to make Lucy Marlow my wife."

"Very fine talking, but I have not laboured all my life to gain wealth that you might throw yourself away on a beggarly wheelwright's girl," replied the elder Rushmere, and, taking Charles by the arm, he led him out of Marlow's yard. Charles could have wept with shame and mortification at the thought of such a scene taking place there—within hearing of Lucy's brothers, too! Fortunately Isaac Marlow was absent that day purchasing timber, or the taunts of the sordid rich man would not have passed unanswered. There was a cloud on his brow when he sat down to supper that night, for his sons had related the particulars of this annoying affair to him, as they had before done to Lucy. Lucy's eyes were swollen with weeping. Her pride and delicacy had been deeply wounded, and she feared she had incurred her father's displeasure; but she had no cause for apprehension. Isaac Marlow was a just man, and a kind parent, and when she came to kiss him before they parted for the night, he patted her cheek affectionately, and said, "Cheer up, my Lucy; you have been a good girl and a prudent one. No one has been to blame but Charles Rushmere, in playing such boys' tricks about that foolish tumbril, and perhaps I was worse than he for taking his order. However, the tumbril is a good one, and I shall dispose of it to another person, so that need not trouble old Rushmere."

The next day Isaac Marlow wrote word to Charles Rushmere, "that, as he understood his father disapproved of the order he had given him, he had sold the article to a fancy farmer from London, and hoped he would have no further uneasiness about it."

"I hope he may dispose of his girl to the fancy farmer from London as well as the tumbril," was the elder Rushmere's obliging comment on honest Marlow's communication. Charles turned pale with vexation; for the fancy farmer, who was the son of a rich London mercer, and had recently turned an ancient farm-house into a modern Gothic cottage, with a Grecian portico, ornamented in the Egyptian style, had created a far greater sensation among the rural nymphs of Woodfield than ever Charles had done, and he feared he might prove a formidable rival in the heart of Lucy during his absence from the scene. The elder Mr Rushmere insisted on his giving up White-thorn farm for the present to his brother, and returning to the Grange. Mr Rushmere had cause to repent of this arrangement, for his son Frank, instead of bringing him either rent or profits from the farm, pursued a headlong career of dissipation as soon as he found himself in some degree his own master, formed an intimacy with the fancy farmer from London, ordered his clothes of a Bond Street tailor of his recommending, set his father and Sukey Scratchit at defiance, gave convivial parties at his bachelor abode, and, at the end of a couple of years, deeply involved himself in debt, and finished his career by breaking his neck at a steeple-chase,

which, as Sukey Scratchit consolingly observed to his father when she communicated the tragic event to him, "was the most sensible thing he had done since he came to live at White-thorn farm, and very convenient for his family just at that time, for if he had only lived another week, he was going to marry the sister of the fancy farmer's housekeeper, a very unworthy character as she understood; and then," pursued she, "all the money you have been scrubbing (Suffolk for scraping) together would have gone, you may guess where; for poor Master Charles aint likely to want it long, as I guesses by the look of him; and so, as I say, it's all as it should be, and you will have plenty of time to look about you for an heir after poor Master Charles is dead and his funeral is over."

"Does the woman mean to drive me mad by telling me of the death of one of my boys and the funeral of the other in the same breath?" exclaimed the miserable rich man of Scrapeton Grange.

"Why, lauk, sir, don't put yourself out with me, pray, for I'm sure I meant no offence by just giving you a hint, now we are talking of the death of Master Frank, that you ought not to set your mind too much on his brother, for if you haven't noticed his horrid bad looks, and his tickling cough, all the three parishes have, and they all lay the blame on your shoulders, 'cause they say he is breaking his heart for the love of Lucy Marlow and the loss of White-thorn farm together, and you would have been a happier, and, more than that, a richer man, if you had let him have them both, say I."

"Why, you vile old pic-thank, whose fault was it that I ever heard a parcel of tales about my son Charles?"

"Your own, to be sure, sir, for lending an ear to a set of envious serpents who came to set you against your own flesh and blood."

"Were not you at the very head of ear-wiggling me, you deceitful old hag?"

"What, I, sir!—well, it is a fine thing to have some one to lay your evil deeds on. As true as I'm alive, I always said Master Charles was my favourite, and well he might be, for a nicer, quieter young fellow in a house, I never waited upon. Always home and in bed by ten o'clock; always up by five in the morning, and seeing after his men, and worked harder than any of them. We had no harum-scarum doings with him. He had set his mind on a proper good girl, and that was what kept him so steady, for he bore in mind king Solomon's proverb, 'a virtuous woman is a crown of glory to her husband's head.'"

The awful termination of Frank Rushmere's reckless career caused much excitement in the parish of Woodfield, but a more general sensation of sorrow was created by the pale and melancholy appearance of Charles Rushmere at his brother's funeral.

Lucy's brothers told her he was certainly in a deep decline, and Lucy, instead of sleeping, bathed her pillow in tears that night. The next day was a beautiful May morning; the sun shone brightly, the bees were humming gaily among the newly-opened flowers in Lucy's little garden, and the birds carolled forth their songs of joy in the white-blossomed cherry-trees and the old elms that overshadowed the dwelling; her young sisters were playing with their pet-lamb on the grass plot, and the kitten frisking round them. Every thing seemed cheerful and happy except poor Lucy.

"And now," said she to her father, after the rest of the family had gone out from breakfast, "it is worse for me than if I had permitted Charles Rushmere to court me."

"Not so, my Lucy, for you have obeyed your father, and your conscience is free from offence," replied Isaac Marlow. "Have patience, Lucy, and things may even yet work together for your good."

"Ah," said Lucy, "how is that to be, if Charles Rushmere dies?"

"He is worth many dead men yet," returned her father.

Lucy was glad to busy herself in putting away the breakfast things to conceal her tears. While she was thus occupied, her sisters came running in crying, "Oh, Lucy, Lucy, what do you think?—old Mr Rushmere has sent the droildest high-backed old green shay-cart you ever saw, to fetch you to Scrapeton Grange this morning."

"Has he sent it for me?" exclaimed Lucy, turning pale. "Are you sure of that, Anne?"

"Certainly; the old man who has come to drive you told us so, and begged that you would come as quickly as possible, for his master did not wish him to lose half a day's work if it could be helped."

"Father," said Lucy, "may I go?"

"Go, my child," replied her father, "if it is your wish."

Jane had already flown to fetch her sister's Sunday bonnet and shawl, and Lucy, who was always neat, tarried not to make any change in her household garb; but almost before Mr Rushmere's envoy thought she had been made acquainted with the nature of his errand, she came forth in readiness to obey the welcome summons. Jonas gave her an approving smile, and nodded to himself as she took her seat in the antiquated vehicle by his side; and as they jolted and rumbled together out of the yard, Polly Jones testified her lively sympathy and good-will towards her young mistress, by throwing an old shoe after her for luck. Lucy was half way on the road to Scrapeton before she could command her voice to ask old Jonas "how Mr Charles Rushmere was?"

"Lord love your heart, he'll do well enough now, I'll warrant him," was the cheering reply of the sagacious driver.

"Then he is not dying?"

"Oh, lauk, no, miss! nor half so bad as I was when I was crossed in love fifty years ago. I tell you what, miss, I have heard of some young women as have fretted themselves to dead for *sick* like; but men ar'n't so tender-hearted: for, you see, miss, they has other things to occupy their time and thoughts. Not, miss, but what our young master have vexed *hissel* good tidily about you, and so our master thinks, or else he would not have bundled me off so early this morning to fetch you. But our Sukey is partly to be thanked for that, for she put it into his head that Master Charles would have a *faver* or *information* of the heart with fretting so about you, miss. Master fared very queer, I promise you, when he heard that on the night after his other son's funeral too. 'So,' says he, 'there's a real physichin from London now at the Angel, what came to see old my Lord, and we'll hear what he thinks of Master Charles: run, Jonas, and tell him to step this way.' So I gave the doctor a bit of a hint as we comed along; and when he had felt our young master's pulse, he looked wherry solemn, and shook his head. Says he, 'It is all in the heart, which have brought on alarming *simplkins* of another *natu*, for which I must write a *description*.' Then our master, when he had got the description made out, though he could not read one word of it, was forced to give doctor a golden guinea; for this was a real physichin wot was staying at the Angel, you know. Well, the *description* did our young master no good at all, as how should it! Then says old Sukey, says she, 'I can give you the best *description* for Master Charles after all, only you wot be ruled by me, sir, I s'pose.' 'But,' says master, 'Sukey, I *wool*, if you are sure it wot be too late.' Then says she to master again, 'While there's life there's hope, and to be sure you wot be a *Barbareus* Allen to your own son, now he's like to lie on his young deathbed!'

Master took her meaning, and told me to get out the old *shay*-cart, and brush it up a bit, which was only decent for me to do, for it had stood on one side in the cart-shed ever since our mistress's funeral, and the hens had got to roost along the high back of it, so that I had fine work to clean it up, as you may s'pose; and when I had got it a *little* tidy, and dusted the cushion, he ordered me to go and fetch you, Miss Lucy, the first thing in the morning."

Jonas had never in all his life met with an auditor who listened to his prosing with the interest the lovely Lucy bestowed on this narrative.

When Lucy arrived at Scrapeton Grange, she felt some trepidation at the anticipation of an interview with the father of her lover, but Jonas, as if guessing her thoughts, said, "Apray, miss, don't go to frighten yourself about our master, for it aint at all likely you'll see him."

"How so?" demanded Lucy in surprise.

"Why, our master is a very queer old fellow, but I says nothing."

Mrs Sukey Scratchit now came forth in a clean starched muslin apron and high-crowned cap, to receive and welcome Lucy, and to act as mistress of the ceremonies in ushering her into the presence of her sick lover.

Charles Rushmere, when the weeping Lucy approached the old-fashioned settee on which his emaciated form reclined, drew her gently to him, and whispered,

"She came; his cold hand softly touch'd,
And bathed with many a tear;
Fast falling o'er the primrose pale
So morning dews appear."

"Ah, Charles, if you only knew how often I have cried over that ballad of late!" sobbed Lucy in the fullness of her heart.

"If you please, Miss Marlow," interrupted Mistress Sukey, putting her head in at the door, "master desires his compliments to you, and hopes you will excuse his dining at home to-day, if so be as you and Master Charles can make yourselves comfortable to dine together alone on roast fowl, with white bacon and egg sauce, and a bread pudding, at one o'clock."

"Mr Rushmere is very kind, I am sure," said Lucy.

"And remarkably considerate too," added Charles, with a smile. "Tell him we are greatly obliged to him, and shall be very comfortable without him."

"Lauk, Master Charles, he knows that well enough; and that is the reason he goes out to-day," rejoined Mistress Sukey.

My readers may imagine how swiftly and happily the hours fled away till six o'clock arrived, when Mistress Sukey again made her appearance to announce that the shay was at the door in readiness to convey Miss Lucy home.

A few days afterwards, Charles was sufficiently recovered to be able to ride over to Woodfield to return Lucy's visit, which his father intimated to him would be only a civil thing. At the end of a month, Charles was reinstated in the occupation of White-thorn farm; and a few days after, Mr Rushmere called at the wheelwright's house, where he found Lucy very busy kneading bread, while Polly was heating the oven. The old man condescended to commend Lucy's method of making up her loaves, asked for a mug of beer in order to ascertain her skill in brewing, gave a scrutinising glance at the general neat appearance of the kitchen, and then walked off to the workshop, where he abruptly informed

Isaac Marlow "that his business with him was to hear how soon it would suit him to spare his daughter to be his son's wife."

"If you ask me when it will suit me to spare my Lucy, I should say never," was the reply of the fond parent, "for she is my greatest comfort on earth; but as it is her happiness, not my own, I should think of, I suppose I must make up my mind to part with her as soon as one of her sisters is old enough to take her place."

"No, no, Mr Marlow; my son wants his wife home before harvest; and if he can't have her now, I shall make him take some one else (that is, if I can). But I had better send him to talk to you about it, for she seems the sort of girl to suit us."

That very day Charles came and pleaded his cause so movingly to the father of his Lucy, that Isaac Marlow consented to their immediate union.

Lucy was loth to leave her father with so young a housekeeper as Anne, who was scarcely twelve years old; "but, then," as she observed, "both Anne and Jane were very handy, and had learned many useful things of her, and Polly was now seventeen, and had got into nice neat ways, and she should herself be living near enough to come and help them on baking days, and any other times when they required assistance or advice."

So the matter was settled, and on midsummer day Anne and Jane officiated as bridesmaids to their happy sister, and Polly Jones, not the least delighted of the party, gained a new gown and a white ribbon from the bridegroom.

EFFECTS OF THE NATURAL FEATURES OF A COUNTRY UPON ITS PEOPLE.

This is a subject on which Werner used to delight his pupils. It is adverted to by Dr Wordsworth, in his very beautiful work, now appearing in numbers, entitled "Greece, Pictorial, Descriptive, and Historical."* After pointing out the advantages of the climate, as producing "strength without stiffness, and softness without effeminacy," and the geographical position as favourable to intercourse with all other nations then civilised, Dr Wordsworth adds:—

"If we turn our eyes to the interior of the country, we are struck with the remarkable manner in which it is divided by the hand of nature into distinct provinces. The long ridges of mountains by which it is intersected in various directions, have traced upon its soil the lines of a natural map, which no hand of man will ever erase. Hence that distinction of tribes, differing from each other in extraction, dialect, and civil and religious institutions, with which the soil of Greece was peopled."

That the spirit of emulation and rivalry which naturally arose among these different tribes produced very important results, both for good and evil, it is not necessary to observe. While the cause of the nation, as a whole, suffered from the disunion consequent upon it, yet a love of glory and distinction was thus excited among the individual members of which the nation consisted, which led to no ignoble effects, either in arts or arms. The productions, too, of the poet and historian, gained life and vigour from the variety of dialects which were spoken by these different nations, and each of which was appropriated and consecrated, as it were, to the service of its own peculiar subject: and the political philosopher of Greece was enabled to confirm and illustrate his own speculations, by reference to the various forms of civil polity adopted by the numerous states among which his country was divided.

It would be long to inquire what facilities and encouragements were given to the cultivation of the arts by the physical properties which characterised the land of Greece. That the imaginative faculties of its inhabitants were awakened and kept alive by the remarkable phenomena which presented themselves to their view, cannot be doubted.

The volcanic fires which agitated its soil, the earthquakes which overthrew the walls of its cities, and convulsed the inmost recesses of its hills, the lakes whose inundations engulfed its plains, the rivers which forced their way by subterranean chasms through the barriers of rocky hills—to omit all reference to the majestic forms of nature in repose which daily met his eye, namely, a sky without clouds, a sea studded with numerous islands, and a land clad with thick forests—and not to mention the creations of art which so happily adorned these natural objects as to seem to be united and identified with them, as, for instance, the stately mass and the well-marshalled columns of the Doric temple rising on the hill, or the breathing statue in the grove—all these objects were to the imagination of the Greek like so many trophies of Miltiades to the mind of Themistocles; they haunted him like a passion by day, and disturbed his sleep by night; they carried him away from the region of blank abstractions, and from the contemplation of mere objects of sense, to dwell in the presence of living Powers, by whom, in his creed, all the motions of the universe were impelled and controlled.

* This is a cheap publication in the department of art. Its half-crown numbers are each illustrated by three first-rate steel engravings, and some thirty wood-cuts, done in that style of minute fidelity and exquisite finish which is at present bringing this mode of multiplying pictures into so high a place in British art. Of the descriptive literary matter the portion as yet published is too limited to allow us to form a correct judgment of its merits.

To descend from contemplating the conceptions of genius, to consider the mechanical operations of art: It was to the geological formation of its mountains, to the durable limestone rock of which they consist, that Greece was indebted for those magnificent works of military architecture—for the massy wall and lofty tower of polygonal masonry by which she defended the cities which still stand upon her hills, and which seem to rival, in permanence and strength, the mountains themselves from which their materials were hewn.

Again, it is to the rich and varied veins of marble, which streamed, in exhaustless abundance, through the quarries of Paros, of Pentelicus, of Hymettus, and of Carystus, that she owed the noblest works of her sculptors and her architects—her Parthenons and her Theatrons, her friezes of Phigaleia and of Ægina.

And as it was the wealth of her soil to which she was indebted for the existence of these beautiful creations, so it was the purity of her air which preserved them: this latter element allowed her to attract the popular eye, to inform the national taste, to inspire the faith, and evoke the gratitude of her sons, by the statues and pictures of her gods and her heroes, of her good and great men, which she placed, not only beneath roofs or within walls, not merely in the enclosures of her halls and of her fane, but on the lofty pediments of her temples, in the open spaces of her agoras, at the doors of her houses, and in the crowded avenues of her streets.

This permitted her also to decorate her buildings with the brilliant and varied hues which painting lent to her sister-art, and to imitate the clearness of her own sky, and the freshness of her own sea, by those architectural embellishments which art would not venture to adopt, except in a country alone where nature has eclipsed in brightness and vivacity of execution every thing that art can conceive."

ACCOUNT OF THE INVENTION OF THE NEW KIND OF CANDLES.

The following account of the invention of the new kind of candles lately mentioned in the Journal, has been forwarded to us from Leeds by an individual subscribing himself "A Young Chemist," a pupil of the inventor. We give it as it has been received by us, without pledging ourselves as to its perfect accuracy:—

Artificial wax, as this substance may be called, was discovered by M. E. Chevreul, a distinguished French chemist, and member of the Institute, when a very young man, and was one of the many important results of an examination into the nature of oils and fats (*Recherches sur les Corps Gras*). This examination was undertaken with a view to explain the real nature of saponification, or the conversion of oils into soap by alkalies—a subject which had long puzzled chemists, who were, consequently, unable to aid the soap-maker to improve or economise his processes. They had long known that acids combine with alkalies, and neutralise their properties; but it could never be ascertained that the combination of alkali and oil could be an example of the same law, when oil had none of the properties of an acid.

The subject was full of difficulties when M. Chevreul undertook its investigation. The substances to be examined were of a most complex nature; our information on organic chemistry was most meagre; while analysis, as applied to vegetable and animal compounds, could hardly be said to have existed. His enthusiasm and perseverance overcame every difficulty. Notwithstanding that many experimenters have followed the same path, with all the advantages of improved methods and apparatus, scarcely any new facts have been discovered, and no errors found. Indeed, his work has been cited by the celebrated Berzelius, the first chemist of the day, as the most perfect model of experimental inquiry with which the history of chemistry presents us. He found oils and fats to be composed of two substances: one solid, which he called stearine, from the fact that tallow is composed almost exclusively of it; the other liquid, existing in large quantity in oils, and hence named by him oleine. He ascertained that the oil does not combine directly with the alkali, but that its two components are converted by it into two corresponding acids, the stearic and oleic, which then combine with the alkali, like the mineral acids. He found, indeed, the analogy perfect between them in every respect. They unite with all the bases, forming compounds which differ in the degree of their solubility; with potash, for instance, a very soluble compound is formed (soft soap); with soda, hard soap, which is dissolved with more difficulty; while its combination with lime gives rise to a perfectly insoluble compound. These facts have been most important to the soap-maker in enabling him to reduce his art to scientific principles; they explain why a solution of soap may be used as a test for the purity of water; why rain water is preferred to that from the spring for washing; and why we add soda to hard water before using it with soap, for soda separates the lime which the hard water contains, and thus enables us to dissolve the soap without producing the curdy precipitate which destroys the cleansing properties of the soap.

M. Chevreul separated these acids from their compounds, and found them possessed of the following properties:—Oleic acid is a liquid, clear when pure, and closely resembling oil; stearic acid is solid, and resembles wax in so striking a manner as to be with difficulty distinguished from it. On finding he could manufacture it at a price much inferior to that at which wax is sold, he, in conjunction with M. Gay-Lussac,

another distinguished chemist, took out a "brevet d'invention" for the preparation and sale of "chandelles steariques," from which they never derived any benefit, solely on account of the name, which, merely implying candles prepared from tallow, attracted no attention; whereas manufacturers, who took up the trade after the expiration of the patent, and who announced, with less regard to truth, their productions as "bougies," or wax candles, speedily made large fortunes; a proof, and many more of the same kind might be adduced, that those were wrong who asked, depreciatingly, "what's in a name?" Does the reader wish to prepare and examine this artificial wax himself? Nothing is more easy. He has only to dissolve a little hard white soap in hot rain or distilled water, and to the clear solution, while hot, add some vinegar, or other acid. The stearic being a weak acid, is easily separated from its combination with soda, as it exists in soap. Acetate of soda is formed, and the stearic acid rises to the top of the liquid as an oily substance, which, on cooling, solidifies into a cake of artificial wax, mixed with a certain portion of oleic and impurities, which render it softer than if this fluid had been expelled by pressure. A similar process is pursued on a large scale, but regard must be had for economy. The tallow is saponified, not by soda or potash, as in the preparation of soap, but by quick-lime. It is only necessary to boil the lime, tallow, and water, in a large vessel for some hours, when these ingredients are converted into a kind of hard soap. From this substance, stearate and oleate of lime, also the stearic and oleic acids, are separated by the addition of oil of vitriol. They are melted like tallow, run into cakes, and subjected to the press, which separates all impurities, and leaves the stearic acid as pure and white as the finest bleached wax, which may be used immediately for the formation of candles. In France, besides plaiting the wicks, they are dipped in a solution of borax, and then dried. The borax fuses during the combustion, and, forming a globe on the summit of the wick, assists by its weight to bring it out of the flame in contact with the atmosphere, and thus insures perfect combustion, and obviates the necessity of snuffing.

It was found that the artificial wax generally crystallised in the moulds, a circumstance which prevents the formation of a solid candle. In England this difficulty was overcome in some cases by the addition of arsenic. The French, more scientific than we, had recourse to their knowledge of the laws of crystallisation for the remedy. It is known that regular crystallisation only takes place when the transition of the mass from a fluid to a solid state is so gradual as to allow time for its molecules to arrange themselves in those determinate forms called crystals: this condition was fulfilled in the cooling of the moulds and their contents, but by plunging them in cold water as soon as the melted stearic acid had been poured in, crystallisation was prevented, and a perfectly solid candle procured. No arsenic, as far as I am aware, is now used in the manufacture of the candles in England.

MR BUXTON'S NEW WORK ON THE SLAVE-TRADE.*

THE first purpose of this volume is to show that the slave-trade, while really abolished in the British dominions, and professedly so in some others, is, upon the whole, carried on to a greater extent, and is moreover productive of a much greater amount of human misery, now than at any former period. A second object of the author is to prepare the public mind for a new and effectual means of putting down the trade.

With regard to the extent to which the trade is carried on, Mr Buxton presents a series of quotations from public papers, showing that into Brazil, in the year ending June 30, 1830, the number of slaves imported was 78,331, besides an unknown, but presumably large number who were smuggled. Since then, notwithstanding a treaty entered into on the subject, the number imported into Brazil is allowed on all hands to have greatly increased. Mr Buxton, nevertheless, sets down the number imported into Brazil as only 78,331. He then shows data which make it probable that the number imported into Cuba is not less than 60,000. These, united to other numbers for slaves intercepted or destroyed on the voyage, and to 50,000 for those carried to Mahomedan states, give 200,000 as the annual amount of human beings sent out by Africa as slaves—a number which, from many circumstances, appears considerably below the truth, though documentary evidence will not allow of a higher one being assumed.

Mr Buxton then proceeds to show that, after all, this statement of numbers affords but an inadequate idea of the extent of evil produced by the slave-trade. In the first place, the obtaining of slaves in Africa is the cause of tremendous internal wars, productive, like all wars, of great mortality, as well as repressive of all social improvement. The strong assault and capture the weak; often, in order to obtain young persons, the whole of the remainder of a little nation, men, women, and children, are massacred: the face of the country is covered with desolation. The compensation for

these evils consists in ardent spirits, tawdry silk dresses, and paltry necklaces of beads. Denham, the African traveller, says that on one occasion twenty thousand negroes were killed for sixteen thousand carried away as slaves. On the march to the coast, the captured wretches experience dreadful cruelties, and die in great numbers. It has been calculated by M. Mendez, the author of a learned treatise on the mortality of negro slaves, that five-twelfths or nearly a half of those captured die before reaching the coast.

The section respecting the seizure of the people for slaves, is the most interesting in the book; it comprehends the details given by Park, Clapperton, Lander, and other African travellers, besides many derived from the reports of missionaries and other individuals to the African Society. The following, which may serve for a specimen of all, and which refers to the slave-capturing expeditions of the troops of the Pacha of Egypt, is translated from a recent French work, the composition of Count De Laborde, to whom the information was communicated by a French officer who went to Cairo in 1828, and resided for ten years in the country of Mohammed Ali.

"M. — there (in Egypt) learnt that four expeditions, called gaswahs, annually set out from Obeid, the capital of Kordofan, towards the south, to the mountains inhabited by the Nubas negroes. The manner and object of their departure are thus described: One day he heard a great noise; the whole village appeared in confusion; the cavalry were mounted, and the infantry discharging their guns in the air, and increasing the uproar with their still more noisy hurrahs. M. —, on inquiring the cause of the rejoicing, was exultingly told by a follower of the troop, 'It is the gaswah.' 'The gaswah! for what—gazelles?' 'Yes, gazelles; here are the nets, ropes, and chains; they are to be brought home alive.' On the return of the expedition, all the people went out, singing and dancing, to meet the hunters. M. — went out also, wishing to join in the rejoicing. He told Count Laborde he never could forget the scene presented to his eyes. What did he see? What gain did these intrepid hunters, after twenty days of toil, drag after them? Men in chains; old men carried on litters, because unable to walk; the wounded dragging their weakened limbs with pain, and a multitude of children following their mothers, who carried the younger ones in their arms. Fifteen hundred negroes, corded, naked, and wretched, escorted by 400 soldiers in full array! This was the gaswah; these the poor gazelles taken in the desert. He himself afterwards accompanied one of these gaswahs. The expedition consisted of 400 Egyptian soldiers, 100 Bedouin cavalry, and twelve village chiefs, with peasants carrying provisions. On arriving at their destination, which they generally contrive to do before dawn, the cavalry wheel round the mountain, and by a skilful movement form themselves into a semicircle on one side, whilst the infantry enclose it on the other. The negroes, whose sleep is so profound that they seldom have time to provide for their safety, are thus completely entrapped. At sunrise the troops commence operations by opening a fire on the mountain with musketry and cannon; immediately the heads of the wretched mountaineers may be seen in all directions, among the rocks and trees, as they gradually retreat, dragging after them the young and infirm. Four detachments, armed with bayonets, are then dispatched up the mountain in pursuit of the fugitives, whilst a continual fire is kept up from the musketry and cannon below, which are loaded only with powder, as their object is rather to dismay than to murder the inhabitants. The more courageous natives, however, make a stand by the mouths of the caves, dug for security against their enemies. They throw their long poisoned javelins, covering themselves with their shields, while their wives and children stand by them and encourage them with their voices; but when the head of the family is killed, they surrender without a murmur. When struck by a ball, the negro, ignorant of the nature of the wound, may generally be seen rubbing it with earth till he falls through loss of blood. The less courageous fly with their families to the caves, whence the hunters expel them by firing pepper into the hole. The negroes, almost blinded and suffocated, run into the snares previously prepared, and are put in irons. If after the firing no one makes his appearance, the hunters conclude that the mothers have killed their children, and the husbands their wives and themselves. When the negroes are taken, their strong attachment to their families and lands is apparent. They refuse to stir, some clinging to the trees with all their strength, while others embrace their wives and children so closely, that it is necessary to separate them with the sword; or they are bound to a horse, and are dragged over brambles and rocks until they reach the foot of the mountain, bruised, bloody, and disfigured. If they still continue obstinate, they are put to death.

Each detachment, having captured its share of the spoil, returns to the main body, and is succeeded by others, until the mountain, 'de battue en battue,' is depopulated. If from the strength of the position, or the obstinacy of the resistance, the first assault is unsuccessful, the general adopts the inhuman expedient of reducing them by thirst; this is easily effected by encamping above the springs at the foot of the mountain, and thus cutting off their only supply of water. The miserable negroes often endure this siege for a week, and may be seen gnawing the bark of trees to extract a little moisture, till at length they are com-

pelled to exchange their country, liberty, and families, for a drop of water. They every day approach nearer, and retreat on seeing the soldiers, until the temptation of the water shown them becomes too strong to be resisted. At length they submit to have the manacles fastened on their hands, and a heavy fork suspended to their necks, which they are obliged to lift at every step. The march from the Nuba mountains to Obeid is short. From thence they are sent to Cairo. There the pacha distributes them as he thinks proper; the aged, infirm, and wounded, are given to the Bedouins, who are the most merciless of masters, and exact their due of hard labour with a severity proportioned to the probable short duration of the lives of their unhappy victims.

At Obeid alone, 6000 human beings are annually dragged into slavery, and that at the cost of 2000 more, who are killed in the capture. The king of Darfur also imports for sale yearly 8000 or 9000 slaves, a fourth of whom usually die during the fatigues of a forced march: they are compelled, by the scarcity of provisions, to hurry forward with all speed. In vain the exhausted wretches supplicate for one day's rest; they have no alternative but to push on, or be left behind a prey to the hungry jackals and hyenas. 'On one occasion,' says the narrator, 'when, a few days after the march of a caravan, I rapidly crossed the same desert, mounted on a fleet dromedary, I found my way by the newly-mangled human carcasses, and by them I was guided to the nightly halt.'

The above are old-established evils: what follows is new. When the slave-trade was not forbidden, the vessels employed to carry the slaves from Africa to the colonies, not being under any fear of confiscation, were built on a principle of capacity, and the ordinary allowance of room was comparatively liberal. British vessels, of 150 tons and under, were not allowed to carry more than five men to every three tons. Now, from the danger of seizure, slave-vessels are built on a principle of quick sailing, and the space allowed for the slaves is much less than it was. They are strung upon a chain, of which each is allowed only one quarter of a yard, and lie between the decks almost as closely packed as herrings in barrels, the only posture being on one of their sides. The disgusting filth and misery, the sickness and mortality, which result from these arrangements, are dreadful. Formerly, one fourth was calculated to be the amount of loss of life on the voyage; now, a slave considers himself well off if he saves a third of those embarked, and fortunate if he retains a half. And often, when chased, these gentlemen scruple not to lighten the vessel by throwing a number of the slaves overboard: instances have even occurred, and that at no distant date, of their throwing over the whole; a measure to which they are tempted to have recourse by a law which makes it impossible for a cruiser to seize them if they have no slaves on board.

Mr Buxton also makes calculations of the mortality which occurs amongst the captives while waiting to commence the voyage, and of that which takes place while they are getting "seasoned" for labour on the plantations. Even when rescued by British cruisers, he shows that the poor wretches are still liable to great misery and a high rate of mortality. In his summary, he comes to the conclusion that the loss of life in the seizure, march, detention on the coast, the voyage, and in seasoning, amounts in all to 145 per cent. In other words, out of every 245 slaves carried away from Africa, 145 die or are killed before reaching the place of their final destination. The total annual loss to Africa he makes out to be not much less than half a million; and he adds, "Even this is but a part of the total evil. The great evil is, that the slave-trade exhibits itself in Africa as a barrier, excluding every thing which can soften, or enlighten, or civilise, or elevate the people of that vast continent. The slave-trade suppresses all other trade, creates endless insecurity, kindles perpetual war, banishes commerce, knowledge, social improvement, and, above all, Christianity, from one quarter of the globe, and from 100,000,000 of mankind."

The amount of slaves imported into various colonies and countries when Wilberforce and Clarkson commenced their labours, was only about 70,000, or at the most 80,000, instead of being, as now, 200,000. "Millions of money, and multitudes of lives," says Mr Buxton, "have been sacrificed, and, in return for all, we have only the afflicting conviction that the slave-trade is as far as ever from being suppressed." * * Hitherto we have effected no other change than a change in the flag under which the trade is carried on: or, it may be added, a change in the place of destination; that is, instead of being carried to the British West Indies, the slaves are now taken to Cuba or South America. The French and Spanish flags have been used in succession; and now the greater part of the trade is carried on under the flag of Portugal, which sells the privilege at a fixed rate. An universal combination to put down the trade is not, Mr Buxton thinks, to be hoped for; and even if such a measure were to be effected—even were the trade to be every where treated as piracy, he believes that the deportation of slaves would still be carried on, in consequence of the irresistible temptation which its profits hold out to private enterprise. It is an axiom at the custom-house that no illicit trade can be suppressed if the profits exceed 30 per cent. Now, the profits of the slave-trade are many times 30 per cent. Mr Buxton states an instance, taken up apparently at random, in which 180 per cent. of profit was realised. We fully believe that this is an effectual reason why the slave-

* Murray, London. 8vo. Pp. 240.

trade cannot be put down. While all men are extremely reluctant to meet certain death, some are never wanting who will readily enter into enterprises involving almost any amount of risk of that calamity.

The new plan for extinguishing the trade proposed by Mr Buxton, has reference, not to civilised mercantile powers, but to Africa itself. He is of opinion that the trade would cease, if the native chiefs could be convinced that a more profitable trade would arise if this were put down. He enters into statements showing the immense capabilities of Africa as a productive country, above what we have ever had any experience of, and shows that the quarter million of British exports now sent to it is but a trifle compared with what, in fair circumstances, it ought to take. With respect to the means requisite for impressing the African chiefs with a sense of the superior advantages of a more convenient trade, he does not consider himself at liberty to unfold them in the present volume, as they are now under the consideration of the government, but he promises fully to develop them in a subsequent publication. We must confess that we do not well see how a task so great and difficult as that suggested by Mr Buxton is to be set about, but every one must be quite willing to listen to the scheme, and give it their best consideration when it is placed before them. Meanwhile, Mr Buxton has presented to Humanity the startling fact that all her efforts of the last fifty years to diminish the miseries arising from slavery, have been defeated by Cupidity, and that hundreds of thousands of human beings are still the annual victims of that detestable traffic.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

THE SILK-WORM.

THIS little creature, whose labours are of such incalculable value to mankind, is supposed to have been indigenous to China. In that country, at least, the discovery was first made, that the product of the silk-worm's operations could be elaborated into articles of human attire, richer and more beautiful than any to be derived from other sources. At an early period a considerable commerce was established in silk between eastern and western Asia, from which latter quarter it was conveyed to Europe; but not until the sixth century of the Christian era, was it distinctly known by Europeans that the splendid tissues which they had worn for more than a thousand years, and which they had even partially manufactured from the raw transported material, were the product originally of a worm. The first silk-worms seen in Europe were brought from China in the year 552, by two Persian monks, who had gone thither as Christian missionaries, and who contrived to secrete a number of the silk-worms' eggs in a cane, and to escape with them to Constantinople. From these few eggs have sprung all the successive generations of silk-worms which have supplied silk to Europe from that period to the present time.

The valuable insect whose history has been thus briefly detailed, receives from naturalists the appellation of *bombyx*. It is of the caterpillar tribe, and, like its congeners, passes through a number of transformations in the course of its existence. Its first state is that of the larva or caterpillar, which it enters into on leaving the egg; its second state is that of the pupa or *chrysalis*; and its third state is that of the imago or moth. The silk-worm moth is of considerable size, and is of a greyish colour. The female moth deposits its eggs on the mulberry tree, the leaves of which, as will be afterwards explained, form the sole subsistence of the silk-worm. This deposit, when the creatures are not under artificial management, is made about the middle of summer, and the eggs of one moth usually amount in number to three or four hundred. They are about the size of mustard-seeds, and at first yellow in colour, but afterwards assume a bluish-grey cast. Being fastened by a sort of glue to the spot, the egg of the silk-worm retains its position in spite of wind and rain, until the period for the hatching of the young caterpillar. After autumn and winter are past, the egg opens in May, and the worm which issues is about a quarter of an inch in length, thin in body, and of a blackish tint. It soon shows a desire for food, and begins to feed on the mulberry leaves, though without exhibiting any inclination to roam from the spot where it first came to life. For eight days it continues to feed with avidity, and increases to nearly twice its original magnitude. At the end of the time mentioned, it falls into what is called its first sickness, and leaves off eating for three days, when it casts its first skin. This moulting is repeated four times, at regular intervals, before the worm attains the complete caterpillar state, which commonly takes place about a month after the hatching of the worm. The reason of these successive moultings is to be sought for in the rapid growth of the worm, which increases

its bulk many thousand fold during these changes. The original skin, when once become hardened, could scarcely have been distended at a rate sufficient to accommodate the augmenting size of the creature, and therefore a number of coverings have been provided in embryo to obviate the difficulty. The plan which the worm takes to get out of its skin, is to fasten the latter to the leaf by a sort of silky glue, which holds it fast, until the inmate rubs its head against the leaf, breaks off the scales, and finally drags through its whole body.

Ten days after its fourth moulting, the worm attains its complete caterpillar state, and is then about two and a half inches long, with twelve parallel and equidistant membranous rings round its green body, and sixteen legs arranged in pairs, of which the five posterior ones are moveable, and the three anterior pairs scaly and unmoveable, serving seemingly for supports only. The caterpillar has fourteen eyes, seven on each side of the head, and along the body are eighteen holes for the creature's breathing; each hole being connected with some kind of respiratory organ. The mouth is placed vertically, and the jaws are indented like the teeth of a saw. Immediately beneath the mouth are two small holes, placed close to each other, and through which proceeds the silk which the creature spins. These holes are connected with two bags or tubes in the interior of the body, in which is secreted the yellow gummy substance which constitutes the silk. These tubes or bags are of great length in comparison with the animal's body, being each about ten inches long. They are wound round a portion of the intestines as on a spindle, and do not communicate directly with the external holes, but by means of a sort of grater, pierced with many openings, through which the silk-gum is drawn out in many filaments, to be united as they issue by the external aperture into one thread.

Having fed itself, during the ten days subsequent to the last moulting, up to the full size, the caterpillar, constituted as we have described, begins to feel the stimulus of nature urging it to the next change of its condition, which is necessary to bring it to the moth or butterfly state, and which is accompanied with operations most beneficial to the human race. The caterpillar seeks a corner or angular spot in which to begin its spinning. Having settled this point, it weaves a number of irregular threads around the place, to be a support to its future tenement. The mode in which it does this is by fixing a portion of the gum or silk on a certain point, and then by receding from the spot, or turning its head and body, draws out the thread by the two holes already alluded to. Separate filaments issue from these apertures, but the animal is provided with a hook at the edge of its mouth, with which it unites them into one. In one day the caterpillar, proceeding with its work, weaves a pretty thick layer of loose silk, called the floss silk, in the oval interior of which the creature of course remains. For the whole of the succeeding three or four days, it is occupied in spinning the cocoon, or solid ball of silk, which is man's valuable prize. This cocoon is seldom above three grains in weight, yet, when unrolled, the filaments composing it are sometimes found to be more than a mile long! This shows the wonderful celerity with which the caterpillar must emit the material during its three days' operations. It takes the quickest way of working, and that most easy for itself, spinning the thread not in regular circles, which would demand an extensive motion of the body, but in short wavy lines from point to point. The whole cocoon is usually less in size than a pigeon's egg, and is of a yellow hue. Having effected this great work, and shut itself up within a strong and firm covering, the caterpillar, much decreased in bulk by this extensive and uncompensated excretion, prepares for its final change. It throws off its last caterpillar case within a few days after the completion of the cocoon, and assumes the chrysalis form. It is now an oblong, soft, brownish body, without limbs, apparently, or power of motion. Its members, however, exist in embryo, and in about twenty days they develop themselves fully, and the chrysalis becomes a perfect moth or butterfly. By the use of its hooked feet, and its head, it then separates the filament of the cocoon and makes its way into light and life, the winged creature of an hour, seeming to have little other purpose in its existence but to seek a mate, that new eggs may be produced for the continuation of the race. This it does immediately on coming to light.

The product of the silk-worm's labours, such as they have now been described, was a thing of too much value and importance not to attract the attention of man to the means of improving and increasing the fruit of the insect's operations. The Chinese, the first discoverers of the value of the silk-worm, have long pursued artificial modes of ensuring the regularity of the silk produce. In Europe, also, and in many other parts of the world, for the last thousand years, the rearing of the silk-worm has been the object of the most anxious and unremitting attention. It has been stated that these insects feed on mulberry leaves alone: the culture of the mulberry tree, therefore, is an essential preliminary to the artificial rearing of silk-worms, and on this account a few words may first be devoted to the point. The mulberry, or *morus*, in botanical language, is well known as producing a fruit much in use in European countries. There are several varieties of the tree, distinguished by the colour of the fruit they produce, one yielding a black fruit, a second a white fruit, and a third a red fruit. There

are two or three other species, but the white, which appears to have come originally from China, is considered by far the best food for silk-worms, although most of the other varieties have been found also to sustain them. The white-fruited mulberry, therefore, which bears broad, smooth, and pointed green leaves, has been most extensively planted in those parts of Europe where the silk-worms are habitually reared. The tree may be easily raised, either by cuttings, layers, or by seed, and that in any warm or temperate and regular climate. Its leaves cannot be used without injury to the tree before the fifth year, when they usually appear in great plenty in the beginning of May. Mulberry trees have often two crops of leaves in the year, and indeed, in very warm climates, the tree produces fresh leaves all the year round, thus permitting the artificial breeders of worms to obtain several crops of silk in a year. Old trees afford the best leaves, but in France and Italy the mulberry plantations are usually allowed to attain a size most inconvenient for the plucking of the leaves, which might be prevented by proper cutting of the trees. Pruning always improves the quality of the leaves, about thirty pounds of which may be procured from a healthy well-grown tree. As might be supposed, many experiments have been tried, by engrafting and other means, to improve the mulberry; and one fact, at least, has been ascertained, that the process of engrafting, under all circumstances, does good.

Having an ample provision, in expectancy, of mulberry leaves, the silk-worm itself is the next object of care. The attention required in the management of these insects is indeed great and incessant. If the eggs, for example, from which the brood of the season is expected, be hatched a few days too soon, by a slight mismanagement of temperature, the whole hopes of the cultivator will be ruined. His leaves and his worms must be ready for one another to an hour almost. The eggs of silk-worms are a marketable article, and experienced men can tell good from bad ones, as easily as merchants can determine the quality of mustard seeds. It is by confinement of the moths to particular spots that the eggs are procured, the insect being necessitated by situation to deposit them on paper or on cloths. They are then gathered, and placed in such situations as may prevent them from being hatched until the mulberry leaves are ready. It has been found that one of the best ways of effecting this object is to place the eggs in sealed glass vessels, kept continually immersed in cold water. When the proper season for bringing on the hatching arrives, the eggs are taken out of the phials, and separated from one another by washing. It is common, also, to use a little wine in order to free them of the gum which adheres to them, and which renders the shell more difficult for the worm to break. The eggs, previously dried, are then taken to the stove-room, where they are exposed to a gradually increasing temperature, until they grow white, which is the signal of the approaching outbreak of the worm. Muslin is now laid over the eggs, and above this muslin a quantity of mulberry leaves. As soon as the worms are hatched, they crawl through the muslin, and attach themselves to the leaves. In one or two days, all the healthy worms will be out of their shells.

The feeding-room is the place to which the worms are now conveyed. This apartment should be dry and well ventilated, but at the same time closed against the access of ordinary insects. It should contain proper shelves, also, for the reception of the worms. Young and tender leaves are given to the worms at first. Through the whole period of their transmutations, their food is chopped small, a great saving of leaves being thus effected. They are fed regularly three or four times a-day, and consume, during the period of their moultings, a quantity of food which would appear wonderful, did not one remember the vast increase which takes place in their bulk. The same number of worms which will be satisfied with one pound of leaves previous to their first moulting, will consume one hundred and eighty-three pounds during their last feeding interval, before the commencement of their spinning. For their convenient performance of the latter operation, bushes of broom or brushwood are erected on the shelves, being usually bent over in an arched form. In corners of these bushes, the worms arrange themselves, and there they go through the process of manufacturing their cocoons. In three days their labour is finished, and in a few days afterwards the cocoons are carefully gathered from the bushes. One-sixtieth part of them is set aside for breeding, and the remainder are exposed to a strong heat, in order to extinguish the vitality of the chrysalis within, previous to reeling off the silk. In separating the breeding portion, care is taken to select partly males and partly females, the cocoons of the former being known by being pointed a little at the ends. When the moth breaks out, care is taken to make it deposit its eggs where they can be gathered, and laid aside for the next season. The moth soon dies, having fulfilled its object—no mean one—in creation. It seldom lives two days, taking the while no food that can be observed.

It has been stated that one cocoon sometimes yields filaments a mile in length. More commonly, however, six hundred yards is about the extent of the largest cocoons. Twelve pounds of cocoons yield one pound of silk, by the ordinary computation. The silk differs considerably in quality, and the cultivators sort the cocoons, accordingly, into distinct lots, being guided by the observation of colour and other circumstances. When brought to the market, these various kinds are

readily known by the purchasers, and bring prices proportionate to their value.

The rearing of silk-worms, conducted in a manner more or less resembling that now detailed, has long flourished in various parts of Europe, but never, for any length of time, has it succeeded in our own country. James I. endeavoured to naturalise the silk-worm in England, but after a time the attempt was given up. Various trials of the same kind have been since made, both publicly and privately, but without attaining to any permanent success. It would appear, upon the whole, that our climate is too cold, or at least too variable, for this branch of industry, both as regards trees and worms. In France the rearing of silk-worms is an important pursuit to the people of the southern departments. Of late years great advances have been made there in the production of raw silk. In the year 1812, France produced 987,000 pounds weight of raw silk; in 1828, the produce has been estimated at 2,700,000 pounds weight; in consequence of which great increase, the country is not necessitated to import one-tenth of foreign silk, where it used to import one-half, for its internal consumption and the employment of its looms. In Italy, Sicily, and Turkey, considerable quantities of raw silk are produced from the worms. From all the countries mentioned, England procures the raw material, either by fair trade or smuggling; but her chief supplies come from her East Indian possessions, from China, and from other oriental countries. Feeling still the want of more extensive supplies, English enterprise has been the means of recently introducing the mulberry tree into the islands of Malta and St Helena, and there are strong hopes that ere long a large addition of raw silk may be thrown into British hands from these quarters. At present, the people of the United States seem to have become keenly alive to the advantages of rearing the silk-worm within their own territories, and thus finding home-silk for their home-consumption. They have already succeeded to a considerable extent, and undoubtedly, with the variety of climate at their command, they may push this branch of industry to any point they choose.

Since this little creature's produce has become truly a necessary of life, these matters are not unimportant to British comfort and commerce, and, for the same reason, we hope that these details about the history of the silk-worm will not have proved uninteresting to the readers of the Journal.

SECOND MARRIAGE OF THE FATHER OF PETER THE GREAT.

THE Czar Alexei Michailovitch, father of Peter the Great, was so much attached to the nobleman Artemin Matfeof, that, contrary to the etiquette of the Russian court, which forbids the czar to visit a subject, he would often go to his house in a friendly and familiar way. One evening, coming in unexpectedly, and seeing the table set for supper with great neatness, he said to Matfeof, "The table seems so neatly and prettily covered, I feel a strong desire to sit down to it with you. Yes, I will follow the suggestions of my appetite, and place myself at table by thee, upon this condition, however, that I disturb nobody, and that none get up from table till they have supped." "Whatever your majesty pleases and commands must be to the honour of my house," returned Matfeof. The supper was served up, and the czar sat down to table. The mistress of the house enters, with their only son, and a young lady, who, after making their profoundest reverences, obey the czar's commands, and take their places at the table. During the supper, the czar looked frequently round upon the little company, and seemed to take particular notice of the young lady that sat over against him, as not recollecting that he had ever seen her before as one of Matfeof's children. "I always thought," said his majesty, "that thou hadst no other child than that boy, but now I see, for the first time, that thou hast a daughter likewise: how camest thou never to mention her to me?"

"Your majesty thought perfectly right," answered Matfeof: "I have but that one son. But the young lady that sits opposite is the daughter of my friend and relation, the nobleman Kyrilla Narishkin, who lives in the country on his estate, whom my wife has taken into the house, to show her the city, and, in God's good time, to get her well provided for."

The czar said nothing more, than that "he had done a good deed, which therefore must be agreeable to God." After supper, when Matfeof's family were risen from table, and gone to their own apartment, the czar chose to continue sitting with his host. His majesty resumed the subject of the young lady, Natalia Kyrillovna, and said, "The maiden has a handsome appearance; she seems to have a good heart, and is not too young to be married. Thou must endeavour to get her a fit husband." "Yes," answered Matfeof; "your majesty judges rightly of her: she possesses an excellent understanding, with the greatest modesty, and the best of hearts. My wife, and the whole family, are uncommonly fond of her, and consider her as if she were our darling daughter. But as to a suitor for her, that is what we are not soon likely to expect. She has indeed numberless good qualities, but little or no wealth; and if I should meet with an opportunity to settle her, the portion I could afford her out of my narrow fortune would be but small." The czar upon this replied, "She must find a sweetheart that has so much property himself as to stand in need of nothing from her, but

consider her good qualities as the greatest and best of portions, and make it his endeavour to render her happy." "That is just what I could wish," said Matfeof; "but where shall I find such a lover, who looks more for excellent qualities in his bride than for a splendid fortune?" "Oh, yes," said the czar, "they are still to be found very frequently: do thou think occasionally thereupon, and I myself will likewise look out for some such match. The maiden is deserving of all the pains we can take to make her happy." Matfeof thanked his majesty for so gracious an intimation of his kindness, and there the matter remained. The czar wished him a good night, and took himself away. A few days afterwards his majesty came again to Matfeof, discoursed with him for a couple of hours on state affairs, and, after getting up, seemingly with a design to take leave and go away, on a sudden took his chair, and sat down afresh. "Now, tell me," said he to Matfeof, "hast thou not forgot our late conversation about providing a lover for Natalia Kyrillovna?"

"No, most gracious sir," answered Matfeof; "I bear it continually in mind, and only wish it were to some effect. I have found nothing suitable for her yet, and I much doubt that a proper offer will soon be made; for though a number of our young noblemen come to visit me, and consequently often see my charming foster daughter, they none of them give any intimations about marriage."

"Well," said the czar, "perhaps it may not be necessary. I told thee that I would myself use some endeavours to provide a bridegroom for her. I have had the good fortune to find one, with whom she will probably be very contented and happy. I know the man: he is an honourable and worthy person, has merit, and wealth enough not to be under the necessity of asking an estate or portion with her. He loves her, and will marry and make her happy. Thou knowest him too, though probably he hath hitherto not discovered his intention to marry. I think, likewise, that when he applies to thee, thou wilt not give him a denial." Matfeof here interrupted the czar, by saying, "As I just told your majesty, that would be a most desirable thing; it would free me from a great concern I have continually at heart about this poor girl. Dare I now beseech your majesty to tell me the man's name? Perhaps I know him likewise, and can inform your majesty something of his circumstances."

"I have told thee that I know the man," returned the czar; "that he is a worthy honest fellow, and capable of rendering his wife happy: this thou mayest take my word for. I can say no more of him, till we know whether Natalia Kyrillovna will be willing to have him."

"There is no doubt of that," returned Matfeof, "when she hears that your majesty has provided her a spouse. In the meantime, she must know who the person is, that she may give her answer. This, I think, is but reasonable."

"Well, then," said the czar, "I give thee to know that I myself am the man that hath resolved to marry her, if she be inclined to it. Do thou tell her this, and ask her whether she can approve of me."

At this unexpected declaration of the czar, Matfeof was filled with astonishment, threw himself at his feet, and said, "I beseech your majesty, for the love of heaven, that you will change your resolution, or at least that you will not order me to acquaint the young lady with it. Most gracious sovereign, you know full well that I have already a great many enemies at court, and among the principal families of the empire, who are jealous of the favour and confidence your majesty is pleased to allow me. What an outcry will there be among them when they find your majesty has preferred a marriage with a poor maiden of my family to a connection with one of the principal ladies at court! Doubtless their hatred and malice against me will cover all the land; and every one will think that I have abused your majesty's favour, and unworthily contrived to bring about the match, for the sake of raising myself still higher in your majesty's regard, and for elevating my family to a connection with that of the czar's."

"All that will nothing signify," replied the czar: "the affair is mine, and thou hast no business with it. My resolution is taken, and thereby I shall remain."

"Well, be it according to your majesty's pleasure," said Matfeof; "and may God bless your majesty with every kind of prosperity! Since it is to be so, let me beg only one favour for myself and for Natalia Kyrillovna, which is, that your majesty will proceed in the matter according to the custom of the empire, and with as little noise as possible, by ordering a number of the marriageable young ladies of the principal families, and among them Natalia Kyrillovna, to appear together at court, with the design of choosing one of them for a bride; and, in the meantime, that no person besides your majesty and myself, not even Natalia Kyrillovna, have the slightest intimation of your purpose and resolution."

The czar found this procedure highly proper, and accordingly bade Matfeof be prepared for the event, and to discover his intention to no one. A few weeks afterwards, he declared his design of marrying again to the heads of the church and his chief ministers in a private council, and further told them that on such a court day all the marriageable daughters of the chief nobles were to be commanded to appear at court, that his majesty might consider them, and choose a bride.

This was accordingly done on a certain day in September 1670, in the Kremlin palace at Moscow, when sixty noble ladies presented themselves in their most

superb attire, and among them Natalia Kyrillovna Narishkina in neat and pretty apparel. They were all sumptuously entertained by the czar; but Natalia was declared to be the monarch's bride.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1789.

BILLARD'S ADVENTURE IN A WELL.

THE story of the unfortunate Dufavel, who was buried accidentally in a well, and remained in it for a long period [see Journal, No. 259], is not without a parallel in the history of mining transactions in France. In the department of the Indre, and parish of Fleure-la-Riviere, March 27, 1837, about half-past eight in the morning, Etienne Billard, a working mason, descended a well one hundred and twenty feet deep, for the purpose of examining it preparatory to some repairs. When he had reached the bottom, or nearly so, an extensive portion of the sides fell in upon him, and shut him out from the light of day; but, by a remarkable piece of good fortune, the materials, in falling, formed a small arch of about three feet in diameter around his head. Had it not been for this, he would have been either fatally hurt by the heavy stones of the masonry, or would have been suffocated immediately. Every other part of the well around his body was filled compactly with the fallen materials. The noise of the irruption was heard by some workmen near the spot, who immediately ran up to it. On listening intently, they heard the cries of Billard, and the certainty that he was yet alive inspired the hope of delivering him. Sending off one of their number to alarm the neighbouring inhabitants and authorities, these workmen then lowered a lighted candle down the well, the danger of a further fall of the sides deterring themselves from going down. The candle went down one hundred feet, thus showing that about twenty feet of the mass, or a considerable portion thereof, lay above the unfortunate Billard. In reply to their call, he was heard distinctly to say that he could not see any thing of the light. "I am assured," he moreover said, "that I am a lost man. But I suffer no pain, and I breathe freely."

No ordinary difficulty, it was obvious, stood in the way of relief in this case. For workmen to descend into the narrow deep well, and attempt to clear away the ruins, without some security against a further fall of the sides, was a dangerous task. The authorities of the district, as soon as they arrived, and saw the nature of the accident, sent off an express for the district superintendent of roads and bridges, Monsieur Certain. He was at some distance, and did not arrive till next day. In the mean time, one man, a slater, ventured to descend to the top of the fallen mass of stones and earth, which proved, as had been shown by the candle, to be about one hundred feet below the orifice. Urged by the indistinct cries for help which they heard from poor Billard, the men on the spot began to lift the stones forming the sides of the well. When Monsieur Certain arrived, he descended without hesitation into the well, and put several questions to Billard respecting his situation. M. Certain judged it proper to continue the raising of the sides of the well, as the displacement of the lower part would render it most imprudent to go on otherwise. No side boring could be executed with such speed as the whole well could be cleared. The soil, fortunately, was clayey and firm. While this labour was going on day and night, with the utmost rapidity compatible with a proper degree of caution, friends and fellow workmen of Billard descended occasionally to animate him with the cheering sound of kindly voices, and with the assurance that help was near.

On the morning of the 29th, the governor and head engineer of the department of the Indre arrived. M. Ferrand, inspector of works, was with them, and descended into the well. He gave his assent to the continuation of the operations going on, which some of the anxious friends of the prisoner were beginning to exclaim against, from their seeming slowness. In presence of the gentlemen mentioned, the labours were continued, and on the evening of the 29th the well was clear to the upper part of the fallen mass. Without delay, the process of lifting them was begun; but from the size of the stones, the work went on very tardily, through the difficulty of hoisting them to such a distance above. After they had advanced a certain way, a new difficulty met them in the face. It was impossible to tell the exact state of the arch formed so miraculously over the head of the unfortunate man, or its degree of stability. It was necessary, therefore, to go on with the elevation of the stones with extreme care and delicacy, otherwise the unsettlement of any portion of the heavy masses above him might have caused his instantaneous death, either from a crush or suffocation.

At ten o'clock in the evening of the 29th, the workmen were calculated to be about six feet above the captive, who had now been shut out from the light since the morning of the 27th. It was impossible to send him food by a bore as in the case of Dufavel, and he had therefore the pressure of hunger added to his misery. His voice was heard more clearly as the workmen went on, and they could now even tell the exact point where he was confined. But during the night of the 29th his voice became a source of fear and alarm to the labourers above him. Billard's motionless condition, his want of food and air for so long a time, began to overthrow his moral courage. His reason gave place to delirium, his hope to despair. The

workmen heard him at one moment lamenting his fate and piteously crying for food, and at the next moment they heard him abandoning himself to the most extravagant gaiety. Laughter heard in such a situation was a thing almost too deplorable and shocking for human ears to listen to. When consulted on the meaning of these symptoms on the part of Billard, M. Nabert, a surgeon who had never quitted the spot since the time of the accident, recommended the workmen to hurry on their labours, as the man could probably survive but a few hours in this state.

In consequence of this advice, a new direction was given to the work, and in place of passing down by the side of the spot where the poor man was supposed to be, the excavation was carried slopingly down to his head. In fine, after three days and three nights of incessant toil, the head of Billard was reached, and cleared of all surrounding matter. The instant that this took place, it was notified to those above by a cry, and the deafening shouts that were immediately raised, showed what an assemblage had gathered around the place to learn the issue of the case. The deliverance took place exactly a quarter of an hour before eleven o'clock in the morning of the 30th. When raised once more to the daylight, every precaution was taken to prevent any bad effects from a change so sudden. He was carried to a neighbouring house, with his body and head well wrapped up, and there he was laid in an apartment, from which the light was in a great measure excluded. After some spoonfuls of light broth and a little wine had been administered to him, he fell immediately asleep, never having tasted that blessing during his confinement. Before sleeping, he had spoken in such a way as to show that his mind had recovered its tone. His pulse was weak but quick, beating 126 times in a minute; his skin was cold, his thirst burning, and his tongue stuck almost to the roof of his mouth. While confined, he had eaten a portion of the leather front of his cap or bonnet, and he had even, he said, endeavoured to grind with his teeth a stone that lay before his mouth.

Etienne Billard soon recovered. His imprisonment had not been so protracted as to render the vital heat difficult of restoration. His body, however, though not mangled or bruised, as it might have been expected to be, retained for a long time a feeling of dull pain, from the pressure that had been exerted upon it.

ENGLISHMAN ASCENDING VESUVIUS.

THE Countess of Blessington, in her recent work, "The Idler in Italy," remarks that the travelling English make the worst appearance abroad of all nations, on account of the large portion of uneducated men whom wealth allows, amongst us, to quit their country for a season. The traces of this in continental albums are, she says, very conspicuous. The following is a grotesque picture presented by her ladyship of a fellow-countryman whom she found toiling up the slopes of Vesuvius. Supposing it to be an account of a real person actually seen, it supplies an apt illustration of the philosophy of a late article entitled, "Business and Leisure."

"A most piteous sight was presented to us by the ascent of a very fat elderly Englishman, who commenced this painful operation at the same time that we did. He was, like me, preceded by a guide with leathern straps, to which he adhered with such vigorous tenacity, as frequently to pull down the unfortunate man, who complained loudly. The lava, gravel, and cinders, put in motion by the feet of his conductor, rolling on those of the fat gentleman, extorted from him sundry reproaches, to which, however, the Italian was wholly insensible, not understanding a word of English. The rubicund face of our countryman was now become of so dark a crimson, as to convey the idea of no slight danger from an attack of apoplexy; and it was bathed in a profuse perspiration, which fell in large drops on his protuberant stomach. Being afraid to let go the leathern straps for even an instant, he was in a pitiable dilemma how to get at his pocket handkerchief. One of our party offered to take out his pocket handkerchief, seeing how much he stood in need of it; an offer which he thankfully accepted, but explained that his pocket was secured by buckles on the inside, to prevent his being robbed; a precaution, he added, that he well knew the necessity of, as those Lazaretos (*Lazaroni* he meant) would not otherwise leave a single article in it. It required no little portion of ingenuity to separate the pocket inside; and while the operation was performing, he kept praying that his purse, snuff-box, or silver flask, might not be displayed, lest they might tempt the Lazaretos to make away with him, in order to obtain those valuables.

"I took care to conceal my watch," said he with a significant look, "for I know these rascals of Lazaretos right well. Why, would you believe it, ladies and gentlemen? they pretty nearly knocked me down in that dirty village where the donkeys are hired. I was up to their tricks, however, and saw, with half an eye, that when they pretended to fight among themselves, it was a mere sham, as an excuse that I might get an unlucky blow between them, when, I warrant me, they would soon have dispatched me, and have divided my property amongst them, but they saw your large party coming, and that saved me."

I asked why, if his opinion of the Neapolitans was so bad, he ventured alone with them on so hazardous an expedition. "Indeed, ma'am, I never had such a foolish intention; for, would you believe it, I have come to that dirty village no less than three times, in the hope of meeting a large party of English who might serve as a protection for me, but until to-day never saw more than one or two persons, therefore I returned as I came. I had heard, however, so much of this burning mountain,

that I was determined to look on with my own eyes; for I am one of those who don't believe every thing I hear, I can tell you, and more especially about places in foreign parts. In truth, ma'am, I just wanted to be able to say when I got home, 'Why, good people, I've been on the spot, and am up to the whole thing.'"

NATURE.

[BY R. C. WATERSTON.]

I love thee, Nature—love thee well—
In sunny nook and twilight dell,
Where birds and bees and blossoms dwell,
And leaves and flowers;
And winds in low sweet voices tell
Of happy hours.

I love thy clear and running streams,
Which mildly flash with silver gleams,
Or darkly lie, like shadow dreams,
To bless the sight;
While every wave with beauty teems,
And smiles delight.

I love thy forest, deep and lone,
Where twilight shades are ever thrown,
And murmuring winds, with solemn tone,
Go slowly by,
Sending a peal like ocean moan,
Along the sky.

I love to watch at close of day,
The heavens in splendour melt away,
From radiant gold to silver grey,
As sinks the sun;
While stars upon their trackless way,
Come one by one.

I love, I know not which the best,
The little wood-bird in its nest,
The wave that mirrors in its breast
The landscape true,
Or the sweet flower by winds carressed,
And bathed in dew.

They all are to my bosom dear,
They all God's messengers appear!
Preludes to songs that spirits hear!
Mute prophecies!
Faint types of a resplendent sphere
Beyond the skies!

The clouds—the mist—the sunny air—
All that is beautiful and fair,
Beneath, around, and everywhere,
Were sent in love,
And some eternal truth declare
From heaven above!

—New York Mirror.

MISERIES OF AMERICAN NEWSPAPER PROPRIETORS.

[The serio-comic complaints of editors and publishers of newspapers, that their subscribers fail to pay for their papers, seem to form a standard topic among our transatlantic brethren of the press. The following are two specimens of this kind of lachrymose drollery.]

A SINGULAR ADVENTURE.

Once upon a time a traveller stepped into a post-coach. He was a young man, just starting in life. He found six passengers about him, all of them grey-headed, and extremely aged men. The youngest appeared to have seen at least eighty winters. Our young traveller was struck with the singularly mild and happy aspect which distinguished his fellow-passengers, and determined to ascertain the secret of long life, and the art of making old age comfortable. He first addressed the one who was apparently the oldest, who said that he had always led a regular and abstemious life, eating vegetables and drinking water. The young man was rather daunted at this, inasmuch as he liked the good things of this life. He addressed the second, who astonished him by saying he had eaten roast beef and gone to bed regularly drunk for seventy years—adding, that all depended on regularity. The third had prolonged his days by never seeking or accepting office; the fourth by resolutely abstaining from political or religious controversies; and the fifth by going to bed at sunset and rising at dawn. The sixth was apparently much younger than the other five; his hair was less grey, and there was more of it—a placid smile, denoting a perfectly upright conscience, mantled his face, and his voice was jocund and strong. They were all surprised to learn that he was by ten years the oldest man in the coach. "How!" exclaimed our young traveller, "how is it you have thus preserved the freshness of life?—where there is one wrinkle on your brow, there are fifteen on that of each of your juniors—tell me, I pray, your secret of long life?" "It is no mystery," said the old man; "I have drunk water and wine; I have eaten meat, and have eaten vegetables; I have held a public office; I have dabbled in politics, and have written religious pamphlets; I have sometimes gone to bed at sunset, and sometimes at midnight; got up at sunrise, and at noon; but—I always paid promptly for my newspapers."

DELINQUENT SUBSCRIBERS.

The Mobile Mercantile Advertiser has changed proprietors. Mr Smith, the former conductor of the journal, thus concludes his farewell remarks to his readers. There is more truth than poetry in what he says. Hear him, and let those to whom his remarks apply consider their conduct. We have a few such patrons as those of Mr Smith among the readers of the *Mirror*—we are sorry to say—but we hope their number will decrease every week. They are the incubuses that paralyse exertion and depress the literature of the land. But to the extract—

"Of all trades, professions, or callings, I know of none—I have followed a great many—so poorly paid as publishers of newspapers. Many patrons of newspapers, otherwise worthy, punctual men, think it not unrighteous to let the publisher wait year after year for his dues—

and at last, if he is compelled to pay, he does it with a very bad grace. Mr Type must have his money, must he? Well, if he must, he must. Give me a receipt; and, do you hear, stop the paper! I have patronised that establishment six years—there is no such thing as gratitude in the world. Another will tell you he never subscribed for the paper; 'the boy has left it every morning, it is true, and as it was left, I did read it occasionally—but I never ordered it.' There is another class of patrons, who never subscribe at all, but are great friends of the paper, and always read it—in fact, this is the class who may be termed 'your constant readers.' 'Here, Sam, go over the way, with my compliments to Mr Tompkins, and ask him for the loan of his paper; and, Sam, tell him, as he never reads it before breakfast, I'll thank him to let John bring it over here every morning—it is an excellent paper—that editor really knows what he is about—I begin to think of patronising him myself.' There yet remains to be mentioned one more class of patrons—supporters, I should say—for they are the support and stay of publishers. This class is composed of those who say, 'Here, Mr Clerk, be so good as to place my name on your subscription list, and write opposite to it PAID IN ADVANCE.' In looking over a list of some thousands yesterday, I saw a hundred or two of this class. If I had any golden types, their names should literally appear in letters of gold. There are now from twelve to fifteen thousand dollars due this office; and I am convinced the new proprietors would willingly sell all the debts for five thousand! It is thus with all newspapers—and why? because publishers are good-natured, and submit to their own degradation in the scale of tradesmen. Let this state of things be amended—reform it altogether. Adhere strictly to the terms of your papers—for, take the word of an experienced man, you had better keep your ink and paper than furnish them and your labour for nothing. You may get popularity, but you will get no pork and cabbage for your dinner."

Delinquent subscriber—if you be an honest man, send us the amount you owe us.—Ed. N. Y. M.R.

REMOVAL.

I have such horror of moving, that I would not take a benefice from the king, if I were not indulged with non-residence. What a dislocation of comfort is comprised in that word—moving! Such a heap of little nasty things, after you think all is got into the cart; old dredging boxes, worn-out brushes, gallipots, vials, things that it is impossible the most necessitous person can ever want, but which the women, who preside on these occasions, will not leave behind if it were to save your life; they'd keep the cart ten minutes to stow in dirty pipes and broken matches, to show their economy. Then you can find nothing you want for many days after you get into your new lodgings. You must comb your hair with your fingers, wash your hands without soap—go about in dirty gaiters. Were I Diogenes, I would not move out of a kilderkin into a hogsheld, though the first had nothing but small beer in it, and the second reeked claret.—Lamb.

CAPACITY FOR HAPPINESS.

Happiness consists in the multiplicity of agreeable consciousness. A peasant has not a capacity for having equal happiness with a philosopher: they may be equally satisfied, but not equally happy. A small drinking-glass and a large one may be equally full, but the larger one holds more than the small one.—Johnson.

ATTACK UPON A LION.

Passing the following morning, Richardson and myself were suddenly made aware of the monster's presence by perceiving a pair of gooseberry eyes glaring upon us from beneath a shady bush; and instantly, upon reining up our horses, the grim savage bolted out with a roar like thunder, and bounded across the plain with the agility of a greyhound. The luxuriant beauty of his shaggy black mane, which almost swept the ground, tempted us, contrary to established rule, to give him battle, with the design of obtaining possession of his spoils; and he no sooner found himself hotly pursued, than he faced about, and stood at bay in a mimosa grove, measuring the strength of his assailants with a port the most noble and imposing. Disliking our appearance, however, and not relishing the smell of gunpowder, he soon abandoned the grove, and took up his position on the summit of an adjacent stony hill, the base of which being thickly clothed with thorn trees, we could only obtain a view of him from the distance of three hundred yards. Crouched on this fortified pinnacle, like the sculptured figure at the entrance of a nobleman's park, the enemy disdainfully surveyed us for several minutes, daring us to approach with an air of conscious power and pride, which well becometh his grizzled form. As the rifle-balls struck the ground nearer and nearer at each discharge, his wrath, as indicated by his glistering eyes, increased roar, and impatient switching of the tail, was clearly getting the mastery over his prudence. Presently a shot broke his leg. Down he came upon the other three, with reckless impetuosity, his tail straight out and whirling on its axis, his mane bristling on end, and his eyeballs flashing rage and vengeance. Unable, however, to overtake our horses, he shortly retreated under a heavy fir, limping and discomfited, to his stronghold. Again we bombarded him, and, again exasperated, he rushed into the plain with headlong fury, the blood now streaming from his open jaws, and dyeing his mane with crimson. It was a gallant charge, but it was to be his last. A well-directed shot arresting him in full career, he pitched with violence upon his skull, and throwing a complete somersault, subsided amid a cloud of dust.—Harris.

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
ST PAUL.

"DO YOU THINK I'D INFORM?"

JAMES HARRAGAN was as fine a specimen of an Irishman as could be met with in our own dear country, where the "human form divine," if not famous for very delicate, is at least celebrated for very strong proportions: he was, moreover, a well-educated, intelligent person; that is to say, he could read and write, keep correct accounts of his buying and selling, and managed his farm, consisting of ten good acres of the best land in a part of Ireland where all is good (the Barony of Forth), so as to secure the approbation of an excellent landlord, and his own prosperity. It was a pleasant sight to see the honest farmer bring out the well-fed horse and the neatly appointed car, every Saturday morning, whereon his pretty daughter Sydney journeyed into Wexford, to dispose of the eggs, butter, and poultry, the sale of which aided her father's exertions.

Sydney was rather an unusual name for a young Irish girl; but her mother had been housekeeper to a noble lady, who selected it for her, though it assimilated strangely with Harragan. The maiden herself was lithe, cheerful, industrious, and of a gentle loving nature; her brown affectionate eyes betokened, as brown eyes always do, more of feeling than of intellect; and her red lips, white teeth, and rich dark hair, entitled her to the claim of rustic beauty. Her mother had been dead about two years, and Sydney, who during her lifetime was somewhat inclined to be vain and thoughtless, had, as her father expressed it, "taken altogether a turn for good," and discharged her duties admirably as mistress of James Harragan's household. She had five brothers, all younger than herself; the two elder were able and willing to assist in the farm, the juniors went regularly to school.

Sorrow for the loss of his wife had both softened and humbled James Harragan's spirit; and when Sydney, disdainful any assistance, sprang lightly into the car, and seated herself in the midst of her rural treasures, her father's customary prayer, "Good luck to you, Sydney, my darling," was increased by the prayer of "May the Lord bless you, and keep you to me, now, and till the day of my death!"

The car went on, Sydney laughing and nodding to her father, while he smiled and returned her salutation, though, when she was fairly out of sight, he passed the back of his rough hand across his eyes, and muttered, "I almost wish she was not so like her mother!" When James entered his cottage, he sat by the fire, and, taking down a slate that hung above the settle, began to make thereupon sundry calculations, which I do not profess to understand; how long he might have continued so occupied, I cannot determine, for his cogitations were interrupted by the entrance of a gentleman, who was by his side ere he noticed his approach. The usual salutations were exchanged; the best chair dusted, and presented to the stranger; every thing in the house was tendered for his acceptance. "His honour had a long walk, would he have an egg or a rasher for a snack; Sydney was out, but Bessy her cousin was above in the loft, and would get it or any thing else in a minute; or maybe he'd have a glass of ale—good it was—Cherry's ale—no better in the kingdom." All Irishmen—and particularly so fine and manly a fellow as James—to be seen to advantage, should be seen in their own houses—CABINS I cannot call such as are tenanted by the warm farmers of this well-cultivated district.

Mr Herrick, however, could not be tempted; he would not suffer the rasher to be cut, nor the ale to be drawn, and James looked sad because his visitor declined accepting his humble but cheerful hospitality.

"James," said Mr Herrick, "I am glad I found you at home and alone, for I wanted to speak with you. I have long considered you superior to your neighbours.

I do not mean as a farmer—though you have twice received the highest prizes which the Agricultural Society bestow—but as a man."

James looked gratified, and said he was so.

"I have found you, James, the first to see improvement, and to adopt it, however much popular prejudice might be against it. You have been ever ready to listen to and act upon the advice of those whom your reason told you were qualified to give it; and you have not been irritated or annoyed when faults, national or individual, have been pointed out to you which can be and ought to be remedied."

"I believe what your honour says is true; but sure it's proud and happy we ought to be to have the truth told of us—it is what does not always happen; if it did, poor Ireland would have had more justice done her long ago than ever came to her share yet."

"And that, James, is also true," said Mr Herrick; "the Irish character has not only its individual differences, which always must be the case, but it has its provincial, its baronial distinctions."

"Indeed, sir," replied Harragan, "there can be no doubt about that; we should be sorry, civilised as we are here, to be compared to the wild rangers of Connaught, or to the stayed, quiet, tradesman-like people of the north."

"The northers are a fine prudent people," said Mr Herrick, "notwithstanding your prejudice; but what you have said is only another proof that persons may write very correctly about the north of Ireland, and yet, unless they see the south, form a very limited, or, it may be, erroneous idea of the character of the south-erns. The Irish are more difficult to understand than people imagine. You are a very unmanageable people, James," added the gentleman, good humouredly.

"Bedad, sir, I suppose you're right; some of us are, I dare say. And now, sir, I suppose there is a reason for that."

"There is," answered his friend. "You are an unmanageable people, because of your prejudices."

"That's your old story against us, Mr Herrick," said James; "and yet you can't deny but I've been often led by your honour, and for my good, I'll own to that."

"James," continued his friend, "will you answer me one question? Were you, or were you not, at Gerald Casey's on Monday week?"

James's countenance fell, it positively elongated, at the question. So great was the change, that those who did not know the man might have imagined he had committed a crime, and anticipated immediate punishment. "At Gerald Casey's?" he repeated.

Mr Herrick drew a letter—a soiled, dirty-looking letter—from his pocket, and slowly repeated the question.

"I was, sir," he answered, resting his back against the dresser, and pressing his open palms upon the board, as if the action gave him strength.

"Who was there, James?"

"Is it who was in it, sir? Why, there was—Bedad, sir, there was—Oh, then, it's the bad head I have at remembering—I forget who was there." And the countenance of James assumed, despite his exertions, a lying expression that was totally unworthy his honest nature.

"James," observed Mr Herrick, "you used not to have a bad memory. I have heard you speak of many trifling acts of kindness my father showed you when you were a boy of twelve years old."

The farmer's face was in a moment suffused with crimson, and he interrupted him with the grateful warmth of an affectionate Irish heart. "Oh, sir, sure you don't think I'm worse than the poor dog that follows night and day at my foot? You don't think I've no heart in my body?"

"I was talking of your memory," said Mr Herrick, quietly; "and I ask you again to tell me who were at Gerald Casey's on Monday week?"

"I left Gerald Casey's before dusk, sir; and it's what took me in it was—"

"I don't ask you when you left it, or what took you there. I only ask you who were present?"

James saw there was no use in equivocating, for that Mr Herrick would be answered. He was, as I have said, an excellent fellow; yet he had, in common with his countrymen, a very provoking way of evading a question; but, anxious as he was to evade this, he could not manage it. Mr Herrick looked him so steadfastly in the face, that he slowly answered, "I'd rather not say one way or other who was there or who was not there. I've an idea, from something I heard this morning, before the little girl went into Wexford, that I know now what your honour's driving at. And sure," and his face deepened in colour as he continued—"and sure, Mr Herrick, 'do you think I'd inform?'"

Mr Herrick was not astonished at the answer he received. On the contrary, he was quite prepared for it, and prepared also to combat a principle that militates so strongly against the comfort and security of those who reside in Ireland.

"Will you," he inquired, "tell me what you mean by the word 'inform?'"

"It's a mean dirty practice, sir," replied Harragan, "to be repeating every word one hears in a neighbour's house."

"So it is," answered the gentleman; "an evil, mean practice, to repeat what is said merely from a love of gossip. But suppose a person, being accidentally one of a party, heard a plot formed against your character, perhaps your life, and not only concealed the circumstance, but absolutely refused to give any clue by which such a conspiracy could be detected—"

"Oh, sir," interrupted Harragan, "that's nothing here nor there. I couldn't tell in the grey of the evening who went in or out of the place; I had no call to any one, and I don't want any one to have any call to me."

"You must know perfectly well who was there," said Mr Herrick. "The case is simply this: a gentleman in this neighbourhood has received two anonymous letters, attacking the character of a person who has been confidentially employed by him for some years. James Harragan, you know who wrote those letters; and I ask you, how, as an honest man, you can lay your head upon your pillow and sleep, knowing that an equally honest man may be deprived of the means to support his young family, and be turned adrift upon the world through the positive malice of those who are envious of his prosperity and good name."

James looked very uncomfortable, but did not trust himself to speak.

"I repeat, you know by whom these letters are written."

"As I hope to be saved!" exclaimed James, "I saw no writing—not the scratch of a pen!"

"Harragan," continued Mr Herrick, "it would be well for our country if many of its inhabitants were not so quick at invention."

"I have not told a lie, sir."

"No, but you have done worse—you have equivocated. Though you did not see the letter written, you knew it was written; and an equivocation is so cowardly, that I wonder an Irishman would resort to it; a lie is in itself cowardly, but an equivocation is more cowardly still."

Harragan for a moment looked shillalals and crab-thorns at his friend, for such he had frequently proved himself to be, but made no further observation, simply confining himself to the change and repetition of the sentences—"Do you think I'd inform?" "Not one belonging to me ever turned informer."

"Am I then," said Mr Herrick, rising, "to go away with the conviction, that you know an injury has been done to an innocent person, and yet will not do any thing to convict a man guilty of a moral assassination?"

"A what, sir?"

"A moral murder."

"Look here, sir; one can't fly in the face of the country. If I was to tell, my life would not be safe either in or out of my own house; you ought to know this. Besides, there is something very mean in an informer."

"It is very sad," replied Mr Herrick, "that a spirit of combination for evil more than for good destroys the confidence which otherwise the gentry and strangers would be disposed to place in the peasantry of Ireland. As long as a man fears to speak and act like a man, so long as he dare not hear the proud and happy sound of his own voice in condemnation of the wicked, and in praise of the upright—so long, in fact, as an Irishman dare not speak what he knows—so long, and no longer, will Ireland be insecure, and its people scorned as cowards!"

"As cowards!" repeated James indignantly.

"Ay," said Mr Herrick; "there is a moral as well as a physical courage. The man who, in the heat of battle, faces a cannon ball, or who, in the hurry and excitement of a fair or pattern, exposes his bare head to the rattle of shillaloes and clan-alpines without shrinking from punishment or death, is much inferior to the man who has the superior moral bravery to act in accordance with the dictates of his own conscience, and does right while those around him do wrong."

"I dare say that's all very true, sir," said James, scratching his head; adding, while most anxious to change the subject, "It's a pity yer honour wasn't a councillor or a magistrate, a priest, minister, or friar itself, then you'd have great sway entirely with your words and your learning."

"Not more than I have at present. Do you think it is a wicked thing to take away the character of an honest man?"

"To be sure I do, sir."

"And yet you become a party to the act."

"How so, sir?"

"By refusing to bring, or assist in bringing, to justice those who have endeavoured to ruin the father of a large family. Do you believe so many murders and burnings would take place if the truth was spoken?"

"No, sir."

"That's a direct answer from an Irishman for once. If the evil-disposed, the disturbers of the country, knew that truth would be spoken, disturbances would soon cease; you believe this, and yet, by your silence, you shield those whom you *know* to be bad, and despise with all your heart and soul."

"I don't want to have any call to them one way or other, good, bad, or indifferent," answered James.

"Very well," said Mr Herrick, thoroughly provoked at the man's obstinacy, and rising to leave the cottage; "you say you wish to have no call to them. But mark me, James Harragan: when the spirit of anonymous letter-writing gets into a neighbourhood—when wicked-minded persons can destroy either a man's reputation or his life with equal security, there is no knowing where the evil may stop, or who shall escape its influence. The knowledge of the extent to which these secret conspiracies are carried, deters capitalists from settling amongst us; they may have security for their money, but they have none for their lives; if they offend by taking land, or offering opposition to received opinions, their doom may be fixed; those whom they have trusted will know of that doom, and yet no one will come forward to save them from destruction."

"Sir," said Harragan, "secret information is sometimes given."

"I would accept no man's secret information," answered Mr Herrick, for he was an upright man, perhaps too uncompromising for the persons with whom he had to deal; "justice should not only be even-handed, but open-handed; it is a reproach to a country when the law finds it necessary to offer rewards for secret information. I wish I could convince you, James, of the difference which exists between a person who devotes his time to peeping and prying for the purpose of conveying information to serve himself, and him who speaks the truth, from the upright and honourable motive of seeing justice done to his fellow-creatures."

"I see the differ clear enough, sir," replied the farmer; "but none of my people ever turned informers. I'll have no call to it, and it's no use saying any more about the matter; there are plenty of people in the country can tell who was there as well as I—I'll have no call to it. When I went in the place, I little thought of who I'd meet there, and I'll go bail it's long before I'll trouble it again. There's enough said and done now."

"A good deal said, certainly," rejoined Mr Herrick, "but nothing done. There are parts of the country where I know that my entering into this investigation would endanger my life, but, thank God, that is not the case here. I will pursue my investigation to the uttermost, and do not despair of discovering the delinquent."

"I hope you may with all my heart and soul, sir," replied the farmer.

"Then why not aid me? If you are sincere, why not assist?"

And again James Harragan muttered, "Do you think I'd inform?"

"I declare, before heaven!" exclaimed Mr Herrick, "you are the most provoking people under the sun to deal with."

"I ask your honour's pardon," said James, slyly; "but you have not lived long enough in foreign parts to know that."

"Your readiness will not drive me from my purpose."

I repeat you are the most provoking people in the world to deal with. Convince an Englishman or a Scotchman, and having convinced his reason, you may be certain he will act upon that conviction; but you, however convinced your reason may be, continue to act from the dictates of your prejudice. Remember this, however, James Harragan: you have refused to pluck out the arrow which an unseen hand has planted in the bosom of an excellent and industrious man—take care that the same invisible power does not aim a shaft against yourself!"

Mr Herrick quitted the cottage more in sorrow than in anger; and after he was gone, James Harragan thought over what he had said; he was quite ready to confess its truth, but prejudice still maintained its ascendancy. "Aim a shaft against myself," he repeated; "I don't think any of them would do that, though I'm sorry to say many as good and better than I, have been forced to fly the country through secret malice; it is a bad thing, but times 'ill mend, I hope."

Alas! James Harragan is not the only man in my beloved country who satisfies himself with hoping that times will mend, without endeavouring to mend them. "Aim a shaft against myself," he again repeated. "Well, I'm sure what Mr Herrick said is true; but, for all that, I couldn't inform!"

The fact was, that, reason as he would, James could not get rid of his prejudice; he could not make the distinction between the man who turns the faults and vices of his fellow-creatures to his own account, and he who, for the good of others, simply and unselfishly speaks the truth.

Time passed on: Mr Herrick, of course, failed in his efforts to discover the author of the anonymous letter; the person against whom it was directed, although protected by his landlord, was ultimately obliged to relinquish his employment, and seek in other lands the peace and security he could not find in his own; he might, to be sure, have weathered the storm, for his enemies, as will be seen by the following anecdote, had no immediate intention of persecuting him to the death. A stranger, who bore a great resemblance to the person so obnoxious to those who met at the smith's forge, was attacked while travelling on an outside car in the evening, and in the immediate neighbourhood, and beaten most severely before his assailants discovered they had ill used the wrong man! Nothing could exceed their regret when they discovered their mistake.

"Ah, thin, who are ye at all at all?" inquired one fellow, after having made him stand up, that they might again knock him down more to their satisfaction; "sure ye're not within a foot as tall as the boy we're after. Is it crooked in the back ye are on purpose? Well, now, think o' that!—what call had ye to be on Barney Brian's car, that so often carries him, and with the same surtoe? and why didn't ye say ye wasn't another? Well, it's heart sorry we are for the mistake, and hope it'll never happen to ye again, to be like another man, and he an out-lawyer, as a body may say, having received enough notice to quit long ago, if he'd only heeded it, which we'll make him do, or have his life, after we admonish him onst more, as we've done you by mistake, with a taste of a-bating, which we'd ask ye to tell him, if you know him; there, we'll lay you on the car, as aisy as if you war in yer mother's lap, and ask ye to forgive us, which we hope you'll do, as it was all a mistake! and no help for it!"

The victim of "the mistake," however, who was an Englishman, suffered for more than three months, and cannot comprehend to this day why those who attacked him so furiously were not sought out and brought to justice. He never could understand why an honest man should refuse to criminate a villain. The poor fellow for whom the beating was intended was not slow to discover the fact, and, with a heavy heartache, bade adieu to his native land, which, but for the sake of his young children, he would hardly have quitted even to preserve his own life.

James Harragan did not note those occurrences without much sorrow; he saw his daughter Sydney's eyes red for three entire days from weeping the departure of the exile's wife, whom she loved with the affection of a sister; and he had the mortification to see his beloved barony distinguished in the papers as a "disturbed district" from the mistake to which we have alluded, at the very time when many of the gentry were sleeping with their doors unfastened. James Harragan knew perfectly well that if he had spoken the truth, all this could have been prevented. Still time passed on. Mr Herrick seldom visited James; and though he admired his crops, and spoke kindly to his children, the farmer felt he had lost a large portion of the esteem he so highly valued.

But when a man goes on in the full tide of worldly prosperity, he does not continue long in trouble upon minor matters. Sydney's eyes were no longer red; nay, they were more sparkling than ever, for they were brightened by a passion to which she had been hitherto a stranger. And Sydney, though gifted with as much constancy as most people, if she did not forget, certainly did not think as frequently as before of her absent friend. Sydney, in fact, was what is called—in love; which, I believe, is acknowledged by all who have been in a similar dilemma, to be a very confusing, perplexing situation. That poor Sydney found it so, was evident, for she became subject to certain flushings of the cheek and beatings of the heart, accompanied by a confusion of the intellectual faculties, which puzzled her father for a time quite as much as herself. She would call rabbits chickens, and chickens rabbits, in the public market, and was known to have given forty-two new laid eggs for a shilling, when she ought only to have given thirty-six.

Then in her garden, her own pet garden, she sowed mignonette and hollyhocks together, and wondered how it was that what she fancied sweet pea, had come up "love lies bleeding." Dear, warm, affectionate Sydney Harragan! She was a model of all that is excellent in simple guileless woman; and when Ralph Furlong drew from her a frank but most modest confession that his love

was returned, and that "if her father did not put again it," she would gladly share his cottage and his fortunes, there was not a young disengaged farmer in the county that would not have envied him his "good luck."

Soon after James Harragan's consent had been obtained to a union which he believed would secure the happiness of his darling child, the farmer was returning from the fair of New Ross, where he had been to dispose of some spare farming-stock; and as he trotted briskly homeward, passing the well-known mountain, or, as it is called, "Rock" of Carrickburn, he was overtaken by a man, to whom he had seldom spoken since the evening when he had seen him and some others at Gerald Casey's forge. Many months had elapsed since then. And, truth to say, as the young man had removed to a cottage somewhere on the banks of the blue and gentle river Slaney, James had often hoped that he might never see him again.

"I'm glad I overtook you, Mr Harragan," he said, urging his long lean narrow mare, close to the stout well-fed cob of the comfortable farmer. "It's a fine bright evening for the time of year. I intended coming to you next week, having something particular to talk about."

"Nothing that concerns me, I fancy," replied Harragan, stiffly.

"I hope it does, and that it will; times are changed since we met last—with me particularly," Harragan made no reply, and they rode on together in silence for some time longer.

"Mr Harragan, though you are a trustworthy man as ever steept in shoe leather, I am afraid you haven't a good opinion of me."

"Whatever opinion I may have, you know I kept it to myself," replied the farmer.

"Thank you for nothing," was the characteristic reply.

"Ye're welcome," rejoined James, as drily. Again they trotted silently on their way, until the stranger suddenly exclaimed, reining up his mare at the same moment, "I'll tell you what my business would be with you; there's nothing like speaking out of the face at onst."

"You did not always think so," said the farmer.

"Oh, sir, aisy now; let bygones be bygones; the country's none the worse of getting rid of one who was ever and always minding other people's business; and you yourself, Mr Harragan, are none the worse for not having high-bred people ever poking their noses in yer place!"

"Say what you have to say at onst," observed James; "the evening will soon close in, and the little girl I have at home thinks it long till I return."

"It's about her I want to spake," said the stranger.

"If you'll take the trouble some fine morning early to ride over to where the dark green woods of Castle Boro dip their boughs in the Slaney, ye'd see that I have as tidy a place, as well filled a haggard, and as well managed fields, as any holder of ten acres of land in the county; besides that, I have my eye on another farm that's out of lease, and if all goes right I'll have it. Now, ye see my sister's married, and my mother's dead, and I've no one to look after things; and for every pound ye'd tell down with yer daughter, I'd show a pound's worth. And so, Mr Harragan, I thought that of all the girls in the country, I'd prefer Sydney; and if we kept company for a while"—he turned his handsome but sinister and impudent countenance towards the astonished farmer, adding—"I don't think she'd refuse me."

"You might be mistaken for all that," replied James, grasping his stout stick still more tightly in his hand, from a very evident desire to knock the fellow down.

"Well, now, I don't think I should," he replied, with vulgar confidence; "it's the aisiest thing in life to manage a purty girl, if one has the knack, and I've managed so many."

"Ride on!" interrupted the farmer indignantly. "Ride on, before I am tempted to knock ye off the poor starved beast that ye haven't the heart to feed! You marry my Sydney—*you!*—a rascal like *you!* Why, Stephen Murphy, you must be gone mad—Sydney married with a cowardly backbiter! I'd rather dress her shroud with my own hands. A—ride on, I tell you," he continued, almost choked with passion; "there is nothing, I believe, that you would think too bad to do. And, hark ye, take it for your comfort that she is going to be married to one worthy of her, and I her father say so."

"Oh, very well! very well!" said the bravo; "as you please, Mr Harragan, as you please; I meant to pay yer family a compliment—a compliment for yer silence, ye understand me; not that I would myself over and above obligeed for that either. Ye like to take care of yerself, for the sake of yer little girl, I suppose; and the country might grow too hot for you, as well as for others, if ye made free with yer tongue. No harm done; but if I had spaking with the girl for one hour, I'd put any sweetheart in the county, barring myself, out of her head. I'll find out the happy young man, and wish him joy. Oh, maybe I wout wish joy to the boy for whom I'm insulted," he added, inflicting a blow upon the bare ribs of the poor animal he rode, that made her start; "maybe I wout wish him joy, and give him Steve Murphy's blessing. Starved as ye call my baste, there's twice the blood in her that creeps through the flesh of yer overfed cob;" and, sticking the long solitary iron spur which he wore on his right heel into the mare, he flew past James Harragan, flourishing his stick with a whirl, and shouting so loud, that the mountain echoes of the wild rocks of Carrickburn repeated the words "joy! joy!" as if they had been thrown into their caverns by the fend of mockery himself.

Instantly James urged his stout horse forward, crying at the top of his voice to Murphy to stop; but either the animal was tired, or the mare was endowed with supernatural swiftness, for he soon lost sight even of the skirts of Murphy's coat, which floated loosely behind him. "The scoundrel!" he muttered to himself, while the gallop of his steed subsided into a heavy but tolerably rapid trot; "I wanted to tell him to take care how he meddled with me or mine. Sydney! Sydney indeed! And the rascal's assurance!—he never spoke three words to my girl in his life! It's a good thing we're rid of him here

any way. I hope he's not a near neighbour of any of Furlong's people, that's all; his impudence—to me who knew him so well! *Save me right,*" he thought within himself, when his mutterings had subsided; "save me right, to keep the secret of such a fellow. I suffered those who war innocent to leave the country—and he to talk of paying my family a compliment! Mr Herrick said it would come home to me, and so it has. I'm sure Murphy must have been overtaken,* or he'd never dare to propose such a thing. But, then, if he was, why, the devil takes the weight off a tipsy man's tongue, and then all's out."

It was night before Harragan arrived at his farm, and there the warm smiles and bright eyes of his Sydney were ready to greet his descent from the back of his stout steed, and the bridegroom elect was ready to hold the horse; and his sons, now growing up rapidly to manhood, crowded round him; and his dog, far more respectable in appearance than the generality of Irish cottage dogs, leaped to lick his hand; and the cat, with tail erect, purred at the door; the very magpie, that Sydney loved for its love of mischief, stretched its neck through its prison bars to greet the farmer's return to his cottage home.

"There's no use in talking," said James Harragan, after the conclusion of a meal which few small farmers are able to indulge in—I mean supper. "There's no use in talking, Sydney—but I can't spare you—it's a certain fact, I cannot spare you. Furlong must find a farm near us, and live here; why, wanting my little girl, I should be like a sky without a sun."

"Farms are not to be had here—they are too valuable to be easily obtained, as you well know," replied the young man; "but sure she'll not be a day's ride from you, sir, unless, indeed, my brother should have the luck to get a farm for me that he's after by the Slaney, a little on the other side of the ferry of Mount Garrett; but that is such a bit of ground as is hard to be met with." The father hardly noticed Furlong's reply, for his eyes and thoughts were fixed upon his child, until the word "Slaney" struck upon his ear, and brought back Murphy, his proposal, his threat, and his flying horse, at once to his remembrance.

"What did you say of a farm on the Slaney?" he inquired, hastily.

"That I have the chance, the more than chance, of as purty a bit of land with a house, a slated house upon it, on the banks of the Silver Slaney, as ever was turned for wheat or barley—to say nothing of green crops, that would bato the world for quality or quantity. My brother has known the cows there yield fourteen or sixteen quarts. I did not like to say any thing about it before, for I was afraid I should never have the luck of it, but he wrote me to-day to say that he was almost sure of it, though some black-hearted villain had written letters without a name to the landlord, and agent, and steward, against us. Think of that now! We that never did a hard turn to man, woman, or child in the country."

James Harragan absolutely shuddered; and, passing his arm round Sydney's neck, drew her towards him with a sort of instinctive affection, like a bird that shelters its nestling beneath its wing, when it hears the wild-hawk's scream upon the breeze.

"Sydney shall never go there," said Harragan.

"Not go to the banks of the Slaney!" exclaimed her eldest brother. "Why, father, you don't know what a place it is—you don't know what you say. Besides, an hour and a half would take you quite easy to where Furlong means. You make a great deal too much fuss about the girl." And having so said, he stooped down and kissed her cheek, adding, "Never mind, father; I'll bring you home a daughter that'll be twice as good as Sydney. I'll just take one more summer out of myself, that's all, and then I'll marry; may be I won't show a pattern wife to the country!" And then the youth was rated on the subject of bachelors' wives. And he retaliated; and then his sister threatened to box his ears, and was not slow in putting the threat into execution; and soon afterwards, Furlong rose to return home; and Sydney remembered she had forgotten to see to the health and comforts of a delicate calf; and though the servant and her brothers all offered to go, she would attend to it herself; and, five minutes after, her father went to the door, heard her light laugh and low murmuring voice, and saw her standing with her lover in the moonlight—he outside, and she inside the garden-gate, her hand clasped within his, and resting on the little pier that was clustered round with woodbine. She looked so lovely in that clear pure light, that her father's heart ached from very anguish at the possibility of any harm happening to one so dear. He longed to ask Furlong if he knew Murphy, but a choking sensation in his throat prevented him. And when Sydney returned, he caught her to his bosom, and burst into a flood of such violent tears, as strong men seldom shed.

The poisoned chalice was approaching his own lips. What would he not have given at that moment that he had acceded to Mr Herrick's proposal!—for had Murphy's villany become public, he must have quitted the country. How did he, even then, repent that he had not yielded to his reason, instead of his prejudice!

Young Furlong was at a loss to account for the steady determination with which, at their next meeting, his intended father-in-law opposed his taking a farm in every way so advantageous; James hardly dared acknowledge to himself, much less impart to another, the dread he entertained of Steve Murphy's machinations; this was increased tenfold, when he found that he was the person who not only desired, but had offered for that identical farm a heavier rent than he would ever have been able to pay for it. The landlord, well aware of this fact, and knowing that a rack-rent destroys first the land, secondly the tenant, and ultimately the landlord's property, had decided on bestowing his pet farm as a reward to the superior skill and industry of a young man whose enemies were too cowardly to attempt to substantiate their base charges against him.

* Tipsy.

I can only repeat my often expressed desire, that every other Irish landlord acted in the same manner. It would be impossible to convey an idea of how continually James Harragan's mind dwelt upon Steve Murphy's threat; at first he tried if Sydney's love towards Furlong was to be shaken, but that he found impossible.

"If you withdraw your consent, father," she said, "after having given it, and being perfectly unable to find a single fault with him, I can only say I will not disobey you; but, father, I will never marry—I will never take to any as I took to him, nor you need not expect it—you shall not make me disobedient, father, but you may break my heart." Sydney, resigned and suffering, pained her father more than Sydney remonstrating against injustice. She had before shown him how hard it was, not only after encouraging, but actually accepting Furlong, to dismiss him without reason, and had reproached him in an agony of bitter feeling for his inconsistency. When this did not produce the desired effect, her cheek grew pale, her step languid, her eyes lost their gentle brightness, and her eldest brother ventured to tell his father "that he was digging his daughter's grave!" The disappointment of the young man beggars description; he declared he would enlist, go to sea, "quit the country," break his heart, shoot any who put "betwixt them," and, after many prayers, used every possible and impossible threat, except the one which the Irish so rarely either threaten or execute, that of self-destruction, to induce James to alter his resolution; and James, unable to stand against this domestic storm, did of course retract; and the consequence was, that he lost by this changing mood the confidence of his children, who had ever till then regarded him with the deepest affection. He dared not communicate the reason of his first change, for doing so would have betrayed the foolish and unfortunate secret he had persevered in keeping, in opposition to common sense, and the estrangement of an old and valuable friend; he could not witness the returned happiness of his children without foreboding that something was to occur that would completely destroy it; and the joyous laughter of his daughter, at one time the sweet music of his household, was sure to send him forth with an aching heart.

Nor was young Furlong without his anxieties; he received more than one anonymous letter, threatening that if he did not immediately give up all thoughts of the farm, he would suffer for it; the notices were couched in the usual terms, which, in truth, I care not to repeat; it is quite enough to say that they differed in no respect from others of a similar kind, and with a like intention. However inclined the young man might feel to despise such hints, the experience of the country unfortunately proved that they ought not to be disregarded; but his brother, stronger of heart and spirit, argued that their faction was too powerful, their friends too numerous, to leave room for fear; that their own country was (as it really is) particularly quiet; and that, as Mr Harragan was "so humoursome," the best way would be to say nothing at all about it; that it was evident those who had tried to set the landlord against them, having failed in their design, resolved to try the effect of personal intimidation; concluding by observing, "that it was the best way to go on easy," and "never heeding," until after the lease was signed, and the wedding over, and then they'd "see about it!" However consistent this mode of reasoning might be with Irish feeling, it was very sad to perceive how ready the Furlongs were to trust to the strong arm of the people, instead of appealing to the strong arm of the law. I wish the peasantry and their friends could perceive how they degrade themselves in the scale of civilised society by such a course; it is this perpetual taking of all laws, but particularly the law of revenge, into their own hands, that keeps up the hue and cry against them throughout England. I confess time has been when there was one law for the rich and another for the poor, but it is so no longer; and humane lawgivers and administrators of law grow sick at heart when they perceive that they labour in vain for the domestic peace of Ireland.

A few days before the appointed time arrived when Sydney Harragan should become Sydney Furlong, she received a written declaration of love, combined with an offer of marriage, from Murphy. He watched secretly about the neighbourhood until an opportunity arrived for him to deliver it himself. Sydney, to whom he was almost unknown, at first gave a civil yet firm refusal; but when he persevered, she became indignant, and said one or two bitter words, which he swore never to forget. She hardly knew why she concealed from her father the circumstance, which, upon consideration, she was almost tempted to believe a jest; but she did not even mention it to her brothers, fearing it might cause a quarrel, and every Irish woman knows how much easier it is commenced than quelled. Moreover, one mystery is sure to beget another.

At last the eventful day arrived—Sydney all hopes and blushes, her brothers full of frolic and fun, the bride's maids arrayed in their best, and busied in setting the house in order for the ceremony, which, according to ancient Catholic custom, was to take place in the afternoon at the dwelling of the bride.

"Did ye ever see such a frown over the face of a man in yer born days?" whispered Essy Hays to her sister-maid. "Do but just look at the masher, and see how his eyes are set on his daughter, and she reading her prayers like a good Christian, one eye out of the window and the other on her book. Well, she is a purty girl, and it's no wonder so few chances were going for others, and she to the fore."

"Speak for yourself!" exclaimed Jane Temple, tossing her fair ringlets back from her blue eyes. "She is purty for a dark-skinned girl, there's no denying it." "Dark haired, not dark skinned!" said Essy indignantly; "the darlint! She's the very moral of an angel. I wish to my heart the masher would not look at her so melancholy. May be he's thinking how like her poor dead mother she is! My! if here isn't his reverence (I know the cut of the grey mare, so fat and so smoothly jogging over the hill), and Misher Furlong not come! He went

to his brother across Ferry Carrig yesterday, and was to sleep at his aunt's in Wexford last night; I think he might have been here by this! Well! if it was me, I would be affronted; it is not very late to be sure, only for a bridegroom!"

"Whisht! Essy, will you," returned Jane, "for fear she'd hear you; I never saw so young a bride take so early to the prayers; it seems as if something hung over her and her father for trouble."

"I wonder ye're not ashamed of yerself, Jane," exclaimed the warm-hearted Essy, "to be raising trouble at such a time. Whisht! if there isn't the bridegroom's brother trotting up to the priest. What a handsome bow he makes his reverence, his hat right off his head with the flourish of a new shillalah; but, good luck to us all, what ails the masher now!"

James Harragan also had seen the bridegroom's brother as he rode up the hill which fronted their dwelling, and sprang to his feet in an instant. When the heart is fully and entirely occupied by a beloved object, and that object is absent, alarm for its safety is like an electric shock, commencing one hardly knows how, but startling in its effects. Sydney looked in her father's face and screamed; while he, dreading that she had read the half-formed thoughts which were born of fear within his bosom at the sight of the bridesman without the bridegroom, uttered an imperfect assurance that "all was well—all must be well—Ralph had waited for his aunt—old ladies required attention—and, no doubt, they would arrive together." With this assurance he hastened to the door to meet the priest and his companion, and his heart resumed its usual beatings when he observed the jovial expression of the old priest's face, and the *rollicking* air with which the bridesman bowed to the bride, who crouched behind her father, anxious to hear the earliest news, and yet held back by that sweet modesty which enshrines the hearts of my gentle countrywomen.

"Where's Ralph?" inquired the farmer, while holding the stirrup for his reverence to dismount.

"That's a *nate* question to be sure," answered his brother. "Where should he be? And so, Miss Sydney, you asked Mr Herrick to come to the wedding, and never told any one of it, by way of a surprise to us—that was very purty of you—and that's the top of his new beaver coming along the hedge. Well, it's quite time Ralph showed himself, I think, and we in waiting."

"Don't be foolish, Harry Furlong!" exclaimed the farmer, hastily. "You know very well that Ralph is not here."

"Well, that's done to the life," said the light-hearted fellow; "that's not bad for a very big—I mustn't say it before the bride; but it's as bold-faced a story as ever I heard. Not here! then, where is he?"

"With his aunt, I daresay, if you don't know," answered Essy.

"Oh, you're in the mischief, too, are you, bright-eyed one? Why, you know he's hid here on the sly to surprise us. Aunt indeed! To be sure he's with his old aunt Bell and his bride alone! What a mighty quare Irishman he must be! I'll advise him not to come to you for a character, whatever I may do; eh, Essy?"

"Will you give over bothering?" she said. "Look at the colour Sydney's turned, and see to the masher—the Lord be betwixt us and harm—none of your nonsense, but tell us where is Ralph?"

The aspect of things changed in an instant. Harry saw that his brother was not there, concealed as he had supposed him to be in mere playfulness, and knew that he was not with his aunt Bell. He knew, moreover, that he had parted from him the night before at the other side of Ferry Carrig; that he was *then* on his way to Wexford, where he had promised to meet him in the morning; that he had been to their aunt's to keep his tryste, but that he had felt no uneasiness on finding Ralph not there, concluding, that instead of going to the town, he had gone to his bride's house in the country, for which he had intended mirthfully to reproach him when they met. Now seriously alarmed, his anxiety to prevent Sydney from partaking of his feelings almost deprived him of the power of speech; but he had said enough, and, just as Mr Herrick crossed the threshold, the bride fainted at his feet.

Nothing could be more appalling than the change effected in a few moments in the expression of the farmer's face. While each was engaged in imparting to the other hopes for the bridegroom's reappearance, and reasons for his delay, Harragan, having put forth every other assistance, was bending over his insensible child, on the very bed from which she had that morning risen in the fulness of almost certain happiness for years to come. Alas! how little can we tell upon what of all we cherish in this changing world, each rising sun may set!

"If she's not dead," he muttered to himself, "she will die soon. May the Lord deliver me!—the Lord deliver me!" he continued, while chafing her temples; "I saw it all along, like a shroud above me, to fall round her—I did—I did. Who's that?" he inquired, fiercely, as the door gently opened, and Mr Herrick entered within its sanctuary; "oh, it's you, sir, is it? you may come in; I thought it was some of them light-hearted who don't know trouble. Shut them out; my trouble's heavy, sir; look at her, Misher Herrick; and this was the wedding my little girl asked you to, out of friendliness to her father. *Her* father! why, the Holy Father who is above us all knows that as sure as the beams of the blessed sun are shining on her deathly cheek, so sure am I Ralph Furlong's murderer! You need not draw back, Mr Herrick. I know he's murdered; I felt struck with the knowledge of his death, and I could not help it, the minute his brother (God help him!) laughed in my face. Don't raise up her head, sir; she'll come to soon enough—too soon, like a spirit that comes to the earth but to leave it. I'm not mad, Mr Herrick, though maybe I look so. Be it by fire or water, or steel or bullet, Ralph Furlong's a corpse, and I'll inform this time. I've heard tell the man that betrayed Christ wept after. What good war his tears? What good my informing now? but I will—I will. I'll make a clean breast for onst. I'll do the right thing now, if all the devils of hell tear me into pieces! I tell you, sir,

Steve Murphy did it!—black-hearted, cunning-headed, and bloody-handed he was, from the time his mother begged with him from door to door for what she did not want, and taught him lies by every hedgerow and green bank through the country. I'm punished, Mr Herrick, I'm punished. If I'd informed—but I'll not call it informing—if I'd told the truth when you wanted me about the letters of the forge, he would not have been in the country to commit murder. She's coming to, now, sir; she's coming to."

Gradually poor Sydney revived, but only to suffer more than she had as yet gone through. The people were greatly astonished at the conviction which rested on the farmer's mind that the young man had been murdered, a belief which extended itself to his daughter; for, from the moment she heard that Ralph was not with his aunt, it appeared as if every vestige of hope had vanished from her mind. The men of the company set forward an immediate inquiry; the neighbourhood poured forth, every cottage was emptied of its inmates, the women flocking to the farmer's house to pour consolation and hope into the bosom of the bereaved bride, and the men to assist in a search, which, at the noon-day hour, was a very uncommon occurrence. It is very rarely, indeed, that the Irish peasantry seek assistance either from the police or military force; though they are fond of going to law, they detest those connected with the law. But Mr Herrick promptly rode into Wexford, and having made the necessary inquiries, and ascertained that young Furlong had not been seen at the town, he informed the proper authorities of his mysterious disappearance, and then turned his horse towards Ferry Carrig, to ascertain from the gate-keeper who had passed over the bridge the preceding evening.

Ferry Carrig is one of the picturesque spots which are not so frequently seen by those who journey through my native country. On one side of the Slaney—here a river of glorious width—rises, boldly and wildly, a conical hill, upon the summit of which stands out, in frowning ruins, one of the boldest of the square towers, of which so many were erected by the enterprising Fitz-Stephen. The opposite side of the bridge is guarded by a rock, not so steep or so magnificent as its neighbour, but not less picturesque, though its character is different; the one is absolutely garlanded with heaths, wild-flowers, and the golden-blossomed furze; while the other, affording barely a spot for vegetation, seems planted for eternity—so stern, and fixed, and rugged, that nothing save the destruction of the universe could shake its foundation.

The bridge erected across this beautiful water is of singular construction, and partakes of the wildness of the scene; the planks are not fastened at either end, and the noise and motion has a startling effect to one not accustomed to such modes of transit. When Mr Herrick arrived at the toll-house, he learned that many inquiries had already been made, and that all the toll-keeper could say was, "that positively Ralph Furlong, whom he knew as well as his own son, had not crossed the bridge the preceding evening, although he had been on the look-out for him." The elder Furlong had accompanied his brother to within a mile of the Eniscorthy side of the bridge, so his disappearance must have occurred between the spot where they separated and the Bridge of Ferry Carrig. Nothing could exceed the energy and exertion to discover the lost bridegroom; every inquiry was made, every break explored, the rivers dragged, but no trace of Ralph Furlong was obtained. Mr Herrick returned to the farm, and it was heart-breaking to observe the totally hopeless expression of Sydney's beautiful face.

"There is no knowing," said the kind gentleman, with a cheerfulness he but imperfectly assumed; "there is no knowing—he may have left the country."

"No," was her reply; "he would never have deserted me!" Thus did her trust in her lover's fidelity outlive all hope of meeting him alive in this changing world.

In the meantime, James Harragan had proceeded alone to Steve Murphy's cottage. The sun had set, when he found him sitting by his fire, not alone, for his sister was seated on the opposite side.

Harragan entered with the determined air of a desperate man, and neither gave salutation, nor returned that which was given.

"I come," said he, "to ask you where you have hid Ralph Furlong." The man started and changed colour, and then assuming a bold and determined air of defiance, hesitated not to inquire what the farmer meant, who, in reply, as boldly taxed him with the murder. Hard and desperate words succeeded, and the screams of the accused man's sister most likely prevented death, for the farmer, a tall powerful man, had grasped Murphy so tightly by the throat, that a few minutes must have terminated his existence. Although by no means a weakling, he was as a green willow wand in the hands of his assailant.

In vain did his terrified sister declare that her brother was at home early in the evening, and went to bed before she did. Harragan persisted in his charge; and had it not been for the force of superior numbers, he would have succeeded in dragging him to the next police station; but Irish assistance is much more easily procured against the law, than for it, though, I confess, in this instance it was hard for those who did not know all the circumstances to determine whose part to take, for Harragan was under the influence of such strong excitement, that he acted more like a maniac than a man in the possession of his senses.

Having failed in his first object, that of dragging Steve Murphy to justice himself, he mounted his horse, and hid before the nearest magistrate sufficient reason why Steve should be arrested, and detained until further inquiries were made; but when the police force sought for him, he was gone!—vanished! as delinquents vanish in Ireland, where hundreds of sober honest men will absolutely know where a villain is concealed, and yet suffer him to escape and commit more crimes, because their prejudices will not suffer them to inform.

Great was the excitement throughout the country, occasioned by this mysterious event. James Harragan

lived but for one object, that of bringing the murderer to justice. This all-engrossing desire seemed to have absorbed even his affection for his child, that is to say, he would stroke her hair, or press her now colourless cheek to his bosom, and then, turning away with a deep sigh, go on laying down some new plan for the discovery of poor Ralph's murderer. Every body said that Sydney was dying, but her father did not seem to observe that her summer had ceased, when its sun was at the hottest, and its days at the longest, and that the rose was dropping leaf by leaf to the earth. Once Sydney attempted to take the produce of her dairy, which her kind friend Essy tended with more care than her own, to the market.

"If they don't notice me," she said, "I'll do bravely; you'll tell them, Essy, to never heed me." And so Essy did, but it would not do. No prudential motive yet was ever sufficiently strong to restrain the sympathy of the genuine Irish. Twenty stout arms were extended when her car stopped at the corner of the market-place to lift the pale girl off. There was not a woman in the square that did not leave her standing, and crowd round the widowed bride. It would have been as easy to turn the fertilising waters of the Nile, as to turn that torrent of affection. The young girls sobbed, and could not speak for tears; but those tears fell upon Sydney's hands, and moistened her cheeks; it was refreshing to them, for she herself had long ceased to weep; hers were the only dry eyes in the crowd. The mothers prayed that God might bless her, and "raise her up again to be the flower of the country."

"Never heed, Sydney darlint; sure you've the prayers of the country."

"And the double prayers of the poor," exclaimed a knof of beggars, who had abated their vocation to put up their petitions in her favour.

Sydney could have borne coldness or neglect, but kindness overpowered her, and she was obliged to return, leaving her small merchandise to Essy's care.

Every one said that Sydney was hastening to her grave, but still her father heeded it not; no bloodhound ever toiled or panted more eagerly to recover the scent which he had lost, than did the farmer to trace Steve Murphy's flight; it was still his absorbing idea, both by day and night. Had it not been for the exertions of his sons, his well-cultivated farm would have gone to ruin. His health was suffering from this monomania; the flesh shrank daily from his bones; and the healthy young farmer was changing into a gigantic skeleton. The priest talked to him, Mr Herrick reasoned with him, but all to no purpose.

Time passed, and James Harragan entered his cottage as the sun was setting. He had stood for the last hour leaning against the post of his gate, apparently engaged in watching the sparrows flying in and out of their old dwelling-places in the thatch. His sons had prepared his supper, and he sat down mechanically in his old place; the two lads whispered for some time together at the window, when suddenly Harragan inquired "what they muttered for?" The youths hesitated to reply.

"Let me know what it was!" he exclaimed. "I'll have no whispering, no cooing, no hiding and seeking in my house. Boys, there's a hell at this moment burning in yer father's breast! Look, I never could kill one of them small birds that destroy the roof above our heads, without feeling I took from the innocent thing the life I couldn't give; and yet, what does that signify? Isn't my hand red at this time of speaking with that boy's blood! Red—it's red hot—hissing red with the blood of Ralph Furlong! It is as much so as if I did it! And why?—because I held on at the mystery that shades the guilty, and hurries on the innocent to destruction—because I wouldn't inform! Now, mind me, boys, I'll have nothing but out speaking; no whispering; where there's that sort of secrecy, there's sin and the curse. What war you whispering?" he added, in a voice of thunder.

"We war only saying, sir," replied the elder, "that we wonder Sydney and Essy ain't back."

"Back! Why, where is my little girl?"

"She took a thought this morning, sir," he answered, "and we don't like to say against her, that she'd walk from Ferry Carrig Bridge to where he parted from his brother, and took Essy with her on the car as far as the bridge; it's a notion she had."

"My colleen!—my pride!—my darlint!" he ejaculated, much moved, "and I not to know this! Yer mother little thought when she made ye over to me before death made her over to the holy angels, what would happen. And ye didn't tell me, because ye thought I didn't care! Well, I forgive ye—I forgive ye, boys! I didn't neglect her though, for all that; my heart was set on another matter. There is but one thing she can spake on, one thing I can spake on—and it is better we shouldn't—but, and when she does look at me, though my little girl strives to keep it under, there is in her eyes what says, 'If ye had spoken the truth long ago, it's a happy wife I'd be now instead of —' Oh, God!—oh, God!" he exclaimed passionately, "that I should have suffered such a snake to fatten on the land, when I could have crushed him under my heel! I'd have rest in my grave if I could see him in his. I'll go meet her, boys. You should have gone before." And the farmer stalked forth, and, silently mounting his cob, proceeded on the road to Ferry Carrig.

There are mysteries around us, both night and day, for which it would be difficult indeed to account; and the impulse that drew Sydney that morning to the banks of the Slaney, was, and ever must be, unaccountable.

"Nurses," she said to her faithful friend Essy, after they crossed the bridge, and, quitting the coach-road, made unto themselves a path along the bank; "nurses like you, Essy, may be called the brides'-maids of death, and you have been my nurse all through this sickness." Essy afterwards said she did not know what there was in those words to make her cry, but she could not answer for weeping. The two girls wandered on, Sydney stopping every now and then to look into the depths and shallows of the river, and prying beneath every broad green leaf and clump of trees that overhung its banks.

More than once they sat down, and more than once did Essy propose their return, but Sydney went on, as if she had not spoken. At last they came to a species of deep drain, almost overgrown with strong, tall, leafy, water-plants, that was always filled when the tide was full in. Essy sprang lightly over it, and then turning a little way up to where it was narrower, she extended her hand to her feeble friend. Although the gulf was narrow, it was very deep; the root of a tree had formed a natural dam across it, so that much water was retained. As Sydney was about to cross, she cast her eyes beneath, started, and held back. She did not speak, but, with her hand pointed downwards, Essy's shriek rang through the air—the face of Ralph Furlong stared at them from the bottom of the silent pool!

Had she not removed the broad leaves of a huge dock that shaded the water, so that Sydney's footing might be sure, the unconscious girl would have stepped without knowing it over her lover's liquid grave. Essy was so overwhelmed with horror, that she ran shrieking towards the highway; several minutes elapsed before she returned with assistance; and then where was Sydney! The faithful girl, in endeavouring to draw his body from the waters, had fallen in; her head was literally resting on his bosom, and her long beautiful hair floating like a pall above them!

They were buried in the same grave!

When Murphy's cottage was searched by the police, the only weapon, if so it could be called, which they discovered, was a broken reaping-hook; this James Harragan had taken to his own house, and in the folds of poor Ralph's coat, those who prepared him for his earthly grave discovered the missing portion. The farmer was seen to shed no tear over his daughter, but registered an oath in heaven that he would never take rest upon his bed until he had brought the murderer to justice. Within a week after, he relinquished his farm to his sons, and it is believed he has journeyed to foreign lands in pursuit of one, who, in the first instance, escaped justice through James Harragan's own weak and almost wicked perseverance in a wrong cause. Years have passed since the melancholy event occurred, and no tidings have ever reached the county relative to Harragan or the murderer. Well, indeed, may he remember Mr Herrick's warning. The farmer had, by withholding his information, refused to pluck out the arrow which an unseen hand had planted in the bosom of an excellent and industrious man, and the same power had been employed to overthrow his happiness for ever!

PROPOSED NEW PLAN OF POSTAGE.

ABOUT two years ago, when the subject of a cheap system of postage began to be agitated in the country, we offered a few explanatory observations on it, and took occasion to point out what we considered to be faults in the proposed plan. The recent publication of the "Third Report from the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Postage," throws a body of new light upon this most important branch of social economy, and enables us to take up the new plan in a much more satisfactory manner than when we had only a few facts from a private pamphleteer to guide us.

It would, we think, be a complete waste of our limited space to go into a lengthened proof of the injury done to society by the present dear mode of transmitting letters by post. That dearth is matter of universal complaint, and leads to all manner of evasions of posting, suppresses correspondence to an incalculable extent, and forms a tax of serious amount on trade and commerce. According to the Report before us, "it is injurious to all classes, socially and individually interfering with their moral and intellectual improvement, and with their physical welfare; obstructive to trade, as checking the free dissemination of invoices, orders, and the like; to science, as circumscribing the operations of different learned societies; to knowledge, as offering an impediment to the publication of books; to health, as preventing the transmission of medical advice, and lymph for vaccination; to justice, by opposing increased expense and delay to legal proceedings; to the poor, as imposing a grievous tax on their letters; and to public morals, as leading to evasions of the law, to the impairing of that habitual respect, which, for the good of all, it is well that all should entertain."

With respect to the evasions of posting, the Report presents some curious facts, such, for example, as the communication of intelligence by means of marks on newspapers, which must be familiar to many of our readers. No species of enactments can prevent these evasions. For instance, what law could check the following plan of evasion, which has come under our notice. A gentleman goes upon a journey through a series of towns, and gives his friends at home full intelligence of his movements by simply writing a fictitious address on a newspaper to the care of the real person to whom the paper is sent—thus, "Mr London of Tuesday Street, care of Mr Johnston, 110, Thistle Street, Edinburgh"—by which the said Mr Johnston knows that his friend reached London on Tuesday. Or, take the following—"Lady Jenkins Sonborn, of Castle Mundy, care of Mrs Williams, 67, St James's Square, London;" by which the said Mrs Williams learns that her friend Lady Jenkins has been safely delivered of a son on Monday. We repeat, no penal statute can reach such rogueries as these, and to expect people to desist from them, is to expect too much from human nature: the very drollery of the thing causes them to be practised by individuals who would scorn to commit a moral transgression. The Report of the Committee bears a similar testimony—"The practice of illicit conveyance of let-

ters prevails to a large and increasing extent, favoured by the high rates, for the most part, but partly from want of sufficient opportunities for dispatching letters through proper channels; the law has been found impotent to repress this practice; and, if it could be repressed, a most serious evil would be inflicted on society, with no corresponding advantage to the revenue; and no effectual remedy can be supplied otherwise than by reducing the legal rates to the level of the illicit trader, in which case the committee are of opinion that the superior regularity and safety of the post would draw all letters into that channel, and effectually repress the evasions which perpetually take place by means of conventional modes of communications by marks on newspapers."

Another monstrous abuse consists in the practice of sending letters by franks. It is impossible to speak with any degree of patience of this practice, by which, in point of fact, the wealthy or the friends of certain officials and members of the legislature get their letters conveyed all over the country for nothing, while from persons in business, the labouring poor, and public generally, high rates of postage are exacted. It appears from the Report that the number of franked letters passing through the Post-Office amounts to an eleventh of the whole—the total of chargeable letters being 78,000,000, while the franked are 7,036,000, annually. By adding 44,500,000 newspapers, we have the sum-total of the material carried yearly by the mails.

In consequence of the immense extent of illicit conveyance of letters, also of the system of franking, and the general diminution of literary intercourse, the revenue of the Post-Office is on the whole a very small affair. For the year ending the 5th of January 1838, after deducting L.698,632, 2s. 2d. for cost of management, the revenue left was only L.1,641,105, 16s. 1d. Little more than a million and a half of profit on the enormous business of transmitting all the post letters in the United Kingdom! The increase, as it appears, is only L.3578 annually, which is much below what would be warranted by the increase of population and commerce.

The principal part of the expense of the Post-Office establishment consists of the charges incurred for receiving, sorting, and delivering the letters. In comparison of these expenses, the cost of transmission by mails is small and unimportant. "As all letters, whether going to a short distance or to a great distance, must be both received and delivered, the chief expenses are common to all; and the total cost, therefore, is much the same, whatever the distance may be to which the letter is carried. It is not a matter of inference, but a matter of fact, that the expense to the Post-Office is practically the same, whether a letter goes from London to Barnet [12 miles], or from London to Edinburgh [400 miles]. The difference is not expressible in the smallest coin we have. It is undeniable that letters could be sent from London to Edinburgh by an ordinary coach parcel, at a cost of somewhat less than one-tenth of a penny each."—Report.

It being thus allowed by a fair calculation that distance in transmission is practically of no consequence, the idea has been suggested that all letters whatsoever should be subject to a uniform rate of postage, and that, to extinguish illicit conveyance, and serve the country, the rate should be very small. The individual who has the credit of having first made this proposition is Mr Rowland Hill, the special examination of whose plan formed one of the objects of the committee. Mr Hill's plan embraces the following points:

1. That all letters not exceeding half an ounce in weight, should be conveyed from any one place in the United Kingdom to any other, for the charge of 1d.

2. That all letters exceeding half an ounce in weight, should be subject to an additional penny for every additional half ounce.

3. That such postage should be paid in advance.

4. That the postage shall be collected in advance by the sale of stamped paper or stamped paper covers; and that in order to facilitate obtaining stamps in any distant place, every keeper of a Post-Office shall have them constantly on sale.

In the very first instance, it might be necessary to allow an option to the public to pay 1d. in advance, or 2d. on delivery; but it was desirable to get rid of the option as soon as the circumstances of the case would permit."

In formerly treating of this subject, we expressed an opinion that payment of the penny in advance, or sending a letter under a penny stamped cover, however admirable an arrangement for simplifying the duties of the Post-Office officials, would be found not to work well. We have still the same fear. Under the existing arrangements, few persons pay letters in advance who are desirous of having them delivered in due course of post. It is believed that the obligation to get money for a letter quickens the diligence of the deliverers, in respect both to discovering the residence of an obscure person, and to taking the letter to that person at the first round of delivery. Mr Hill, we believe, has foreseen that objections of this nature would be urged against his plan of paying in advance, and proposes to overcome the difficulty, by giving a right to seek receipts for letters on committing them to the care of the Post-Office. Should this or some other means of checking irregularities be established, our fears for the success of the plan would at once be allayed.

It has been computed by the committee that the adoption of an uniform rate of a penny for each letter of half an ounce or under, by increasing the number of chargeable letters to four hundred millions, would cause a loss to the public revenue of about L.300,000 annually. The deficiency, however, Mr Hill considers, would be made good by the beneficial effect which the great extension given to the correspondence of the country would have on the other branches of the revenue. Every branch of trade and commerce would be improved, he conceives, by cheap correspondence. Of this, indeed, no rational thinker can have the smallest doubt. Thousands of small orders for goods would pour into the large towns from the country, and increase the consumption of many excisable articles. At present no such orders can be sent.

After a lengthened scrutiny into all departments of the subject, the committee concludes its Report with the following among other resolutions:—

"That so soon as the state of the public revenue will admit of the risking a larger temporary reduction, it will be expedient to subject all inland letters to a uniform rate of 1d. per half ounce, increasing at the rate of 1d. for each additional half ounce.

That prior to establishing the uniform rate of 1d., it would be expedient, in the first instance, to reduce the rates on inland general post letters to a uniform rate of 2d. per half ounce, increasing at the rate of 1d. for each additional half ounce; reserving all the cases of prices current, the letters of soldiers and sailors, and others, where a penny only is now charged, and of such short inland rates as are hereafter recommended to be charged on a distance of 15 miles.

That, considering the strength of concurrent evidence on the evasion of postage between neighbouring towns, and also that the present system of penny-posts is partial and unequal, a uniform rate of 1d. per half ounce ought immediately to be established for all distances not exceeding 15 miles from the Post-Office where the letter is posted, the payment being made in advance, through the medium of some kind of stamp; and that the charge when not paid in advance should be 2d.

That it would be politic in a financial point of view, and agreeable to the public sense of justice, if, in effecting the proposed reduction of postage, the privilege of parliamentary franking were to be abolished, and the privilege of official franking placed under strict limitation; petitions to Parliament, and parliamentary documents, being still allowed to go free."

Such being the singularly liberal recommendations of the committee in this most important subject of general concern, the matter may be said to rest in a great measure betwixt the country at large and the ministers of the crown who are charged with the management of the public revenue. It can, we think, admit of no doubt that the establishment of either an universal penny or twopenny postage would be hailed as an immense boon by all classes of the people, and, along with the organisation of railways now in progress, would give such an impetus to all branches of internal commerce as would carry the country through all its social embarrassments.

ODD LONDON CHARACTERS OF FORMER TIMES.

FRANCIS GROSE, THE ANTIQUARY.

FRANCIS GROSE was the son of an individual of the same name, who carried on the business of a jeweller at Richmond, and had been employed to fit up the coronation-crown of George II. The father must have been a man of tastes superior to those of common tradesmen in his day, as, at his death in 1769, he left a collection of prints and shells, which were thought worthy of being brought to a public sale. Two other sons besides the subject of the present notice became authors; namely, Mr John Grose, F.A.S., Chaplain of the Tower, who published a volume on Ethics, and some sermons; and Mr John Henry Grose, author of "A Voyage to the East Indies," which appeared in 1772. The wealth left by the father to our antiquary was sufficient to have made him independent for life; but it did not last long. Of a gay and easy nature, he was little fitted to take care of money, whether belonging to himself or others. Having entered the Hampshire militia, and undertaken the duties of its adjutant and paymaster, he used no other accomplishments, as himself used to tell in after years, but his right and left hand pockets. In the one he received; from the other he paid; the balance might at any time of course be struck by counting the contents of the one against the other; but that this was not done very frequently, may readily be surmised. At a subsequent period, Mr Grose was a captain in the Surrey militia: such was the whole extent of his military career. Already, though only about thirty, he had acquired that Falstaff-like figure for which he ever after was remarkable, and which suited so well with his good-humoured character.

When carelessness and love of pleasure brought their usual consequences in pecuniary embarrassment,

Grose was roused to the exercise of talents which might have otherwise remained dormant. He projected an extensive and valuable work, for which the gift of the artist and the learning of the historical antiquary were alike necessary, namely, his "Antiquities of England and Wales," the first Number of which appeared in 1773. Ultimately, this work comprehended, in eight quarto volumes, five hundred and eighty-nine views of antique objects, besides forty plans, many head-pieces, and a variety of minor draughts, all executed by himself, and illustrated by appropriate letter-press, including illustrative dissertations on monastic institutions, castles, Gothic architecture, and Druidical and sepulchral monuments. The publication met with distinguished success, and encouraged the author to enter upon another task of an almost equally laborious nature, his "Military Antiquities, respecting a History of the English Army, from the Conquest to the Present Time," which was published in numbers between the years 1786 and 1788, and ultimately formed two volumes, quarto. While occupied with this latter work, he published a smaller one of a kindred nature, "A Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons, illustrated by Plates taken from the Original Armour in the Tower of London, and other Arsenals, Museums, and Cabinets;" 1785, quarto.

The cheerfulness and comicality of Grose's nature suffered no diminution while he was engaged in these grave duties. While acknowledged by other men to possess much learning, literary talent in no small amount, and an uncommon felicity in the use of the pencil, he had no pride or reserve, and hence was ready to condescend to tasks which other men were apt to think unworthy of his reputation. Of this nature were his "Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue" and his "Provincial Glossary," which respectively appeared in 1785 and 1788. The first is a mere collection of cant and slang terms, with their proper explanations, forming a volume certainly not without some power of amusing, and even of informing, but yet one which the world were better wanting than having. Some of the *roccs* serve to keep in mind matters connected with history, as, for instance—"USED UP: killed": a military saying originating from a message sent by the late General Guise, on the expedition at Cartlagena, where he desired the commander-in-chief to order him some more grenadiers, for those he had were all *used up*." Mr Grose also published, under the title of "A Guide to Health, Beauty, Honour, and Riches," a curious collection of the quack advertisements which had appeared during many years in the London newspapers, holding forth those blessings to mankind. With this he gave a preface, in which, with Addisonian humour, he endeavoured to prove, by means of these advertisements, that the advances made of late years in natural science were not exceeded by those made in all the arts and conveniences of life. "Justice," says he, "makes it necessary to observe and commend the spirit of philanthropy reigning among the several ingenious professors of the different arts, sciences, and callings, who, like Mr Ashley the punch-maker on Ludgate Hill, and that second Taliacontius Mr Patence, surgeon by birth, dentist, and dancing-master, do not consult their own emolument, but labour solely *pro bono publico*." * * Indeed, the self-denial of one of these gentlemen is rarely to be paralleled, as, at the very instant he with the most unbounded generosity offers thousands to persons unknown, himself labours under the frowns of fortune, as he acknowledges by his letter from the King's Bench.

Does a lady," he continues, "show signs of an ungraceful shape, Mr Parsons, by his well-turned stays, prevents that misfortune: has it already taken place, the same artist will completely hide it. Irregular or decayed teeth give place to those of Mr Patence with six different enamels; and that wonderful operator replaces fallen noses, uvulas, broken jaw-bones, and, in a word, cures all the disorders to which the human frame is liable, as he offers clearly to prove by occult demonstration; being, to use his own words, *mechanically accented and anatomically perfected in the human structure*. Persons suffering under the racking paroxysms of the gout, so as to be unable to move, are radically cured of that terrible disorder by the month, the year, or for life, without medicine, by muscular motion only; or by another secret, which the generous possessor offers to communicate to the public for the trifling sum of twenty thousand pounds: and all the disorders contained in the catalogue of human misery yield to the wonderful baths of Dr Dominicetti, whence, like Eason from the kettle of Medea, the patient springs out totally renovated. But, as Dr Shee well observes, prevention is certainly even better than a cure. Mrs Phillips steps modestly in with the offer of her wares, prepared with the result of thirty-five years' experience. This public-spirited matron informs us, that, after ten years' retirement from business, she has resumed it again, from representations that, since her recess, goods comparable to what she used to vend cannot be procured. Another lady of the same profession, Mrs Perkins, attempts to deny the authenticity of this account, and, with a proper disapprobation of infamous publications, declares herself the true successor of the late Mrs Phillips.

The grand scale on which business is carried on by our professors and artists in different walks, reflects an importance and dignity on the nation, as well as points out the enlarged ideas of those gentlemen. Thus, Mr Perfect, of Town-Malling, does not, like

former keepers of madhouses, take in lunatics; his more comprehensive mansion lodges and boards lunacy itself. Mr Pinchbeck, painter-in-general, executes all branches of his business from a hovel to a palace, and from a whisky to a stage-coach; and the ingenious Mr John Callway, the chimney-sweeper, does not, like his brethren, put out the fire in chimneys, but, acting on a larger scale, extinguishes the chimneys.

That the occult science called white magic, and the study of astrology, flourish among us, is evident from the handbills of Mrs Corbyn from Germany, who answers all lawful questions; Mrs Edwards, who dedicates her knowledge to the ladies; Mr William Jones's nephew, the second, last, and only survivor of his family; the person who discovers whether affections are sincere; and that gifted sage of St Martin's Lane, who cures the toothache by a sweet-scented letter.

The science of adorning and beautifying the human form seems to be systematically cultivated by many artists of all denominations, as is evident from the institution of academies for hair-dressing; and, among the gentlemen of the comb and razor, it would be wrong to pass over the two men who have the neatest barbers' shops in London, the modesty of whose prices demands the acknowledgments of the public. The professors of the cosmetic art offer innumerable pastes, washes, pomades, and perfumes, by which the ravages of time are prevented or counteracted. Even our public spectacles bespeak a degree of improvement hitherto unknown: witness that wonderful wonder of all wonders, the brave soldier and learned Doctor Katterfelto, whose courage and learning are only equalled by his honesty and love for his country; the first evinced in his returning the L.2000 to Captain Paterson, and the second in remaining here though unpensioned, notwithstanding the many offers from the Queen of France, the request of his friend and correspondent Dr Franklin, and the positive commands of the King of Prussia.

Mr Powell, the Fire-Eater, is undoubtedly, as his motto observes, a singular genius. Nor are the performances of Messrs Astley and Hughes less remarkable, though I am sorry to be under the necessity of making an exception to part of their exhibitions as being liable to increase that spirit of expense and luxury too prevalent among us. The article I allude to is that of showing that one person may ride on several horses at the same time; a practice that may possibly become fashionable among the vain and extravagant; whereas, had they introduced some method by which one horse would be enabled to carry a greater number of persons than usual, their discovery would have been truly commendable. By the diligence of our keepers of itinerant menageries, we are indulged with the sight of the learned dog, the wonderful bird, and the surprising unicorn, with divers others too numerous to mention.

The Bottle-Conjuror appears to have been an impostor, and what he promised to perform seems to have been possible alone to those choir-singers who can officiate at two places at the same time.

Candour has obliged me to insert some articles which do not tend to the honour of the parties concerned, or that of the country wherein they suffered; such as those relative to the sale of seats in parliament, and guardians offering to dispose of their wards. For the first, it is no new matter, having been the usage time out of mind: and for the other, the selfishness of the proposal serves, like shade in a picture, or discord in music, to form a contrast, and set off the disinterested offers of other advertisers."—&c. &c.

In this playful style, under the title of *The Grumbler*, Grose composed a series of papers, which he published in a newspaper. They display considerable knowledge of the world, and no small amount of shrewd good sense. The reader will find them, together with a great variety of little comic pieces, in prose and verse, and many table stories and anecdotes, in a volume entitled *The Olio*, published the year after the author's death. From the *Olio*, better than from any other of his works, we get an idea of the character of Grose, droll, garrulous, good-natured, yet withal judicious and penetrating. His only other humorous production was one entitled "Rules for drawing Caricatures—the subject illustrated with four copper-plates; with an Essay on Comic Painting."

In the summer of 1789, he made a tour in Scotland for the purpose of composing, respecting that country, a work similar to his *Antiquities of England and Wales*. In the course of his rambles, while enjoying the hospitality of a brother antiquary, Mr Riddel of Glenriddel, at Friars' Carse in Dumfriesshire, he met the poet Burns, who then resided on a neighbouring farm. With kindred talents, and a common sociality of nature, Grose and Burns could not fail to become friends. The poet expressed a wish that the projected "Antiquities of Scotland" should comprehend a sketch of Alloway Kirk, near Ayr—an object endeared to him from early recollections; and the antiquary promised to gratify him on condition that he should communicate in writing, for insertion in the book, some of the strange tales of diablerie which he had just related respecting the ruin. This, it is well known, led to the composition of the tale of "Tam o' Shanter," which was first published in the "Antiquities of Scotland." This work began to appear in the year 1790, and was completed next year in two volumes, quarto: the preface makes grateful allusion to the *pretty tale* contributed by the Ayrshire bard. During his Scottish ramble, Grose visited Edinburgh, where the limner Kay took a stolen sketch of his portly figure, representing him in striped vest,

riding coat, and boots, and a chin like that of the pelican, water-provisioned for a walk across the desert. At this time Grose was accompanied by a young man who assisted him in the taking of his drawings, and whom he denominated his *Guinea Pig*. The impression made on Burns's mind by his gleesome manners and devout zeal as an antiquary (a kind of character new and strange to the poet) is shown in the well-known verses he wrote "on Captain Grose's Peregrinations in Scotland:"

"Hear, land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maiden-kirk to Johnnie Groat's,
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede ye, tent it;
A chiel's amang you, takin' notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine fat fodge light,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he, mark weel—
And, wow! he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld howlet-haunted biggin,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
It's ten to ane ye'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part"—&c.

In the spring of 1791, Grose set out for Ireland, with the design of sketching the antiquities of that kingdom; and he had proceeded a certain way with his task, when, sitting one afternoon at dinner in the house of his friend Mr Hone, he was suddenly struck with apoplexy, and almost immediately expired. A few days afterwards, the following appeared in a newspaper, as a proper inscription for his tomb:—

"Here lies Francis Grose.
On Thursday, May 12, 1791,
Death put an end to his
Views and Prospects."

Some years before, a Sketch of Grose was written in verse by a friend of his, named Davis, residing at Wandsworth: it conveys so lively a picture of the man, that we transfer the most of it to our pages:—

"Grose to my pen a theme supplies,
With life and laughter in his eyes.
Oh! how I can survey with pleasure,
His breast and shoulders' ample measure;
His dimpled chin, his rosy cheek,
His skin from inward lining sleek.

When to my house he deigns to pass
Through miry ways, to take a glass,
How gladly entering in I see
His belly's vast rotundity!
But though so fat, he beats the leaner
In ease, and bodily demeanour;
And in that mass of flesh so droll
Resides a social, gen'rous soul.

Humble—and modest to excess,
Nor conscious of his worthiness,
He's yet too proud to worship state,
And haunt with courtly bend the great.
He draws not for an idle word,
Like modern duellists, his sword,
But shows upon a gross affront,
The valour of a Bellamont.

On comic themes, in grave disputes,
His sense the nicest palate suits;
And more, he's with good nature blest,
Which gives to sense superior zest.

His age, if you are nice to know,
Some two and forty years ago,
Euphrosyne upon his birth
Smil'd gracious, and the god of mirth
O'er bowls of nectar spoke his joy,
And promis'd vigour to the boy.

With Horace, if in height compar'd,
He somewhat overtops the bard;
Like Virgil, too, I must confess,
He's rather negligent in dress;
Restless besides, he loves to roam,
And when he seems most fix'd at home,
Grows quickly tir'd, and breaks his tether,
And scours away in spite of weather;
Perhaps by sudden start to France
Or else to Ireland takes a dance;
Or schemes for Italy pursues,
Or seeks in England other views;
And though still plump, and in good case,
He sails or rides from place to place,
So oft to various parts has been,
So much of towns and manners seen,
He yet with learning keeps alliance,
Far travell'd in the books of science;
Knows more, I can't tell how, than those
Who pore whole years on verse and prose;
And while through pond'rous works they toil,
Turn pallid by the midnight oil.

He's judg'd, as artist, to inherit
No small degree of Hogarth's spirit;
Whether he draws from London air
The cit swift driving in his chair,
O'erturn'd with precious sirlolin's load,
And frighted madam in the road;
While to their darling will they haste,
So fine in Asiatic taste.

Or bastard sworn to simple loon:
Or sets that dance to Satan's tune.
Deep in antiquity he's read,
And though at college never bred,
As much of things appears to know,
As erst knew Leland, Herne, or Stowe;
Brings many a proof and shrewd conjecture
Concerning Gothic architecture:
Explains how by mechanic force
Was thrown of old stone, man, or horse;

Describes the kitchen high and wide,
That lusty abbot's paunch supplied;
Of ancient structures writes the same,
And on their ruins builds his name.

Oh, late may, by the fates' decree,
My friend's Metempsychosis be,
But when the time of change shall come,
And Atropos shall seal his doom,
Round some old castle let him play,
The brisk Ephemeron of a day;
Then from the short-liv'd race escape,
To please again in human shape."

MR VENABLES' BOOK ON RUSSIA.

ONE of the most pleasing and instructive works upon Russia which we have received from the press of late years, is one now in our hands, bearing the title of "Domestic Scenes in Russia: in a Series of Letters describing a Year's Residence in that country, chiefly in the Interior: by the Rev. R. Lister Venables, M.A." A connection, by marriage, with a Russian family of high respectability, resident in the heart of the country, and nearly in the line between St Petersburg and Moscow, led to the visit which the reverend author has here described in detail. He landed at St Petersburg on the 21st of June 1837, and after a stay of nine days, set out for Torjok in a sort of diligence, capable of holding four persons, and drawn by four horses placed abreast. The distance between the capital and Torjok is about three hundred and eighty miles, but Mr Venables was obliged to pay for the whole journey to Moscow, which is one hundred and fifty miles farther. The sum charged was L.16 sterling, which, after all, could not be called a very extravagant charge, considering that the traveller and his family had the whole vehicle to themselves. They found a good macadamised road, with new and handsome inns, on the whole line between St Petersburg and Torjok, where they turned aside from the Moscow route, and soon after reached Krasnoe, the hospitable mansion of their friends.

After a residence of three months at this place, Mr Venables paid a visit to another relative at the town of Yaroslav, a place containing twenty-eight thousand inhabitants, and lying about two hundred miles to the north-east of Moscow. Many of the letters of the reverend traveller are dated from Krasnoe and Yaroslav, and they refer chiefly to the rural economy of the country, presenting many interesting particulars respecting the relations between the higher and lower classes. The nobility, we learn, form a most extensive body. Family titles are enjoyed equally by every descendant of a noble house, without any distinction in favour of the eldest branch, and hence the immense number of nobles occasionally found to bear one title and name. "As an instance of this (says Mr Venables), I may observe, that of the name of Galitzin only, there are at present no less than three hundred princes; how many princesses there may be, I do not know, but they, of course, are also very numerous." This renders titles in some respects of little consequence, but, in others, they are of the highest value. "The nobles are free from the conscription, which presses heavily on all other classes. They are in no case liable to the knout and other corporeal punishments; and they can always claim to enter the service, at the least, as under officers, and to receive a commission, or to attain an equivalent rank as civilians, at the farthest in three years, excepting in cases of misconduct." These are valuable privileges, but a much more valuable one is yet to be noticed. None but a noble can possess serfs or bondmen, and, without these, landed property in Russia is of small account. Property here is estimated "not by the annual income of the estate, but by the number of souls, that is, of male peasants, which it contains, for the fair sex is never counted in the census." A Russian proprietor talks always of possessing *souls*, and many proprietors have truly an immense number of them. Count Cheremetieff, the largest land-proprietor in the country, has not less, it is computed, than one hundred and ten thousand souls on his estates, counting the males only under that denomination.

"The footing," says Mr Venables, "on which the agricultural serf practically stands towards his master, is, in most respects, that of a small tenant; the principal difference being that he cannot change his employment, or move from home, without his master's leave, which is sometimes obtained for a certain annual sum, called *obrok*, in lieu of service. As a general rule, he has a house and a portion of land, for which he pays rent in labour instead of money. He works three days in the week for his master, and has the remainder of his time at his own disposal. A day's labour of a man includes that of his wife and his horse when requisite. * * * The peasant cannot be legally sold or transferred from one master to another, excepting with the whole of his family; but this law is often broken or evaded." In some points, these relations between serf and master are not of an illiberal kind; and though "grossly ignorant," and a slave, the Russian peasant seems in general contented and happy. His severest trials, according to our author, arise from the conscription—married men, or the sons of widows, or aged parents, being often mercilessly torn away from families of which they were the chief prop and stay.

The reverend author of the volume before us con-

* Murray, London.

firm the statements of others, who have represented the system of government in Russia as essentially military. A martinet-like strictness pervades all the arrangements for insuring order and peace in the country. The fire-establishments give an example of this. "The fire-establishments (says Mr Venables) here are not, as in England, in the hands of insurance companies, but under the immediate control of government. The firemen are soldiers, and the horses, engines, &c., are the property of the crown; the whole, however, appears to be well organised, and the general regulations laid down by law, to be extremely good. In the towns, watchmen are stationed day and night on the tops of high towers, which are built in various quarters, so as to command the town; at the foot of each tower is an establishment of firemen, horses, and engines, which are or ought to be always ready at a moment's notice.

As soon as the watchman on the tower discovers a fire, he rings a bell, which gives the alarm to the firemen below, while at the same time, by a telegraph, which can be used either by day or night, there being in the latter case a certain arrangement of lanterns, he points out the direction of the fire, and warns the establishments in other quarters of the town to send their assistance. As soon as the train of engines is ready, it proceeds at full speed through the streets, neither stopping nor turning aside, being preceded by a horseman, who gallops along, shouting and warning all persons to clear the way. If it is dark, the leading engine carries a bright light high up on a pole, which is easily distinguished, by its position, from the lamps of a carriage as it moves along.

In the villages, where the rules are carried into effect, every house has a small board affixed to it, on which is painted a number, and under the number is a figure of some implement useful at a fire: on one is drawn a bucket, on another an axe, on a third a ladder or a pole with a hook at the end for pulling down burning thatch and rafters. The moment a fire is discovered in the village, the inhabitant of every house is bound to appear with the implement depicted outside his door; and there are various regulations for establishing order in the operations, such as the appointing one man out of a certain number to be the captain of the gang, and to direct their proceedings."

From Yaroslav, Mr Venables set out in October for Moscow, where he remained some time on his way to Tamboff, a town about three hundred and eighty miles to the south of Moscow. At Tamboff he spent the winter, and in March returned to St Petersburg, on the homeward route. The reverend traveller had thus an opportunity of observing the country both extensively and closely, and he communicates much valuable information on the local governments, on the manners and customs of the people, and on other points of serious interest. In place of following him, however, into the details of these matters, we prefer to introduce to our readers some of the lighter and anecdotal passages with which Mr Venables' work is largely and pleasingly interspersed. Masquerades, it appears, are common at Christmas in Russia, and it is not unusual for private families on these occasions to throw open their houses for the admission of all masks who may choose to come. This custom led to a strange occurrence in the winter of 1834, which our author thus describes:—"A ball was given, at the period mentioned, in a house at St Petersburg, and the ordinary signal (of placing candles in the windows) was displayed for the admission of masks, several of whom arrived in the course of the evening, staid a short time as usual, and departed. At length a party entered, dressed as Chinese, and bearing on a palanquin a person whom they called their chief, saying that it was his fete-day. They set him down very respectfully in the middle of the room, and commenced dancing what they said was their national dance around him. When this was concluded, they separated, and mingled with the general company, speaking French very well, and making themselves extremely agreeable. After a while, they gradually began to disappear unnoticed, slipping out of the room one or two at a time, till at last they were all gone, leaving their chief sitting motionless in dignified silence in his palanquin in the middle of the room. The ball began to thin, and the attention of those who remained was wholly drawn to the grave figure of the Chinese mask.

The master of the house at length went up to him, and told him that his companions were all gone, politely begging him to take off his mask, that he and his guests might know to whom they were indebted for the pleasure which the exhibition had afforded them. The Chinese, however, gave no reply by word or sign, and a feeling of uneasy curiosity gradually drew around him the guests who remained in the ball-room. The silent figure still took no notice of all that was passing around him, and the master of the house at length with his own hand took off the mask, and discovered to the horrified bystanders the face of a corpse!" The police, who were sent for on the instant, never got any clue to the actors in this transaction. Surgical examination showed the man to have been almost newly strangled. The masked dancers came, it was found from the servants, in a handsome carriage with the body which they thus strangely threw off their hands.

Mr Venables tells some lively stories regarding Russian field-sports, or rather regarding the means taken to extirpate those serious pests of the country, wolves and bears. "Every one (says he) has heard of

the mode of catching these animals in pitfalls, by placing a lamb or a pig as a bait, on the top of a post rising out of the pit: they have in Russia a kind of trap, which is exceedingly simple, but which I never heard of before I came into the country. A small circle is inclosed with a palisade or some other fence, too high for a wolf to leap or climb over; this fence is again surrounded by another of the same kind, leaving a narrow space between the two: the outer fence has a door, which opens inwards, so as to fill up the space between the two palisades when it is set open. A lamb or a pig is placed at night in the inner circle, and being alone and cold, it naturally bleats, or grunts and squeals; the noise attracts the wolf, who enters the door which is open, and finding the inner fence still between him and his prey, prowls round it in hopes of discovering an opening. When he arrives at the door, having made the circuit of the place, he pushes against it, and thus shuts it, and imprisons himself; for the space in which he is, being narrow, and his back-bone very inflexible, he cannot turn, and the door is of course so hung as to shut from a very light pressure.

You have heard of the plan of shooting wolves on a moonlight night in winter, when two or three sportsmen place themselves, well armed, in a sledge, and are driven through the roads and tracks in the woods. As they go along, they pull the ears of a young pig which they take with them, and make it squeal, while behind the sledge trails a long rope, with a wisp of straw at the end of it. The wolf hears the pig squeal, and seeing the bundle of straw dancing along over the snow in the moonlight, makes a dash at it, mistaking it for his prey, and thus presents a fair mark to the guns in the sledge. This sport, like all others, has its vicissitudes; sometimes the disappointment is incurred of a blank night, and sometimes, on the other hand, too much game is started, and the amusement becomes somewhat dangerous. If the sportsmen have not time to pick up the wolves they kill, the others tear the bodies of their dead companions, and, becoming furious, will attack the sledges. A gentleman who lives near here, and whom we often see, met with an adventure of this kind some time ago, and after making his pig squeal for some hours in vain, at length unexpectedly attracted such a troop of wolves, that he was obliged to fly for safety and trust to his horse's heels, and he was pursued by twelve or fourteen of the beasts even into the village."

Before closing our notice of the very meritorious work to which we have been indebted for these extracts, it is proper to observe, that some concluding remarks are given on Russian husbandry, from the pen of M. de Sabouloff, a gentleman practically versant with the subject. For some readers this portion of the work may be possessed of much interest.

SUSPENSION-BRIDGES.

It is a curious circumstance, that suspension-bridges, to which modern architecture has resorted as an improvement, in certain situations, upon the more common form of bridge-building, should in reality be an invention of savage life, and not the product of the advance of science. The earliest suspension-bridges of which we have any account, are those of China, reported to be of great extent and much ingenuity of structure. No particular description, however, of these Chinese bridges, has been obtained. But in South America, structures in some respects similar are found in many quarters, and these may justly be held as exhibiting bridges of suspension in their simplest and primitive form. Baron Humboldt gives a description of one seen by him near Penipe in South America. It was formed of a peculiar species of ropes, which were made from the fibrous roots of the American Agave, and were three or four inches in diameter. These ropes were attached at each side of the river to a rude scaffolding of trees, composed principally of two strong upright posts, strengthened below by smaller supports. Passing across from the two posts on one side to the two on the other, the ropes formed a pathway about eight feet broad, laid with small round pieces of bamboo, placed transversely. One strong rope constituted the balustrade on each side, being about three feet above the pathway, and joined to it by upright sticks. As the weight of the bridge would pull the scaffolding inwards and downwards to the river, the structure was kept in place by ropes passing outwards, or landwards, from the upright posts to the ground. As the bridgeway was of considerable height, these ropes ran to the ground at a sharp inclination, and thus the bridge had to be ascended by a kind of ladder or stairs. This rope-bridge was one hundred and twenty-seven feet long. There is great peril, according to the accounts of travellers, in passing such bridges, which look like ribbons suspended over an impetuous torrent or deep ravine. Baron Humboldt says, nevertheless, that "the danger is not very great, when a single person crosses over by himself, especially if he runs as quickly as possible, throwing the body forward. But the oscillations of the ropes become very violent when the traveller is conducted by an Indian, who walks much quicker than he; or if, affrighted by the appearance of the water, seen through the interstices of the bamboos, he is imprudent enough to stop in the middle, and lay hold of the ropes which serve for balustrades." Some of the South American rope-bridges are strong enough to permit loaded mules to pass over them. But, in ge-

neral, these structures go rapidly to decay, and require new ropes to be substituted for some of the old ones every eight or ten years. As the natives are by no means punctual in attending to these points, the rope-bridges have often holes in them, which are large enough to precipitate the unwary traveller into the abyss beneath.

Such is the primitive form of those structures, which the aids of science and art have moulded into so elegant and beautiful a shape in Britain and other civilised countries. In what instance chains were first used in making suspension-bridges, may be difficult to determine. The natives of Hindostan appear to have formed suspension-bridges of great beauty and strength, by means, not of rough ropes, but of cane, with iron bolts and fastenings in some parts of the structure. Major Rennel describes one bridge (chiefly made of cane) over the Sampoo in Hindostan, of about 600 feet in length. Turner, also, in his voyage to Thibet, gives the plan of a bridge in that country, which is 140 feet long, and which is supported by five chains, covered with pieces of bamboo. The first chain-bridge constructed in Britain is believed to have been the Winch-Bridge over the river Tees, erected about the year 1740, and forming a communication between the counties of Durham and York. A description of this bridge is given as follows in Hutchinson's Antiquities of Durham:—"About two miles above Middleton, where the river (Tees) falls in repeated cascades, a bridge, suspended on iron-chains, is stretched from rock to rock, over a chasm near sixty feet deep, for the passage of travellers, but particularly of miners. The bridge is seventy feet in length, and little more than two feet broad, with a hand-rail on one side, and planked in such a manner that the traveller experiences all the tremulous motion of the chain, and sees himself suspended over a roaring gulf, on an agitated and restless gangway, to which few strangers dare trust themselves."

More than half a century passed away after the erection of the Winch-Bridge over the Tees, ere any other structures of the same kind were attempted in Britain. Previously to 1811, however, eight chain-bridges had been constructed in the United States by the enterprising people of that country. One of these, over the river Merrimack, in Massachusetts, had an arch of 244 feet span, and two carriage-ways, each fifteen feet broad. This bridge was capable of supporting five hundred tons, and was finished in 1809. Leaving out of sight various works which were projected (and some of them commenced) but not completed shortly after the year mentioned, the second suspension-bridge finished in Britain was one over the river Gala, close by the town of Galashiels. The person who had the merit of projecting this bridge, the first ever constructed in Scotland, was Mr Richard Lees, an extensive woollen-cloth manufacturer of Galashiels, whose works were situated on both sides of the Gala, and who therefore conceived the idea of making a convenient communication between the different parts of his works. At an expense of £40, he got a foot-bridge formed in 1816, of slender iron-wires, and one hundred and eleven feet in length. It was commonly and properly termed a wire-bridge, and was the first structure of that kind ever seen in Britain. Though very slight, as may be guessed from its petty cost, it has endured well the action of time, and is still passable and useful. It shakes or oscillates very considerably, but yet not so much as to be alarming, or even disagreeable. In 1817, the year following the erection of Mr Lees's bridge, the late Sir John Hay, Bart. of Hayston, erected another wire-bridge over the Tweed, about a mile and a half below the town of Peebles, in order to join his two properties of Kingsmeadows and Eshiels. This bridge is one hundred and ten feet in length, and the footway four feet in breadth. It cost £1,160, and is consequently a much more solid and steady structure than that over the Gala. Four strong hollow tubes of cast-iron, two at each end of the bridge, are erected four feet apart, and from each of these hollow posts a series of wires, three tenths of an inch in diameter, stretch out at various inclinations to the road-way, and sustain it. This bridge, when first erected, was crowded with people, without showing any signs of weakness. A slight spring and tremor are all that can be observed in passing over it. It is solely a foot-bridge. From its extremely romantic situation on the Tweed, from the beauty of the walks, shrubbery, and little ornamented cottage beside it, as well as from the fine general appearance of the country around, this bridge is rendered one of the most picturesque spectacles which the admirer of beautiful scenery can visit or behold. Another wire-bridge was erected shortly after the preceding one, over the Ettrick, at Thirlstane Castle, by the late Lord Napier. It measures about 125 feet span, and was suspended by wires in the same way as the Kingsmeadows bridge, as well as the Galashiels one.

Mr Stevenson, civil engineer, who has an excellent account of Scottish suspension-bridges in the Philosophical Journal, describes the Dryburgh suspension-bridge as the first erected on the Tweed (and indeed in Scotland) upon catenarian principles; that is to say, where chains were the instruments of suspension. It was first built upon the same plan as the Kingsmeadows one, chains only being substituted for the wires radiating from the end posts or hollow tubes described. But, on the 15th of January 1818, after the bridge, which measured 260 feet across, had been on the Dryburgh ferry for about six months, "a most

violent gale of wind took place (says Mr Stevenson), when the vibrating motion was so great, that the lowest radiating chains were broken, the platform blown down; and the bridge completely destroyed. A number of persons who saw the accident concurred in stating, that the vertical motion of the roadway of the bridge, before its fall, would have pitched or thrown a person walking along it into the river." This bridge had been erected at an expense of £500, and had proved so extremely useful, being constructed for foot passengers and led horses, that Lord Buchan decided at once upon reconstructing it, which was accordingly done, at an additional expense of £220. The construction of the new bridge is as follows:—Four posts (two at each end), consisting of strong Memel logs, form the points over which the suspensory chains pass, to sustain the bridge on the one side, and on the other to be fixed firmly in the ground. The chains of one side meet the corresponding chains of the opposite side in the centre of the bridge, having inclined downwards from the top of the posts (twenty-eight feet high) to the level of the top of the side-rails or balustrade. Numerous perpendicular rods of iron descend from these great chains at regular distances, and sustain the roadway. This suspension of the roadway by upright rods from large chains, is called the catenarian principle. The roadway of the Dryburgh chain-bridge is nine feet wide at the ends, but converges towards the centre, until it is diminished to a width of four feet and a half. It is now an extremely steady, strong, and serviceable bridge.

Another chain-bridge, of a more grand and bold design, was built across the Tweed at Norham ford, five miles from Berwick, in the years 1819–20. Every thing about this bridge, which is called the (Berwick) Union Chain-bridge, is on a great scale. Its span is 361 feet, its roadway 18 feet broad, and its cost was £6050. It has three chains on each side, passing between the points of suspension on the two banks of the river. These six suspensory chains (or rather twelve, as the half is usually called one chain) pass, on the Scottish side, over pillars of asier masonry, measuring sixty feet in height, and on the other side are fixed into a tower of masonry, built on a precipitous bank, and twenty feet in height. From these parallel ranges of suspensory chains, perpendicular rods depend at regular distances, and support the roadway, which is made of timber, with iron cart-tracks laid for the carriage wheels. The weight of the whole bridge, between the points of suspension, is estimated at 100 tons. One main chain, from side to side, alone weighs 10 tons.

This chain-bridge, which is light and elegant in appearance, was the first bridge of the kind in Great Britain, calculated for the passage of loaded carriages. Its successful completion and subsequent utility gave a great stimulus to the erection of suspension-bridges in other parts of Britain. The Menai bridge, or that over the straits dividing the Isle of Anglesea from Caernarvonshire, was finished after this period. It is of the length of 560 feet between the points of suspension, and so much elevated above the surface of the water, that vessels of considerable size can pass under it. After these first suspension-bridges were erected, a new plan was hit upon, of passing the supporting chains below the roadway, instead of placing them above, and suspending the roadway from them. For example, the suspension-bridge across the river Kelvin, near Glasgow, was constructed after this fashion. This bridge was sixty-three feet in span, and had a roadway twelve feet wide, which rested, by means of cast-iron brackets, on the row of chains or rods passing under it from the abutment of one side to that of the other.

Whether the chains are placed above or below, seems to be of little consequence, and experience has in fact proved that safe and excellent bridges may be made both ways, for of late years many additions have been made to the list already noticed, some being upon one principle, and some on the other. We do not, however, propose to carry our notice of this subject any farther here, satisfied with having pointed out the cases which have an interest attached to them, from being the first attempts at suspension-bridge building in this country. Under particular circumstances, certainly, this species of bridge appears to have decided advantages. Cheapness is in itself an advantage not to be despised. It was calculated that a stone-bridge over the Tweed at Norham would have cost four times the sum expended on the chain-bridge. Time, however, has yet in some measure to prove whether the durability of iron suspension-bridges is at all comparable to the lasting character of those made of stone.

ANECDOTE OF NAPOLEON.

After having gained the battle of Wagram, the Emperor Napoleon established his head-quarters for a time at Schoenbrunn, and there occupied himself, pending the negotiations for his Austrian alliance, with reviewing his troops, and distributing among them rewards and honours. One old and brave regiment of the line was drawn out before him for this purpose, his custom being to examine every corps individually, under the guidance of the officers. After having formed the regiment into columns, Napoleon entered among the ranks, and bestowed praises and decorations on all who appeared worthy of them. Five hours he spent on this occupation, and at length, when he had satisfied himself that no one man's claims had been overlooked, he finished by saying aloud to the

colonel, "Now present to me the bravest soldier in your whole regiment." In some cases this might have been a difficult matter; it did not appear so now. The colonel, indeed, hesitated for a moment, but the question was caught by the soldiers, and one universal answer came from the ranks. "Morio! Corporal Morio!" was the cry. The colonel approved of the decision, and Morio was called forward. He was a man still young, but embrowned by service, and he already wore on his person three badges of merit, and the cross of the Legion of Honour. Napoleon looked at him attentively. "Ah," said he, "you have seen service?" "Fifteen years, my emperor," replied Morio; "sixteen campaigns and ten wounds—not to speak of contusions." "How many great battles?" asked the emperor. "Sire, I was at your heels at the Bridge of Arcola; I was the first man who entered Alexandria; it was I who gave you my knapsack for your pillow at the bivouac of Ulm, when forty thousand Austrians capitulated; I took five hussars prisoners with my own hands on the day of Austerlitz; it was I who served you —." "Hold! it is well, very well! Morio, I name you baron of the empire, and to that title I add a hereditary gift of five thousand francs a-year." Acclamations rose anew from the soldiery. "Ah, my emperor," said Morio, "this is too great a reward for me. But I will not play the usurer with your bounty. None of my companions, while I have it, shall want food or clothing."

Morio still lives. He only quitted the service when his master fell, and, in spite of that change, Morio still enjoys the emperor's gift. He has kept his word to his companions. No old soldier in the department to which he has retired, wants wherewithal to drink the health of Napoleon.—*French newspaper.*

THE POOR MAN'S SONG.

[FROM UHLAND.]

A poor man, poorer none, am I,
And walk the world alone,
Yet do I call a spirit free,
And cheerful heart my own.
A gleesome child I play'd about
My dear, dear parents' hearth,
But grief has fallen upon my path,
Since they are laid in earth.
I see rich gardens round me bloom,
I see the golden grain,
My path is bare and barren all,
And trod with toil and pain.
And yet, though sick at heart, I'll stand
Where happy faces throng,
And wish good-morrow heartily
To all that pass along.
A bounteous God! Thou leav'st me not
To comfortless despair;
There comes a gentle balm from heaven
For every child of care.
Still in each dell thy sacred house
Points mutely to the sky,
The organ and the choral song
Arrest each passer by.
Still shine the sun, the moon, the stars,
With blessing even on me,
And, when the evening bell rings out,
Then, Lord, I speak with thee.
One day shall to the good disclose
Thy halls of joy and rest,
Then in my wedding robes even I
Shall seat me as thy guest.

[The above has already appeared in a newspaper.]

SCRAPS FROM AMERICAN NEWSPAPERS, AS COLLECTED IN THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

SALE OF A CITY.

We learn from the Arkansas Times that "the city of Rockroe was sold a few days ago for taxes." We are not informed whether the inhabitants were thrown into the bargain.

RECIPE FOR THE FEVER AND AGUE.

As soon as the ice is out of the river, buy yourself an old skiff, take part in a seine, and go a-fishing on shares. Stand half-leg deep in the water for six weeks in succession, with two inches cat-fish slime on your trousers, and bathe the inside with new whisky, to keep it from striking to your stomach. Put up a couple of barrels of cat-fish for family's use—slight sprinkling of salt, plenty of Maumee water—that's pretty strong, especially at this season of the year. Take plenty of fresh air, especially at nights; and if you can't get to sleep in the big government-purchase, take a sleeping apartment with only two sides, and neither top nor bottom. By and bye the cat-fish begin to show their strength—a sprinkling more salt, plenty more Maumee water—strong smell's very healthy. Eat plenty of cat-fish broth, and go a-coonin' a nights for exercise. Weather begins to grow hot; good plan to get asleep under the shade of a tree, and let the sun come round and catch you at it. Eyes begin to look yellow; mouth tastes bad; Maumee water don't sit well; tongue furred; fever; doctor; drugs; and so on. Get better; more cat-fish broth, mixture of green-corn, buttermilk and plenty of new whisky. Bowels out of order; physic out with muskmelons; begin to feel scaly; heels running out to seed; clothes grow too large; body sharpened out, and almost ready to drive down; take more buttermilk, and lie down on the sunny side of a haystack, and, in half an hour, shake like a lamb's tail. Proper bad country!

MISCONCEPTION.

As a canal boat was passing under a bridge, the captain gave the usual warning, "Look out!" when a little Frenchman, who was in the cabin, obeyed the order by popping his head out of the window, which received a severe thump by coming in contact with a pillar of the bridge. He drew it back in a great pet, and exclaimed, "Deese Americans say look out when dey means look in."

THE BITER BITTEN.

A man in the dress of a workman was lately walking in the streets of Berlin with a packet in his hand, sealed with five seals, and inscribed with an address, and a note that it contained one hundred thalers in treasury bills. As the bearer appeared to be at a loss, he was accosted by a passenger, who asked him what he was looking for. The simple countryman placed the packet in the inquirer's hands, and requested that he would read the address. The reply was made as with an agreeable surprise. "Why! this letter is for me: I have been expecting it for a long while!" The messenger upon this demanded ten thalers for the carriage of the packet, which was readily paid, with a liberal addition to the porter. The new possessor of the packet hastened to an obscure corner to examine his prize, but, on breaking the seals, found nothing but a few sheets of blank paper, on which was written "Done."

POWER.

The powerful will always be unjust and vindictive. M. de Vendome said pleasantly on this subject, that when the troops were on the march, he had examined the quarrels between the mules and their drivers, and that, to the shame of humanity, reason was almost always on the side of the mules. M. Duverney, so learned in natural history, knew by the inspection of the tooth of an animal if he was carnivorous or granivorous. He used to say, "Show me the tooth of an unknown animal, and I will judge of his habits." By his example, a moral philosopher could say, "Mark to me the degree of power with which a man is clothed, and by that power I shall judge of his quality."

LEGAL ELOQUENCE.

A young backwoods lawyer lately concluded his argument in a case of *quare clausum fregit*, with the following sublime burst:—"If, gentlemen of the jury, the defendant's hogs are permitted to roam at large over the fair fields of my client, with impunity and without pokes—then—yes, then, indeed, have our forefathers fought, and bled, and died, in vain!"

A BACKWOODS HEROINE.

A correspondent of the Louisville Journal says, "Last week, a Mrs MacBride, of Monroe county, a widow lady, was informed by one of her children that the dogs had treed a panther within half a mile of the house. Having no ammunition, she sent to a neighbour's and procured powder and lead, moulded some bullets, loaded her gun, and proceeded to the place, and brought down her game at the first fire. The report of the gun started up another panther near at hand, which ran up a tree within half a mile of the other. She again loaded her gun and killed the second also at the first fire, on the top of one of the tallest trees. What would your city ladies say to this? I happened to be there the same day, and received the statement from herself."

ALL IN ALL.

In the west there is a man who is a chaste writer, an eloquent preacher, an honest pedlar, a first-rate fiddler, and above all a good man. He had better visit old Connecticut and reform the people there, and then come this way.

UNIVERSAL EQUALITY OF MAN.

There is but one way of securing universal equality to man; and that is, to regard every honest employment as honourable, and then for every man to learn, in whatever state he may be, therewith to be content, and to fulfil, with strict fidelity, the duties of his station, and to make every condition a post of honour.

A MISTAKE CORRECTED.

An orator holding forth in favour of "woman, dear divine woman," concludes thus:—"Oh, my hearers, depend upon it nothing beats a good wife." "I beg your pardon," replied one of his auditors; "a bad husband does."

YOUNG MEN BEWARE.

We heard of an old gentleman once who had three daughters, all of whom were marriageable. A young fellow went a-wooing the youngest, and finally got her consent to take him "for better or for worse." Upon application to the old fellow for his consent, he flew into a violent rage, declaring that no man should "pick his daughters in that way," and if he wished to get into his family, he might marry the oldest, or leave the house forthwith.

LOGIC.

A clergyman once undertook to convert a negro, who was all but incorrigible. As an *argumentum ad hominem*, he told Cuffy that the wicked did not live half their days. "Dat dare is queer," said Cuffy; "him no lib out half him day, hah. Well, den, I 'spose him die 'bout 'leben o'clock forenoon!"

A FRIENDLY INTIMATION.

The boards of a tavern in Georgia were annoyed by flies in their butter. Judge Dooly took the tavern-keeper aside, and remarked to him, in a private way, that some of his friends thought it would be best for him to put the butter on one plate and the flies on another, and let the people mix them to suit themselves. He merely suggested it for consideration.

FRENCH POLICE.

So strict an eye is kept over the movements of foreigners in France, that an American, having lately forgotten his lodgings, was obliged to go to the police-office to obtain the necessary information, when, to his great surprise, he was told who he was, where he lodged, and where he had taken dinner.

A MISTAKE.

A doctor, on calling upon a gentleman who had been some time ailing, put a fee into the patient's hand, and took the medicine himself which he had prepared for the sick man; he was not made sensible of his error till he found himself getting ill, and the patient getting better.

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FIGURES OF ARITHMETIC VERSUS FIGURES OF SPEECH.

AMONGST all the changes going on amongst us, there is none of a more remarkable nature than the disposition everywhere visible to substitute the figures of arithmetic for the figures of speech. Formerly men talked and declaimed: now they reckon. And not only are numerical summations resorted to in matters which readily fall under the law of numbers, such as the exports and imports of a country, or the progressive increase of its inhabitants, but also for the solving of many questions which, at no distant date, were looked upon as of too vague a nature ever to be the subject of more than general or superficial observation. Questions of the nature we allude to used to be, and still are to a certain extent, excellent themes for orators—men who appeal to feelings and fancies, and in general have a dislike to facts, as only tending to mar their eloquence. For an example—The condition of the young people employed in factories was, a few years ago, the subject of many pathetic statements in the House of Commons and elsewhere, from which it was made to appear, that, through the severity of their labours, they were deprived of nature's fair proportions, and ushered into mature life (when they survived so far) a miserably stunted race of beings, threatening to produce a wide-spread degeneracy. As long as figures of speech had been permitted to reign, these statements would have passed current, and the public mind would have received them as truth. But what said figures of arithmetic! When the royal commissioners, appointed for the purpose, began to inquire into the real state of the case, instead of contenting themselves with a mere ocular survey of the factory children, they resolved to subject them to a test which could not err. They resolved to *weigh and measure* them. They took factory boys and girls from various places, the former to the number of 410, and the latter 652, and a large but lesser number of children of both sexes not employed in factories; and, on weighing and measuring the one against the other, they found that there was scarcely any difference in either respect between the two sets of children. We need not give the formal table in which the weights and sizes at different ages are set down, but we shall present the general result. The average weight of a number of boys and girls employed in factories between the ages of nine and seventeen, was for the former 75.175 pounds, for the latter 74.739: the average weight of an equal number of boys and girls of the same ages, not labouring in factories, was for the former 78.680, the latter 75.049. The average stature in inches of a number of factory boys and girls was, respectively, 55.282 and 54.951, while the average stature of an equal number of non-factory children at the same ages, was, respectively, 55.563 and 54.971. The non-factory boys were thus the heavier by less than a twentieth, and taller by about a hundredth; while the factory and non-factory girls were almost identical in both size and weight. Perhaps more extensive inquiries are wanting to give complete satisfaction on this question; but, in the mean time, enough has been done to show that the outcry as to the effects of factory labour in stunting the human frame in youth, is founded on pure surmise, and not worthy of being listened to for a moment.

Amongst the common notions respecting a manufacturing as contrasted with an agricultural population, no one is more universally prevalent, or more readily received, than that the former are much more addicted to crime than the latter. When figures are resorted to, the very reverse appears to be the truth. In 1830, the proportion of thieves in the county of Edinburgh, a rural district containing a large non-manufacturing city, was as 1 to 1462 of the population, while the proportion in the manufacturing counties of Lanark and Renfrew was as only 1 in 2097. In non-manufacturing Sweden, the proportion of criminals is

as five to one of what it is in manufacturing England. Another prevalent notion respecting crime is, that want is its chief prompting cause. This is also an error. Of a thousand criminals confined in Preston jail between October 1832 and July 1837, and into whose cases the chaplain made the most minute investigations, "want and distress" were alleged to be the prompting causes of the offence, even by the parties themselves, in only 76 instances. It may be added that "idleness and bad company" were the causes in 88 instances, and "drunkenness" in no fewer than 455, or nearly a half of the whole. The prevalent notion as to the large share which drunkenness has in causing crime, is thus supported by good evidence.

To what extent the interests and comfort of a working man are affected by his having wife and children, is obviously a question of great importance. The working man, like all others, is naturally anxious to marry, and, to encourage himself in taking that step, or cheer himself when, the step being taken, a family is increasing upon him, he is apt to repeat an ancient popular maxim, that mouths are never sent without meat being sent also. To a certain extent, this maxim is true, for, one way or another, most children find food. But the personal well-being of a working man may nevertheless be greatly affected by a multiplication of food-demanding mouths; and it is worth while to inquire whether it is so in general, and how far. A few years ago, Dr James Phillips Kay, an assistant poor-law commissioner, ascertained the particulars of the incomes of 539 agricultural labourers in the counties of Suffolk and Norfolk, which he presented to the public in the form of a set of tables, several of which we have given in a subsequent page.* It appears, from these, that an agricultural labourer in Suffolk or Norfolk, while doubling all his expenses (as we must presume) by taking a wife, advances his income by marrying to the extent of only five pounds, or a fifth of what he enjoyed as a bachelor; the larger half of the additional sum being the produce of the wife's own labour. With three little children added to the burden, he has two pounds more, or about thirteen and sixpence per month. With four children, one of them above ten, the addition to the income which he had as a married man without children, is rather less than five pounds, or twenty-five shillings for each mouth. In the later stages of the progress of his family, he is a little better off; but still the utmost average he ever derives from the labour of a wife or child is in the one case L.2, 12s. 7d., and in the other L.1, 17s. 1d., neither of which sums is sufficient to support the respective individuals by whom they are gained. Clearly, he must sacrifice a large proportion of that which he can earn as a single man, in order to surround himself with the comforts of a family.

Another question bearing strongly on the above—namely, how many of the children of the labouring classes die through insufficient comfort and attendance—remains in obscurity: it is one well worthy the attention of statisticians. A law, throwing much light on this subject, has lately been ascertained by a foreign inquirer, Mr Woronzow Gregg. It is, that the fewer marriages in proportion to the population, there are the more children to each marriage. In Limbourg, where there is one marriage every year for 90 of the population, the average number of children to a marriage is 3. In East Flanders, where there is one for 165 of the population, the number of children to each marriage is between five and six. In those parts of France, where the proportion of annual marriages is as 1 to every 112, the children are 2½: in those where it is as 1 to 160, the children are 4½. Similar results have been obtained in England. There can be no other reason for this law than that, where marriages

are few in proportion, there must be a superior prudence, ensuring better provision for the consequences of marriage.

Other examples of vague assertions, long current, but now refuted by numerical inquiries, may be adverted to. It was long believed that consumption (phthisis pulmonalis) was more prevalent in cold than in warm climates; but of late it has been ascertained that, of the troops serving in the West Indies, 12 in the thousand are attacked annually by this complaint, while of the dragoon guards and dragoons serving in England, only 5½ in the thousand become its victims. There is also a prevalent notion that the operation of lithotomy is more frequently attended by loss of life than that of amputation. Some inquiries of a numerical kind made of late in both hospital and private practice, throughout England, France, Germany, and the United States, give different conclusions. In 640 cases of amputation, the deaths were 150, being considerably higher than the proportion in cases of lithotomy—which, however, we are unable to state. It is to be remarked, that, in cases of lithotomy, the surgeon usually can choose his time, which he cannot so often do in the other class of cases; and that where amputation is resorted to, there are often other causes for death besides the mere exhaustion produced by the operation, or the accidents which may attend it. The comparative mortality of children born in cities and those born in the country, would probably be stated at a high disproportion by most persons; yet the difference does not appear to be great. M. Quelet, the Belgian statistician, has shown that of 10,000 male children born in cities in his country, the deaths during the first year amount to 2574; while of an equal number born in the country, the deaths in the same space of time are 2425, a difference of only a sixteenth. Amongst female children he found the difference to be considerably less. This gentleman has announced the startling fact, that one-tenth of the infants which enter the world die in the first month, and nearly one-fourth in the first year.

We had lately occasion to show* that while nothing could be more uncertain than the life of any individual, it was possible, when a great number were taken together, to say with almost perfect certainty how many, in certain given circumstances, would die in the first year thereafter, how many in the second, and so on. There are many other things which, in single instances, are liable to as great uncertainty, but in a large aggregate show that they are governed by laws of fixed regularity. It would be quite impossible, for example, to say which man out of any nation was likely, in the course of the ensuing twelvemonth, to commit murder with a knife. Yet the murders committed in this manner in France are wonderfully near the same amount every year, being in the six years from 1826 to 1831, respectively 39, 40, 34, 46, 44, 34. Again, it would be quite impossible to say which man or woman was likely, in the course of the next year, to commit suicide; yet the number of suicides actually committed is nearly the same each year. In the department of the Seine in France, it was, in the nine years from 1817 to 1825, respectively 352, 330, 376, 325, 340, 317, 390, 371, 396. There was even an uniformity, each year, in the numbers of those who killed themselves by drowning, by fire-arms, by hanging, and all the other modes. In all other accidental things, whenever we pass from individuals to masses, or from short to long spaces of time, we find similar uniformity of results, showing a fixity in the causes. A late writer says, very beautifully, on this subject, "Were a man always to examine individual drops of water, he could never conceive the phenomenon of the rainbow; it is only when the drops are aggregated in masses, and placed in a position favourable for observation, that he can contemplate that glorious arch

* We have to request the special attention of the reader to these tables before he proceeds farther. They are extracted from the Journal of the Statistical Society, and are printed on the last page of the present number.

* Article "Life Assurance," in No. 373.

spanning the horizon, and seeming to connect earth with heaven."

The science which makes out these curious results is the science of statistics, one not known by name till the middle of the last century, and which is still in its infancy with us, although in high and well-regulated cultivation on the continent. It is the glorious tendency of this science every where to diminish the regions of the disputable. The disputable being that which occupies most time, thought, and energy, it is of the greatest consequence that its limits should be narrowed, for then there will be the more time, thought, and energy, to devote to the *ascertained*. If we reflect a moment on the things which chiefly occupy human attention, we shall find that they are things on which the demonstrations called for in the exact sciences have not as yet been adduced. Years pass on, and men are still found wrangling on those subjects, each man having only his own vague impressions or prepossessions as grounds for the views he takes, and defending these views, or, as he calls them, opinions, with as much pertinacity, as if they were based on the clearest facts. Silently, day after day, a set of pains-taking men are garnering up arithmetical truths on most of the great subjects of human concernment, and thus preparing the way for a mighty change. In medicine,† in political economy, in the science of our mental nature, in every department of study heretofore only the thome of conjecture, facts are in the course of being stored, which, on the arithmetical principle above described, must in time solve questions now considered the most perplexing. Even the spirit of war and of party must give way before this mighty influence; and where now men meet to shed each other's blood, or to do all they can to thwart each other's measures, Mr Cocker will by and bye come peacefully in, and in a few minutes, by reference to universally acknowledged authorities, settle every dispute.

THE OLD CAMPAIGNER, A STORY.

On the twenty-fifth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and thirty-five, three taps were lightly struck on the fourth-floor door of a house on the Megisserie quay at Paris, one of those tall and ugly turrets that seem to make cross faces down upon the waters of the Seine from morning till night, like so many antiquated and grinning buffoons. The three taps in question caused a young girl, who was seated alone inside of the door to which they were applied, to start rather hurriedly from her seat, and to throw a piece of embroidery on the floor at her feet, believing sincerely, however, that she had put it on the chair beside her. Whether this arose from emotion at the announcement of an unexpected visit, or an expected one, will by and bye appear; but, in the first place, it is necessary to tell who the damsel was, as the reader cannot be expected to take such interest as we could wish in one yet a stranger to him.

Pierre Bertrand, the father of Marie, was a splendid specimen of the old half-pay captain of the empire, such as that personage, or class of personages, became subsequently to the empire's fall. Rude and rough, though warm-hearted; retaining the moustache of the soldier, and all the soldier's habits, among which beer-drinking and smoking held so prominent a place as to swallow

almost half his pension; perpetually grumbling, yet continually jolly; enormously proud of various scars and cuts, and certain relics in the shape of crosses of honour, hacked sabres, and riddled uniforms; spending in telling old campaigning stories, and in playing at dominoes, all the time that was not spent in drinking and smoking: such was Pierre Bertrand, and such was his way of life. For his family, Pierre had, properly speaking, two children, although one only had a just claim of paternity upon him, as far as blood went. But for his having an adopted child, however, the old campaigner might never have had offspring of his own. On the field of battle, a dying comrade had consigned an infant boy to his arms, and Pierre had received the consignment with as much satisfaction and pride as others might receive a legacy of millions. It was to give this child a mother that Pierre had at first thought of marriage; and it chanced that this step, when he took it, only proved the means of bringing upon Pierre another dying legacy, his own little Marie. But the veteran bore up bravely under his burdens, and did his duty nobly by both his charges. To the boy Jules he contrived to give a good education, and, six months before the period of our story—six months, in short, before the three taps at the door—Jules, then precisely twenty-three years of age, had completed a course of legal studies, and had been entered a member of the bar of the Court Royal of Paris.

It was a proud day for the old captain when Jules donned the barrister's black cap and robe. Marie was then eighteen, and as pretty a blue-eyed, merry-faced maiden as could be seen, with a heart warm and open as a sunny sky. Pierre had long settled in his own mind that his two "marmots," as he called them, should be married, and that the union should take place on the day that Jules pleaded his first cause. About the feelings of the parties themselves he had never thought much, and, in truth, they had given him no cause for any uneasiness on this score.

One day, immediately after Jules had passed the legal ordeal, old Bertrand was seated in his lofty but neat domicile, smoking silently and furiously, as he always did during any meditations of special importance, when a letter was brought to him. Letters were rare things with the veteran, and he looked long at the post-mark, which was that of his native province. Opening it finally, he read thus:—"Sir, I hasten to announce to you the demise of M. Joseph Bertrand, your cousin-german, proprietor of the foundry here. He has left a fortune valued at a million of francs. No direct heir presenting himself here on the paternal side, it is presumable that you revert to the sum of 500,000 francs, the half of the whole succession, and which the law destines to that branch of the deceased's relatives. Of course you will take the necessary steps to secure your rights." This epistle bore the signature of a provincial justice of peace, and gave other particulars of the case.

Bertrand was struck dumb for five minutes, and then broke out, by way of thankfulness, into a few of his common conversational phrases, which were composed of some three or four thousand bombs, one or two hundred pieces of cannon, and a proportionate quantity of thunders. "Five hundred thousand francs!" at length cried he; "Marie, my girl! read—read this. Read, my darling! Five hundred thousand francs! Yes, units, tens, hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands! All right, Marie, my girl! Hurrah for the emperor! Hurrah!" All was indeed right—and yet all proved not right in the end. Bertrand, soon after receiving the letter, set out for his native place, concluding that he had but to appear and take possession. But the collateral relations had taken advantage of his absence from the spot, and had prepared unexpected obstacles for him. They had stirred and intrigued most actively, and had bought four or five consciences at some few thousand francs a-piece. In short, it was found that Bertrand could not establish his degree of relationship to the deceased. Certain extracts of birth and baptism, with other indispensable documents, could not be procured, notwithstanding the lengthened researches of the old clerk of the registry, to whom Bertrand gave five thousand francs to prove his titles—which sum, by the bye, in addition to twenty thousand received from the other side, made the affair a very profitable one for the old fox. The necessary documents, however, could not be found, and Pierre returned to Paris totally disheartened, and smoking furiously.

Jules was the receptacle of the veteran's complaints. The young advocate was not slow to pronounce that chicanery and roguery must have been at work, and persuaded Pierre to pursue the matter at law. Within a few months the cause came on before the provincial court of B—. Jules, whose activity and researches had been unwearied, appeared for the first time as a pleader. While the case was going on, Marie Bertrand was in a state of feverish impatience. She knew not the issue on the evening of the 25th day of December 1835. It was then that she heard three taps at the door of her father's dwelling, and started from her seat to open it.

Jules entered. Marie sat down on her chair in silence, after one glance at his countenance, which wore a downcast expression. "You have lost the cause then, Jules?" said she at length. "No, Marie, it is gained; you are rich," was the reply. The damsel raised her eyes in surprise, and exclaimed, "Gained! what then means this—this—" Jules interrupted her. "Marie, I quit Paris this evening, and I come to bid you farewell. You will be wealthy, and happy!

Yes, I go—but you will think of me sometimes, will you not?"

The young girl looked at Jules to see if he spoke seriously, and was stunned to behold his eyes filled with tears. At this moment Bertrand entered. Jules went up to him, and, placing a massive pocket-book in his hands, said, "My kind friend, justice has been done to you; here are five hundred bank-notes, of 1000 francs each—the part of your cousin's heritage which fell to you, and which I received, as authorised by you." Bertrand looked at the papers, which Jules displayed to him; then the veteran looked at Marie, who was struggling to hide her tears; and, finally, he looked at the pale face of Jules. "Why, what is this about?" cried he. "Why do you weep, Marie? Why do I not find you happy and joyful at such a moment? Jules, what have you been saying? Wont you answer me? Marie! Jules! By the thunder, there is something here—Marie, girl, tell me why you weep!"

The veteran's daughter made a desperate effort to compose herself. "He is going away, father," said she; "he departs this evening—he quits us—through pride, perhaps. He loved us while we were poor, and does so no more since we have become rich." After this effort, Marie laid her head on her father's shoulder, and wept more than ever.

"I hope, Jules," said Bertrand, "that you will explain this. May I be shot if I understand a word of what this little whimperer means!" "My father," replied Jules, "I depart this night." "You depart—ah, well—how long will you be away?" was Pierre's answer. "A long time, father," said the young man, "a long time—for ever, perhaps! You have nurtured me, you have given me a place and station in life—I ought to be no more a charge to you! I leave Paris—." "Jules, you are insane!" returned the old soldier. "Quit Paris! and at this moment, above all others, when you have won a cause that will ring in the courts! It is folly, and I don't comprehend it. Besides, it is impossible that you can go away. I have arranged matters otherwise."

Marie gently raised her head, and cast on her father a look so sweet, that Jules felt himself enfeebled by its influence.

"Yes," continued Bertrand, "I have had my plans arranged, and for a long time too. Only, I thought I could bestow on you nought but the pearl; but you shall now have the setting along with it, my lad! It won't do you any harm, will it, to have twenty-five thousand livres a-year to keep you going? Come, it is settled. Embrace him, Marie; I am pleased with him. Come, and let us off directly to the notary!"

"My father, it is impossible!" cried Jules, in accents which proved the struggle he was undergoing. "It is impossible! Already do my friends, the court, all Paris, declare that my labours, my researches, my journeyings, have all been for this money! Oh, Marie! pardon me—I love you! Yes, I love you to idolatry! But were you now to be my wife, all men would point the finger at me, as one who would not take the poor girl, but snatched at the rich heiress—snatched at her, as soon as she had become so, and ere she could have an opportunity of seeing other suitors, more worthy of her condition, at her feet! Oh, why did I gain this cause?"

Jules was proceeding in this passionate strain, when Bertrand, who had in the meantime taken the pocket-book into his hands, brought the young advocate to a pause by thus addressing him. "It is, then, this parcel of papers which renders you so scrupulous, my boy! It is this bundle of stuff," continued he, holding up the pocket-book, "that prevents your wedding my little girl! Ah, well, young man, I admire your delicacy. But I will not be less generous than you!" So speaking, old Pierre turned to the window, which he had previously opened, and, with all the force of a vigorous arm, cast the valuable pocket-book far out into the deep and muddy waters of the Seine!

Bertrand then turned from the window, and showing one single bank-note to the astonished and thunder-struck youth, observed coolly to him, "I have kept but this one thousand francs, you see; it will serve for the expenses of the nuptials; for you will not draw back now, Jules?" He continued in a severe tone—"A few moments ago, my daughter was rich, immensely rich, and you refused her hand—like a madman I must say. She is now poor as yourself, for I know she would have been miserable with riches which she could not share with you. To-morrow you will marry her, if you are a man of honour. If not—but I shall leave you together. Marie will inform me of your reply." Bertrand then left the room, shutting the door behind him with a shock that betokened an angry excitement of mind in the old campaigner. But, after all, the recent loss of fortune seemed not long to trouble the veteran, as, on sitting down soon after to a game of dominoes with a boon companion, the latter declared he had never seen Pierre so merry in all their intercourse, or so given to burst into peals of laughter on the slightest incitement.

Jules was completely staggered by Bertrand's act, but, when left alone with Marie, he soon recovered. The sensibility of the young advocate to the public voice was no affected sentiment, nor was his love for Marie; and the pair speedily pledged themselves to each other, hand and heart. They sat long together, yet Bertrand considerably staid out of the way, and ere he returned, Jules had departed. It would be peering too curiously, perhaps, into poor weak human nature, to ask if Jules did not cast a self-reproachful glance into the Seine that night as he passed it on his way homewards. If he did

* Foreign Quarterly Review, xvi. 212.

† "Nothing can be more variable or worse defined than the meaning of the words which have been hitherto employed by the physician in his description of disease, or in his statement of the results of the treatment he has adopted. What meaning are we to attach to such vague terms as 'sometimes,' 'occasionally,' 'generally,' 'in the majority of cases?' These terms, as every one knows, have every possible signification, and vary in their meaning with the varying disposition, and more or less sanguine character of those who use them. The 'sometimes' of the cautious is the 'often' of the sanguine, the 'always' of the empiric, and the 'never' of the sceptic; but the numbers 1, 10, 100, 1000, have but one meaning for all mankind. If, then, for no other reason than the attainment of accuracy, the numerical method ought to be employed wherever it can be possibly be applied."

* * If we consider the health of large masses of men placed under different circumstances, and acted on by different influences, it is to the numerical method that we must look for accurate information as to the effect of these circumstances. If we would compare one human body with another in respect of stature, weight, muscular force, or the development of its several parts, we must also resort to the numerical method. If, again, we direct attention to the several functions performed by the human body in a state of health, we find that most of them can only be adequately described by the aid of numbers. Thus the amount of the ingesta and egesta, the quantity of the several secretions, the products of the respiratory process, the frequency of the pulse and respiration—none of these can be expressed without the aid of numbers. If from the state of the body in health we pass to a consideration of its diseased conditions, we meet with the same necessity for the employment of calculation. The prevalence of the several causes of disease in different countries, and under different circumstances, their period of incubation, the length of their course, their fatality—these, and a great number of similar instances, are, strictly speaking, numerical. Then, as to the action of remedies, and the relative advantage of different modes of treatment—nothing can determine these but an accurate and numerical comparison of their fatality and duration under the several methods of treatment recommended. These are a few, and but a few, of the instances in which the numerical method is the only one from which we can hope to obtain any valuable information; but these few examples will suggest to every experienced man a thousand other cases in which the employment of this method cannot fail to lead to most important results; if numbers were invariably substituted for words of doubtful meaning, scarcely a page of any medical treatise would be without its figures.—*The Value of the Numerical Method, as applied to Science, but especially to Physiology and Medicine*, by Dr Guy, Professor of Forensic Medicine, King's College, London. *Journal of the Statistical Society*.

look wistfully on the waters, however, the future comforts, to do him justice, of Marie and her father, formed the cause of his feelings at the moment. The case was hopeless at all events. A hundred years' dragging might not have brought up that book from these deep and muddy waters.

The nuptials of Jules and Marie took place a day or two after these events. Bertrand took upon himself the orderment of the marriage-festival, and he made it so splendid a one, that the single bank-note of the heritage must have deeply felt the inroad. All the friends of the family were present; and amongst them, the majority, at least of the gentlemen, were deficient in some prominent member of the body, from the nose to the right limb. But the defects of these friends of the veteran were honourably compensated by medals, and crosses, and other badges of renown. After dinner, an enormous cold tart, or pie, which Pierre publicly declared to be a new dish of his own invention, was produced with the dessert. All eyes were turned to the dish, the task of opening which fell to the pretty hands of the bride. Marie blushing began to the duty, but her first incision fell upon a hard substance, which made her declare her father's fine dish to consist of something totally indivisible and indigestible. "Ah ha!" cried Pierre triumphantly, "cut it out!" Marie did so, and the company beheld a new red morocco pocket-book, well stuffed, and marked in gilded letters with the words, "Four hundred and ninety-nine thousand francs."

Pierre roared with rapture and delight, as well he might. The sly old campaigner had thrown into the Seine nothing but the worthless old pocket-book!

Jules did not require his worthy father-in-law's laughter to tell him what meant the pocket-book in the pie. As soon as it was brought out, and the lettering read, the veteran's ruse was clear. Jules now enjoys his twenty-five thousand livres of rent, and loves his wife as much as if she had only brought him her heart for a dowry. As to his scruples, he now says he ought to have been glad to get Marie, although she had been a queen.

Jules is at this day a distinguished and honoured advocate.

PREMATURE INTERMENT.

THE possible occurrence of premature interment, and of all the inconceivable agonies that must attend a return to life and consciousness in the "narrow house appointed for all living," is an idea more frequently present to the mind of the humble and unenlightened, than to that of the educated man. It is also obvious enough that instances of this dreadful occurrence, as ascertained, or supposed to be ascertained, from appearances in opened graves, are more apt to be talked of by the peasant's fireside than in more philosophical places of assembly. The thing, altogether, has so much the reputation of a vulgar wonder, that it requires some courage to introduce it as a topic of grave discourse. That it has, nevertheless, some real value amongst matters which concern the welfare of human kind, is a point of which we are disposed to have little doubt; and we therefore have no scruple in taking it into consideration in the present place.

That much fallacy attaches to many of the ordinary symptoms of death, is, we believe, generally acknowledged. There are, indeed, certain diseases, which chiefly consist in a counterfeit of the condition of death, and often defy the most careful attempts that may be made for their detection. Ambrose Paré quotes cases where damsels of hysterical propensities have remained whole weeks to all appearance dead; and Dr Schmidt of Paderborn mentions a recent case of apparent death (*scheintod*) that came under his own eye, where the fit lasted twenty-one days. In catalepsy, one of these death-counterfeiting maladies, there is, moreover, in some instances, a consciousness of life and of surrounding circumstances and passing events, while the patient appears to all other persons as undoubtedly dead; so that he may actually know that he is undergoing the process of inhumation, without possessing the power of making known the horrors of his situation to those around him. From the fallacious nature of these symptoms it arises that individuals who have been laid out, and in every respect treated as dead, so often (for this is not unfrequent) surprise their friends by coming to life again during the interval that precedes interment, or while on the way to the grave. Nor, since revival so often takes place before interment, can we doubt that it must also occasionally take place after that event. The illustrious Bacon testifies to the truth of what is here advanced. "There have been numerous instances," he says, "of men laid out for dead, nay of some actually consigned to earth, who have notwithstanding returned to life; a fact which in the latter case has been discovered, upon opening their coffins, by wounds or contusions on the skull, occasioned by the struggles

of the unhappy men to break from their confinement. Of this we have a recent memorable example in that subtlest of the schoolmen, Joannes Scotus, who having been buried in the absence of his servant, who was aware of his master's tendency to attacks of catalepsy, was exhumed upon his return, and found in this state. The same thing happened in our own day to a player who was buried at Cambridge."

A pamphlet on the deceptive nature of the symptoms of death was lately published at Berlin, by Dr Michael Benedict Lessing of that city, and a copy of it has by chance fallen into our hands. The author writes on the subject with great earnestness, his object being to induce the Prussian government to take some measures for more effectually testing the fact of death before interment. We do not know exactly what degree of credit to attach to his opinions as a medical writer, but certainly he has shown some industry in collecting accounts of cases—perhaps, we should say, more industry in collecting than in verifying them. We shall nevertheless venture to include a few instances of prematurely presumed death from the volume of the learned German—adding one or two from other sources.

The first case we shall quote is one which has found its way into the popular fictitious literature of many nations. A rich citizen's daughter of Paris, who was married against her will, took the matter so much to heart that she died. Her disappointed lover bribed the sexton to admit him to her tomb, carried away her body, and, by the use of certain restoratives, succeeded in recalling her to life. The happy pair retired to England, whence they returned some years afterwards to Paris. The lady was recognised by her original husband, who upon this asserted his right to her property and person, and thereupon (says Dr Lessing) arose the oddest legal process imaginable; the first husband claiming the lady as his, and the second maintaining that death had dis severed any tie that his rival might have had over her, and that, since he had been the means of bringing her back to life, his she ought to be. The first husband seems to have had the best of it with the lawyers; so the lovers took fright, and retreated once more to England, leaving the nice question of right still undecided. "The steps of this singular process," says Dr Lessing, "may still be found in the Parliamentary register." We know more certainly that the story is, with some differences, in Boccaccio; that Turberville has it in his *Tragical Tales* published in 1587; and that one of our early dramatists has used the incident with great beauty in a play published in 1602, entitled "How to know a Good Wife from a Bad."

Another of the instances adduced by Dr Lessing is of a nature so much more painful in its details than what we are willing to put into these pages, that we must take leave to soften it a little. Herr Hildebrand was the proprietor of the iron-work of Bystadt, in Sweden, at which place there is a church for the use of the people connected with the establishment. One evening in 1785, the sexton, in passing this church, heard sounds, as of groans and piteous cries, issuing from the building, or rather from the ground beneath it. Unable, from superstitious fear, to reflect calmly on the probable cause of these sounds, he started off in great haste to inform his neighbours of the circumstance. Some of these, gathering a little courage, cautiously approached the church; but when they heard a voice distinctly utter exclamations of the greatest distress, and repeatedly calling on the name of the Deity, with the interjection "Mercy, mercy!" they turned, like the sexton, and fled. Next morning when the church was entered, a female form was found stretched lifeless and covered with blood on the cold pavement. It was a married daughter of the Herr Hildebrand, who had recently appeared to die in childbirth, and had been buried the day before with her unborn child in the family vault near the altar. The babe, also dead, was now found in the arms of the unhappy mother, whose history during the past night it were too painful to speculate upon.

A similar occurrence was strangely enough brought to light at Rodach, in the year 1797. A burgomaster's wife passing through the church, had the misfortune to fall into a burial vault, in consequence of the stone that covered it giving way. In extricating the citizen's dame, a fearful scene disclosed itself to the bystanders. Twenty years previous, the wife of the then Deacon Kiesewitter had died, as was thought, in giving birth to a stillborn child, and four days afterwards was laid in the grave, and her child placed, according to custom, upon her coffin. The coffin of the child was now, however, found lying at a considerable distance, and the lid of the mother's coffin thrown aside. Her right

arm was lying under her head, and the entire body turned upon its right side.

The familiar story of the sexton and the lady's ring is localised by Dr Lessing at Leipzig, the heroine being the wife of Matthew Harnisch, a bookseller. Dr Lessing is not perhaps aware that the same occurrence is said to have taken place at Cologne, in the year 1547. There is an account of it, said to have been written by the celebrated Oehlenschläger, of which we find the following translation in a fugitive work of past date:—

"Adocht, the reigning burgemaster of Cologne on the Rhine, had buried his young and handsome wife: she had been subject to frequent fits, and never recovered from the last.

The funeral had been magnificent: and a vault in the majestic cathedral was to hold the body, which had been put by in a coffin with glass panes and iron wire on the top, and, according to the manners of the time, and the rank of the family, clad in costly robes, the head adorned with a rich garland, and the fingers with precious rings.

Peter Bold, the sexton, had locked the door and made towards home, where a scene of a very different nature awaited him: his own wife had been prematurely brought to bed of a very fine boy, but he was totally unprovided with any kind of comfort requisite on such occasions: his marriage had taken place against the wish of his employers, and he had no assistance to expect from that quarter. Isaac, the Jew, came in his mind, but he would require a pledge: a pledge, murmured Bold, within himself, and why not borrow from the dead, when nothing is to be obtained from the living? I have known this self-same lady that lies now yonder; she would not have refused a poor man in the days of her bloom, and why should her manes now begrudge what will do me good, without harming any one?

Under reflections such as these, he returned to the place which he had but just left, but where he now trod in a very different mood; he had been before in his duty, and now he came to commit sacrilege. How awful was the lonely stillness of the immense building, and how threatening were the looks of the saints on the walls, and of the cherubs over the pulpit! His courage had almost forsaken him when passing the altar; he had there to encounter the image of St Peter himself, who was his own patron as well as that of the church; but the remembrance of his miserable wife and child overcame every other consideration, and on he went through the long choir towards the vault.

The countenance of this lovely woman had nothing to renew his terror, and fearlessly he removed the lid and seized her hand. But what were his feelings when that hand grasped his wrist! He made an effort to get loose, and left not only his mantle, but his lantern.

Running away in the dark, he fell over a projecting stone, and lay for some time senseless on the floor; but as soon as he recovered, he hastened towards the house of the senator, partly to unburden his conscience, but still more to send assistance into the vault, as he found himself utterly incapable of returning again to make examination.

In the mean time, the lady had entirely recovered her senses: she overturned, indeed, the lantern, with the first motion of her arms, and was therefore for a while in the dark; but the moon cast a feeble light through a small opening in the top, and by degrees she began to recognise the place. She felt around her, and met with the golden ornaments on her head, and the rustling thin silk in which she was dressed. Oh, agony! oh, despair! she was buried alive. She uttered a cry; but she knew too well that it would not be heard. The vault was just under the choir; and what voice could penetrate the massive arches! The little air-hole opened into a private part of the churchyard, which was separated from the rest by an iron railing, and might not be visited for a considerable time.

Her dead ancestors were then to be her last companions; and her last occupation was to be that of tracing with her nails upon the black walls the melancholy progress of her real death.

Chilled with horror, she sought for something to cover herself, and she found the cloak which Peter had dropped: the warmth which it communicated revived her a little; she recovered strength enough to get out of the coffin, and to throw herself on her knees, imploring the mercy of heaven; she then attempted to get to the door, and to move its rusty latch. But who can paint her joy when she found it open! She crept mechanically through the dark and narrow passage, and perceiving the influence of a better air as she advanced, she was thereby enabled to drag herself up stairs: here she was, however, so faint that a deadly cold seized her, and would most likely have made her sink down for ever, had she not fortunately recollected that some little wine might have been left from the last mass; she made therefore one effort more to reach the altar, and met with just as much as was sufficient for her exhausted frame.

No true believer had ever set the cup to his lips with more sincere devotion and gratitude towards his Creator, than she did thus administer the cheering draught to herself. Her husband and servants found her in that very act, and used such further means for her complete restoration, that in a few weeks afterwards she could appear again in the same place, to stand godmother for the sexton's child."

A Stuttgart newspaper for 1828 mentions a recent case of revival at the point of interment, which termi-

nated fatally, in consequence of the stupidity of the persons present. While the grave-digger was shovelling the earth upon the coffin, his attention was arrested by a continued knocking from below. He called several other people to the spot, and their impression was, that the sounds came from the head and foot of the coffin. They were exactly like some one knocking at a door with the fists, or kicking with the feet against some hollow vessel, and they came every moment with redoubled force. The blows were frequently repeated at brief intervals. Within half an hour afterwards, the coffin was disinterred; but by this time the knocking had ceased. The body was found to have changed its position, and gave various other indications that life had only recently become extinct.

One of the most extraordinary cases of apparent death we have met with, in extent of duration at least, is the following, mentioned by the late Dr Macnish in his *Philosophy of Sleep*. A young lady, in the suite of the princess of N. N., had been long confined to bed by a violent nervous ailment, and ultimately to all appearance died. Her lips were quite pale, her face assumed a deathlike hue, her body was icy cold. She was carried from the chamber where she lay, laid in a coffin, and a day appointed for her funeral. It came, and, according to the practice of the country, several dirges and spiritual songs were chanted before the house. Just as the people in attendance were about to nail down the coffin lid, they remarked a sort of sweat upon the body, which every moment increased, and at last a convulsive motion in the hands and feet became perceptible. Some minutes afterwards, during which fresh signs of returning animation were apparent, she opened her eyes, and gave utterance to a loud and most piteous wail. In a few days she had entirely recovered. The account which she gave of her state of mind during the continuance of this lethargy, is extremely curious. It seemed to her as though she dreamt that she was really dead, only she was perfectly conscious of every thing that was passing around her. She heard distinctly the whispers and lamentations of her friends beside her. She felt them robing her in her shroud, and laying her out in the coffin. The feeling occasioned her an agony beyond description. She strove to scream out, but had not the power to do so. The will had lost its control over the corporeal functions. She had the excruciating feeling of being in the body and out of it at one and the same time. To stir hand or foot, or to open her eyes, was alike impossible. Her torture reached its height when the dirge commenced, and the coffin lid was on the point of being nailed down. The thought of being interred alive at length brought back the nervous system to activity, and enabled it to operate upon the muscular powers.

Dr Lessing, if possible, increases the horror we naturally feel in thinking of a revival in an entombed coffin, by stating that life would not in such cases be so quickly extinguished as we are apt to suppose. He calculates that the vacant space in most coffins contains air sufficient to support life for a space of between forty minutes and an hour. He further remarks, that, from the nature of the circumstances, the fact of revival is probably detected in but a very small proportion of the whole number of instances. He points very earnestly to means for preventing this dreadful occurrence. He proposes that houses should be set apart in all considerable seats of population for the disposal of the dead, or the presumed dead, there to lie for a certain time under proper medical superintendence, and interment not to take place till a proper certificate has been obtained that all hope of recovery is past. Such houses are kept up in various large cities throughout the world: that at Munich is thus described by a recent visitor:—"The bodies of all persons, of whatever rank (the court excepted), who die at Munich, are conveyed to the Dead-House, where they remain exposed for a period of twenty-four hours, previous to interment, with the view of guarding against the chances of living inhumation. A constant watch is kept in each apartment; and I had understood that an alarm apparatus was attached to each body, so constructed that the slightest movement consequent on resuscitation should cause the violent ringing of a bell. I could, however, discover no traces of such an apparatus. There were ten bodies exposed on the occasion of my visit—seven children and three adults. The public are not allowed to enter the apartments of the dead, but a clear view of each inmate is easily had through glass doors."—*Notes of a Wanderer, by W. F. Cumming, M.D., 1839.* It would be curious to calculate how many awful cases of authenticated living inhumation it would take to rouse the British people to the establishment of houses for the ascertainment of death. Though this decisive means of prevention is not to be hoped for, it might be well that individuals exercised greater caution in burying the dead—not only perhaps keeping them a little longer than is customary, but making either slight incisions for the purpose of rousing any latent spark of life, or such greater lesions as would put death beyond all question. A Lady Dryden, widow of an English baronet, was so much impressed with the propriety of the latter precaution, that, at her death in 1789, she was found to have left twenty pounds in her will to her surgeon, as payment for his cutting her carotid artery previous to her interment. We have ourselves been witness to two cases, in which, from the appearance of colour on the cheeks of the presumed corpse, and the absence of all disagreeable effluvia, we could not help wishing

that the funeral had been postponed, being greatly disposed to fear that life was not altogether extinct. In such cases, except for the slight inconvenience of perhaps countermanding a few invitations, it would be easy, as it would unquestionably be proper, to delay the funeral, if not to take some more active measure.

ARABIAN MISSION TO FRANCE.

A FRENCH public journal, a month or two ago, related that five young Arabs had lately arrived at Marseilles, attired in their national costume. According to the account presented, these interesting strangers belong to some of the first families in the province of Constantine (the scene of the recent French wars in Africa), and have been sent by their friends to France, for the purpose of seeing and acquiring knowledge in that country. From the central position of Constantine in the Algerine territories, its inhabitants are entirely strangers to European manners and inventions. As soon as these young Arabs set foot in France, accordingly, their admiration rose to a great height. When at Toulon, they could find no way to express their astonishment, except by comparing what they saw to the scenes described in their own national fairy tales. The *Montebello*, a magnificent man-of-war, struck them with the greatest amazement, its one hundred and twenty large cannon being truly an overwhelming spectacle to those whose whole nation could muster no more than one or two field-pieces in their greatest battles! The apartments of the same floating palace are larger than those of the Bey of Constantine's grandest mansion, and would cost more than fifty such regal or vice-regal abodes; the great dockyards and immense warehouses of the port; the vast coppers or boilers, resembling houses of metal, and exceeding in bulk the most spacious Arab tents; such objects as these, combined with the swarming houses and population seen on the way between Marseilles and Toulon, were not ill calculated, indeed, to make a striking impression at the outset on these youths, accustomed only to witness the feeble operations of a people without industry and without arts, and to look on a soil, which is, throughout, one wide and almost tenantless desert.

The sight of the three thousand galley-slaves at Toulon, all working at employments which tended to the general benefit of society, inspired the young Arabs with a strong sense of the wisdom and philanthropy of the people among whom they had come. In their own country, these three thousand criminals would have at once been decapitated, and thus been lost to mankind; and a forcible impression of the greater wisdom, not to say humanity, of a more lenient criminal code than their own, was consequently stamped upon the minds of these youths. Destined to be leaders in their own land, they may become instrumental, through the impressions thus received, in redeeming their countrymen from the chains of judicial barbarism.

On their entering, for the first time, a splendid coffee-room at Marseilles, those who accompanied the African strangers witnessed a strange scene. The young Arabs believed themselves to be in the midst of strangers, but, to their astonishment, a voice cried out, "Saad! Saad!" and a young French officer sprang forward, and embraced the youngest of the five strangers. Saad, as this Arab was called, seemed about sixteen years old. Eighteen months back, he had been in the perilous and destructive expedition of General Negrier to Stora, and had there fought in the French ranks by the side of his father, the Caid Ali, chief of one of the four departments of the province of Constantine, and a man proverbial for his bravery, of which he gave many astonishing proofs during the recent wars.

The young officer ardently expressed his affection for his former companion-in-arms, and recalled to the young Arab's mind the circumstances of several combats in which they had shared. Above all, the officer spoke of one occasion, where he and six or seven other Frenchmen had been relieved, when in the midst of enemies, by a special succour sent by Saad's father. "Would that I could see one of that brave band," exclaimed the officer, "who came to save us in that strait!" The young Arab timidly replied, "See here! Lamzi, the friend of my father, and my companion on this journey—he it was who led the party of which you speak!" The French officer presented his hand with grateful and friendly vivacity to the Arab pointed out by Saad, exclaiming, "How! was it indeed you?" Lamzi, whose figure and air were worthy of a master-pencil, replied with calm modesty, "It was I!"

Such have been the incidents attending the first steps of the young Arabs in France. There is every reason to hope, if their journey continues to wear the same aspect with which it has begun, that these youths will one day contribute powerfully to the overthrow of the fanatical prejudices entertained by their countrymen against Europeans, and which have been mainly instrumental in keeping a large portion of Africa, for a series of ages, in savage darkness and ignorance. The names and ages of the five Arabs are as follow:—Ahmed, aged 27 years; Saad, 16 years; Saleh, 20 years; Lamzi, 33 years; and Maley, 19 years.

So far runs the narrative of the French paper. The French Marshal Valée, who now commands in the Algerine provinces, seems to have promoted, if not suggested, the mission of these Arab youths, and certainly the scheme appears calculated to produce the best ultimate results. A barbarous people, it is no more than natural to think, will be most readily brought within the pale of civilisation by individuals of their

own race, acquainted thoroughly with their disposition and habits. Peter the Great of Russia gave memorable countenance to this principle, and Mehemet of Egypt has for many years made it a part of his improving policy to send numbers of young men to all the large cities of Europe, for the purpose not only of acquiring such knowledge as may be got from books, but of learning handicraft trades by actual practice of them. Young Egyptians came to Edinburgh recently with this view, and spent several years in the city, working daily at different trades. On going home, they would be able to act as teachers to others. Such results cannot be expected from the visit of the five Arabs, on account of the probable shortness of their stay. Their influence on their countrymen must be moral in its nature. But this visit may and ought to be followed by others on more extended principles.

REMARKABLE CASE OF DERANGEMENT OF VISION.

THE following remarkable case of derangement of vision, produced by a casual injury on the head, is given in a late number of the *Phrenological Journal*. We of course leave our readers to make up their own minds as to the definitions and conclusions of the writer, it being our design neither to advocate nor defend phrenology, but simply to furnish a subject for rational reflection and investigation. The case is communicated by Dr Otto, Professor of Medicine in the University of Copenhagen, and we suppose occurred in Denmark.

"In the month of February 1837, N. H., a labourer, had a fall on the ice, and was carried home insensible. On arousing from his state of unconsciousness, he felt a slight degree of pain in the right super-orbital region, the part on which he had fallen, and a tumour formed there equal in size to a closed fist, but which disappeared in the course of a couple of days, as well as the pain, so that the patient, notwithstanding some peculiar hallucinations, could attend to his usual occupations on the fourth day. He afterwards consulted several physicians on account of the affection that remained, and after the unsuccessful trial of antiphlogistic treatment, he came to Dr Fleischmann of Erlangen, in July following. The most remarkable morbid symptoms then were as follow:—Ever since the fall, whenever he opens both eyes, he sees all external objects at an unusual distance from him. He falls consequently very often into ditches, and hurts himself on stones, which, according to his perceptions, yet lie far from him. An object lying about a foot from him, appears to himself to be at five or six feet distance, and a man at the distance of forty paces appears to be a quarter of a German mile from him. He judges quite correctly of the form and colour of external objects, according to the distance at which they appear to him; that is, if an object seems to be only six or eight paces from him, he then perceives its form and colour even as well as in his healthy days he perceived an object six or eight paces from him; but if he thinks an object to be at the distance of a quarter of a German mile, its form and colour appear to him even as indistinct as it really was in that distance. It is likewise remarkable, that, when he keeps the left eye shut, he again sees all objects in the right distance; and he is then able to walk safely, to read, &c. If, on the contrary, he opens the left eye, whilst he looks with the right eye, all the objects, at the same moment that it is opened, are observed in their real distance, but they immediately retreat farther and farther from him, so that at last they are thought to be at a greater distance than they really are. If both eyes are kept open, he also in a distance of six feet sees all objects double for a short time; and if both eyes are kept open for a longer time, he gets a little confused in his head, sees small worms or lines, has tingling in his ears, becomes as if intoxicated, stumbles over his own legs, &c. But if he again shuts the left eye, this state again disappears suddenly, he feels better, and sees as in his healthy days. Finally, if he shuts the right eye, and looks only with the left one, all objects indeed appear to him farther distant than they really are, yet not to that degree of distance in which they appear to be when he keeps open both eyes. Not the least morbid change can be observed in the eyes, on the most close examination, excepting only a little squinting of the left eye when it looks upwards. The clearer the weather is, the better he feels; but in foggy and cloudy weather, his head is heavy; he sees small worms and light lines, and perceives a sort of biting in the angles of the eyes, as if there were salt in them. When he scratches his head, or makes a false step, it appears to him as if the right side of his head was hollow. His health is otherwise perfect. All means, and amongst these galvanism, have been hitherto tried without success.

This remarkable case is related in Hufeland's *Medical Journal*, for July 1838, by Dr Fleischmann of Erlangen, who takes infinite trouble to explain it, yet in a manner that involves him in contradictions and absurdities. But if the author had thought it worth while to make himself acquainted with phrenology, he would have been able to explain the whole case in a clear and satisfactory way. To phrenology it is an extremely valuable case, as this true and interesting science is confirmed by it, on the one hand, and on the other it enables us to unriddle at once what seems quite incomprehensible to other observers.

The external senses conduct, by their respective nerves, only the impressions of external objects to

particular parts of the brain, which perceive them. If the connection between the nerves of the senses and these parts of the brain is interrupted, the individual immediately ceases to see, hear, smell, taste, and feel the objects acting on the senses. The whole function of the external senses consists in receiving and propagating the impressions to the organs of the inner faculties, and in consequence we, properly speaking, do not see with the eyes, nor hear with the ears, &c., but employ these parts only as instruments, by which the impressions are sent to the brain, which perceives them, and suggests the clear idea of them. In that part of the brain situate immediately above the eyes is the organ of Size, supposed by phrenologists to be the organ which enables us to perceive the size, extension, and the distance of objects. The optic nerve receives and propagates the impression of an object also to this part of the brain, and the individual is then able, if the cerebral part is healthy, to judge rightly of the distance of the object; but if the part is morbidly affected, the idea of the distance of objects must be deranged.

By the fall on the super-orbital region, the cerebral organ of Size appears to have sustained an injury, probably on the right side, where pain and swelling were induced. But the other cerebral parts, immediately adjacent, appear not to have been affected; and, accordingly, the forms and colours of objects are correctly perceived, whilst their size and distance are judged falsely. That the patient sees all objects at their right distance, when the left eye is kept shut, is easily accounted for by the decussation of the optic nerves; the impression of the objects being consequently propagated from the right optic nerve to the organ of Size on the left side, which is sound, and its function duly performed. The contrary holds good when the left eye is open, the optic nerve of which communicates with the right hemisphere of the brain, which was the side injured by the fall. Double vision is thus induced when both eyes are open, and confusion and stumbling are caused by it."

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

ON THE ELECTRICITY OF ANIMALS; ESPECIALLY THAT CALLED ANIMAL ELECTRICITY.

FIRST ARTICLE.

WE purpose, for the entertainment of our readers, to direct their attention for a little to the subject of *Animal Electricity*, a power possessed by certain animals, whereby they can, at will, inflict electric shocks, or, in other words, can employ the thunderbolt on a small scale, for the accomplishment of various important objects essential to their well-being. This subject is interesting, not only as being intimately connected with that all-pervading and mysterious agent electricity, but also as exhibiting one of the most singular means of self-defence supplied to living beings, while at the same time it suggests some very curious considerations touching the functions of the muscular and nervous systems, of all others, perhaps, the most important subjects connected with physiological science.

Before proceeding to the subject of *animal electricity*, it is necessary to explain distinctly what, according to the present arrangements of science (how correctly, this is not the place to discuss), is meant by the term; and the more so, as it has now acquired a meaning different from that which it possessed when first introduced into the vocabulary of science by the distinguished Galvani. The wife of this celebrated philosopher having accidentally discovered that the leg of a frog, which had been for some time dead, was thrown into violent convulsions when its principal nerve was touched by a piece of metal, the professor was led to commence those curious researches which now, under his honoured name, comprehend one of the most exciting fields of speculation. Galvani speedily found that it was an easy matter to excite muscular action in the bodies of animals recently dead, by establishing a communication through certain metals between the nerves and the muscles of the animal; and this not only in cold-blooded animals, which long retain their vital properties, but also in those which are warm-blooded, and even in man himself. From these discoveries, the learned anatomist was led to conclude that the action was produced by some fluid existing in the nerves in a state of accumulation, which, being attracted by the metals, passed along them to the muscles; and to this ideal fluid, or agent, he applied the name of animal electricity. These ideas prevail in the writings of Galvani's contemporaries; and the very expression, as originally used, is still retained in some elementary works. But it having been long ago demonstrated, and especially by Volta, that the action of the muscles in this case was owing not to any peculiar fluid existing in the nerves, but merely to the electricity produced by the metals employed, and to which the nerves acted simply as conductors, the term *animal electricity*, as thus used, was demonstrated to be alto-

gether incorrect and deceptive, and must therefore be abandoned.

But, further, animal electricity in the limited sense in which it is now employed, must be distinguished from electricity existing in the bodies of animals in a diffused state, as it always does in a certain degree, and sometimes to such an extent as to produce phenomena of a sufficiently curious description. M. Hemmer, of Mannheim, found, in the year 1786, that the electricity of the human body is common to all individuals, though varying greatly under different circumstances. In 2422 experiments, it was ascertained to be 1252 times positive, 771 times negative, and 399 times imperceptible. More recently, Messrs Pfaff and Ahrens, by employing improved instruments, have obtained more striking results, of which the following are a few. Irritable men, of sanguine temperament, have more free electricity than those of an opposite dull habit; electricity accumulates towards the evening; spirituous drinks augment its intensity; while the body is cold in winter, no electricity is manifested; the whole body naked, as well as every part, shows the same phenomenon; electricity is diminished during rheumatism."* As might be anticipated, the electricity evolved in some individuals is much stronger and more copious than in others, and many singular instances of this nature have been recorded. It is said of Wolimer, king of the Goths, that he could emit sparks from his body. Cardan relates that sparks were emitted from the hair of a Carmelite monk, whenever it was stroked backwards; and Faber mentions a young woman from whose hair sparks of fire always fell when it was combed. Cassandra Buri, a Veronese lady, often terrified her maid servants by brilliant sparks, and a crackling noise, which were emitted when her body was rubbed, or even touched slightly, by a linen cloth. The most remarkable case, however, of the generation of electricity in the human subject at present on record, is one which, in January 1838, was related in America. The subject of it, a lady, was for many months in an electric state so different from that of surrounding objects, that whenever she was but slightly insulated by a carpet or other feebly conducting medium, sparks passed between her person and any object which she approached. From the pain which accompanied the passage of the sparks, her condition was a source of much discomfort to her. When most favourably circumstanced, four sparks a minute would pass from her finger to the brass ball of the stove at a distance of an inch and a half. The circumstances which appeared most favourable to the generation of electricity, were an atmosphere of about 80 degrees, tranquillity of mind, and social enjoyment, while a low temperature and depressing emotions diminished it in a corresponding degree. Its first appearance was sudden during the occurrence of a vivid aurora borealis, and its departure was gradual. Various experiments were made with the view of ascertaining if the electricity was generated by the friction of articles of dress, but no change in these seemed to modify its intensity.† Somewhat similar phenomena have been observed in the lower animals, of which the domestic cat affords a familiar example. Of the cat, indeed, it has been stated that electricity may be accumulated in its body, and given off suddenly so as to produce a shock. Romer says, if one take a cat in his lap in dry weather, and apply the left hand to its breast, while with the right he strokes its back, at first he only obtains a few sparks from the hair; but after continuing to stroke for some time, he receives a sharp shock, which is often felt above the wrists of both arms. At the same moment the animal runs off with expressions of terror, and will seldom submit itself to a second experiment. Here, then, unquestionably, is electricity produced in the bodies of animals; and yet, as, according to the present approved nomenclature, it is not to be classed under the head of animal electricity, we have deemed it important to dwell upon these spurious examples, that we may clearly point out their distinction from the true. In the cases upon which we have hitherto been insisting, the electricity has the same origin with common electricity, and is exhibited in the animals as it would be in organic or dead matter similarly circumstanced, whereas true *animal electricity*, as the term is now confined, has a very different origin. It is not developed by any of the usual excitants of common electricity; there is no chemical action in the case, no friction, no alteration of temperature, no pressure. In this genuine animal electricity, the exercise of the animal's will, and the integrity of its nervous system, and of the peculiar electric organs, seem alone sufficient for its evolution.

It has been stated within these few years, "That the animals endowed with this faculty with which we are acquainted, are all fishes." The rapid advance of science is manifested by the fact that the phenomenon has lately been recognised in other and very different classes of the animal series. The attention of our readers has lately been directed to this novel fact in the *annelides* and *infusoria*, in which, with the help of the microscope, electric sparks have been seen though not felt, and brilliant sparks have been witnessed issuing from these animals in a ratio inversely as their size. Appearances have likewise led to the conclusion, that the steady luminosity or shining of many insects, as, for example, of the glow-worm, is produced from the same cause. It is mentioned in a highly esteemed work on entomology, that when an insect endowed with

this power was placed on the palm of the hand, the observer experienced a shock which extended even to the shoulder, and that immediately afterwards he perceived in his hand red spots at the places where the six feet of the insect rested.* Margrave describes another insect, a native of Brazil, which, on being touched, gave a shock which was felt through the whole body. According to Molina, when one of the *Sepia*, or cuttle-fish as it is called, is seized with the naked hand, a degree of numbness is felt, which continues for a few minutes, whilst one of the *Polypi*, as stated by Treviranus, communicated to the hand a sensation like that of an electric shock. Many, if not all of these examples, appear to be manifestations of true animal electricity, and it is to be regretted that hitherto so few observations have been made in illustration of them. We shall therefore no longer insist upon them at present, but proceed to those better ascertained and marked instances which occur in fishes, and which have been often made the subject of deep and searching investigation.

The list of electrical fishes at present known, extends to the number of six. Two of these are the established species of the well-known torpedo; the third is the *Gymnotus*; then, the famous *Silurus* of the Nile; the *Trichiure*; and finally the *Tetraodon electricus*. Two of these, the *Gymnote* and *Silurus*, are fresh-water fish, whilst the others are marine; and hence their peculiar power is in no way dependent upon the characters of sea water. We shall first make a few remarks upon the natural history of these fishes individually, and shall then consider more particularly the peculiar property they possess in common.

The TORPEDO, known among English fishermen as the *numb-fish* and *cramp-fish*, has been celebrated both by ancients and moderns for its wonderful faculty of causing sudden numbness and torpor, sometimes attended with cramp, in the limbs of those who touch it. The names *tremola* of the Romans, and *haddayla* (signifying benumbing or paralyzing) of the Maltese, point to this property. This power, the ancients, unacquainted with the theory of electricity, were contented to admire, without attempting to explain, and, as is usual in such cases, generally magnified its effects. Hence Pliny states that the torpedo, even when touched with a spear or stick, can benumb the strongest arm, and arrest the swiftest foot; and hence those elegant lines of Mr Pennant, from Claudian's paraphrase of Oppian, in which it is stated that the astonished angler is suddenly reduced to a state of helpless stupefaction:

The hooked torpedo, with instinctive force,
Calls all his magic from its secret source:
Quick through the slender line and polished wand
It darts, and tingles in the offending hand.
The palsied fisherman, in dumb surprise,
Feels through his frame the chilling vapours rise
Drops the lost rod, and seems, in stiff'ning pain,
Some frost-fixed wanderer on the polar plain.

The torpedo resembles, generally, the common skate, and was in fact arranged by naturalists till lately in the same genus. It differs, however, in this, as in other respects, that whilst most of the skates are somewhat square-shaped, the main portion of the cramp-fish, composed of head and body, is very nearly circular, having a short tail appended to it. As we have stated, there is no kind of distinction between the head and trunk, and the eyes, well forward on the body, are situated near each other on each side of these, oval-shaped, proceeding outwards and backwards, may be perceived the external marks of the electric organs. The dimensions of the largest individual we have seen described were 4 feet in length, 2½ in extreme breadth, and 4½ inches in extreme thickness: this fish weighed 53 pounds. They have, however, been taken on the coast of England weighing as much as 60 and 80 pounds; and Colonel Montague examined a very large specimen, taken by the hook, off the coast of Tenby in Wales, which weighed about 100 pounds. Its body is perfectly smooth, and slightly convex above; it is of a dark ash colour, with somewhat of a purple hue; sometimes of a pale reddish-brown, and frequently dotted with several large circular dusky spots regularly arranged; the under surface is whitish or flesh-coloured. Its distribution is extensive, as it is found in large quantities in the Mediterranean and off the west coast of France, and more sparingly off the southern shores of the British Isles: it is also frequent in Table-Bay, Cape of Good Hope, in the Persian Gulf, and in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. It seems usually to frequent deep waters with a muddy bottom, where it is captured with the net, and sometimes also by the hook. When surprised by the retreating of the tide, and arrested in its return to deep water, according to Mr Walsh, it buries itself in the sand, and, by the flapping of its extremities all around, soon sinks itself a bed, and throws the sand in a light shower over its back, when neither the animal nor the spot in which it lies can be distinguished.

The curious electrical organs of the torpedo were described by the celebrated John Hunter and others, and we shall now supply an epitome of their accounts. The individual which Mr Hunter examined was one foot and a half long. The electric organs were as usual placed on each side of the head and gills, reaching thence to near the outer margins of the body, and extending longitudinally from the anterior extremity of the animal to the membrane which divides the belly from the chest; within these limits they occupy the whole space between the skin of the upper and under

* Cyclopaedia of Anatomy and Physiology.

† American Journal of Medical Sciences, January 1838.

* Kirby and Spence, l. 110.

surfaces. Each organ was attached to the surrounding parts by close cellular membrane, and was covered above and beneath by the common skin. Each organ was five inches long, at the anterior extremity three in breadth, and about half as much at the posterior part. Each (honeycomb-like) consisted wholly of perpendicular columns, reaching from the upper to the under surface of the body, the largest column being about an inch and a half long, the shortest about a quarter of an inch. The columns are somewhat irregularly shaped, most of them being six-sided, others five-sided, and many square: their coats are exceedingly thin and transparent, closely connected with each other; their number seems to differ with the size of the animal; in the smaller they amounted to about 470, but in a large fish there are sometimes three times the number. Each column is divided by horizontal partitions, placed above each other, at very small distances, and forming numerous cells which appear to contain a fluid. The number of these, counting within the space of an inch of the column, is about 150. These partitions are so very delicate, that they can scarcely be recognised in the fresh fish, and Dr Davy informs us that he never was able to detect them in the recent animal. Dr Coldstream, however, states that he and Dr Allen Thomson readily recognised the structure described by Mr Hunter, in specimens which for a time had been preserved in spirits. This apparatus is most abundantly supplied with nerves, on which point Mr Hunter remarks: "The magnitude and number of the nerves bestowed on these organs in proportion to their size, must, on reflection, appear as extraordinary as the phenomena they afford; there is no part of any animal with which I am acquainted which has so great a proportion of nerves."* No contraction has ever been seen in the electrical organs, so that there is no reason to suppose that any muscular fibres enter into their composition. In all directions, however, they are exposed to the compression of very strong muscles, of which Dr Davy remarks: "Without entering into any minute anatomical examination of these muscles and their uses, it is only necessary to compare them in the torpedo, and in any other species of skate, to be convinced that they are adequate to and designed for the effect mentioned, namely, compressing the electric organs."†

M. Geoffroy St Hilaire examined the fluid contained in the cells, and found that it consisted of something very like the white of an egg (albumen), and animal jelly (gelatine), and, what is very curious, he discovered organs very similar to those of the torpedo, in other species of the skate genus which are altogether destitute of the electrical power. The proportion of fluid, also, which enters into the composition of this apparatus, is most extraordinary. Dr Davy found that seven parts only out of the hundred remained after it was dried by the heat of boiling water. The electric organs of the smallest torpedo employed by Dr Davy contained only fourteen grains of solid matter; yet this small mass of matter gave sharp shocks, and manifested other proofs of electricity. "How inconceivable," he adds, "that these effects could be produced by such a cause!"

The torpedo, as will afterwards appear, has been examined more frequently than any other of the electrical fishes, and in it especially has been noticed a double kind of action, which, probably, they all possess, namely, a power of communicating a tremor, as well as a shock. As to the *tremor*, well expressed by the name *tremola* of the Italians, Dr Lugenhousz thus testifies in his letter to Sir J. Pringle: "As I could get no torpedo alive in my lodgings at Leghorn, I hired a fishing-vessel, with eighteen men in her, and went about twenty miles to sea, where the bottom is muddy, and where these fish are chiefly to be found. We caught five, of which four were about a foot in length. As soon as they were hauled upon deck, I put them into a tub filled with sea-water. I took one of the torpedos in my hand, so that my thumbs pressed gently on the upper side of the electric organs, whilst my fore-fingers pressed the opposite side. About a minute or two after, I felt a sudden trembling in my thumbs, which extended no farther than my hands: this lasted about two or three seconds. After some seconds more, the same trembling was felt again. Sometimes it did not return in several minutes, and then came again at very different intervals. Sometimes I felt the trembling both in my fingers and thumbs. These tremors gave me the same sensation as if a great number of electrical batteries were discharged through my hand very quickly, one after the other. The fish occasioned this trembling as well out of the water as in it: sometimes it was very weak, and at other times so strong that I was very near being obliged to quit my hold."‡ Again, as to the *shock* of this animal, its English names of *numb* and *cramp* fish seem to have a more especial allusion. Mr Grant, a wholesale fishmonger at Brixham, informed Mr Walsh that the benumbing quality is pretty strong through the net, though much weaker than when removed from it. A vigorous torpedo causes a momentary shock, which is felt through the arm, as far as the shoulder, and leaves a degree of numbness in the fingers and hands. Some have compared the sensation produced to that felt in the arm when the nerve at the point of the elbow is struck; and others, who have been accustomed to receive electric shocks, have declared the sensation to be extremely painful. Gay-Lussac and Baron Humboldt, who expe-

rimented upon the animal at Naples in the year 1805, say that its stroke is more painful than a strong discharge produced by the Leyden phial, and that the shock of one fourteen inches long is with difficulty supported.

When the torpedo lies concealed, as previously mentioned, under the sand, which Mr Walsh asserts is its favourite situation, "it is celebrated for giving its most forcible shock, so as to throw down the astonished passenger who inadvertently treads upon it."* Some naturalists have expressed doubts as to the possibility of this occurrence, and probably it may be exaggerated, but as the phenomenon occurs with the gymnote, Mr Walsh's statement is probably substantially correct.

A PARTY OF CRUSOES ON A DESERT ISLAND.

In the London newspapers of 1823, there appeared a most interesting and affecting account of the wreck and loss of a small English trading vessel in the Indian Ocean, with a narrative of the preservation of the crew on some obscure islets lying out of the usual track of navigation, at the distance of six or seven hundred miles south-east from the Cape of Good Hope. The account presented was in substance as follows:—

On the 9th of May 1820, the Princess of Wales smack, of 75 tons burden, commanded by Mr T. Beckwith, sailed from the Thames for Prince Edward's Island in the Indian Ocean, with a crew of fifteen men, for the purpose of catching seals and other cetaceous animals for the sake of their skins. The voyage was every way prosperous; the vessel arrived at its destination, where the seal-catching commenced on the 1st November, and remained till the subsequent March, 1821. Having, as it would appear, exhausted the objects of pursuit in this quarter, the vessel proceeded farther to some desert islands, called the Crozettes, situated 47 degrees south latitude, and 47 degrees east longitude. This proved a fatal adventure. On the 17th of March, on reaching the Crozettes, a party of eight seamen was dispatched in a boat to one of the islands, there to remain some time seal-catching, while the vessel proceeded to another island to land a party for the same purpose. In the course of the day, after reaching the second island, a heavy swell began to set in towards the shore, and the captain, in order to gain an offing, was obliged to slip the cable, and endeavour to stand out to sea. Such, however, was the strength of the current, and the unmanageableness of the vessel, that the most serious apprehensions were entertained for its safety. In this condition the crew continued in hourly expectation of striking on outlying reefs until midnight, when, to settle all doubts on the subject, the unfortunate bark struck with tremendous force.

The striking of a vessel, whether on sand-banks or rocks, particularly the latter, is ordinarily the signal of destruction. On the present occasion, the crew instantly expected such a catastrophe, and proposed to get out the boat and try to gain the island; but the captain, who knew its desolate condition, and believed they could only linger out a few days there in dreadful want, opposed the proposition, and he chose rather to close his sufferings by a speedy death as the less horrible alternative. The crew, however, considered that there was still hope, and, under the circumstances, assuming the right of acting for themselves, they got the boat out over the gunwale, and threw into her a few things which they were able hastily to collect. Still, however, they refused to leave their captain to perish, and, after some entreaty, they prevailed upon him to commit himself to the boat with them. The night was dark, rainy, and boisterous, and the sea dashed over the rocks by which they were surrounded. They found the shore to be much nearer than they expected, but could not land, as it was bounded by a perpendicular rock. After rowing about for nearly four hours, they came into a sort of cove, where they got on shore in safety, but the boat was swamped. How they escaped the rocks in that darkness and heavy sea, was afterwards matter of astonishment to them. They hauled up the boat, turned it over, and got under it.

When the day broke, they perceived the vessel lying on her beam-ends, with a large hole in her lower planks, which proved that from the instant she first struck she could not afterwards have lived. The sea was washing over her, and it was evident that she must soon go to pieces. They were unable to launch the boat to save any thing from the wreck. Amongst the articles put into the boat was a tinder-box, and with a few materials which they picked up on the shore they made a fire, and caught a few birds, which they dressed.

On the next day they succeeded in launching the boat, and proceeded in her to a cove at about five miles distant, which was nearer the vessel. They succeeded in reaching her, and getting out the captain's and the mate's chests, landing them, and in picking up a number of planks. The next day they picked up a try-sail, and some coals of bread which were spoilt, but a gale coming on, prevented them from putting out in the boat to visit the wreck, as it blew furiously. The next day they saw, to their distress, that nothing was left of her but the masts, which had become entangled by the rigging among the rocks, and these soon disappeared. They then hauled the boat up, to live, or rather to sleep under her, and this was their only shelter for three weeks, during which time they subsisted chiefly on birds, and the tongues and hearts of sea-elephants.

They had got some of their hunting implements on shore, and were able to kill this animal with ease, whenever they caught it, and its great importance to them will appear in the course of the narrative. The weather was so rainy and inclement, that, until the end of three weeks, they were unable to begin to erect any commodious shelter. At the expiration of that time they collected all the timber they could find, for the island did not produce a shrub. With a part of these materials, and some stones, at the end of a few weeks they completed a house or shed. They covered the top with sea-elephants' skins to keep out the rain, and the weather, at the sides, by means of turf. They made their beds of a soft dry grass, with which the island abounded, and over this they had coverlets of sea-elephants' skins, and on the whole they made their shelter tolerable. Knowing that it was useless to repine, they soon organised a settled course of life in their little community. Their chief occupation consisted in foraging for the means of subsistence within the limits of the island. Seals and sea-elephants were the game which they principally depended upon, and these they daily went in quest of. The sea-elephant was their grand main-stay, for it yielded not only some parts fit for food, but a large quantity of blubber, which, being mixed with dried grass, made excellent fuel. They likewise hunted a species of sea-fowl which settled on the island to burrow and lay eggs in the sand, and which they seized without any difficulty. In the mornings they rose about eight o'clock and breakfasted on these birds, after which they went out to hunt, leaving one or two behind to cook dinner. This dinner consisted generally of a sort of soup composed of sea-elephants' flippers, heart and tongue, chopped in pieces. They could find no vegetables on the island, which produced nothing but grass, excepting a plant like a cabbage that was extremely bitter, and this they made use of occasionally to flavour their soup. Great inconveniences were at first sustained for want of proper eating utensils, as there was only the large kettle in which their soup was made. They managed, however, to make some wooden spoons for themselves. They next cut down an old cask, and with it made a kind of soup tureen, out of which they all ate together.

Their last improvement was to manufacture a sort of wooden trencher for themselves, when they ate comparatively in a superior style of comfort. In the soup they sometimes put elephant skin, which had the appearance of tripe, but in taste and substance it is described as of a more "leathery" nature. After dinner some of them went out again to hunt for "grub," some remaining at home, the swiftest runners being chosen to hunt the seal. At "tea-time," or dusk, they returned, and partook of a mess composed of penguins' eggs boiled in water. Now and then they killed the albatross, which is rather a strong bird, and roasted it; but as the young ones were highly esteemed, and as the mariners daily began to lose their hope of being delivered, they were afraid to kill the old birds lest they should quit the island, and in this fear they permitted them to live as "stand by's." For the same reason they spared the penguins, which supplied them plentifully with eggs. The young seals were considered as the greatest luxury, but they, as well as the old ones, were but too scarce, and their skins were in high request for clothes; for, at the end of a few months, from their mode of life, their clothes gave way, and, indeed, the climate was so cold and wet that they were not fit to withstand the inclemency of the weather. The men set to work and made themselves clothes of the seal-skin, some using the hair inwards. They made a needle out of a nail. For shoes they made themselves a sort of socks or buskins of the same material, and they constructed various kinds of caps, which, as their beards were pretty long, by no means tended to improve their physiognomy.

We now turn to the history of the party of eight men who had gone ashore on the first island in the group, and from which they expected to be taken up in the course of a week. During the week, for which they possessed a sufficiency of provisions, they pursued their occupation of hunting the seals on the low sandy shores and inlets, and gathered a large quantity of the skins of these animals to carry with them on their return. At the end of the week, however, the smack did not make its appearance, which perplexed them not a little; but their distress may be conceived when they found portions of the wreck driven ashore by the waves, giving too certain evidence of the destruction of their vessel, and, as they feared, of the loss of their comrades. For six weeks they continued to watch the horizon, with a lingering hope that a sail would present itself to their anxious gaze, but nothing of the kind appeared, and the party then removed to another quarter of the island more productive of animals for subsistence. At the spot selected, the eight seamen staid during the winter, living on seals and sea-elephants, which they also cooked by means of the blubber. When winter had passed away, provisions were found to be scarce, and there was a necessity for seeking new quarters. As the small boat was left to them, they proposed to sail to the island lying at the distance of ten miles where the smack had been wrecked, and, putting this design in execution, they landed, as it happened, close by the spot where their wrecked shipmates had built their house, and there they met, to the great joy of both parties. The fishing party added to the comforts of the establishment, by bringing with them their kettle, frying-pan, and some other implements, which were highly acceptable. There was now a more numerous party to be

* Phil. Trans. 1773, p. 486.

† The same, 1832, p. 360.

‡ The same, 1776, p. 2.

§ Phil. Trans. 1774, p. 472.

provided for on the island, and consequently additional exertions were necessary for procuring food. Hunting the seal, the sea-elephant, and various birds, was kept up as all times when the weather permitted; and when storms of rain, snow, and wind, swept across the island, and rendered it impossible for them to move out with safety, they remained shut up in their rude dwelling, in which their only mental solacement consisted in reading a bible that had been fortunately spared among the materials of the wreck. Influenced by pious and rational sentiments, they formed a peaceful and orderly community, such as is seldom witnessed in similar cases of extreme personal inconvenience and privation. During their sojourn on the island, there were no parties amongst them; no quarrelling, and none assumed command, but obedience of the best kind existed—namely, that produced by a conviction of the utility and propriety of the thing proposed, and a mutual desire to be serviceable. They all gave their utmost exertions to the execution of whatever was suggested by the most experienced, or received the sanction of the majority.

After they had been together for about three weeks, and the prospect of deliverance from the dreary solitude getting every day more remote, it was proposed to construct a vessel with the timber of the wreck, and the materials of which the house was built. There were the remains of a hut built on the other island by some Americans who visited it some years before, when seals were more plentiful. With these, and what had been saved from the wreck, the carpenter reported that a vessel might be built, and they set to work upon that object immediately. The sails were to be made of seal-skins sewed together, and a party, consisting of eleven, went to the first island, for the purpose of collecting and preparing them, and digging up the timber which had been used for the house. The collection and preparation of the skins took three weeks, and in a week more they collected all the timber for the building of the vessel. From the state of their provisions, it was found convenient that five of their number should return and stay at the other island, as there were not provisions sufficient for the subsistence of all at the island where the house was built. This party, therefore, having received a proportionate share of the utensils, namely, one kettle, and the bottom of an old one, which was used as a frying-pan, they set off. Those who remained, in order that they might apply the timber used in constructing the old house to the building of their vessel, set to work to build a new habitation, which they formed chiefly of stones and turf. This house appears to have been an improvement on the first, inasmuch as it had the luxury of three chimnies, which, however, either would not draw, or were insufficient, as the inmates were obliged to cut a hole in the gable end to let out the smoke. At this time they used the elephants' bones, with the blubber as fuel, the fumes from which were by no means agreeable. Having finished this, they shifted their things into it, tore down the first, and then cleared the place where it stood, for the purpose of building the vessel upon it. They laid the keel, made from the topmast of the wreck, to erect a vessel whose keel should be twenty-nine feet, and built like a lugger, and of about four feet and a half high. It was calculated that she would be about twelve tons burden. They worked at it with assiduity, animated by the hope of delivering themselves. Their history of their various expedients to supply the place of regular tools and materials, though unintelligible to the general readers, would be highly interesting to nautical men. At the end of five months they had completed her with her seal-skin sails, and they set off to the other island to fetch the other five men, that they might assist in the launch.

Nearly two years had passed since they were wrecked—a time which, as marked by their privations and anxieties, appeared as long as their lives. The five men who were on this first island were dispersed in search of food, and the larger party were obliged to go in pursuit of them. On the next day after their arrival, a gale sprang up, and their boat was driven about seventy yards from where she was made fast, and her stern knocked to pieces. This was a fearful disaster, which threw the party into dismay, yet, out of evil, good sometimes comes. The day being fine, an old man, one of the sailors, was sent to a mountainous point to try if he could discover their comrades, and he had not been long gone ere he returned in a bewildered breathless state. When able to speak, he informed them that he had seen a vessel standing in towards the shore. This none of them would believe, and all said it must be a bird sitting on the water, an object which had often deceived their hopes. The man, however, was convinced that he was not mistaken, and asked who would go with him to see the vessel, when one offered to go with him, and ascertain the fact; and a tinder-box was given to them, that they might, if it were true, make a fire to show those on board that there were human beings on the island. To their indescribable joy, these two men, on getting to the place where she was first discovered, saw a schooner standing along shore, and, from the carcass of a sea-elephant, just killed, and other traces, perceived that the crew must have been on shore. They then sought for and killed one of those animals, and with its blubber they soon made a fire on the promontory, that evidently caught the attention of the schooner, as a boat was seen to proceed from her towards the shore. The men ran down eagerly to meet her, but when the boat got near the shore, the crew evidently hesitated, on seeing the two men, whose appearance must certainly have been of a dubious nature. They were naked,

with the exception of their rough brown fur jackets, as they had thrown off their skin trousers, which were exceedingly thick and heavy, for the convenience of running. They, however, hailed the crew, in a manner which proved them to be civilised beings, and they were taken on board. The vessel turned out to be an American schooner, which had come for the purpose of sealing and trading in those seas. The captain received them kindly, and gave them shirts and trousers. It was sunset when they were taken on board, and the next day the captain and the remaining party were fetched. They proceeded in search of the other party, who deserted the vessel with a degree of joy equal to that of the first man who saw it, and on the boat approaching the shore, hailed it with three cheers, which were returned by their comrades on board. Those on shore were so overjoyed, that they did not wait for her coming to shore, but rushed into the water to haul her up. They were all taken on board. They assisted the schooner in loading, and after taking all their things on board, she sailed for her destination, the Isle of France.

Although thus rescued from a desert island, the misfortunes of the party were not terminated. On the way to the Isle of France, the mate of the smack had a disagreement with the American captain, and he and his companions, three excepted, were at their own desire put ashore on the island of St Paul, where there are plenty of wild pigs and provisions such as the mariners had been lately used to, and which island is in the track of the vessels trading in the direction of the Mauritius. Here they intended to wait till picked up by a vessel in passing, of which they had no apprehensions. Of their fate no further account is given, though there is little doubt that they soon after reached England by some trading vessel. The three men that preferred going on with the American schooner, were landed at the Isle of France, whence they found their way to the Cape of Good Hope, and from that they returned to London in the Lord Exmouth, in a most destitute condition, but in good health, notwithstanding the straits and miseries they had undergone.

THE NEW YEAR OF 1812, AN EDINBURGH FIRESIDE STORY.

IMMEMORIAL usage has dedicated the first and last days of the year in Scotland to mirth and festivity, but those who have only witnessed such celebrations at the present day can have little idea of the character which they assumed in the Scottish capital some twenty or thirty years ago. A sort of licence seemed to be given, for the time, to every species of disorder and misrule. The authorities forbore in a great measure to exercise their usual control over the city, and its streets were taken possession of by the populace, who frolicked about them like some wild animal let loose from its bonds, and committed unrestrained outrage on every peaceful inhabitant whom necessity or any other cause called abroad during this "reign of terror." Such occasions never passed away without serious crimes and accidents; yet, year after year, the same scenes were permitted to recur, the whole affair being regarded, seemingly, as a mere exhibition of boisterous mirth, excusable on account of the season which had called it forth. The events, however, of the New Year's morn of 1812, were instrumental in producing a change in these views, and in leading to the adoption of measures, which, with the help of other causes, abolished by degrees this evil custom, leaving it but to be the subject of a fireside tale.

About eleven o'clock of the last night of the year 1811, the annual disturbances commenced, and soon reached a height unprecedented even on these riotous occasions. Bands of young men, chiefly apprentice boys, armed with bludgeons and other weapons of offence, infested the principal streets of the city, which, as usual, were crowded with boys and other persons, whose only object was to partake of the ordinary diversions of the night, and enjoy the "fun" and noise which always prevailed. The bands alluded to had more mischievous purposes in view, and were certainly, to some extent, organised for the occasion. They, as it afterwards appeared, had arranged a methodic plan of assaulting and partially robbing or stripping the passengers on the streets, both male and female, and of carrying off the plunder as it was gathered to an appointed depot. One part of the plan consisted of posting brigades of lads across several main thoroughfares, so as to intercept all who passed these spots, and enclose all who were within them. Thus prepared and secretly marshalled, this daring association of juvenile rioters, as the signal of twelve o'clock was struck on the city clocks, burst forth into activity on all sides. The hilarious citizens, unsuspecting of evil, were in a moment attacked by unknown hands, while the police, equally unaware of the plot, were driven from their posts, and in some instances severely injured. One unfortunate officer of the corps, named Dugald Campbell, was the first victim of the night. On being attacked, he fled from his assailants, but was pursued and struck down on the High Street. The unfortunate man cried for help; no help, however, could be extended to him. He was struck and kicked when on the ground, till past all human aid. He was afterwards removed to the Royal Infirmary, where he died in a day or two.

It is said that a single tasting of blood will make the tame tiger wild, and so it appears to have been with men on this occasion. The rioters now assaulted every

respectable person to be seen on the streets, struck them with bludgeons, and robbed them. The uproar grew terrible beyond conception. With that strange passion for flocking to all scenes of disturbance, so often exhibited by people in spite of risk and danger, crowds of spectators remained on the streets, and thus afforded a screen, under cover of which the rioters went on with their work. The police and magistrates made active exertions to check the mischief, but could not, although they succeeded here and there in capturing single offenders. Numerous were the cases of severe injury inflicted on persons who had the misfortune to be abroad that night. Cries for "help" and "mercy" mingled in all directions with the roaring of the mob. One ill-fated person, Mr James Campbell, a clerk in Leith, was so seriously wounded as to die a few days afterwards. But these were not the only instances where injuries, ultimately fatal, were received. Many of the respectable inhabitants of the city were engaged, according to custom, in celebrating the occasion, along with parties of friends, in their own houses. The sounds of riot reached the ears of these convivial assemblages, and they sat trembling at the board, with locked and bolted doors. A friend of ours remembers being in such circumstances on the night in question, in his house in the High Street, when suddenly a noise was heard at the door of the dwelling, and a man's voice cried for "admittance and shelter in the name of God!" The door was opened without a moment's delay, and a gentleman burst hurriedly into the house. The door was shut again instantly, for the rear of the mob was heard below. The intruder presented a pitiable spectacle. He was stained with blood from some severe wounds, his dress torn off him, and every part of his appearance, indeed, betokened the violence which he had sustained at the hands of the mob. The irruption of such a figure into the midst of a convivial party was strangely impressive and alarming, but every attention was paid to the unfortunate sufferer, who was faint and exhausted. He was kept till a period of safety, and sent to his home. Though his name was not publicly enrolled in the number of the victims of this New Year's celebration, it might justly have been so, as the wounds which he had received brought him to a premature grave.

Many other individuals were seriously hurt, as has been said, and many robberies committed, in the course of the rioting, which extended far into the morning of the 1st of January. It was remarked by many persons that among those of the mob who seemed to act with something like concert, one youth was regarded as a leading party, being frequently addressed by the title of *Boatswain*. A peculiar whistle which he emitted, and which drew his associates around him, appeared to be the source of this name. Doubtless, however, many of the assaults and crimes which signalled this night, were committed by persons who knew nothing of the Boatswain or his whistle. Be this as it may, when the rioters had wearied themselves, or thought it prudent to come to a close, and when the crowd had in a great measure dispersed, the police found in their hands a number of offenders, but few or none of the ringleaders. When daylight came, and men could walk the lately disturbed streets in quietness, the amount of mischief done to person and property was found to be even greater than had been anticipated in the fears of the night. Creech, the well-known bookseller, then Lord Provost of the city, immediately issued notices, offering a reward of one hundred guineas to any persons who might bring the leaders in the riot to justice. A similar reward was offered for the discovery of Dugald Campbell's murderer or murderers. The whole city was deeply agitated by these disturbances. All the incorporated trades, and other public bodies, met successively to express their detestation of these occurrences, and to aid the magistracy in discovering the offenders, as well as in organising measures for the better preservation of the peace of the town in future. All possible steps were taken in the first instance to find out the rioters.

Some few days after the New Year's day, a young lad, about eighteen or nineteen years old, came to the village of Innerleithen, and sought employment as a shoemaker from a tradesman in the place. The young man's request was granted, and he remained in the pursuit of this employment up to the 10th of February. He was a stout lad, decently dressed, and very peaceable in his behaviour. But on the day just mentioned, a large and portly personage, of middle age, entered the village of Innerleithen in a carriage. Though every boy within the precincts of Edinburgh could have named this personage, the villagers knew him not. But his character and purpose were soon made apparent. He asked for the shoemaker's house, went to it, and on entering found the new-come workman seated at his labour. A horrible moment this must have been for the unfortunate youth, for he knew the person before him but too well. The visitor was Archibald Campbell, long the principal officer of the city of Edinburgh; and the person he came to seek, and found, was the reputed ringleader of the rioters—the *Boatswain*, for whose apprehension a large reward had been offered. The young man was taken into custody, and soon after was on the way to Edinburgh. In that rural district, where crime or exciting incidents of any kind are of rare occurrence, the capture of the miserable youth was long vividly remembered.

Hugh Macdonald, as the Boatswain was properly

named, had been for some time a sailor before he became a shoemaker. Previous to his capture, his cousin Hugh Mackintosh, also a shoemaker, and Neil Sutherland, a painter, both of them lads of sixteen or seventeen years of age, had been seized at Glasgow, along with a considerable quantity of valuable property, which they had conveyed thither after the riots, and which was the fruit of the robberies on that occasion. On the 20th of March, these three young men were put on their trial before the Justiciary Court, for the murder of Dugald Campbell, and for eleven distinct robberies, accompanied with violent assaults of the person. They pled not guilty; but a large body of evidence was adduced, which, in addition to the heavy testimony afforded by the stolen property, brought home to the prisoners a great portion of the guilt involved in the accusation. One witness, John Tasker, who had been an associate of the prisoners, and who had become king's evidence, gave an account of the origin of these riots, which may well furnish a warning lesson to young trades-lads in large cities. Tasker said that he and the prisoners belonged to a set of lads who used to meet twice or thrice a-week at the foot of Niddry Street; that they used to "pick quarrels" with people, and strike them, but "never took any thing" from them; that the gang had a particular whistle for a call, and used to be called the "Keelie Gang;" and that, some weeks before the New Year, he heard of a "plan to give the police a licking," particularly some members of the body, who had sometimes chased the gang off the Bridge.

Here, then, in these street meetings and street resolutions, we have the germ of the misfortunes which fell on these poor boys, made them robbers, if not murderers, and brought them to an infamous end in the spring of their days. The only hint which Tasker had heard before New Year's day about robbing, consisted in the expression of some member of the gang, who declared that he "would have a good hat," but this might only imply that he would endeavour to pick up one, if any fell off in the disturbances common to the evening. Nevertheless, whatever might be the thoughts with which these lads had begun the riots of the night, it was made plain to the jury which tried them, that they had become robbers, at least, before its close, and the verdict of "guilty" was brought against them. They were sentenced to be hanged on the 22d of April, and on that day the sentence was accordingly carried into execution. Before their death, the three youths admitted their participation in the outrages and robberies of the evening. In the striking of Campbell the police-officer, many had borne a share, but the main guilt appeared to lie on an individual who had escaped capture. The extreme youth of the three lads rendered them the object of the greatest commiseration.

It was intended by the authorities of the country that the fate of these young men should be a memorable example, in the time to come, of the danger of violating the laws in a similar way. We have pointed out circumstances in this case which may afford a warning to other youths, but there are other points in it which may not be undeserving of notice. In part, the deaths, as well as errors, of these poor boys were certainly owing to the senseless custom which had half licensed disorder at the period in question. It is quite possible, or rather probable, that the masters of these boys may have set the stone of mischief a-rolling by treating them, in honour of the day, with liquors of no peace-begetting kind. This practice was almost universal in Scotland once; nay, it is still followed, though much less extensively. The condition of Edinburgh now, on a New Year's morning, forms a pleasing contrast to the scenes described here. To a certain extent, no doubt, the sad consequences of this very evening were of avail in producing this change; but we are inclined to attribute the decrease of New-Year follies and outrages to other causes, also, of a more pleasing and worthy kind—to the growing intelligence and increasing refinement of the community at large. The extinction of the very odious practice of "first-footing," as it is called, was, however, only one of the benefits which Edinburgh derived from the above-mentioned riot. Such an extraordinary and unforeseen outbreak of mere boys and lads astonished the respectable citizens, including the various public authorities, in no small degree. Attention was for the first time drawn to the fact, that there was a large juvenile population growing up in the town in a state of complete ignorance and barbarity. Shocked with the disclosure, plans were new devised for improving both the moral and physical condition of the humbler orders of society; in particular, a school on a comprehensive scale was set on foot by the aggregate kirk sessions, called the Sessional School, an institution which has done much good in its day, and still exists under the philanthropic care of Mr Sheriff Wood; the Lancasterian schools were likewise brought into vigorous operation in the town. The first spur given to social improvement in the Scottish metropolis, and thence to that of the country around, is, therefore, in some measure to be traced to what is now the subject of a fireside story—the New Year's riot of 1812.

AGE OF THE GLOBE.

In a conversation with Dr Lardner, stating how much we were indebted to the discoveries in geology, demonstrating the antiquity of the earth, he replied, that we need not resort to geology to prove the fact: for, as it regards the creation of the heavenly bodies, it could be

proved that the fixed stars are at such an immense distance, that, notwithstanding light moves at the rate of a hundred thousand miles per second, it would take three hundred thousand years for a ray of it to travel through space ere it reached the earth; so that the stars we now see must have been created more than three hundred thousand years ago.—From a new work, "Pleasant Recollections of a Dilettante, by William Gardiner."

A BALLAD OF SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE.

[This ballad is but a metrical version of an anecdote related by Lady Fanshawe in her Memoirs, though the writer there bestows no such panegyric upon her own conduct as is here contained.]

A goodly ship of English mould rode forth upon the main,
To waft across a famous knight unto the shores of Spain;
Sir Richard Fanshawe was the name this noble pilgrim bore,

And he might veil his cap to none for valour, wit, and lore.

Along the seas this ship had sailed a fortnight and a day,
When suddenly unto the knight the captain he did say,
"Draw forth thy sword, thou warlike lord! The Turks
be on our lee!

Draw forth thy sword and strike this day for England
and for me!

Stand to your guns, my sailors all! the Moslemah are
nigh,

Right well on yonder corsair's mast the crescent ye may
spy!

Though twice our metal she may show, fight as ye aye
have done,

And England shall the tidings hear of a battle this day
won!"

The stout Sir Richard waved his sword above his head
in air,

And cried, "where'er the press may be, sir captain, place
me there!

And ere this morning's sun go down, God willing, thou
shalt see

A good blow struck for Jesu Christ, for England, and for
thee!

But go, thou little page, unto my lady's cabin door,
And bear to her my wish that she come not that thresh-

old o'er;

Commend us to her gentle prayers, and bid her have no
fears,

For heaven will surely bow these hounds before the
Christian spears.

Yet, as I know the mighty love that fills my lady's heart,
Let this amid the melody be, thou youthful page, thy part:

Keep true and faithful watch and ward that chamber
door beside,

And see that by this heat of mine my lady-love abide."

The page bowed low and left the deck—the good knight
sought the post,

Where danger from the Moslem arms appeared to threaten
most;

And there he stood amid the crew, all ready for the fray,
From noon-tide till the sun passed through the folding-

doors of day.

Meanwhile, although the foe hung o'er the Christian
vessel's path,

A distant dropping shot was all that showed their hostile
wrath:

The unbelievers knew that oak, and where it sprang from
earth—

They knew the mettle of the men to whom that soil gave
birth!

But prudent, as in battle bold, the English captain was,
And still he kept his men prepared for aught might come

to pass;

On deck, with them, Sir Richard stood, ev'n till the
morning light

Appeared to show no danger near—no crescent-flag in
sight.

'Twas then the good knight turned to look upon a boyish
form,

That through the long, long hours of gloom was ever at
his arm—

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the knight, and prest that form
in fond embrace,

"What change—what miracles can through the strength
of love take place!"

It was, indeed, his lady fair—veiled in the boyish dress,
Of which her prayers had won the page himself to dis-

possess—

'Twas she who, thus attired, had crept to where her lord
was placed,

And there, unknown, had stood till dawn shone o'er the
watery waste.

Well might the husband fondly cry, "what changes love
can make!"

Whose lady braved the cold, the foe, the darkness for
his sake—

Though peril she could not avert, yet peril she might share,
And if a bullet sought his heart, her own might meet it

there!

Well might the noble knight exclaim, "what wonders
love can do!"

When strits its influence in the breast that tender is and
true!

The gentlest heart Love maketh bold, the wildest it can
tame,

In weal or woe, with high and low, its power is still the
same.

A place Sir Richard Fanshawe hath, high on the roll of
fame,

And not less bright the halo is, that girds his lady's name:
Kushrued together in the breasts of all the good they lie,
Amid the glorious company whose memory cannot die!

THE KEY OF DEATH.

In the collection of curiosities preserved in the arsenal at Venice, there is a key, of which the following singular tradition is related:—About the year 1600, one of those dangerous men, in whom extraordinary talent is only the fearful source of crime and wickedness beyond that of ordinary men, came to establish himself as a merchant or trader in Venice. The stranger, whose name was Tebaldo, became enamoured of the daughter of an ancient house, already affianced to another. He demanded her hand in marriage, and was of course rejected. Enraged at this, he studied how to be revenged. Profoundly skilled in the mechanical arts, he allowed himself no rest until he had invented the most formidable weapon which could be imagined. This was a key of large size, the handle of which was so constructed that it could be turned round with little difficulty. When turned, it discovered a spring, which on pressure launched from the other end a needle or lancet of such subtle fineness, that it entered into the flesh, and buried itself there, without leaving external trace. Tebaldo waited in disguise at the door of the church in which the maiden whom he loved was about to receive the nuptial benediction. The assassin sent the slender steel, unperceived, into the breast of the bridegroom. The wounded man had no suspicion of injury, but, seized with sudden and sharp pain in the midst of the ceremony, he fainted, and was carried to his house amid the lamentations of the bridal party. Vain was all the skill of the physicians, who could not divine the cause of this strange illness, and in a few days he died. Tebaldo again demanded the hand of the maiden from her parents, and received a second refusal. They too perished miserably in a few days. The alarm which these deaths, which appeared almost miraculous, occasioned, excited the utmost vigilance of the magistrates; and when, on close examination of the bodies, the small instrument was found in the gangrened flesh, terror was universal: every one feared for his own life. The maiden, thus cruelly orphaned, had passed the first months of her mourning in a convent, when Tebaldo, hoping to bend her to his will, entreated to speak with her at the grate. The face of the foreigner had been ever displeasing to her, but since the death of all those most dear to her, it had become odious (as though she had a presentiment of his guilt), and her reply was most decisive in the negative. Tebaldo, beyond himself with rage, attempted to wound her through the grate, and succeeded; the obscurity of the place prevented his movement from being observed. On her return to her room, the maiden felt a pain in her breast, and uncovering it, she found it spotted with a single drop of blood. The pain increased: the surgeons who hastened to her assistance, taught by the past, wasted no time in conjecture, but cutting deep into the wounded part, extracted the needle before any mortal mischief had commenced, and saved the life of the lady. The state inquisition used every means to discover the hand which dealt these insidious and irresistible blows. The visit of Tebaldo to the convent caused suspicion to fall heavily upon him. His house was carefully searched, the infamous invention discovered, and he perished on the gibbet.—*New York Mirror.*

DR KAY'S TABLES

RESPECTING THE INCOMES OF 539 AGRICULTURAL LABOURERS, REFERRED TO IN THE FIRST ARTICLE OF THE PRESENT NUMBER.

	Average number of children in a family.	Average annual income.
36 single men	L.25	1 44
64 married men, with no children at home	30	12 104
166 whose children were all under 10 years of age	2 7-8ths	32 13 2
120 with 1 child above 10 years	3 7-10ths	35 9 08
92 2 children above 10 years	4 9-10ths	40 10 1
44 3	5 3-4ths	45 11 94
15 4	7	50 18 6
1 5		49 13 0
1 6		52 0 0

The average earnings of the wives of the married labourers were as follow:—

	Average number of children in a family.	
34 cases in which there were no children	L.3	8 9
71 all the children were under 10	2 7-8ths	2 9 04
64 1 child was above 10	3 7-10ths	2 11 72
49 2 children were above 10	4 9-10ths	2 5 71
20 3	5 3-4ths	2 19 1
3 4	7	2 3 10

241 Total. Total annual earnings of all, L.633 13 7
Average of each, 2 12 7

The earnings of the children were:—

	Average number of children in a family.	
25 cases in which all the children were under 10	2 7-8ths	L.3 4 0
76 1 child was above 10	3 7-10ths	4 6 14
82 2 children were above 10	4 9-10ths	8 17 41
41 3	5 3-4ths	12 17 0
13 4	7	20 3 84
1 5		10 6 0
1 6		18 0 0

239 Total. Total annual earnings of all L.1933 11 5
Average of each family 8 1 10
Average of each child 1 17 1

In families in which the average number of children was 2 7-8ths and no one was above 10 years of age, the average earnings of each child was L.0 15 34.

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
ST PAUL.

THE LANDLORD ABROAD.

It was a bright, yet a weeping morning—the sun was shining, but thick heavy clouds flitted across the heavens, sometimes softening, sometimes altogether obscuring its rays; the birds were singing cheerfully in the hedges, whose leaves bent beneath the rain-drops; and the poultry in Widow Clement's little yard were shaking the moisture off their wings.

"Look at that beautiful Norah," said the widow to her daughter Peggy, Norah being a favourite hen of snowy plumage; "she's just as fretted at the feathers being wet upon her, as you'd be if Paul Kinsala saw a dirty handkerchief—"

"Lave off, mother," interrupted the daughter, blushing, and turning her wheel with such increased velocity that the thread snapped; "lave off—what's Paul Kinsala to me?"

"Och, Peggy, for shame, to be throwing sand in yer mother's eyes!" exclaimed the widow.

"Throwing sand in yer eyes, mother darlint, eh!—then the girl's not born yet that could do that, I'm thinking. Well, mother, if I have a kindness to him, sure he's well to do."*

"He was well to do, Peggy mavourneen; but the lase of his farm, little as it is, and high as the rent was, is out."

"But sure the agent, Mr Crumbie, heard my Lord promise him a renewal, and a taking off of three pounds in the year, on account of the improvements he made."

The widow shook her head—those who grow old in the country learn to understand human nature as well as those who read the more varied page of town life. "He never said he *wouldn't* grant the renewal," continued Peggy, looking anxiously in her mother's face.

"He never said he *would*," was the reply. There was a long silence. Widow Clement sighed, and continued her knitting. Peggy did not sigh, but she went on spinning, as if nothing had been said to give her pain; but her mother noted the heaving of her bosom. Twice she rose under pretence of seeing if the grey hen who was seated upon her eggs in a corner was covering them as she ought; her mother knew she moved to conceal her tears. "Peggeen gra, never heed the hen; the nature's in her to manage her eggs herself, and looking at her only disturbs her; it's an *insult* to her, Peggy, and we mustn't hurt her feelings. Sorra a finer hen in the parish afther a brood than that same grey-malkin, as the darlint young mistress used to call her. Why, thin, Peggy, I often think I'd like to see Lady Ellen in the court at London, foreint the king and queen, and all the grandees looking at her. I'll go bail she takes the shine out of them all!"

"I dare say she does," replied Peggy; "I don't doubt that; but sure it would be fitter for his lordship to come and stay among his people, in the country where his forefathers' bones makes part of the soil, and where the grass grows, the corn ears, the water flows, the cattle dies, all for him, than to be laving those that's bred, born, and reared under him and his, for I don't know how many thousand or hundred years, to the bitter wrath of an agent, and all belonging to him. And what's the upshot of it all?"

"Heart trouble, a-lannan; and discontent even when there's no reason; like all the mimbers fighting one another for want of a head—that's what it is!"

replied the widow sorrowfully. "The nature of man and beast is not to be put upon by its equals, and the landlord could do more with us than another, for he's the protector placed over the land to see justice done to his dependents." The widow paused; her reasoning was the reasoning of a class more numerous formerly than at present—a class of well-disposed affectionate persons, who looked up to their landlord as a friend and counsellor in all trouble: it is a pity such confidence should ever be misplaced. The absentee landlord knows but little of the affections or feelings of his tenants, and, it is much to be feared, cares less. After a moment, Widow Clement resumed—"And yet, sure, when we pay our rint, and are honest, we can stand as straight before God as the landlord himself."

"And straighter," added Peggy, smiling.

"That's a bright girl, Peggy; it joys my heart to see the smile in yer eye, my own girl! Sure when the Almighty gave me you and your brother, He let fall a blessing from each hand; praise be to His holy name! It's little we have to complain of ourselves, though the family is in furrin parts—Mark, being my lord's groom, is on the spot to take care of us—but it's for the neighbours' my heart bleeds. The cottages that in the ould lady's lifetime war the admiration of the country, are falling to decay; the pigs that used to be kept to themselves, are free of the roads again; many have turned their face from their people's graves, who couldn't pay the rack-rent; the sorra a thing thrives in the place, Peggeen gra, but the whisky-shops and boys,* that I remimber quiet and industrious whin the lord was in it, and kept the improvements going on, and more than a hundred men at them winter and summer; them very boys, that never handled a shillala, barring at a fair, or for a bit of sport at Shrove or Martinmas, are in constant practice with it now, wheeling through the country by day, and not trusting to sticks only at night."

"Hush, mother!" exclaimed Peggy; "least said soonest mended. Only I wish Lady Ellen was in it again, like a sweet moss-rose as she always was. It's not the same place since the people war turned over to strangers;" and Peggy sighed bitterly as she spoke.

This was true; the old Lady Killbally died, leaving no heir to the property, and but one fair daughter, the "Lady Ellen" whom Peggy sighed for. Lady Killbally had been a blessing to her tenantry; but after her death his lordship imagined he required change of scene for a longer period than usual—indeed, he generally spent one or two months of every year in England, and returned with new ideas and new plans for the improvement of his hereditary estate. Alas, and alas! he did not mourn long. Before the twelve-month was expired, he had married a woman of fashion, who had no idea of reciprocal duties between landlord and tenant; and though she visited Killbally, it was evident she would not reside there.

Lord Killbally made a speech at the county town, previous to quitting the country to "winter" in London, full of the most sublime sentiments of patriotism; he had never talked about it before: he recommended his new agent, a stranger, to the friendship of the gentry, as if friendship, even in warm-hearted Ireland, grew on the furze bushes, and could be pulled off and appropriated at pleasure; and he begged of his tenants to respect the laws—as yet, they had never been violated in his neighbourhood.

"Where's the good of behaving as we have done?" said the Killbally smith, and a party of loose-coated Irishmen gathered round him as he spoke; "where's the good of behaving as we have done! We never

gainsaid him; we never riz a ruction at fair or pattern for fear we'd displace him. We paid our rint, when we had it, regular; and when we didn't, why, he was never cruel on us. We never voted agin him; we sent all our children to get the larning at his, or Lady Ellen's schools; we planted trees; we kept up our pigs; we made back-doors to our houses; we took oaths agin the whisky—and all to please him. Our prayers were hearty on him, yet he'll go from us, boys—he'll go from us, and lave us a black-a-riced agent, a stranger to our hearts and homes, who doesn't understand us, nor we him—he'll go from us, as the good, the dear ould, and the purty young, lady did. He'll melt off like snow in summer; he'll go from us, and keep from us; he'll be an absentee; he'll forget to feel for us. Mark my words: for all this fine talk, in three months the workmen will be discharged; there'll be no traffic in the place. God help poor Ireland! She's ever and always treated as Barney Barret treated his cow—fed on thraneens, and then abused for giving poor milk. 'How can I help it,' says the cow, 'with the usage I get?' 'Bad scram to you,' says Barnaby; 'sure the strength is in ye; and it's a compliment I pay you, you ignorant baste, to expect more from you, though you are fed on thraneens, than from any other cow that would be fed on clover.'" The thoughtless laughed at the simile, but the thoughtful shook their heads, and returned in silence and solitude to cottages which, if doomed to live under an absentee landlord, they might soon be despoiled of.

The agent was certainly an unfit person to have been placed over such a tenantry; he was full of new systems, and if they did not immediately work well, he became harsh and impatient. Paddy likes to go on in the old way; if his father had a dunghill at the door, it is a difficult matter to convince him that it could be more advantageously disposed of elsewhere; and he has a most provoking habit of saying, that whatever he does in the way of improvement, is done to "please" the landlord, or the "clergy," or any one but himself, though all the time it is for his own benefit those who have his interest at heart have persuaded him to change his plans. Then Paddy is so full of humour, real genuine humour, that he will lean his back against the door-post, between which and the wall a deed of separation, by mutual consent, has taken place; put one foot over the other, take his "dudeen" out of his mouth, fold his arms across his ample chest, and beguile you from the intention of giving him a good lecture both on the management and mismanagement of his farm, until you wish him good evening, enjoying the remembrance of the raciness and humour of his stories, and the mirthfulness that shakes his rags with laughter. It is not till after you sit down to your reading-table that you think how completely you were beguiled of your wisdom! An Irishman loves a jest, and likes to laugh—and Mr Crumbie, the agent, never laughed; he had a long business-like face—looking as an Englishman always does when he has been waiting three quarters of an hour beyond the usual time for his dinner. He had served three years in an attorney's office, and never regarded any thing as binding that was not binding in law. It is to be hoped, for the sake of sweet charity, that he meant well; but certainly he acted ill. His wife was a rigid sectarian, believing, in her heart of hearts, that all who did not think exactly as she did must be in error. She made hard bargains, and gave low wages; in short, she was a very unfit person to preside over the people in the place of the "ould mistress." A spirit of discontent of the most alarming kind was abroad. Lord Killbally had managed, with a skill peculiarly Irish, to "spend half-a-crown out of sixpence a-day;" that is to say, he was deeply in

* Well off.

* This term means all unmarried men, no matter what their ages.

debt; he had overstepped his income, and wrote constantly to the agent to obtain fresh supplies, when, in fact, there were none to obtain. Matters had arrived at this crisis—the landlord driving the agent, and the agent the tenant—when my story commences. The widow and her daughter continued their conversation a little longer, and would have talked till evening, had not the sight of the postman, on his old grey pony, wending round the distant hill, and then entering the bohren that led to their cottage, sent both mother and daughter to meet him, in the hope of receiving a letter from the hope of the family, Mark Clement.

The expected letter was instantly produced, the postman took his departure, and Peggy, being what is called "a fine scholar," was able to peruse it for her mother's benefit. It was a curiosity in its way, remarkable for acute and affectionate feeling.

"DEAR MOTHER AND SISTER—My love goes with this paper, and my blessing, and all my prayers, which you're never out of, nor never will be—why should you!—Amin! It's long ago I'd have written again to you all, but indeed I haven't much heart to the pen, let alone the time, which bewilders me the way it flies, and no good of it. It's four years three quarters, my blessed mother, since I saw you; and often in the night, or rather the morning—for morning's night here—often do I think you are at my bedside; often do I hear yer voice in my dreams; and when I wake, it isn't your voice at all, but little Anty Maguire, the milk girl, calling "milk below" down the aircoes, when it's milk *above* she means; and very quare milk it is; but that's not Anty's fault, for it's ready watered before she gets it.

Well, the only real pleasure I have almost is, when Lady Ellen of a day she rides out with my lord, says, "Oh, Mark, when did you hear from your mother? and is Peggy quite well? and how is Grey-malkin?" ["Think of that!" interrupted the widow; "think of her remembering the hen!"] But, mother, Lady Ellen doesn't ride as often in the Park as she used, on account that the mare stumbled, and I know the master didn't find it convenient to buy her another, though she lets on to her maid she's tired of the exercise. Ah, poor lady! that's not the only trouble she puts up with. Ye see, when first we came over, and had lashings o' money, and the master, poor gentleman, thought, because his wife was young, he was young too, it was all very fine; and my Lady Killbally here, and my Lady Killbally there, and my Lady Ellen every where, and an acknowledged beauty, only even then, a taste of pulling to pieces on account of her brogue, or being Irish. ["Think of that!" exclaimed the widow, indignantly.] And offers she had, as I told you before; but the money stood in the way, or rather it was out of the way, for it wasn't in it, on account that the property is entailed on the heir-male, master's nephew, and poor Lady Ellen will have hardly any thing, barring master's blessing, and that she earns hard enough, for of late he bates Bannagher with the crossness; and small blame to him, poor gentleman, to see the way he's looked down upon, now that it's known he's only an Irish peer in embarrassment, which means debt and danger. There's no decent Irish property could stand up to cut a figure here. With the Irish it's all going out, and too proud to do any thing to bring in; but with the English, why, if they give out with one hand, they grapple in with the other; very few, indeed, to say above their business, only work all, and tradesmen worth tens o' thousands. I can't but think it's the best plan, which you want, I know, only you don't know any thing of the hardship of wanting to appear grand and show off when you've nothing to do it with—like the girl we remember who turned her cotton, to make the neighbours believe she'd two gowns, when she was trusting to one. Well, that's the way we've been many a long day, making the one thing appear two, and my mistress without a head, or, what's worse in a woman, without a heart; and, och murder intirely! to hear the sneers and the alurs that's put upon them—tradesmen's bills unpaid, and bills having been passed to them overdue, and then money borrowed by the lawyers to the tune of fifty per cent. ["What tune's that?" inquired the widow. "Roguary, I daresay," answered Peggy; "isn't the lawyer in it?" per cent.; and then a flash in the pan that whirls away the cash, and the mistress so *soony* while it lasts; and that's the time to ask a favour from the master, for he never thinks of to-morrow, and the creditors then give a little more credit, and my lady pays half for the opera box, ["What's that, a-lannan?" inquired the widow again. "Oh," said Peggy, who liked to appear wise, "it's a snuff-box, I dare say, though she's rayther young to take to it."] and gets the carriage new painted, and four horses on job. ["Och, my bitter trouble!" exclaimed Mrs Clement, bursting into tears, "to think of the ould ancient family of the Killballys bein' drawn by job horses, and the agent's horses and coult's thrumpling down all the young trees in his lordship's

plantations?"] And we're as gay as sarvants can be that don't get their wages. ["That's mean of Mark," said Peggy; "sure he ought to be proud to sarve the family without wages—that's part of his English breeding."] And all this is talked over in the sarvants' hall, for they've no respect for the family, and no feel at all for the master or mistress, nor even Lady Ellen. ["They are no better than heathens," interrupted the widow; "and if I was Mark, I'd manage to let the master know what vipers he has about him." "Why couldn't he stay in his own country, where he was honoured and respected, and in those times had the ball at his foot?" replied the angry Peggy, and then resumed the perusal of the letter.] The gentleman that'll have the estate, by all accounts wont value it a thraneen, because he doesn't want it, but has full and plenty in the Western Indies, or some other part, I hardly know where, but somewhere it is—lashings of money, and to spare; so, in coarse, he'll not have a heart to the sod no more than others. ["God help us!" exclaimed Peggy, changing colour a little, and letting the open letter rest upon her knees, "this is a poor look-out for here and hereafter!"

"It must only tache us to look up the more," said the widow, raising her eyes. "God help us!—we're a nation of castaways!"

"We are not!" exclaimed Peggy, and her eye kindled. "We are not, mother; and it's our thinking ourselves so, and putting up with the usage we get, that makes us be looked down upon."

"No, Peggy darlint, that's not it," replied her mother. "We've a dale of heart and spirit; but, as I heard a gentleman say once, we want the wisdom; and that's the cruel want at this time o' day, when the world's going mad about it. Poor Paddy's head gets hard enough with blows, but not with wisdom. Go on with the letter, dear."

"There's not much more in it, mother, and what there is, isn't much good." "Indeed, don't be surprised if there's a change for the worse before long. I'm sure the master will be forced to rack-rent every perch that isn't rack-rented already, and then maybe sell the green acres that war so long the pride and glory of the family. I can't think what comes over the gentry; I'm sure, in Ireland, a pound goes as far as three here, and the some body there, is a no body here—so that either in regard of the saving, or the grandeur, 'ould Ireland for ever!"

"The country's warm about his heart still," said the widow, wiping her eyes; "it isn't out of sight out of mind. Is there much more on the letter?"

"Not much," answered Peggy, blushing; "only a few words to Paul Kinsala, which I trust he doesn't need. Mother, did ye ever doubt that Paul had a lanning to any wild ways?"

"Wild ways, a-lannan! Sure I never see even the corner of his eye turned on any girl except yerself."

"It's not in regard of the girls!" exclaimed the rustic beauty, tossing her head with as much pride as if she had been bred at St James's. "It's not that—I don't thank him for constancy—he can't help that, mother, so no thanks to him; but in respect of the doings they say some are at—the swearing-in, and things of the kind. Any wildness that way, mother?"

"No, darlint, not exactly. I can't say I ever did. I hope he has better sense; he has seen enough of examples to keep him from that, I hope. No good ever came yet from such doings. Even suppose one man is got out of the country that has behaved badly to the poor, sure another will be put in worse; and if we drive the gentry away, they take their money with them. The law has a kinder eye on the poor now than it ever had before, and it's by showing obedience to the law, particular when it's in a good humour, that we prove to the world that we deserve the protection we receive, and not the bad name we've got in England; we have enough to bear in the way of poverty still; but, please God, times will mend. What do such disturbances lead to but shame? Wasn't one of those who war forced to fly from the other side the country on account of—you know what—at hide-and-seek through the rocks and bushes of Knockatrim for as good as three months, and his wife forced to beg? and wasn't he at last forced to die without benefit of clergy down in the Black Cave of the fever, and nothing handed him except on the end of a stick? and I remember him once, bright as the sun—But here is Paul Kinsala, Peggy, coming over the hedge. Ah, girl machree! you saw him before I did, and I might as well have talked to Grey-malkin as to you, for you never heeded me. There, your hair's as smooth and shining as satin." And as the old woman advanced to meet her intended son-in-law, she laid her hand on her daughter's head, and signing the sign of the cross on her brow, kissed it affectionately.

When Paul entered, his brow was darkened, and there was an unnatural expression about his face which startled both mother and daughter; he hardly waited to return the warm salutation, met in every peasant's cottage, of "God save ye," with the meet reply of "God save ye kindly," but inquired "if they had had a letter from Mark?" Peggy replied in the affirmative, and placed it in his hands. After he had read it, he folded it up with great deliberation, saying, "There is nothing in this half so bad as what we know already."

"And what is it you know, Paul avic?" said Widow Clement, laying her hand upon his arm, while Peggy, unable to speak, gazed earnestly and tenderly in his face.

"What is it I know?" he repeated; "I know this, that there's to be levying of fines, and every species of wickedness; every lease that can be broke will be broke; and the agent himself this blessed holy Thursday stood before me—me, Paul Kinsala—and told me, there was no good in my promise—that I must quit—the land—quit the house my father and myself war born in—for—that the place was let to a better tenant than I could be, who had money and stock. What do you think of that?" he said, fixing his eyes on the widow, for he could not tell

such tidings, and gaze on the face of her he so dearly loved. "What do you think of that? Now, the truth is, that the farm wants no stocking; the crops are in; he said I should be allowed for them—allowed for the grain my own two hands sowed, with a prayer to the Almighty that we—that Peggy and I—might reap it together. Money! he said I had no money to give for the premises on a new lease, or to carry on the farming. And what did I say?—that I had not, because every penny, every farthing, had been spent on that land. He has the law on his side—and I who never let a gale run on to another, but paid—like an English tenant—I am to starve!"

The young man covered his face with his hands to conceal his emotion; how long he might have endeavoured to do so, it is impossible to say, for his attention was roused by a cry from the widow—the light-hearted, and, generally speaking, strong-headed Peggy, had fainted.

When she recovered, there was a great deal too much feeling excited to admit of many words; the poor girl laid her head on her lover's shoulder, and wept bitterly; the widow stood at the other side, and with more affection than worldly prudence, said, "My dear Paul, never heed it. I'll tell you what: we have a snug house here, and as good as two acres of land, and a bigger penny saved than you might think of, for I had no mind to let my daughter be beholden to you all out, and laid by what I could. So I'll tell you what, Paul: I'll spake myself to the priest, and get the words said* as soon as may be; and then, instead of Peggy's going home to you, avic, why, you'll come home to us. Where's the great differ, Paul? Don't I know the girl's heart is in ye? It's no time to be denying it now, when ye're in trouble; and sure ye're the same as my own son this many a day. Maybe it's a showing of God's mercy after all. I'm not as light either on the foot or in the heart as I used to be, and would be lonely many a time if she was away; but now I'll have a son, instead of loosing a daughter; and Mark has my lord's ear; and if that wouldn't do, I'm not too ould to go to London myself, and get spaking to him; and, sure, with my two birds in my cage, though it is but a dawshy one," sobbed the kind woman, looking round cheerfully through her tears, "I'll be a proud and a happy woman, and no need to hire a labourer now, or be beholden to the neighbours, who never let a lone woman hire, if they can help her. Sure you'll do a hand's turn for Peggy's mother for sake's sake. Or," she continued, after a pause, with a generosity that would have done honour to a heroine, "or, if it would be more agreeable to you, Paul, I'd settle the bit of land and the place on the both of you, for it was given me by the lord for myself, to do what I pleased with, at a pepper-corn rent. And that would ease the proud spirit that you ever had, Paul darlint; and small blame to you, for your people war far above us, and yet you never looked down on us, nor on her."

"Look down on you—on her!" he exclaimed, pressing his betrothed to his bosom; "who ever looked down on Peggy Clement? But no, mother, no; by all that's holy, I'll be revenged—I'll be revenged—justice I'll have. If I can't have it by law, I'll have it—see that, now!" he continued; and for a moment forgetting the presence of the two women he loved best on earth, he stamped his foot violently on the ground, and suddenly dropping on his knees, threw his arms upwards, and clenching his hands, swore a deep and bitter oath, that unless his farm was given back, he would "water the earth with the blood of agent or landlord." This was very frightful; and while the widow and her daughter looked on him, they clung together, unable to restrain his words, yet trembling at their import.

"I didn't deserve this from you," said the gentle old woman, weeping; "I thought to turn the throuble from you, and you have turned black bitterness on me."

"No, mother—no, Peggy!" he exclaimed, the warm and affectionate current of Irish feeling rushing back to his heart, now that he had given words to his fury; "no, no, you'll be proud of me yet; I'll do no meanness, nothing to call a colour to your cheek; nothing—though I'm not to be trod like a worm in the dust.—No money to pay for a new lease! I might have had full and plenty to spend for a new lease, if it had not been that I spent it on the land—and now for it to be taken from me! I'm not the only one in the place that cries shame; not the only one that will have revenge. Go through the town land, into the villages, along the high roads, and ye'll hear the same thing from every lip; ye'll see the same purpose in every eye. Didn't Macmurray himself say—"

"Don't name Macmurray," interrupted Peggy, speaking for the first time; "he's bad, egg and bird, and no fit companion for you at all at all, Paul; his character's blasted this many a day, and he always had a spite to the family: have nothing to do with him; for God-sake have nothing to do with him. Keep yerself to yerself, Paul; no harm can ever come of that."

"She speaks the truth, avic," added the old woman; "take patience, and it will come round, it will all come round; ye're of a good stock, Paul, with fine health, praise be to God, and a good character; and with that, no need of fear for any boy of five-and-twenty; think of what I said, Paul."

"God bless you, dear mother; it is not because I'm not down on my knees to thank you, and bless you, that I don't feel your goodness. And come bad or good, in the presence of the Almighty I swear there's no girl on the face of the green earth will ever have my heart but Peggy Clement; though, as things are—I mean from what I know, I—I—can have no claim on yer promise, Peggy—I—"

He could not finish his sentence, and Peggy looked upon her lover in stupified astonishment. It never occurred to her, indeed it very seldom occurs to Irish women of her class, that poverty should offer any barrier to an union. And the poor girl's feelings were torn by the love-beatings of her own heart, and the dread that Paul's "heart" was changed towards her. What was the cause of this sudden declaration, neither mother nor daughter

* Get married.

had time to inquire; for suddenly he invoked a blessing on the widow, and, kissing the maiden's lips, burst from the cottage. When he was gone, strange as his conduct appeared, no word of reproach escaped his friends. Peggy, after a genuine flood of tears, communed with her mother for a long time.

Nothing could exceed the agitation of the neighbourhood. Wild rumours were afloat; positive injustice had been already done to more than to Paul Kinsala; and the fine old trees, trees that had been the pride and glory of the neighbourhood for years, were doomed to the woodman's axe; in truth, the beautiful valley of Killbally, that during the landlord's residence had been gemmed with cottages and adorned by happy smiling faces, might now be called a valley of tears. Great as the change had been, it needed this to complete it; and the sighs and moans of, in this instance, a decidedly ill-used peasantry, mingled with the free air and bright sunshine that poured upon the landscape! The bitterest curses were heaped upon the agent's head, who, notwithstanding his desperate injustice to Paul, had not exceeded the instructions he received from the landlord abroad, whose difficulties had dictated the heartless order—that he was to rack and drive, and get money by humane means if he could, but get it by any means sooner than not get it. His very nature seemed changed by his necessities; there was an evident movement in the country to resist this oppression, and plenty of persons (who, having forfeited their own claim on society, and become lawless) were sufficiently anxious to induce others to follow their example, and spread the spirit of discontent far and wide. Peggy Clement, with the assistance of the village schoolmaster, indited a letter not only to her brother, but to Lady Ellen, stating the rights of the case, and pleading, if not elegantly, eloquently, for her lover, and indeed for all those who had been honest, faithful, and true in their callings. These letters were, to the schoolmaster's astonishment and her own, not only written but dispatched that very day; while the widow was "questing" through the neighbourhood picking up every bit of news, not from a love of idle gossip, but from the deepest anxiety to discover if the machinations of others, or his own impetuosity, were likely to lead Paul into serious mischief. The Widow Clement, though not young, was both clear and quick-sighted. She knew that if Paul was led to do any thing rash, his life would pay the forfeit, for he was too fearless and too frank to have a villain's caution; and, moreover, she knew that the happiness, the existence of her child, hung upon him. These were strong incentives to the curiosity and the caution of a woman and a mother, and a strong feeling of respect for the family mingled with her sympathy for the distressed and ruined tenants, who were breathing vengeance at every whisky-house in the neighbourhood; for mischief is never undertaken in Ireland without its having been first planned over the burning fluid, which stimulates them to the destruction of themselves and others.

"There's enough work now for day labourers, any way," said Larry Toole to Andy Smith.

"And what will they get for it? Eightpence a-day, and the negar that offers it saying, 'that if the neighbours don't take it, he'll get plenty of the mountaineers that will.' Think of that!—bringing starving strangers down upon us, whose boast it used to be, to keep our own poor from begging! Let them come and take what they get—that's all! I'll never work in it for eightpence a-day! We never were offered less than tinnence before! However, let 'em go on their own way; there's one comfort, it won't last for ever."

"Sure, the agent says the common's my lord's, and that no cattle, not even a pig, is to go on it now without payment, and the marsh beyond it too—think o' that! And the turf we had for cutting off the bog is to be paid for! I wonder does the lord know that?"

"There is a Lord knows it!" answered Andy again, who had always been discontented; "but, never heed; it won't be always so, I'll go bail."

Many such hints did the widow hear, but she and her daughter had been unable that evening to determine what course to pursue as regarded Paul Kinsala. That night passed, the next day, and the next. The spirit of discontent increased more and more. Some said Paul had refused to yield possession; others, that he had gone to London to appeal against the agent's decision. The first, nay even the second day, Peggy had borne herself bravely. She had re-strung her nerves, and waited the result with many and many an earnest and deeply breathed prayer to those in whom she trusted, that she might be spared more suffering, or taught to bear it. Her wheel, or knitting needles, pursued their wonted motions, and she moved about the house as usual, save that a restless gaze was ever directed to the door or window.

The agent had been pelted and hooted through the village, and had thought it wise to station a police force in the castle that had once been guarded by the hearts of an affectionate people. There were other disturbances; more than one act of wild excess committed, at once absurd and unjustifiable; and Peggy's cheek grew pale, and her step feeble, in the course of one little week.

"I shall die, mother, and soon," said the poor girl; "there's a wakeness about my heart, and a mist, like the film of a winding-sheet, over my eyes, that means no good. If Paul wasn't after something bad, he'd have been here before this, and after all you said to him. But may be so best. I had two hopes in the world, mother—you—my hope for you was, that I might be a blessing and a comfort to you hereafter; and when the Lord thought fit that I might close yer eyes—my hope in him!—But it's all gone, it's all gone, like the bloom of that thorn-tree which the last wind shook to the earth." The widow did not overwhelm her beloved child with consolation. She said few words, but she said them wisely, and endeavoured, by every simple means in her power, to vary her employments. She knew that though she might suffer greatly, she had really a strong and active mind, and that those who have such seldom die, as it is called, for love.

The Widow Clement felt all this; yet, while her trust

in the Almighty schooled her to patience and obedience, it did not cramp her exertions; and, with a firm resolve to find out if things were as bad as she suspected, and how Paul was engaged, she contrived some new occupation for her daughter, and set off, determined to fathom the troubled waters; and be it remembered, it was the troubled waters of a disturbed Irish district this solitary unprotected woman resolved to fathom. She left the cottage soon after daybreak, and about one o'clock, Peggy, whose eyes, despite her employment, were seldom off the undulating line that showed how the road wound round the mountain, perceived the approach of the letter-carrier. She flew to meet him.

"It's bad for the town land," he said, "when even you, Miss Peggy, have a serious face. There's nothing else going now; the boys at the castle have turned out for higher wages in regard of the trees they're felling, and the place is so shut up, that they won't let me pass the lodge, though I have English letters. They say there's a dispatch gone off for more police. God help us if that's true, for they're ripe for a ruction through the whole town land. Some say the agent's not in the house, some say he is, some say the property's sold; but, God be with ye, Peggeen gra, ye're not minding a word I'm saying," and the old man retraced his path.

No painting could convey an idea of the rapid changes of colour and expression that passed over the cheeks and brow of Peggy Clement as she stood at her cottage door, the sunlight resting on her hair, which fell in heavy masses on her neck and bosom. She held the letter before her with both hands; her bosom heaved convulsively; and though her very arms trembled, still she grasped the paper so tightly that there was no danger of its falling. Her very soul seemed drinking in the contents; but whether the draught was of joy or sorrow, it would have been impossible to tell. She gasped for breath, pressed her hands upon her bosom, turned to the cottage, and twice ejaculated "mother!" Then, remembering that her mother was not there, that she had no one near to whom she could disclose her emotions, she dropped upon her knees, and, throwing her head back, as if she wished her grateful thoughts and feelings to wing their way to heaven, she uttered a few broken exclamations of joy and gratitude; then, hastily throwing on her cloak, and drawing the hood forward so as to conceal her agitation, she followed in the path pursued by the old postman. At first my heroine walked with great rapidity, but then she suddenly paused, and said within herself, "But I'm not to tell it, except to my mother and Paul. Mother will be part sorry—and Paul!—where shall I find Paul?—but, any way, I'll find her." She had not proceeded very far, when she saw her mother coming towards her, and before she could communicate her news, the old woman burst into tears. A few words can express their cause: she had received information—how, it does not matter—that the agent had left the castle; that, finding the country so outrageously disturbed, he had taken refuge, as secretly as he could, at the house of a neighbouring gentleman, resolving to proceed to Dublin that night; that he believed his intention was unknown, perfectly unknown, but that it had transpired; and that several persons had determined he should never reach his destination. The widow had every reason to believe that Paul Kinsala was of the number. To give the doomed man information of what was intended, would have been to draw down the vengeance of the party upon their own heads. Much as Peggy had suffered, she saw not only the wickedness but the impolicy of the fearful crime they meditated. The best and bravest sink beneath small trials, and many great minds are incapable of small sacrifices; but present an object of sufficient magnitude before them, and their courage and fidelity stand forth boldly and at once to encounter and overcome. So it was with this simple peasant girl. She told her mother what she intended. The old woman would have accompanied her, but time pressed. She was already worn out with walking and anxiety, and no third person could share their confidence. But she looked on her daughter; and the bright flashing of her eye, the proud and determined carriage, that, as it were, bespoke, while it enshrined, her purpose, assured the mother that her daughter was determined. As long as she was by her, she felt assured of her success; when, however, she was out of sight, her spirits sank, and she could only weep and pray, sitting on the hill-side, from whence she still saw Peggy's receding figure. The day was on the wane, and yet she felt as if the sun would never set. Then again she fancied he set too quickly. The crescent moon hung its silver bow in the clouds before the fading away of daylight. The widow could not return to her cottage; she fancied she should see her child sooner where she was; she would not, could not stir. At last she took out her beads; one by one the silent tellers of her devotion dropped from her fingers, while her lips mechanically repeated her prayers. Still Peggy came not. The firmament was glittering with those jewels of immortality—types, beautiful and mysterious, of him who is the same "to-day, yesterday, and for ever." Still her daughter came not; there was no bell to tell the passing world of passing hours, but hill and valley, mountain and river, were dark beneath the sky; the grasshopper had folded his wings under the shamrock, and heaven's own minstrel nestled with her young in the deep corn furrow; the van-guard of the rooks had swept towards the woods of Killbally, where they were soon to be despoiled of their homes—their last caw! caw! had sounded in the widow's ear. She was sorry they were all past—crows are good company on a mountain's brow. The shrill whistle of the curlew suddenly darted like an arrow through the air. She started to her feet, as if it had been the warning whistle of a Whiteboy, and the humming beetle, who had rested on her cloak, whizzed away, wondering why the mountain moved. Presently, as she looked around (for still her daughter came not), she saw a large bird flying heavily, heavily, between her and the now risen moon, upon which she had unconsciously fixed her eyes. It came nearer—then turned and hooted—again and again. Widow Clement was a strong-nerved woman,

yet the hoot of that wild owl sent the blood curdling to her heart. She could support the silence no longer; the solitude became frightful to her. But it was no longer solitude; it was peopled by her fancies. She walked with rapid strides, not towards her own home, but along the path her daughter had pursued.

The destination of Peggy Clement was a hut about three miles from where she had met her mother. It was ruined and desolate, save when peopled by those who wished concealment. It could not be distinguished from the high road along which Mr Crumbie was to pass, and still it was close to it. My tale is already too long; I must hasten its conclusion. Her hand, girl though she was, did not tremble when she knocked at the door, that was fastened on the inside; nor, when she had done so, was there the least noise or reply. The inmates were evidently on their guard against intrusion. Again she knocked. No answer. At last she knelt down by the door, and, placing her mouth to the latch-hole, she said, "Paul Kinsala, Peggy Clement is here, and will stay here until the time comes when, for a reason you have, you will all have it." There was a murmur within—a whispering; the door was silently unfastened; a hand, whose touch sent the blood thrilling from her arm through her whole frame, led her in, where all, except the light of her own brave virtuous spirit, was dark; and a voice she would have given worlds to hear any where but there, whispered, "You are mad!"

"You are all mad!" she said aloud, and the tones of her clear fearless voice made music in the darkness. "Strike a light, see me, and hear what I have to tell you! Strike a light—a gun-flint will do it, and ye're not wanting that." She was obeyed, but the light emitted from the small candle was hardly enough to render visible the countenances of five men, who peered at her where she stood, close to Paul Kinsala, who trembled by her side as if he were the aspen, she the oak. "I don't ask ye why ye are here—I know why; but I will tell ye why I came. Ye want vengeance on the agent! Boys, boys, it's a poor vengeance that returns evil, as it would here, five-fold on yourselves; for, sooner or later, such is found out. I thought to have been here before, though there's plenty of time; and, boys, what d'ye think, I've brought ye—VENGEANCE!" There was a movement in the hovel; and Paul, who had shrunk from her side, from that feeling which prevents a high mind from coming in contact with a high mind, when it knows it has been guilty of an unworthy action, advanced again.

"Indeed it's thruth I'm telling; and I hope ye'll remember me in yer prayers, for, by God's mercy, I'll keep the stain of blood from yer souls this night. Listen to me, thin, and here's my credentials." She took from her bosom the letter she had received from the postman.

"Here's news—the old lord's dead!"

Various ejaculations followed this announcement. "The letter is from my brother Mark. The old lord is dead of a sudden; and when he was still in it, before the breath was out of his body, he gave his consent to the heir's marriage with Lady Ellen. Ye all know how rich the heir was, and how my lord couldn't abide the name of him in the house. But, somehow, under some false name, he knew Lady Ellen, and won her heart; and the last thing my lord did was to give them his blessing. And Lady Ellen wouldn't hear to the love, Mark says, until the heir promised to redeem Killbally from debt and agents, and reside six months of the year at the old castle!"

When Peggy entered, not one of the party could have been called sober; all were more or less intoxicated, and all were labouring under unnatural excitement. This unexpected announcement sobered them, and a shout of triumph burst from four of the number. The fifth would have preferred murder to gold or prosperity; so he waited with the cold-blooded determination of a villain to hear what would follow.

"Where's the proof of this?" he inquired.

"Here," said Peggy, triumphantly showing the letter. "And more—my lord acknowledged the promise of a new lease to you, Paul, and the heir promised it—promised it before Mark." It was only in saying this that her voice faltered.

"And because you get a new lease, I suppose we all may go to the devil," retorted Shawn Glyne; "but if ye forget yer oaths, boys, I don't forget mine. I swore I'd have the heart's blood of Crumbie, and I will; before all the holy saints of heaven, and by this blessed cock, I will!" He sank on his knees, and kissed a small prayer-book which he drew from his vest. Nothing could be more picturesque than the appearance of the interior of the hut at that moment; the light of the candle fell full upon Shawn's face, darkened and distorted by every bad and violent passion, and the erect form and bright animated countenance of Peggy Clement was also distinctly visible. As she stood a little in advance of her lover, every other object seemed clouded and misty; but these two, so different, yet so expressive of their several characters, were finely contrasted; the one so like an angel, in all the pure and holy semblance of good and firm intent, the other composed of great and powerful elements, yet blighted by sin—converted from a man into a demon.

The party were perplexed by the determination of their comrade; they hated the agent with a bitter hatred; but Peggy's clear statement of what had occurred, convinced them at once that they would have justice, without taking the law into their own hands; thus their personal safety was secured, and their purpose effected. But Shawn had already passed the pale, and his hatred to the agent was mingled with a fiendish desire to see others steeped in crime as deeply as himself.

"You hear him, Paul," said Peggy, and her voice sounded sweetly, as a voice from heaven. "You hear him—what do you say?"

"I swore I'd have justice," replied the young man, "and I saw but one way. The Lord, in his mercy, has seen another, and it won't be the first time I've had reason to bless your step and your voice. You have saved me from destruction."

Shawn advanced towards him while he spoke, but

Peggy stood between them. "Thank God!" she exclaimed, "thank God, Paul, I've heard yer words; I've blest ye for them. My heart's lighter, for I knew *yours* could never be rightly in it. I'm satisfied of that. I see, Shawn—I see that ye're determined to have the agent's life; and there are others whose minds are not made up. But your opportunity is past." Again there was a movement amongst the men, more decided than before. They pressed towards the girl, as if uncertain what she had done, or what they must do; her lover would have drawn her towards him, but she stood firm.

"Your opportunity is past, I say. I tould the agent he would be murdered if he quitted where he is. I sent to hasten the soldiers that now, ay, at this minute, protect the house. No one suspects ye—that will tell. And, bless God, every one of ye—if ye don't now, ye will, and on yer bended knees—that little wisdom of a simple girl saved ye from a crime that would have brought disgrace on yer country, and sin to yer souls for ever!"

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

ON THE ELECTRICITY OF ANIMALS; ESPECIALLY THAT CALLED ANIMAL ELECTRICITY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

WE now proceed to the *gymnotus*, which, different from the torpedo, was not known till modern times. It is often described as a disagreeable-looking animal, resembling a bulky eel; but Humboldt's plate represents it as a beautiful-looking fish, of a fine olive-green colour above, paler beneath, and spotted with numerous red and yellow markings along the back. We suspect there are different species, though this has not been established. Humboldt was informed that a black variety, which he did not see, gives the strongest shocks, whilst Block says this peculiarity belongs to those of a reddish hue. Bajan states the colour to be slatey black. Its average size is from three to four feet; frequently it extends to six and seven; and it is often stated, on respectable authority, such as that of Bancroft, Garden, and Pennant, that it attains the length of from ten to twenty feet, which Humboldt, however, says is going too far. The *gymnote* was first made known to philosophers about the year 1671, when its wonderful powers were announced to the French Academy by M. Richer. His statements, however, were received with much scepticism; and it was not till towards the middle of the last century that a general belief in its existence was entertained. At that time, the observations of Condamine and others became known, to which those of Fermin and Bancroft succeeded, and speedily it was more particularly described by Drs Williamson and Garden. According to this latter gentleman, the animal has the power of lengthening and shortening its body, somewhat like a worm, and is also capable of swimming backwards and forwards with equal ease, when the undulations of the body begin respectively at the tail or head.* It would appear that this eel is an inhabitant exclusively of South America. Humboldt found it in the Calvado "in innumerable quantities."

Mr Hunter was the first individual who gave a detailed description of the electric apparatus of this fish, as of the torpedo; and the difference between them is great. These organs in the *gymnote* occupy nearly one-third (Humboldt says, four-fifths) of the animal's entire bulk, being the posterior part. They are formed of two series of tendinous membranes, running from the posterior part of the cavity of the belly to the tail, one part of which consists of horizontal plates placed very near each other, and the other of perpendicular plates, near the lower part of the animal. The whole of this structure is divided into two pairs of distinct organs, of very different sizes, the largest being uppermost. They are covered only by the common integuments. In the *gymnote* dissected by Mr Hunter, which was 2 feet 4 inches long, the large organ of one side was about 1½ inch in breadth at its thickest part, and in this space there were 34 longitudinal divisions. The smaller organ was about half an inch in breadth, and contained 14 septa or partitions. The perpendicular membranes are placed much more closely together than those of the upper series, Mr Hunter counting 240 in an inch, filled with a glary transparent substance. Lacépède calculated that the discharging surface of these organs in a fish four feet long, is at least 123 square feet in extent; while in the torpedo, the ordinary size is only about 58 feet square. The nerves in the electric organs of the *gymnotus* are very large and numerous, and are spread in very fine twigs over the cells of the organs. Dr Knox counted 15 nervous branches distributed on each inch of the structure, each nerve being for the most part subdivided into as many branches as there are longitudinal septa.†

The *gymnotus* inflicts far more astounding shocks than the torpedo. According to Bancroft, the strokes of the large ones are instantly fatal. When one of average dimensions is touched with one hand, a smart shock is generally felt in the hand and fore-arm; and when both are applied, it affects the whole frame, striking to the very heart. The discharges of the larger fish are sometimes sufficient to deprive men, while bathing, of sense and motion, and mules are often destroyed in attempting to ford those rivers where the *gymnote* abounds. This so frequently happens in some districts of South America, that in the neighbourhood of Urituca, a route at one time much frequented was entirely abandoned in consequence of the great loss of mules. Humboldt mentions, that having placed his feet upon a *gymnotus*, he experienced a more dreadful shock than

he ever received from a Leyden jar, and that he felt severe pain in his knees and in other parts of his body, which continued for several hours. According to Bryant, a discharge sometimes occasions such strong cramps of the muscles which grasp the fish, that they cannot let it go; and the shock being repeated, painful sensations are experienced throughout the body, and headache, with pain in the limbs, remain for some time; and Dr Flagg states, that paralytic affections, as well as giddiness, are said occasionally to follow the reception of strong shocks.*

The effects of the discharge of the *gymnote* cannot be better illustrated than by referring to the masterly description which Humboldt has given of the capture of the animal, as practised near the town of Calabozo. The Indians are well aware of the danger of encountering them while their powers are unexhausted. They therefore collect twenty or thirty wild horses, force them into the pools, and when the fish have exhausted their batteries, lay hold of them without difficulty. The horses at first exhibit much agitation and terror, but they are prevented from leaving the water by an enclosed band of Indians, who goad them with bamboos when they attempt to escape. "The eels," says Humboldt, "stunned and confused by the noise of the horses, defended themselves by reiterated discharges of their electric batteries. For some time they seemed likely to gain the victory over the horses and mules: these in every direction, stunned by the frequency and force of the shocks, disappeared under water. Some horses, however, rose again, and, in spite of the active vigilance of the Indians, gained the shore, overcome with fatigue; and their limbs being exhausted with the explosions, they stretched themselves upon the ground. I remember," says he, "a superb picture of a horse entering a cavern, and terrified at the sight of a lion. The expression is not there stronger than what we witnessed in this unequal conflict. In less than five minutes two horses were drowned. The eel, more than five feet long, glides under the belly of the horse or mule; it then gives a discharge from the whole extent of its electric organs, which directly affects the heart and other vital parts. After this commencement, I was afraid that the sport might end tragically, but the Indians assured us that the fishing would soon be finished, and that nothing is to be dreaded but the first assault of the *gymnotus*. In fact, whether the galvanic electricity is accumulated in repose, or the organ ceases to perform its function when fatigued by too long-continued use, the eels, after a time, resemble discharged batteries. Their muscular movements are still equally active, but they no longer have the power of giving energetic shocks. When the combat had lasted a quarter of an hour, the mules and horses appeared less affrighted; they no longer bristled up the mane, and the eye was less expressive of suffering and terror. They no longer were seen to fall backwards; and the *gymnoti*, swimming with the body half out of the water, and now flying from the horses instead of pursuing, began themselves, in their turn, to approach to the shore almost lifeless; and they were then easily captured by means of small harpoons attached to long cords." The fishes left in the pool thus disturbed were found scarcely able to give even weak shocks at the end of two days. Humboldt concluded from what he saw and heard, that the horses which are lost in the course of this singular fishery are not directly killed, but merely stunned by the power of the shock; their death being occasioned by the subsequent submersion.

The remaining electrical fishes, not having been examined with the same care as the preceding, will not occupy us long. The first we name is the *Silurus* of the Nile and Senegal, the Roach or lightning of the Arabs (*Silurus electricus*, Linn.; the *Malapterurus* of Lacépède), which has been partially known for many years. It is associated with a group, some of which are considered as the largest and most sluggish of river fish. The usual length of the electric species is scarcely two feet. Its head and fore parts are very broad and depressed. Its electric organs present us with an entirely new arrangement of parts. The apparatus consists of a thick layer of dense cellular membrane, which completely surrounds the body, immediately under the integuments. So compact is this tissue, that at first sight it might be mistaken for a deposit of fatty matter; but under the microscope, it is found to be composed of tendinous fibres, closely interwoven, the meshes of which are filled with jelly-like matter. This apparatus is divided into two circular layers by a strong membrane, the outer lying immediately under the true skin, the inner being placed upon the flesh itself. Both of these parts are isolated from the surrounding tissues by a dense membrane, except where the nerves and blood-vessels enter. The cells of the outer organ are so minute that they require a lens in order to be distinctly perceived: the inner organ is also cellular, and appears somewhat flaky: both are most abundantly supplied with nerves. The *Trichinure*, the fourth kind of fish we have named, is an inhabitant of the Indian seas: its colour is a pale brown, variegated with spots of a deeper hue. And, finally, we close this enumeration by alluding to the *Tetraodon*, a member of the extraordinary *Short-Sun-fish* group of British authors. It was among the coral rocks of Johanna, one of the Comoros, in the Indian Sea, that Lieutenant Paterson discovered this fish. His specimen was seven inches long, and two and a half broad. The colour of its back was brown, of its belly sea-green,

of its sides yellow; its body was covered with red, green, and white spots; the eyes were large. Lieutenant Paterson caught two of them in a linen bag, the water being about 60 degrees Fahrenheit, and he had no sooner taken one of them in his hand, than he received so severe a shock that he was obliged to let it go. He carried the two fishes to the camp, and obtained the evidence of the surgeon and adjutant in favour of his discovery: the former, having held it between his hands, received a distinct shock, and the latter received a shock by merely touching the fish on its back with his finger.

In taking a general review of these interesting organs, we are struck with the existence of a certain degree of analogy amongst them, and yet we fail to discover such resemblances as might be expected, and such as exist between the structure of other organs performing the same functions in different animals. Here we have tendinous membranes variously arranged, and all so as to form a series of separate cells filled with a jelly-like matter. Yet how great is the difference between the great columnar cells of the Torpedo, and the minute cells of the Silure! All, however, are equally supplied with nerves of very great size, larger than any others of the same animals, and larger, indeed, than any nerve in any other animal of like bulk.

We have already stated that several of these fishes have in recent times been made the subjects of careful scientific investigation, and we shall proceed, in a succeeding paper, to take a closer view of their habits, and more especially of that wonderful property with which they are in common endowed.

"THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY."

A VOLUME of very elegant appearance, both as respects typography and pictorial embellishments, with the above title, and of which the letterpress is composed by Thomas Roscoe, Esq. has just made its appearance.* The railway from London to Birmingham is now the greatest public work in Britain, and promises to be the most successful, as well as the most generally useful. Such a magnificent work of art fully deserves a volume such as that before us, and such a historian as Mr Roscoe, who possesses not only a fine perception of the beauties of nature, but of what is excellent and available in art. Resembling the more elegant of the *Annals*, his book is worth a thousand of these flimsy productions. Referring to the work itself for an account of the line of railway, and the country through which it passes, we can spare room for only the following sketch of Birmingham, which is daily growing in importance as a centre of an extensive series of thoroughfares:—

"Birmingham is properly esteemed, if the extent and variety of its products be considered, one of the most important manufacturing towns in the British empire. In the early accounts of this place, the etymology of its name has been followed through no less than a hundred and forty variations, ranging from Bromwicham to Bermyngeham, which, from their complicity and number, have puzzled the mind and stimulated the invention of many a learned antiquary, who has sought in the productions of the soil, or in some local or neighbouring circumstances, for a satisfactory explanation. The probable fact is, however, that it took its title from the lord of the manor, one Peter de Birmingham, who, in the year 1154, as the historian of the county writes, 'had a castle here, and lived in great splendour.'

Birmingham is advantageously situated on the side of a hill, or rather a series of hills. It is nearly in the centre of the kingdom, and, during the Saxon heptarchy, was included in that portion of it which was under the sway of the Mercian kings. It is now, however, in the county of Warwick, and the hundred of Hemlingford, and is bordered by the neighbouring counties of Stafford and Worcester. It is 110 miles north-west from London, by way of Coventry, 116 by Oxford, and 112½ by the railway. The superficial contents of the parish are 2864 acres, and its inhabitants are about 160,000. It became a borough on the passing of the Reform Bill, and has now attained to the importance of a corporation town under the new municipal act.

The atmosphere of this place, from the comparatively high position which it occupies, is not less congenial and kind than the dry sandy soil on which it is built. It does not, as it is justly remarked by a modern author, 'crouch in humility of site, but boldly solicits the ingress of the winds from each point of the compass; and as few of the streets lie on a dead flat, every shower conduces to cleanliness and health: this, with the admission of free access to currents of air, and the sun's genial rays, prevents agues, and all the train of epidemics, from being known.' There could not, perhaps, be adduced a stronger evidence of the truth of this remark, than the fact, that while the cholera, which passed through the kingdom like a destroying angel a few years since, was raging with the most destructive violence in the little town of Bilston, distant from Birmingham only about eight miles, and throughout the surrounding district of Staffordshire, scarcely a single fatal case of this disease occurred in this place. Many persons entertain the idea that our good town of Birmingham is literally enveloped in a cloud of dingy atmosphere, arising from steam-engines, and the various metallic manufactures in constant operation. A

* Philosophical Transactions, 1775.

† Edinburgh Journal of Science, vol. I.

* Transactions of the American Society, vol. II.

* Tilt, London.

distant view of the place, with the towering chimneys of its furnaces vomiting forth columns of smoke, might indeed seem to give confirmation to such an idea; but it becomes speedily dissipated as the visitor enters the clean and spacious streets of this town, and observes that the chimneys, from their extreme height, give their smoke to the winds, which carry it far away from the place where it is generated. It is well known, also, that the fuel which is used in its manufactures is much lighter than the Newcastle coal, and, consequently, deposits less of those black particles which thicken the air and disfigure the buildings of the metropolis. * *

The Restoration seems to have been the first era that gave an onward impulse to the ingenuity of the inhabitants of this town. The love of ornament and show was imported with the licentious Charles II., and the gay companions of his exile, from the luxurious court of Louis XIV., where they had been long resident. The flowery and flowing style superseded the stiff and Gothic, which characterised the furniture, domestic decorations, and personal embellishments of our ancestors. The sleight-of-hand attained by the artificers of Birmingham, fitly prepared them to take advantage of this change of fashions, and this town being the mart of the brilliant and ductile metals, soon became, what it was afterwards styled by Burke, 'the toy-shop of Europe.' The wars which spread over Europe from the time of Louis XIV. to the French Revolution, introduced a new era into the manufactures of Birmingham, and, in addition to the *bijouterie* of fashion, came the production of fire-arms, to supply both friends and enemies with warlike implements, from the richly ornamented pistol to the most ponderous piece of artillery, with all the manifold weapons of war. Peace has, however, literally 'beaten the swords into ploughshares, and spears into pruning-hooks.' The dexterous artificers of the town were ready to profit by the change, and the fabrication of every species of agricultural instrument and working tool used in the peaceful handicraft arts, with the multifarious articles of personal attire, has followed. Successive demands, either of necessity or luxury, have called forth new and applicable powers to meet them, and the hammer, the lathe, the rolling apparatus, the press, the stamp, the die, the draw-bench, and the steam-engine, have each supplied their mechanical and multiplying agencies in the order of wants thus created. We know not that a time will ever arrive in which it shall be said to the inventive faculty of man, 'thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.' A long period of national and local tranquillity has given space for the creation of new wants, and the development of new energies. In this interval one discovery has followed fast upon another, the sciences have yielded to the patient perseverance and the penetrating genius of the human intellect, and new combinations of primitive elements have become the basis of new mechanical and handicraft inventions. The vastly accelerated energies of the mind have seemed to call for corresponding vivacity of physical locomotion, and man, whose imagination can stretch from place to place in the lapse of a moment, seems destined to attain to a celerity of corporeal transition almost coequal. The perfection of the steam-engine, and the application of this principle to locomotion, is another remarkable era in the history of this place, fraught with invaluable results. The improvement and completion, if not the discovery, of this wonderful engine, is indigenous to Birmingham, while the real science, ingenious contrivance, and manual dexterity concentrated in this place, with 'all the natural appliances to boot,' seem to bespeak for it the very extensive manufacture of this gigantic machine. Thus the whole circle of the mechanical arts, from a gold ring to an iron railroad, from a button to a brazen Colossus, from a teakettle to a steam-engine, appears destined to run its course in this highly favoured town, and its immediate neighbourhood, 'for ever and for aye.'

The visitor, on entering Birmingham, is most anxious to see its peculiar products, and the manufacturing process by which they are obtained. We will, therefore, in the first place, conduct him to the Show-Rooms of Mr Collis, who has succeeded to those formed with so much taste and splendour by Sir Edward Thomason. The great lions of this establishment are the faithful copies of the celebrated Warwick vase, and the colossal statue of George IV. in bronze. The original Warwick vase, which now stands in the conservatory of Warwick Castle, is the Grecian vase of Lysippus, a sculptor of the age of Alexander the Great. It was excavated from the ruins of Adrian's palace at Tivoli, and brought to England by Sir William Hamilton. The copy is metallic bronzed, and took the labour of seven years to complete. It has acquired by time, and the process adopted in its formation, a soft solidity of colour and a gradation of bronze tints, which give peculiar beauty to its rich and varied ornaments. The statue is of the same material, and was modelled, cast, and sculptured, in the manufactory. The suite of rooms is extensive, and the objects of curiosity and sale are classified. Amongst these is comprised the finest and most extensive collection of medals to be seen in the kingdom; miniature copies of the Warwick vase in silver, and in crystal, mounted on silver pedestals; a vast assemblage of plate and plated articles; and every minute variety of the ornamental and useful manufactures of the town.

A range of workshops and manufactories, where the most costly articles of the Show-Rooms have been fabricated, lie at the back part of the premises, and are open to the inspection of visitors.

The Show-Rooms of Messrs Jemmens and Bettridge,

in Constitution Hill, offer a very attractive exhibition of the manufactures of Birmingham in *papier maché*. Perhaps there is no art, of an ornamental character, that has been transplanted into England from the country of its original invention, that has attained to so high a degree of perfection, and has been made susceptible of such multiform varieties, as that which is included under this title. The respectable establishment to which we have now introduced the visitor, ranks as the first in this town, or perhaps in Europe, for its tasteful devices, the ingenious adaptation of beautiful materials, and the grace and finish of its execution. The sale-room displays some singularly beautiful specimens, inlaid with rainbow-tinted pearls, harmonising their cameo hues with all the subjects of natural history, and thrown into all the forms and figures of ornament and use. The exhibition also comprehends that almost endless variety of indispensable articles which enter into the purposes of every-day life. A free admission is given to the visitors into the workshops, and the process of the manufactures very courteously and minutely described, if required.

Glass-making is an art practised with so much dexterity by the workman, and the various articles to which it applies are multiplied with so much expedition, that it might be thought the productions of one year, in this glass-blowing town, would leave a holiday for several succeeding years. Happily, however, for the artisan in this branch of human device, the brilliant utensil is as easily broken as the air bubbles of a child, which it not inaptly resembles in its first appearance at the end of the artificer's tube, before it is fashioned by the breath of his mouth into the form which it is finally intended to assume. The process of glass-cutting, nevertheless, is not of so aerial a character. It requires a practised eye and a dexterous hand, and is, besides, a work of continued labour and persevering industry. Both these departments of the manufacturing art are carried on to a great extent in this place, and a splendid variety of their united productions is to be found in an extensive suite of show-rooms belonging to Messrs Rollason and Sons, in Steelhouse-lane. In this exhibition there is also an assemblage of the most brilliant and useful productions of the Staffordshire potteries in all their variety of decoration, form, and application. The proprietors are very polite in showing to visitors the process of glass making and cutting, as carried on in the manufactories with which they are connected.

Besides those exhibitions which have been enumerated, Birmingham contains many splendid shops devoted to the display of its peculiar productions—of which the most eminent are in High Street, Bull Street, and New Street. Many of the manufactories, not connected with any retail establishments, may be visited by strangers, upon application, or by an introduction from some respectable inhabitant of the town.

The stranger, after having travelled over workshops and manufactories, will be glad to find himself once more in the open street; and as 'restlessness is the peculiar character of the present generation,' he need not tarry long before he discovers another object ready to engage his attention, and we predict, to fix for some time his admiration. The Town Hall is the most magnificent structure in Birmingham, and from its pure classic design, elaborate architectural ornaments, extent and capacity, is an object of well-merited curiosity and interest to every visitor. It is a simple Corinthian temple, from the example of the temple of Jupiter Stator at Rome, and is the design of Messrs Hansom and Welch. It is built of brick, cased with Anglesey marble, from the Penmon quarries, which was presented by Sir Richard Bulkley, Bart., to the architects, and from them to the town. Its quality is considered almost imperishable, and the colour is a fine neutral grey which whitens with time.

It is colossal in its proportions, and rears itself with peculiar majesty from nearly the highest point in Birmingham. On each side and in front is a projecting rusticated basement of prodigious strength, twenty-three feet in height, which encloses a spacious corridor, and convenient entrances to the great hall. Surmounting the basement is a gradual flight of regular ascending lines of shallow steps, and on these rise, with surpassing grace and dignity, elevated ranges of richly-fluted Corinthian columns that encompass the building. The spacious room which this splendid edifice contains, is perhaps the largest in Europe, or in the world, having a clear length of 145 feet, with 65 feet in width and height. It will contain from eight to ten thousand persons, standing within its ample area, and possesses two side galleries tastefully decorated, which are entered by doors from the corridor behind, with an end gallery of great depth and elevation. It is lighted by twenty-seven lofty windows, separated by ornamental pilasters of the same order as the building; by the side of which are massy antique candelabra, harmonising with the colour of the interior, and taking their tone from the walls and the rich impanelled ceiling. A grand staircase in front leads to the galleries, which flies off to the right and left to correspond with the upper corridors. The projected cost of this magnificent structure was L.24,000, raised by a rate upon the inhabitants of the town; besides which, L.6000 was paid by the friends of Mr Welch, one of the architects, who became bound for the accomplishment of the contract, which was found inadequate to the undertaking. The total amount therefore was L.30,000.

The entire end of the hall is filled by an orchestra and the splendid organ, placed here by the governors of the hospital for the use of the triennial musical

festivals, instituted for the purpose of aiding the funds of that charity. This magnificent organ, in its dimensions, exceeds the celebrated instruments of Haarlem and Rotterdam; and in the depth, power, variety, and sweetness of its tones, far surpasses any in Europe. It was built by Mr Hill of London, at the expense of L.6000, raised principally by subscription."

WALKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

ROOM OF EGYPTIAN ANTIQUITIES.—SECOND ARTICLE.

At the conclusion of the preceding article, we were speaking of the specimens of household furniture of the Egyptians to be seen in the British Museum. Besides those remarkably interesting articles, there are found in the collection a variety of specimens of utensils for domestic use, such as vases, jugs, and similar vessels of different shapes and sizes. These are mostly of earthenware, glazed or plain, and the majority of them resemble in shape the brown jars or pitchers which are extensively used in the rural districts of our own country in the present day, having narrow necks, with or without handles, and rounded bodies terminating in a flat broad base. These jugs are of all sizes, from the height of an inch or two to a foot and a half, or two feet. Most of them are more or less covered with figures and hieroglyphics. The same may be said of the numerous other vases which we find here, which are not of earthenware, but of marble, alabaster, porphyry, green basalt, glass, or metal. These are generally of smaller bulk, and of the most varied and fanciful shapes, some of them having long necks, and others short; some presenting round bodies, others flat; while some rest on broad bases, and others on narrow or on rounded ones—in which latter case they are intended for being placed on stands. Till the present day, in Italy, the brown earthen pitchers of the peasantry are formed with pointed bases, and are placed in stands for their support. Specimens of glass bottles are likewise seen with long necks, and altogether resembling a kind of case-bottle now very common in Britain. The colour of the glass is usually an opaque green. We do not discover any instance in which colourless transparent glass has been used in the manufacture of these articles. The nearest approach to it occurs in the case of some small bottles made of porphyry, which, though streaked beautifully with yellow, black, blue, and green, are on the whole lighter in hue, and more transparent, than any similar articles to be seen on these shelves. Porcelain was another substance, with the manufacture of which the Egyptians were well acquainted. Numbers of jugs and vases, made of this material, present themselves to the spectator in the shelves of the Museum. Looking at these articles collectively, every one must be impressed with the conviction, that, as regarded glasses and such like vessels for domestic use, the people of ancient Egypt were far from being ill provided either in point of comfort or elegance.

A very perfect specimen of the *stands* or supports upon which vases or rounded bottles were placed in the Egyptian houses, is to be seen in one of the Museum cases. This stand is about two feet in height, of a pyramidal shape, but with the top flattened, and a cup placed thereon for the reception of the vase. The four legs of this stand are joined by crossing spars, and the whole is formed of wood, gaudily painted. Such articles were probably intended for standing at the elbows of guests during entertainments, or for holding ointments and perfumes in dressing-rooms, and must have formed an elegant addition to the other furniture, if we may judge from this specimen.

In one case of the Egyptian room (that marked with the letter T), we find some very dusky-looking crumbs, which, but for some explanation on the part of those better acquainted with the matter, might be passed over as relics of no very important kind. These, however, are really interesting articles, being specimens of the bread in use among the Egyptians. The colour of these remnants is a dark brown, and they resemble grains of coarse sand. From the stones found in them, it is obvious that some of these morsels of bread have been formed from the fruit of the date-tree, while other fragments appear to be composed of barley and wheat. One or two small cakes still retain their perfect original shape, that of a flat shrunken pancake, into which they were put by some Egyptian housewife three thousand years ago. They constituted part of a small but complete feast discovered in a tomb at Thebes, and beside them lie several other articles of food that were found along with them. Among these, a dish of raisins is particularly noticeable, being scarcely distinguishable in appearance from the same articles as found in shops at the present day. But the most remarkable portions of this same feast are two ducks, now in the condition of shrivelled skeletons, lying upon a stand or platter, made of cane and papyrus. Whether this feast, however, was ever intended for human use, or was merely placed in the tomb in accordance with the ceremonial usages of the country, may be a reasonable matter of doubt. The latter supposition is certainly the probable one. But this circumstance does not affect the feelings which these venerable ducks are calculated to excite in our

minds. The sight of them carries us forcibly back into the domestic presence of the human beings who so far preceded us on the stage of time. How little could the dresser of these fowls have foretold or foreseen that they were destined to become objects of curiosity to the world, after the lapse of so many ages!

In the same case with these edible remains, we find a yoke and strap, of a kind extensively used by the Egyptians in carrying burdens. Generally speaking, this resembles the yoke employed by milk-carriers at the present day, to suspend their pails from. The wooden bar formed to cross from shoulder to shoulder, is somewhat more than three feet long, and in shape like an unstrung bow, the middle being slightly bent, and the ends curved the reverse way. From each of these ends a strap depends, formed of a strong double thong of leather, fifteen inches or so in length. There are loops at the end of these straps, for the purpose, seemingly, of attaching loads. This yoke served almost all the purposes of Egyptian labour, where things were to be conveyed to a distance, as is shown by the figures on the painted tombs. Placed beside this yoke in the Museum, we observe a strong ladder of rope, an article which, with proper fastening, might obviously be as securely used for general purposes, as the common wooden ladders employed at the present day.

In the cases adjoining the preceding one, an immense number of small yet curious articles present themselves, consisting of edge-tools of various kinds, carpenters' instruments, warlike weapons, and the like. There are several specimens of common knives, with fixed blade and handle. These are of various sizes, and do not exhibit much skill in the workmanship, though the disfigurements of time must be partly taken into account. We looked in vain for any instance of a knife with closing blade. The only specimen of a shutting knife was a curiously contrived one, resembling a pair of scissors, in so far as the cutting was effected by two meeting edges, but having the point of support at the *extremity*, instead of being in the centre. A pair of nut-crackers gives an idea of the principle on which the knife was made. It seemed a very awkward weapon, and could only divide small bodies introduced between the blades. In regard to handy, useful knives, therefore, modern times appear to have really a decided advantage. Not so in the case of sickles or reaping-hooks. Making allowance for a little rust, a sickle to be seen here might have been taken, as respects shape and size, for one newly from the shop of a modern ironmonger. Numberless have been the attempts to improve the form of reaping instruments in recent years, but three hundred years ago, the grain of the earth was cut just as it is now. Strange to say, we find here also almost all the carpenter tools now in use. Fortunately, a recent visitor to Egypt, Mr. Burton, discovered in one of the tombs of Thebes a basket with a complete assortment of carpenters' instruments; and these, being lodged in the Museum, are now open to the inspection of the curious. Among them, we find a *saw*, *chisels*, a *mallet*, *drill* and *drill-bow*, with a small *horn of oil*, and a bag, seemingly for *nails*; the whole representing the stock in trade, or part of the stock, of some defunct carpenter, with whose remains they had been committed to earth. The saw is a small one, fitted for use with one hand, and fashioned something like a carving-knife. Perhaps most people will consider the drill as the most interesting of these articles, from its exhibiting the instrumental skill to which the carpenters of ancient Egypt had attained. The oil-horn differs in no point from those in general use at this day. In the same cases are a number of Egyptian nails of different sizes. These are headed precisely like modern ones, but we observe no *screw-nails* in the collection, and, in truth, this variety of the article seems to have been unknown to the Egyptians—though rust would render the matter difficult, occasionally, to determine.

Saws, chisels, mallets, drills and bows, bags of nails, and oil-horns, appear, then, from the models here presented, to have been the common instruments of the carpenters of long past ages. And are they not the ordinary and chief tools of the trade yet? Certainly the people of Egypt must either have been a peculiarly clever race, or man's invention is at best a bounded and barren thing. The same reflection is forced upon us when we look at other edge-tools in these cases. Here is a dagger, which, in its palmy days, must have been as handsome an article as any Highland chief could wish to see at his girdle at a meeting of the clans on Braemar. It is of the size of a small dirk, and has a handsome handle of ivory, once ornamented, it is probable, with precious stones. We have also before us on these shelves a beautiful specimen of a battle-axe. The blade is of bronze, in the shape of a segment of a circle, and is affixed to a strong *silver* tube, into which the handle, of ivory probably, was once inserted. These have been elegant weapons, quite equal, in their way, to any thing of the kind in the hands of modern warriors. It is true that the invention of gunpowder has made a great change in one respect. In place of pistol locks and Joe Manton barrels, the Egyptian armoury in the British Museum presents to us but a poor equivalent in the form of arrow-heads and long-feathered reeds. The Egyptian arrows, however, were far from being rude or ineffective weapons. Several neat specimens have been preserved of the metal barbs with which they were usually tipped; and from some of the paintings in the Theban tombs, we learn that, as regarded the shape and manufacture of the bows, the elegance of the painted leather cases in which they were kept, and other points about the archer's equip-

ment, the moderns who practise this exercise would suffer by a comparison with the Egyptians.

Some sadly mutilated fragments of stringed instruments arrest the attention of the visitor to the room of Egyptian antiquities. A fragment of a large harp is here seen, with the pegs, to the number of seventeen, remaining in the position in which the strings were attached to them. There are other relics of a similar kind, but all of them, unfortunately, are very incomplete, and deficient in the strings, which were formed by the Egyptians from catgut. This loss is not altogether the necessary result of time acting on a perishable substance, for instruments have been found in the Egyptian tombs, which possessed strings that sounded on being struck, after a silence of three thousand years. The true Egyptian harp appears to have been of an erect curved shape, like the modern harp, and to have rested on a base of more or less breadth. Besides these fragments of stringed instruments, the British Museum contains some smaller musical articles, and among others a pair of cymbals, of five inches diameter, and formed of sounding brass. It is to be regretted that more relics of a musical nature have not come down to us, as there is every reason to suppose, from the evidence of the sepulchral paintings, that the Egyptians were partial to the science, and possessed numerous instruments, both stringed and otherwise. They were well acquainted with the drum, and indeed a very perfect specimen of this instrument was found recently by a foreigner at Thebes. How interesting would have been a discovery of portions of their music—if, indeed, they possessed the art of notation in any form. Of this, however, there can be little doubt from the number of their instruments; though, as the interpretation would have been a most difficult affair, we have less reason to lament the thefts that time has made in this particular instance.

THE LATE DR BOWDITCH.

OF NATHANIEL BOWDITCH, the eminent American translator and editor of Laplace's *Mécanique Céleste* (Mechanism of the Heavens), who died in his sixty-fifth year, on the 16th of March 1838, the following biographic sketch is presented in the North American Review for January last, as a concluding note to a review of his literary and scientific services:—

"It was from an humble condition in early life, that (in part, no doubt, by force of extraordinary natural endowments, but also by force of a principled energy, alert to take advantage of every opportunity of improvement, and refusing to be depressed by any discouraging circumstances) Dr Bowditch rose to be one of the most eminent persons of his country, and of the time. The son of a working cooper, enjoying no advantages of instruction in early childhood beyond those of attendance on a public school, and those only till he was ten years of age, he was, two or three years after, apprenticed to a ship-chandler, and continued in this service through his minority; at the end of which time he went to sea, as an inferior officer in a merchant vessel. Meanwhile, by the diligent use of such fragments of time as he was able to redeem for study, from regular daily employment of so different a kind, he had (besides laying up stores in general literature, which would have done no discredit to a youth devoted to that pursuit) made such proficiency in his favourite science, as enabled him, three years after, to publish a work, the 'Practical Navigator,' scarcely surpassed in usefulness by any of the time, and immediately driving all others of the same class out of circulation. Being unable to purchase books, he borrowed and copied such as he most needed, possessing himself thus, before he was fourteen years old, of a long treatise on Algebra, another on Geometry, and a third on Conic Sections. At fifteen, making all the necessary calculations, he had arranged an Almanac, complete in all its parts. Obtaining, by a fortunate accident, a copy of Newton's 'Principia,' he learned Latin by himself, that he might read the work, and made a translation of the whole of it.

Entering upon an active life of business, Dr Bowditch made four voyages to the East Indies, and one to Europe, diligently devoting his leisure at sea to his favourite inquiries, which, however, with a liberal sense of the value of other knowledge, he diversified by studies of a more generally attractive kind. Retiring from a seafaring life at the age of thirty, he assumed an office, that of President of an Insurance Company in his native town, which, to most men, would have seemed to afford sufficient employment for their time; and from this, at the end of twenty years, he was transferred to the place of Actuary of the Massachusetts Life Insurance Company, which he held till the time of his death. It was by an economy of the leisure hours of a life thus engaged, that Dr Bowditch won for himself one of the highest names in science, which the nineteenth century boasts.

Nor was it by any jealous and churlish economy of those hours. No man acknowledged more readily the claims of friendly intercourse; no man welcomed more cordially the interruptions which they bring. His study was his parlour, where no posture of a hard unfinished problem ever caused the unexpected guest to feel that his visit was untimely. No abstraction ever revealed the toiling or wearied mind. A gay buoyancy of spirits, and a prompt interest in whatever subject was presented, showed, whenever you found the man, that you found him before his work, and at his ease. Early hours, an utter abstinence from mere waste of time, and temperate habits which preserved the mind in perpetual vigour, permitted a life crowded with labour and its

fruits to be, in an equal degree, tranquil, free from care, and accessible to incidental engagements.

Along with great heartiness, Dr Bowditch had its usual attendant, a warm impetuosity of character; and, though no 'rude and boisterous captain of the sea,' there may have been occasions when a happier combination would have been produced, had the same measure of the *fortiter in re* been blended with more of the *suaviter in modo*. But his high and rigid integrity was beyond question. His punctilious justice in the conduct of complicated affairs was a model for imitation. If he had prejudices, he had candour to welcome and weigh the evidence which would dispel them; and anger he carried 'as the flint bears fire;' the spark was quick, but it was momentary.

Acquiring what in a frugal community may deserve to be called wealth, he had the high wisdom to know its worth; that is, to know its uses. He cared for it as making him independent, and enabling him to be useful. In his life, as well as at his death, he gave freely from it to worthy objects of benevolence, public and private; and he expended a large portion of it, without any hope of remuneration, on the publication of his great work; declining, from a nice sense of honour, the urgent proposals of a learned society (the American Academy), and of private friends, that he would permit it to be issued at their charge. Of his time, his counsels, and his influence, he was as liberal, for good objects, as of his money.

Proof against less mischievous delusions, the madness of the 'undevout astronomer' had no place in his clear and sober mind. The Christian faith, the support of his principles through a long active life, was a sufficient source of consolation to him during the well-understood approach of death. Of cant and pretension, no man ever had less. But he had as little respect for the affectation which suppresses and disguises cherished sentiments, as for that which obtrudes and parades them. He thought it due to the truths which sustained him, to allow it to be known that it was on them that he leaned; and the chamber of his decline was a scene of the sublimest instruction for whoever would know, with what serene, magnanimous satisfaction, the spirit, which has well done the first part of its work, may pass on to its higher destinies."

LITTLE SNOWDROP.

A STORY FOR LITTLE FOLKS.*

ONE cold winter day, when the snow-flakes were falling like feathers from the sky, a good queen sat sewing at a window, which had a framework of black ebony. And as she sewed, and looked through the black framework at the snow, she pricked her finger with the needle, and three drops of blood fell upon the white linen. Then thought the queen within herself, "Oh that I had a child as white as snow, as red as blood, and as black as the ebony framework!" Not long after, a little daughter was given to her, that was as white as snow, as red as blood, and had hair as black as ebony, and therefore was called LITTLE SNOWDROP. Soon after, the good queen died; and when a year had passed away, the king took to himself another spouse. She was a beautiful woman, but vain and tyrannical, and could not endure that there should be any body in the world that was thought to be more beautiful than herself. Now, she had a wonderful looking-glass, and when she went and looked at herself in it, and said,

"Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,
Who in the land is the fairest of all?"

the looking-glass answered,

"Lady Queen, in the land thou art fairest of all."

Then was she content, for she knew that the looking-glass spoke the truth. Now, Little Snowdrop grew apace, and became every day more lovely, and when she was seven years old, she was as beautiful as day, and more beautiful than the queen herself. So it was, that when one day the queen asked her looking-glass again,

"Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,
Who in the land is the fairest of all?"

it answered,

"Lady Queen, thou art fair as fair may be,
But Snowdrop's a thousand times fairer than thee."

When the queen heard this, she became pale with jealousy and anger. From that hour forward, as often as she looked upon little Snowdrop, her heart burned within her with hatred towards the maiden. Her jealousy and pride increased daily, and at last became so great that she could not even rest at night. Then she sent for a servant, and said to him, "Take the child out with you into the forest; I cannot bear the sight of her. And when you get to the forest, kill her, and bring me back her lungs and liver as a token that you have done so." The servant did as he was bid, and carried Little Snowdrop away to kill her. But when he had drawn his dagger, and was going to plunge it into the child's heart, she began to weep, and said, "Oh, good man, spare my life; I will run about in the wild wood, and never more come home again!" Little Snowdrop was so young and so beautiful that the servant had compassion upon her, and said, "Run away, then, my poor child. The wild beasts will soon have eaten thee up." In his heart, however, he was right glad that he had not killed the child, and as a young fawn just then came bounding past, he struck it down, took out its lungs and liver, and brought them to the

* Translated for this work from the German.

queen. The cook was ordered to salt and dress them, and the wicked woman ate them up, and thought that she had eaten Little Snowdrop's lungs and liver.

The poor child was now all alone in the wide forest, and in such distress that she trembled all over. She looked and looked at the leaves upon the trees, and did not know how to help herself. At last she began to run over the sharp stones, and through the briars and thorns; but though the wild beasts crossed her on her way, yet they did her no harm. She ran as long as her feet could carry her, and night was about to close in when she saw a little house, and went in to rest herself. In the house every thing was small, small, but pretty and neat, as nobody can tell. In it stood a little table, spread with white, and seven little plates upon it, every plate with its spoon, and seven little knives and forks, and seven cups besides. Against the wall were seven little beds ranged all along, covered with sheets that were white as snow. Little Snowdrop, being very hungry and thirsty, ate out of every plate a little cress and bread, and drank from every cup a drop of wine; for she did not wish to take the whole away from one only. After that, because she was so tired, she lay down in one of the little beds, but none of them fitted; one was too long, another was too short; but at last the seventh was just the size. So she laid herself down in it, and after saying her prayers, fell fast asleep. When it was quite dark, came the masters of the house, who were seven dwarfs, that dug and delved for ore in the mountains. They lighted their seven little candles, and by the light they saw that some one had been in their house, for nothing was standing in the same order that they had left it. The first said, "Who has been sitting on my chair?" The second, "Who has been eating off my plate?" The third, "Who has taken a bite out of my cookie?" The fourth, "Who has been eating my cresses?" The fifth, "Who has been using my fork?" The sixth, "Who has been cutting with my knife?" The seventh, "Who has been drinking out of my cup?" Then the first looked round, and saw a little hollow in his bed, and he said, "Who has been into my bed?" The others came running, and cried, "Somebody has been lying in mine too!" But the seventh, when he looked into his bed, beheld Little Snowdrop, who was lying there fast asleep. Then he called the others, who came running up, and cried aloud for very wonder, and held up their seven little candles to look at Little Snowdrop. "Oh, good heavens! oh, good heavens!" they exclaimed, "what a beautiful child!" and so great was their delight, that they could not think of waking her up, but let her sleep on in the little bed. And the seventh dwarf slept with his companions, hour about, and so passed the night.

When it was morning, Little Snowdrop awoke, and when she saw the seven wee men, she was greatly afraid. But they were kind and gentle to her, and asked, "What is your name?" "My name is Little Snowdrop," she answered. "How did you come into our house?" asked the seven wee men once more. Then the child told them how her stepmother had wished to put her to death, but that the servant had spared her life, and after that she had run the whole day, till at last she had come to their little cottage. "If you will manage our house for us," said the dwarfs, "cook, make the beds, wash, sew, and stitch, and keep every thing clean and tidy, you may stay with us, and you shall never want for any thing." Little Snowdrop promised, and remained with them. She kept their house in the best order. Every morning they went to the mountains in search of ore; in the evening they came back, and then their meal must be ready for them. All the day through, the maiden was alone, but the good little dwarfs warned her, and said, "Take heed of your stepmother, who will soon learn that you are here; therefore let nobody in."

Now, the queen, who thought that she had eaten Little Snowdrop's lungs and liver, never dreamt but that she was the first and fairest lady in the world. So she stood before her glass, and said,

"Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,
Who in the land is the fairest of all?"

But the glass answered,

"Lady Queen, thou art fair as fair may be;
But Little Snowdrop that lives in the glen,
Over the hills, with the seven wee men,
Is a thousand times fairer still than thee."

Then she was afraid, for she knew that the glass never spoke untruth. She also saw that her servant had deceived her, for that Little Snowdrop was still alive. So she hated poor Little Snowdrop only so much the more, and set about devising some fresh plan for her destruction; for as long as she was not for certain the fairest in all the land, she could not rest. She coloured her face, put on the dress of an old huckster-wife, and made herself so that no one could have known her. In this disguise she went across the seven mountains to the cottage of the seven dwarfs, knocked at their door, and cried, "Fine wares to sell! cheap and good—fine wares to sell!" Little Snowdrop peeped out of the window, and said, "Good day, my good woman! What have you got to sell?" "Good wares, pretty wares!" answered she; "snoods of all colours, my pretty maid!" With that she took out one that was twined of party-coloured silk. "I may let the honest woman in," thought Little Snowdrop, and thereupon undid the bolt, and bought the bonny mood. "Child," said the old woman, "how pretty you look! Come, I'll put it on nicely for you!" Little Snowdrop had no suspicion; so she stood up, and let her fasten on the snood; but the old woman threw it hastily over

her neck, and pulled and pulled so hard, that at last Little Snowdrop lost her breath, and she sank down as if she were dead. "Take that for being the fairest!" said the hag, and hurried away. Not long after, at eventide, the seven dwarfs came home, and great was their dismay to find their dear Little Snowdrop lying upon the ground, stiff and motionless as if she were dead. They lifted her up, and seeing the snood bound so tightly on, they cut it asunder, upon which she began once more to breathe, and by little and little came back to life. When the dwarfs heard what had happened, they said, "The old hucksterwife was nobody but the queen; take care not to let any body in when we are not with thee!"

Now, the wicked woman, whenever she got home, went to her glass, and asked,

"Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,
Who in the land is the fairest of all?"

Then the glass answered,

"Lady Queen, thou art fair as fair may be;
But Little Snowdrop that lives in the glen,
Over the hills, with the seven wee men,
Is a thousand times fairer still than thee."

When the wicked queen heard this, all her blood ran to her heart, she was so dismayed, for she knew well that Little Snowdrop was alive again. "But now," she said, "will I fall upon a plan to destroy her without fail," and with the witches' arts, which she understood, she made a poisoned comb. Then she dressed herself up in the disguise of an old woman, and away she went across the seven mountains to the seven dwarfs, knocked at their door, and cried, "Fine wares to sell—cheap and good, fine wares to sell!" Little Snowdrop looked out and said, "Pass on your way, my good woman; I don't let any body in." "Nobody can blame you for looking at least," said the old woman, as she drew out the poisoned comb, and held it up. The simple child was so taken with it, that she let herself be befooled, and opened the door. When she had looked at the comb, and fingered it in every way, the old woman said, "Now, I will put in the comb nicely for you!" Poor innocent Little Snowdrop gave the old woman leave; but scarcely had it been fixed in her hair, when the poison began to work, and she fell senseless to the ground. "Thou paragon of beauty, now is thy fate sealed!" said the wicked woman, and went away. By good luck it was not far from evening, when the seven dwarfs came home. When they beheld Little Snowdrop lying upon the ground, as if she were dead, they at once suspected the wicked stepmother. They accordingly made a search, and found the poisoned comb; and when they had drawn it out, Little Snowdrop came to herself again, and told them what had passed. Then they entreated her once more to be upon her guard, and not to open the door to any one.

As soon as she got home, the queen stationed herself before her glass, and said,

"Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,
Who in the land is the fairest of all?"

Then it answered, as before,

"Lady Queen, thou art fair as fair may be,
But Little Snowdrop that lives in the glen,
Over the hills, with the seven wee men,
Is a thousand times fairer still than thee."

When she heard the glass speak this way, she trembled, and shook with rage. "Snowdrop shall die," she exclaimed, "though it cost me my own life!" With this she went into a secret lonesome chamber, and there made an apple, that looked beautiful on the outside—white it was, with rosy cheeks—so that whoever gazed on it, longed for it; but inside, one-half of it was so poisoned, that whoever took even the smallest piece of it into his mouth, was sure to die. When the apple was ready, she painted her face, disguised herself as a peasant woman, and so away across the mountains to the cottage of the seven dwarfs. She knocked, and Little Snowdrop stretched her head out of the window, and said, "I don't let any body in; the seven dwarfs have forbidden me." "Very well," answered the peasant woman, "I only want to get quit of my apples. There is one as a present for you!" "No!" said Little Snowdrop, "I dare not take any thing." "Oh, I suppose you think it poisonous," said the old woman. "Look you, I will cut the apple in two; do you eat the red cheeks, I will eat the white." And as she said this, she held out the poisoned half of the apple. Little Snowdrop felt a great longing for the beautiful apple; and when she saw the peasant woman eat a piece of it, she could resist no longer, but stretched out her hand, and took the poisoned half. Scarcely had she taken a bite of it into her mouth, when she fell down dead. The queen gazed upon her with a look of triumph, laughed long and loud, and said, "White as snow, red as blood, black as ebony! this time the dwarfs cannot waken you again." And when she inquired of the glass at home,

"Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,
Who in the land is the fairest of all?"

it answered at last,

"Lady Queen, in the land thou art fairest of all."

Then her envious heart was at peace, as far as an envious heart can be at peace. The seven little men, when they came home at night, found Little Snowdrop lying on the ground. There was not a breath stirring in her. She was dead. They lifted her up, examined if there was any thing poisonous about her, undid her dress, combed her hair, washed her with water and wine; but it was all in vain. The dear child was dead—quite dead. They placed her upon a bier, and they all seven sat round about, bewailing their dear Little Snowdrop, and they wept three whole days long. After that they

would have buried her, but that she still looked as fresh as a living creature, and still retained her beautiful red cheeks. "We cannot bury this still lovely creature in the black earth," they said; and so by their art they made a transparent coffin of glass, where you might see in from every side. In this coffin they laid Little Snowdrop, and upon it wrote her name in golden letters, and that she was a king's daughter. Then they set the coffin out upon the mountain, and one of them always remained beside it, and kept watch. And the beasts came too, and mourned for Little Snowdrop—first an owl, then a raven, and last of all a dove. Little Snowdrop lay a long long time in the coffin, and did not change, but looked as though she were asleep; for she was still as white as snow, as red as blood, and had hair as black as ebony.

Now, it fell out that a king's son chanced to hunt in the forest, and came to the house of the seven dwarfs to pass the night there. He saw the coffin upon the mountain, and the beautiful Little Snowdrop inside, and read what was written upon it. Then he said to the little men, "Let me have the coffin. I will give you whatsoever you desire for it." But the little men answered, "We would not give it for all the gold in the world." Then he said, "Do give it me, for I cannot live without seeing Little Snowdrop; I will honour and esteem it as the thing nearest to my heart." Hearing him speak thus, the good dwarfs felt compassion for him, and gave him the coffin, and the king's son ordered his attendants to bear it away upon their shoulders. It so happened that they stumbled over a bush; and with the shock, the piece of the poisoned apple which Little Snowdrop had bitten, fell out of her mouth, and she came to life again. Then she raised herself up, and said, "Kind heavens! where am I?" "Thou art with me!" exclaimed the king's son, full of joy, and told her what had happened. "I love thee dearer," he said, "than all the world besides. Come with me to my father's castle; thou shalt be my bride." Little Snowdrop consented, and went along with him, and their marriage was celebrated with great solemnity and splendour.

Now, Little Snowdrop's stepmother was invited to the feast with the rest; and when she had decked herself in her finest attire, she went to her glass, and said,

"Glass, glass, that hangs on the wall,
Who in the land is the fairest of all?"

then the glass answered,

"Lady Queen, thou art fair as fair may be,
But the young queen's a thousand times fairer than thee."

Upon this the wicked woman fell into such a fit of rage that she appeared as if about to lose her senses. When able to reflect a little, she was at first inclined to stay away from the marriage; but, after all, she could not rest till she went and beheld the young queen that was fairer than herself. When she entered, she recognised Little Snowdrop, and stood stock still with terror and dismay. Meanwhile, a pair of iron slippers, that had been heated in a fierce coal fire, were brought in, and these fiery-red shoes the queen was forced to put on, and to dance in them, until her feet were piteously burnt. Neither was she permitted to stop until she had danced herself to death.

CIVILISING INFLUENCES OF COMMERCE.

THE influences of commerce in extending the limits of civilisation, in both the past and present ages of the world, are admirably set forth in the following passages from an Address delivered before the Mercantile Library Association, at Boston, September 13, 1833, by Governor Everett.

"When we contemplate the past, we see some of the most important phenomena in human history intimately connected with commerce. In the very dawn of civilisation, the art of alphabetical writing sprang up among a commercial people. One can almost imagine that these wonderfully convenient elements were a kind of shorthand, which the Phœnician merchants, under the spur of necessity, contrived for keeping their accounts; for what could they have done with hieroglyphics of the Egyptian priesthood, applied to the practical purposes of a commerce which extended over the known world, and of which we have preserved to us such a curious and instructive description by the prophet Ezekiel? A thousand years later, and the same commercial race among whom this sublime invention had its origin, performed a not less glorious part as the champions of freedom.

When the Macedonian madman commenced his crusade against Asia, the Phœnicians opposed the only vigorous resistance to his march. The Tyrian merchants delayed him longer beneath the walls of their sea-girt city, than Darius at the head of all the armies of the East. In the succeeding centuries, when the dynasties established by Alexander were crumbling, and the Romans in turn took up the march of universal conquest and dominion, the commercial city of Carthage, the daughter of Tyre, afforded the most efficient check to their progress. But there was nowhere sufficient security for property in the old world, to form the basis of a permanent commercial prosperity. In the middle ages, the iron yoke of the feudal system was broken by commerce. The emancipation of Europe from the detestable sway of the barons, began with the privileges granted to the cities. The wealth acquired in commerce afforded the first counterpoise to that of the feudal chiefs who monopolised the land, and in the space of a century and a half gave birth to a new civilisation. In the west of Europe, the Hansa towns; in the east, the cities of Venice, Genoa, the ports of Sicily and Naples, Florence, Pisa, and Leghorn, began to swarm with active crowds. The Mediterranean, deserted for nearly ten centuries, is covered with vessels. Merchants from the Adriatic explore the farthest east:

silks, spices, guns, gold, are distributed from the Italian cities through Europe, and the dawn of a general revival breaks on the world. Nature, at this juncture, discloses another of those mighty mysteries, which man is permitted from age to age to read in her awful volume. As the fulness of time approaches for the new world to be found, it is discovered that a piece of steel may be so prepared, that it will point a steady index to the pole. After it had led the adventurers of Italy, Spain, and Portugal, to the utmost limits of the old world—from Iceland to the south of Africa—the immortal discoverer, with the snows and sorrows of near sixty years upon his head, but with the fire of immortal youth in his heart, placed himself under the guidance of the mysterious pilot, bravely followed its mute direction through the terrors and the dangers of the unknown sea, and called a new hemisphere into being.

It would be easy to connect with this discovery almost all the great events of modern history, and, still more, all the great movements of modern civilisation. Even in the colonisation of New England, although more than almost any other human enterprise the offspring of the religious feeling, commercial adventure opened the way and furnished the means. As time rolled on, and events hastened to their consummation, commercial relations suggested the chief topics in the great controversy for liberty. The British Navigation Act was the original foundation of the colonial grievances. There was a constant struggle to break away from the limits of the monopoly imposed by the mother country. The American navigators could find no walls or barriers on the face of the deep, and they were determined that paper and parchment should not shut up what God had thrown open. The moment the war of independence was over, the commercial enterprise of the country went forth like an uncaged eagle, who, having beaten himself almost to madness against the bars of his prison, rushes out at length to his native element, and exults as he bathes his undazzled eye in the sun-beam, or pillows his breast upon the storm. Our merchants were far from contenting themselves with treading obsequiously in the footsteps even of the great commercial nation from which we are descended. Ten years had not elapsed from the close of the revolutionary war, before the infant commerce of America had struck out for herself a circuit in some respects broader and bolder than that of England. Besides penetrating the remotest haunts of the commerce heretofore carried on by the trading nations of Europe—the recesses of the Mediterranean, the Baltic, and the White seas—she displayed the stars and the stripes in distant oceans, where the Lion and the Lilies never floated. She not only engaged with spirit in the trade with Hindostan and China, which had been thought to be beyond the grasp of individual capital and enterprise, but she explored new markets on islands and coasts before unapproached by modern commerce."

THE STOLEN GIPSEY GIRL.

A NUMBER of years ago, two little girls, each about the age of five or six years, disappeared about one and the same time from the houses of their respective parents, who lived at separate and distant points in the south of France. The cause for the disappearance of these children was the same in both cases; namely, the dread of domestic correction for some trifling fault. Marguerite Cogordan, one of the girls, was taken away from the town of Valensole by a band of gipsies, who met the child at a fair there, and found her not unwilling to go with them. For nearly twenty years, Marguerite Cogordan lived with the gipsies, passing with them from place to place, but always retaining an indistinct recollection of her native spot, though she had forgot its name. Her longings to return to her parents, and her imperfect remembrances, were treated by those around her as the ravings of insanity.

At length Marguerite left the company of gipsies, and got into service with a judge of the town of Carcassonne, also in the south of France. To her new master the girl disclosed the wandering reminiscences that preyed on her mind respecting her home and friends. The judge pitied the young woman, and paid every attention to her statements, with the view of discovering her relatives for her. At length it struck him that her descriptions of scenery applied to the district of the Lower Alps, and he addressed letters to a chief magistrate of Digne, the chief town of the department. The party addressed knew of no case where a girl had disappeared from Digne, but he chanced to remember that the name of Cogordan was not an uncommon one in the little neighbouring town of Valensole, and wrote to Carcassonne, stating this fact to Marguerite's master, and adding that her description of the scene of her birth applied perfectly to Valensole.

Upon receipt of this information, the judge set out with Marguerite Cogordan for Valensole, and at once found a family there, which had sustained the loss of a child, suiting Marguerite every way in name and age. But a strange circumstance overthrew the poor girl's hopes. The parents, while admitting that they had once lost their child, declared at the same time that they had long since recovered her, and produced a young woman whom they called their daughter. The unfortunate Marguerite was rejected by the parents; they looked coldly on her, and repulsed the testimonies of her affection. This cruel and unexpected disavowal threw the poor young woman into a violent fever. This warmth of feeling smote upon the hearts of the parents. They began to doubt, and, finally, opened their arms to the new-comer, declaring their belief that she was their own—their real child.

Hitherto the false Marguerite had held her peace, or, at least, had made no confession to explain the mystery. But being now closely interrogated, she avowed that her name was Baptistine Barlelet, and that she was the daughter of a fisherman at Marseilles. She had left her home, she stated, when a child, and had been picked up by a blind fiddler, with whom she had travelled for several years up and down the country. Passing one day through Valensole, three years after the disappearance of Marguerite Cogordan, the parents of that girl had seen her, believed they recognised her to be their daughter, and

had claimed her as such. Fearing to be sent back to a home where she had been ill used, she had given countenance to the deception, and had kept her real name secret. She remained with the Cogordans, and custom had at length made her feel as if she were truly in her own home. Once, indeed, she had tried to find service some where else, but she had been brought back.

This disclosure made Marguerite Cogordan happy, and she now (1837 being the date of these events) lives with her long-lost parents.

"DEAR THIRTY-NINE."

"Dear Thirty-Nine!" "So farewell, poor Thirty-Nine!" "Farewell, poor Thirty-Nine! what a portion of my life has been spent in thee! Thou hast sheltered me from the prime of life to its decline, and now I must bid good bye to thee!"—*Sir Walter Scott's Diary.*

[The following verses were suggested by these affectionate allusions of Sir Walter Scott to his house in North Castle Street, Edinburgh, and by the neglect in which we now hold what will one day assuredly be an object of deep interest.]

Unhonoured by the passing throng,
Dear Thirty-Nine, thou art,
Unhonoured, haply, wilt be long,
Though genius, soul, and heart,
Wisdom, and wit, and heavenly song,
Might well to thee impart
A fitting power the passer's breast to warm,
If e'er such attributes to stone gave such a charm.

A spirit of diviner mould
Was never lent to earth,
To hallow mountain, lake, and wold,
To brighten hall and hearth—
To draw sweet wisdom from things old,
And give new treasures birth—
Than that which breathed erewhile within these walls,
Freighting each breath with tales and pleasant madrigals.

Strange things are we!—that ever look
With scorn upon our own,
And only such grey wrecks can brook
As Time has overthrown:—
Yea, as we love the stunning rook
That maketh old trees known,
So hold we ev'n deformities most dear,
When we through them are told, that "Time's hand has been here!"

On him, dear Thirty-Nine, who passed
Beneath thy roof his prime,
Not yet is planted, firm and fast,
The current stamp of time:
Still on the air the moanings last
Of that funeral chime.

Which pealed above his newly hearsed remains,
Mingling with sounds of wail from all old Scotland's plains.

Not yet on him hath sifting age
Its charter-seal impressed:
But, though for others such a gage
May well be in request,
His, surely, and his glorious page,
Needs not old Time's attest,
So high he soared above his whole compeers,
One of the great who rise, once in a thousand years.

Yet ev'n with him doth tyrant use
Still vindicate its right,
And every careless passer views,
As some base common sight,
This modern temple of the muse,
The source whence such delight
As never welled from one sole fount before,
Flowed o'er the charmed earth, like sea without a shore.

A potent rival, it is true,
Dear Thirty-Nine, thou hast,
A rural pile o'er which he threw
A glory doomed to last;
And herefrom partly may accrue
Less reverence for the past,
Less keen remembrance of the scenes bygone,
With which thou wert mixed up, and wert mixed up alone.

But come there surely will a day
When thou shalt have the meed
Of honour due from grave and gay,
From all whose eyes can read:
Yea! every stone thy walls display
Shall yet be as a creed
By which the pilgrims of the earth shall swear,
While musing on the mighty one, once dwelling there.

With fondest love Ferrara keeps
Her Ariosto's chair,
And o'er his sculptured ink-vase weeps,
Whence issued streams so rare;
And we—whose bard clamb loftier steepes,
And breathed sublimer air—
We shall not long neglect this sacred shrine,
Our northern Ariosto's home, dear Thirty-Nine!

T. S.

BRAZILIAN VESPER BELL.

In Brazil, all journeys are suspended at the Ave Maria, that is, the vespers to the virgin, which commence after sunset. Instead of a curfew, a very simple and pleasing circumstance announces this period in the country. A large beetle (called *Pelidnota testacea*), with silver wings, just then issues forth, and, by the winding of its small but solemn and sonorous horn, proclaims the hour of prayer. A coincidence so striking, and so regular and frequent in its occurrence as this, was not likely to escape the honour of a religious superstition to account for it. Accordingly, the Brazilians regard it as a sacred institution, supposing that the insect is a herald expressly commissioned by the Virgin to announce the time of her evening prayer. Hence it is constantly called *Escaravelhod* Ave Maria, that is, the Ave Maria Beetle. "On the hill

of Santa Theresa," says Dr Walsh, "I have heard it of an evening humming round the convent, and joining its harmonious base to the sweet chant of the nuns within at their evening service."

A RUSSIAN MOTHER.

The maintenance of military fidelity and discipline seems to the present Emperor of Russia an object for which all human ties may well be sacrificed. In March 1837, a woman named Maria Nikoforesco, the widow of a peasant, received a letter from her son Novik, a soldier in the stationary battalion of Tambow. In this letter the son stated that the barbarous treatment which he and others endured at the hands of the regimental officers, had driven him to the resolution of deserting from a service into which he had been forced at the first, and that, in a few days after the date of his communication, he hoped to see and embrace his mother. The first thing done by the mother on receipt of this letter was to carry it to the governor of the province, who, astonished at the unnatural character of the action, sent the woman away without taking any steps in consequence of her disclosure. Some days later, the deserter arrived at the dwelling of his mother, who received him with open arms, and loaded him with caresses. But she took an opportunity immediately afterwards to go to the police officers, to whom she delivered up the child to whom she had given birth, and whom she had nursed at her breasts. Compelled by his duty, the governor addressed a detailed report of the case to the emperor. Nicholas viewed the matter differently from the governor. The autocrat issued an *ukase*, decreeing a silver medal to Maria Nikoforesco, with these words engraven on it, "Devotion to the Throne." This medal was to be suspended from her neck by the ribbon of the Order of St Anne, and the woman was further secured, for the rest of her life, against the chances of want. It was moreover decreed that the circumstances of the case should be published in all the journals of the empire, that its subjects might imitate this example of fidelity and devotion to the throne.

The young soldier, in accordance with the military regulations of Russia, was subjected to the knout, and died under the blows. The unnatural parent wears the decoration assigned to her, with as much pride as if she had won it by the most virtuous action.

MIGRATORY EXPEDITION OF ANTS.

The ant cities, as they ought to be called, of Brazil, are of such amazing size, that they have more the character of structures reared by human hands, than that of monuments of insect industry and skill. They are conical mounds of clay, which their tiny architects rear to the height of ten or twelve feet; their circumference is nine or ten feet. A hard yellow clay forms the external coat; the inside is divided by a number of horizontal floors or stories, of a hard black earth, in thin plates, which sometimes shine like Japan-ware. These habitations are peopled by myriads of ants of a large size, and a brown colour. They have the power of exuding from their bodies a viscid fluid, by which they moisten the clay to a consistency fit for making floors. Some species form covered ways in this manner, and tunnels or avenues of this description have been found stretching for a considerable distance from one settlement to another, and through these the ants are enabled to make pretty long journeys unseen. They sometimes migrate, and their expeditions are attended with truly remarkable circumstances. In fact, they resemble on a small scale the invasions of Attila and his million of mounted barbarians into the fruitful and glowing plains of Italy—leaving a parched desert in their wake. When these insect Huns set out in such enterprises, they proceed right forward in a straight line, just as the laden bee flies to its hive, and they devour every thing in their way which is eatable, like a cloud of locusts "warping on the wind." It once happened, during one of these expeditions which was undertaken near the city of Rio de Janeiro, that a garden obstructed their line of march—a deep ditch of water in particular seemed an insurmountable obstacle; however, a stick happened accidentally to be lying across it; this the ants used as a bridge, and over it they poured by myriads, so that in a few hours the garden was swarming full of them, and every thing of vegetable kind disappeared. From this they proceeded on till they came to the house of the Swedish consul, through which they actually made their way. The gentleman who inhabited it was suddenly awakened during the night by a horrid sensation, and starting from his couch, he found himself covered with these insects, whose crawling and biting had awoke him. The house was full of them; there was neither recess nor apartment nor closet exempt from their presence. Impelled by their instinctive tendency to advance, they pursued their onward course until the whole body passed through, and next morning not a single one of them was to be seen. Strange to say, the ants devoured every other insect in their progress, so that the singular visitation was not without its use. Spiders, cockroaches, and every thing of the kind which infested the house, became the prey of these nocturnal visitors; and when they disappeared, it was found that every other species of insect had disappeared along with them.

WALKING.

Walking is the best possible exercise: habituate yourself to walk very far. The Europeans boast of having subdued the horse to the uses of man, but I doubt whether we have not lost more than we have gained by the use of that animal. No one has occasioned so much the degeneracy of the human body. An Indian goes on foot nearly as far in a day, for a long journey, as an enfeebled white does on his horse, and he will tire the best horses. A little walk of half an hour in the morning, when you first rise, is advisable. It shakes off sleep, and produces other good effects in the animal economy.—*Jefferson's Memoirs.*

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

VESTIGES OF UNRECORDED NATIONS IN AMERICA.

THE white people now spreading over the great valley of the Mississippi, have apparently found nothing in the country to surprise them more than the existence of an immense quantity of artificial mounds of various shapes and sizes, extending all the way from the Canadian lakes down into Mexico, and the origin of which is a complete puzzle to the wisest heads amongst the new people. This country, as is well known, was found, in the earlier periods of American discovery, in the possession of those red races, usually called Indians, who are now retiring before the advance of the whites. These red races manifest no symptom of possessing, or of ever having possessed, either the power or the inclination to erect such works: they disclaim having erected them, and in their traditions speak of them as the production of a people who were their predecessors in the country, and have long been extinct. As might be expected of a matter so well calculated to excite wonder and surmise, it has been, even in busy America, very eagerly investigated, particularly by individuals connected with the American Antiquarian Society—for, let not the reader be startled, there is such a society—and, the fruits of these inquiries being now in one shape or another brought under our attention, we propose to present to our readers a brief sketch of all that is known on the subject.

Commencing a survey of the North American continent from the north-east, the first earth-work occurs on the south side of Lake Ontario, near the Black River, within the state of New York. From this point, similar works are traced towards the south-west, along the borders of Lake Erie, along the course of the Ohio, to the Mississippi—along that river also, and so on, across Texas, into Mexico, and even farther than that, for the series, we are informed, has also been traced into South America. What is very remarkable, they increase both in number and magnitude towards the south, until, from being humble on the Lakes, they come to be described in Mexico as magnificent. There are similar works, and also some of a considerably different nature, on Lake Michigan, both in its east and west shores, and all down the Wisconsin and Mississippi rivers, till they join the series traced on the Ohio. The region in which the Illinois, Missouri, Mississippi, and Ohio, meet—a district in the very centre of the North American continent—peculiarly abounds in these ancient works. They are mostly found on good ground in the neighbourhood of rivers—rarely in barren grounds, and there they are invariably small.

The earth-works of Lakes Ontario, Erie, the Ohio, Mississippi, and more southern regions, are of three kinds chiefly, which we shall describe as Enclosures, Tumuli, and Ramparts. The Enclosures are regarded as forts, and popularly are so called. Near the lakes they are small, enclosing only a few acres, and presenting walls only a few feet in height. Farther south, and on the Ohio, they sometimes enclose as much as forty acres, and appear to have been strongly fortified. From Lake Erie southward, there is one continuous chain, in which they are never more than four or five miles apart. Near Newark in Licking county, the works of this kind are of great extent. "A fort nearly in the form of an octagon, enclosing about forty acres, constructed of walls ten feet high, is connected with a round fort of twenty-two acres, by parallel walls of equal height. Similar walls form a passage to the Licking river northerly, and run in a southerly direction to an unexplored distance. A like guarded pass-way, 300 chains in length, leads to a square fort containing twenty acres, which is in the same manner connected with a round one containing twenty-six acres. At the extremities of the outer passes, are what may be called round towers; and adjacent to one of the forts is an observatory partly of stone [a square mound] thirty feet high. It com-

manded a full view of a considerable part, if not all the plain on which these ancient works stand, and would do so now, were the thick growth of aged forest trees which clothe this tract cleared away. Under this observatory was a passage, from appearances, and a secret one probably, to the water-course which once ran near this spot, but has since moved farther off."

The works at Circleville are still more remarkable. There are two forts, one an exact circle, and the other an exact square. The former, from which the modern town seems to have derived its name, has a double wall, with a ditch between, the height of the walls from the bottom of the ditch being twenty feet. The diameter without the walls is sixty-nine feet. The inner wall is of clay, the outer of water-worn stones; and there is but one opening. The square fort has one wall, now about ten feet in height, and the area is fifty-five rods square. It has eight openings, before each of which there is a broad low mound, apparently designed for defence, and exactly parallel with the wall. The square fort lies very nearly conformable to the points of the compass, and both it and the circular one are formed with such mathematical correctness, that modern inquirers have in vain endeavoured to find the slightest error in the measurement.

Such are the Enclosures—the Tumuli are of three kinds. First, there are simple conical mounds, measuring in the north four or five feet in height, and ten or twelve in diameter at the base, but increasing in the more southerly regions to eighty or ninety feet in height. They are supposed to have been, like the cairns of Scotland, and the barrows of England and other European countries, the sepulchres of important men. Vases of calcareous breccia, armour of copper, and various implements, "of materials, of forms, and for purposes, unknown to any tribe of Indians who have inhabited that region for at least three centuries," are mentioned as found in the earthen mounds. In a second class of the Tumuli, namely, conical mounds composed of small stones on which no marks of tools are visible, there have been found "urns, ornaments of copper, heads of spears, &c., as well as medals of copper, and pickaxes of hornblende."† The third class of the Tumuli are described as pyramidal mounds, supposed to have been observatories or watch-towers. It is worthy of remark that this description exactly applies to a class of earth-works in Scotland, known by the name of moot-hills, on which justice was dispensed by the territorial magnates in times scarcely within the scope of history.

"These Tumuli, as well as the fortifications," says the writer in the work quoted below, "are to be found at the junction of all the rivers along the Mississippi in the most eligible positions for towns, and in the most extensive bodies of fertile lands. Their number exceeds, perhaps, three thousand; the smallest not less than twenty feet in height, and one hundred in diameter at the base. * * One nearly opposite St Louis [on the Mississippi] is eight hundred yards in circumference at the base, and one hundred feet in height. Mr Brackenridge noticed a mound at New Madrid of three hundred and fifty feet in diameter at the base."

The third class of earth-works resemble the walls of the forts, but form no internal area. They, in some instances, form short ramparts. In other instances, they are described as in double lines, extending for several miles, being apparently "designed as covered ways, for race-grounds, or for places of amusement."

In the neighbourhood of Lake Michigan, and between that lake and the Mississippi, there are remains of works somewhat different from the above. First, as to those on the east side of Lake Michigan. Here, we are told, throughout an extent of country a hundred and fifty miles long, from Grand River to Elks-

heart, as well as in some of the neighbouring districts, are found vestiges of what appear to have been "garden-spots, thrown into ridges and walks with so much judgment, order, and good taste, as to forbid a thought that they were formed by uncivilised man. * * I can find," says an observer, "several acres together, laid out into walks and beds, in a style which would not suffer by a comparison with any gardens in the United States. * * Scarcely a fertile prairie is found, on the margin of which we do not observe these evidences of civilisation." The timber growing on many of these spots, and some other circumstances, forbid the idea that they could have been formed by the early French settlers. The Indian tradition respecting them is, that they were cultivated by a race whom the present natives denominate Prairie Indians, who are said to have been driven from the country by the united tribes of Chippewas, Ottawas, and Potawatomes.

The antiquities of the region between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi are of a nature much more curious and interesting than any as yet described. Here, besides tumuli of the usual circular, quadrangular, and oblong shapes, there are found earth-heaps of large size, in which an attempt has been made to represent the forms of various animals! These abound particularly in the Iowa district of the Wisconsin Territory. They occur, mixed with the other varieties, in great numbers, around the high lands which skirt the Four Lakes, forming a species of *alto relievo* of gigantic proportions. Close beside the great Indian trail between Lake Michigan and the Mississippi, eighteen miles west of the Four Lakes, and seven east from the two remarkable natural hills called the Blue Mounds, there is an extremely interesting group of these animal-shaped earth-works, of which a drawing of the character of a ground plan is given in a late number of Professor Silliman's Journal. The animal shapes are six, of the respective lengths of 90, 100, 102, 103, 120, and 126 feet, each creature following, as it were, the other, except in one instance at the close of the singular procession, where the body of the animal is arranged at right angles to the rest. The outline of the animals is so rude, that it is only possible to discern that a quadruped is meant: at the same time, each pair of legs is represented by only one line of mound. Mixed with these figures, and in the same line with them (except in one instance), there are four oblong mounds, which may have been intended for animal shapes, but left without the head and legs. A few hundred feet in advance, a line of oblong mounds commences, including a shape, as of a man with his legs and arms stretched out, the length of which is 125 feet, and of the outstretched arms 140 feet. At the one end of this line is a tumulus or conical mound fifty feet high, and at the other a small circular mound. These monuments are covered with the same green carpet of prairie grass, intermixed with bright and brilliant flowers, as the prairie itself. Half a mile westward of the group, there occurs a solitary mound, about ninety feet in length, representing an animal, in all respects like those we have described, but lying with the head in a different direction. About the space of twenty miles from this position, extending to the Four Lakes eastward, similar monuments, intermixed with plain tumuli, are seen at almost every mile in the lowest situations, as well as crowning the highest swells of the prairies; and they are still more numerous all around those beautiful but almost unknown lakes. A remarkable example of the animal-shaped mound, ninety feet long, is placed at the foot and at the point of a conspicuous perpendicular bluff of coarse friable sandstone, fronting a rich meadow. In front of the effigy, is a straight mound, two hun-

* North American Review, III. 230.

† Transactions and Collections of the American Antiquarian Society, I. 184.

* The Rev. Isaac M'Coy, principal of the Missionary Establishment upon the St Joseph of Lake Michigan. See Schoolcraft's Travels in the Central Portions of the Mississippi Valley. New York, 1823.

dred yards in length, having an opening in the middle opposite the animal. The position of this earth-work is said to "indicate its having been designed for the purposes of defence or fortification against an enemy; perhaps as an outwork to the stronghold in the rear, formed by the bluff itself."

Six miles west of the Four Lakes, there are two figures, apparently of animals of a different species, there being tails, which were wanting in the former case, the body being longer in proportion to the legs, and the head rising above as well as sinking below the line of the neck. They are respectively one hundred and two and one hundred and twenty feet long. Beyond the Wisconsin Territory, on the north side of the river of that name, in the region still held by the Winnebagoes, are innumerable mounds, both of the circular and most of the other forms. At one position, near the river, and not far from English Prairie, a group of six of these appear to represent birds, having the wings expanded and the beak turned down *en profile*, and on a scale not less than that of the preceding figures. Forms supposed to represent turtles have also been seen in more than one situation, constructed on an equally large scale. In English Prairie, on the south bank of the Wisconsin, are earth-works, having the circular, the oblong, and the usual animal forms. Animal effigies occur fifteen miles to the southwest of the last-mentioned locality, along the course of an ancient trail, and also of the present military road from Prairie du Chien to Fort Winnebago. They occur abundantly in the vicinity of the Blue Mounds, which were, until very lately, a great resort of the Indian inhabitants; as their existing paths, converging hither in singularly straight lines from every point of the compass, amply testify. On the shores of Lac de Bœuf and Lac Apucaway, wherever the land is dry and sufficiently elevated, there may be observed, even from the water, a vast number of tumuli. Bones, in a decomposed state, have been found in such of these mounds as have been opened. At Crawfordville, on the Fox River, a great group was lately discovered. The mounds were from three to seventeen rods (280 feet) in length, generally about four feet high, and they are stated to resemble "lizards, alligators, and flying dragons." They all point in the same general direction, but are not precisely parallel. Much interest has been excited within the last few years in America by the discovery in the Wisconsin Territory of the remains of an ancient city, to which the name Aztalan has been given, from an idea that it may have been the capital of Aztalan, the country from which the Mexicans represented themselves to have come, when questioned on the subject by the Spaniards. What may be the appearances of this ancient city, we cannot tell; but we are informed that, for thirty miles round its site, there are numerous mounds and large embankments, the former resembling "lizards, turtles, buffaloes, and even the human form." Of all of these remains, the present Indian tribes are unable to give the least account. They have only held the country for about eighty years, previous to which it was occupied by the Sauks and Fox Indians, a branch of the Chippewas. They often bury their chiefs on the tops of the ancient mounds, but this, apparently, only from a principle of imitation. The decayed bones stated to have been found in these mounds, show that the bodies originally buried there were laid on the ground, and the earth then heaped over them. Mr R. C. Taylor of Philadelphia, the writer of the article in Silliman's Journal, from which we derive our account of the Wisconsin antiquities, suggests that the animal forms may have been designed heraldically, to commemorate the particular heroes there buried.

The American antiquaries have as yet arrived at no definite theory as to the people by whom these various earth-works were formed. That they originated in an age far beyond the date of the discovery of America by Columbus, is proved in a very interesting manner by the trees which are found growing on many of them. A white oak-tree, cut down by Mr McCoy on one of the garden mounds near Lake Michigan, and which was three feet two inches in diameter at two and a half feet above the ground, was found to be three hundred and twenty-five years old, if the real age of a tree is to be ascertained by the number of concentric circles in its timber. On the forts in the vale of the Ohio, trees have been cut down, showing as many as four hundred concentric circles, and which "appeared to be at least the third growth since the works were occupied." A very curious fact, proving the ancient occupation of the country by a race superior in the arts of life to the present Indians, is adduced in the *Archæologia Americana*. "Along the Ohio, where the river is in many places washing away its banks, hearths and fire-places are brought to light, two, four, and even six feet below the surface. A long time must have elapsed since the earth was deposited over them. Around them are spread immense quantities of mussel shells, bones of animals, &c. From the depth of many of these remains of chimneys below the present surface of the earth, on which, at the settlement of this country, grew as large trees as any in the surrounding forest, the conclusion is, that a long period, perhaps a thousand years, has elapsed since those hearths were deserted."

The only ray of light which comes to us on this dark question, is that which we derive from Mexican history. The race found by the Spaniards in Mexico represented themselves as having come from the north. Connecting this circumstance with the fact that the

earth-works improve in magnitude towards the south, we can scarcely resist the conclusion that these works were formed by the Mexicans, in their progress from the north towards their place of ultimate settlement. Whence these people came, is another question, and one which could not well be discussed within the short space now left to us. In conclusion, we can only express our earnest wish that the earth-works of America may be still more carefully investigated than they as yet have been, and that the results of these investigations may be liberally communicated through the proper channels, both by letter-press and picture, in order to enable European antiquaries to form their judgment upon the subject, with the aids they possess in the kindred antiquities of the elder hemisphere.

THE RISE OF A PACHA,

A STORY OF DAMASCUS.

THE annals of no other country on the face of the earth present us with such examples of men springing at once from poor estate to the summit of wealth and power, as those of the Ottoman empire. The manners and institutions of the Turks favour these sudden alterations of fortune; so much so, indeed, that the majority of the pachaliks attached to the Porte, and of all its high offices of state, have been for the most part filled, from time immemorial, by able adventurers, emancipated slaves, and men of the humblest origin. Of all the instances of rapid elevation, however, which the history of the empire exhibits, none perhaps was so remarkable in its character, and attended with so many strange circumstances, as that of Mohammed-Pacha-el-Adme, governor of Damascus for twenty-five years of the last century.

Mohammed and Mourad were the two sons of a rich merchant of Constantinople, who died when they had just arrived at manhood. The youths inherited considerable wealth, and, with his individual portion, Mourad continued the commercial business of the father, which prospered in his hands, to the great increase of his means. Mohammed, on the other hand, devoted his heritage to the pursuit of pleasure. He assembled round him a band of youths like himself, and plunged with them into follies and extravagances of every kind. The prodigious expenses consequent on such a way of life swallowed up the fortune of Mohammed in a single year, and then the prodigal youth found his associates drop from his side by degrees. Even his brother, under the plea of having forewarned him of ruin, closed his doors against Mohammed, and refused to see him. Although this was but the usual and natural course of things, the unfortunate young man was at first shocked and stupified by the treatment he met with; but, being of a buoyant disposition, he soon recovered from the lethargy into which he had been thrown, and nerved himself to bear his reverses with patience. He saw no way of sustaining himself but by accepting the alms of the mosques, and this accordingly he did for some time, always hoping that chance would turn up something better in his favour. And ere long, circumstances did occur, which led to a striking revolution in his condition.

On every Friday, at that time, the sultan went to perform his devotions at mid-day, in one of the chief mosques of Constantinople. He was accompanied by all his principal officers of state, dressed in their richest costumes, and by his side marched two officers, bearing bags of money, which it was customary for the sultan to scatter with his own hands among the people. The contents of these bags, nevertheless, were not wholly composed of money. Besides the ordinary gold and silver coins of the country, which were all folded up in pieces of paper, there were also small bits of glass wrapped up in the same way, but with this difference, that the envelopes of the bits of glass were one and all marked by short sentences in the sultan's own handwriting. These sentences were usually maxims in praise of poverty, or short sayings, in which riches were decried. It may readily be believed that the precious metal was much more coveted by the crowd that followed the sultan's heels than the moral bits of glass. One day after his reduction to poverty, Mohammed joined the needy train of attendants on the royal cavalcade. He eagerly watched the sultan's movements, saw his hand inserted into the bags, and, when the desired shower fell around, pounced on one of the folded bits of paper. Mohammed did not open his prize immediately, but allowed the crowd to pass on, and then looked at it. His mortification was unspeakable, when in place of gold he found only a rounded piece of glass. He was about to dash it on the stones at his feet, when the writing caught his eye. The words were, "*Artifice and address will often lead men to dignities.*" This maxim, by some accident, was most unlike those usually selected for the same purpose. Mohammed reflected long upon the words before his eye, and he then put the paper and glass carefully into his dress. This done, he moved away with a firm and determined step. He had conceived a project.

In Constantinople there are merchants who make a practice of hiring out all sorts of dresses, from that of a vizier, glittering with precious stones, to the modest robe of the dervise. Stores of this kind seem as if intended for no other purpose than to aid men to accommodate themselves to the rapid changes of fortune common to the land. Nor do these merchants confine their traffickings to garments. They will procure at an hour's notice, horses, domestics, guards, household offi-

cers, and every conceivable appendage of a great establishment, which they let out to be paid for by the week or month. To one of these dealers, Mohammed applied himself, and, having a noble figure and commanding air, he induced the merchant to furnish him on the instant with the richest dress of a pacha, with a beautiful horse, and with a suite of splendidly dressed domestics. One hour sufficed to transform the mendicant into a magnificent dignitary, who charmed all eyes by his gracious physiognomy, and the ease of his manners.

All these rich furnishings were to be paid for within a very brief period. Mohammed had no money, but he had an inventive genius. Attended by a portion of his suite, he directed his course to the house of his brother. Arrived there, he stopped his horse at the threshold, and dispatched one of his attendants to say to Mourad that his brother wished to see him. Mourad was about to give a harsh reply, when he chanced to get a glimpse of Mohammed and his train through the window. To his astonishment, every thing bespoke the presence of a great pacha. Mohammed sparkling with jewels, and Mohammed a beggar, were two very different beings, and Mourad made all possible haste to reach the threshold of his house. "Mourad," said Mohammed, saluting his brother without leaving his horse, "our lord the sultan has named me Pacha of Damascus. I have need of a large sum of money to establish me creditably in my government. Have this money ready for me by to-morrow. I will reimburse you as a brother and a pacha should do."

"May heaven prolong the days, and increase the glory, of our lord and master the sultan!" replied Mourad. "Mohammed, you were born to do honour to our family. My fortune belongs to you henceforth; take it all, if you desire. Pacha of Damascus, may Allah reward you according to your merit!"

Mohammed employed the night in completing his arrangements. He enrolled fifty men as a body-guard, and added a number of Tartar couriers to his suite. In the morning he sent his treasurer to his brother's house to request twenty thousand pieces of gold. On receiving this sum, Mohammed paid all that it was absolutely necessary at the moment to pay, and soon after he crossed the Bosphorus with his train, and took the way—whither, does the reader think!—to Damascus!

Mohammed was no common scheming swindler. The lofty confident bearing which he assumed, together with the frequency of such hasty elevations, had persuaded his train, as well as every one with whom he came in contact, of the reality of his appointment to the pachalik of Damascus. Mohammed, however, kept himself very quiet until he was fairly at a distance from Stamboul. As he approached the Damascene territory, he began to distribute presents in the towns through which he passed. He was every where received with the honours due to a pacha, and exchanged gifts with the various governors in his way, who, remembering the great power of the Damascene pacha, did not allow the new possessor of that title to be the losing party in these exchanges. When Mohammed came at length within three days' journey of Damascus, he ordered his party to stop and erect their tents. He then called his secretary, and dictated to him a letter addressed to the principal emirs of Damascus, in which it was announced to them that the sultan, having great cause to be displeased with his grand vizier at Constantinople, had disgraced and beheaded him, and that the son of the vizier, the pacha of Damascus, having shared in his father's guilt, was doomed to the same punishment. Mohammed wrote this letter in his own name, and concluded it by stating, that, being appointed the new pacha, he had come to fulfil the sultan's orders, and now commanded the emirs to seize the vizier's son, and detain him to await his fate.

Before dispatching this letter, however, Mohammed sent off a trusty and active courier with orders to introduce himself into the palace of the Pacha of Damascus, and there privately inform the vizier's son that his father was beheaded, and that he himself was about to undergo the same doom at the hands of a successor to the pachalik, then on his way to the city. The courier arrived before the bearer of the letter to the emirs, and such was the effect of his disclosures, that the poor pacha, believing death otherwise inevitable, and knowing himself to be very unpopular, left the palace in secret, mounted his fleetest horse, and was soon in full flight from Damascus, leaving treasures, wives, and all behind him. As for the emirs, as soon as they received the letter addressed to them, they met to deliberate upon the course to be adopted. While thus engaged, a second courier reached them, with missives of similar import. A third and fourth messenger followed from Mohammed, each new one bearing mandates more imperious than the preceding. At length, seriously alarmed for the consequences of refusal, the emirs gathered their followers, and roused the citizens to seize the old, and receive the new pacha. Having got the citizens together, the emirs proceeded with a great crowd to the palace, and, no one presenting any opposition, they soon penetrated to every corner of the vice-regal dwelling. But what was their consternation to find that the bird was flown—no pacha there!

The now excited crowd blamed the emirs for their dilatoriness, and riot and pillage would certainly have ensued, had not the sound of loud acclamations been heard at a little distance. In a minute or two, Mohammed appeared in the midst of his train, splendidly attired, and scattering gold on all sides among the people. The first words which Mohammed spoke when

he sprang from his horse in front of the palace were, "My prisoner! where is he?"

The emirs were alarmed at the firm, stern tone of the speaker. "May it please your excellency," said one of them, "he had doubtless received private news from Constantinople; for when we forced the palace, he was gone!" "Gone! Escaped!" cried Mohammed. "Unhappy emirs, know that my orders were the orders of the sultan himself, our master. You shall answer to me for the fugitive with your heads. Retire! You shall soon know the doom reserved for those who fail to execute the will of the sultan!"

This last menace filled the emirs with fear and consternation. Already had the new pacha conciliated the favour of the people by his liberality. Resistance to his authority seemed impossible. While thoughts of this nature oppressed the minds of the Damascene emirs, Mohammed sent for them one by one, and, laying aside his anger entirely, gave each a most gracious reception, dismissing them all with rich presents (from the late pacha's treasury), after consulting them on the condition and wants of the country. Their fears thus changed into joy, the emirs either did not think of asking, or did not dare to ask, the new pacha to go through the usual form of exhibiting his firman or commission from the sultan to the great nobles and office-bearers of the place. Glad to have their dilatoriness with respect to the late pacha overlooked, they would not risk a new offence. Meanwhile, Mohammed, who was really a man of powerful talents, and endowed with many good qualities, spent the commencement of his administration in relieving the burdens of the people, in reforming abuses, and in establishing new and wise rules for the protection of commerce and agriculture. Winning thus the esteem of the good, he perfected his popularity by giving splendid fêtes, and by a generous disbursement of his predecessor's funds. He behaved with the utmost liberality to the late pacha's family, and raised all the chief emirs to new dignities.

There was comparatively little intercourse in those days between Damascus and Constantinople, and a considerable time elapsed, partly through the care of Mohammed, ere any information respecting these extraordinary events reached the capital of the sultan. The pacha so strangely deposed was the person through whom the truth was at length made known. On leaving Damascus, the pacha had passed by weary stages across the desert, and finally arrived at Bagdad. At first he was obliged to subsist on the charity of the mosques, but afterwards hired himself as assistant to a pastry-cook, concealing his name and history through the fear of yet meeting the fate which he believed his father, the grand vizier, to have undergone at Constantinople. Familiar with sudden rises, the Turks are equally accustomed to rapid falls, and the poor pacha toiled away in peace and resignation for some months, never daring to let his father's name cross his lips, and avoiding all public society for fear of some chance recognition. At length a secret agent of the Ottoman government met the pastry-cook's assistant. "How, my lord!" cried the agent, "your excellency here, and thus! Surely—surely you are the pacha of Damascus?" "You are deceived, sir," was the reply, delivered with visible tremor; "I am a poor artisan, a pastry-cook of this city." "Oh, no!" said the other; "I recognise you perfectly. You are the son of my master, the grand vizier. What would your father say could he see you in this miserable disguise?" "In the name of Allah!" whispered the poor ex-pacha, "if you have been my father's friend, by his shade I conjure you to be silent, and not to betray me!" "Shade, do you say, my lord?" was the agent's answer; "your father is not dead. I had letters but yesterday from him."

This led to a full explanation, and the overjoyed son of the vizier gladly consented to go to the agent's dwelling, where he was clothed in garments worthy of his rank. After consulting together respecting the now obvious imposture which had deprived him of his government, the ex-pacha resolved to set out immediately with the agent for Constantinople, and there demand justice from the sultan himself. This journey was undertaken without delay. On their arrival at Constantinople, nothing could exceed the astonishment with which the old vizier listened to the recital of his son's misfortunes. The matter seemed utterly mysterious to the vizier, as it did also to the sultan, when his minister demanded an audience, and related the circumstances. Nevertheless, the sultan promised redress, and immediately dispatched a *capdji-bashi*, or officer, to Damascus, with orders to bring the usurping pacha to Constantinople. Four hundred guards accompanied the messenger of the sultan.

During the eight months that Mohammed had ruled in Damascus, he had made his administration a blessing to the inhabitants, who found in him a father rather than a pacha. When the officer of the sultan arrived, Mohammed kissed the imperial manasse, placed it on his brow in token of submission, and demanded only a few hours to prepare for the journey enjoined on him. In this interval he convoked the emirs, told them that the sultan had called him to Constantinople, and took an affecting farewell of them. Scarcely had he left the city with his guards, when the emirs took the resolution of addressing a petition to the sultan, to preserve Mohammed in the pachalik of Damascus. They sent this off, but as it did not appear strong enough to them on second consideration, they wrote another document, in which they detailed the benefits conferred on the pachalik by Mohammed, and declared firmly that they could not

receive any other governor. As if Mohammed's own example at his arrival had inspired them, the emirs sent yet other letters, in some of which they held out no very unintelligible threats of revolt.

Meanwhile, Mohammed pursued his journey to Constantinople, and was taken to the presence of the sultan.

"Who art thou, unhappy wretch?" cried the sultan. "One of your pachas," replied Mohammed, with respect but without fear.

"Who signed thy firman of investiture, thou miserable impostor?"

"Your highness," answered Mohammed firmly.

"This is too much!" cried the sultan; "show it, show it to me, if thou wouldst not die on the spot!"

"Behold it!" cried Mohammed, taking from his bosom the piece of paper that enveloped the bit of glass found in the street. The sultan took the scrap held out to him, examined the words, and recognised his own handwriting. He sat buried for some moments in reflection, while the vizier stood a little apart, hopeful of revenge, and Mohammed bent his knees, hopeful of pardon.

At this moment the first courier arrived from the emirs. Representing his missives as of the first importance, they were instantly delivered to the sultan. They saved the life of Mohammed, or at least decided the sultan's mind on that point. Ere long, courier after courier arrived, with letters to the same purport, and always increasing in urgency. The issue was, that the sultan addressed these words to the vizier and Mohammed, both standing before him:—

"Vizier! I cannot inflict any punishment on this man without endangering the tranquillity of the empire. I will give your son another pachalik. Mohammed, I restore you to your government; but remember, that if it is by artifice you have raised yourself to the rank of a pacha, it is because you have shown great abilities and a good disposition that I ratify your title and grant your pardon. It is well that so bad a maxim has not fallen into worse hands. Retire."

Mohammed ruled wisely and happily in Damascus for twenty-five years.*

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

ON THE ELECTRICITY OF ANIMALS; ESPECIALLY THAT CALLED ANIMAL ELECTRICITY.

THIRD ARTICLE.

It is generally known that the electric faculty naturally exhibits itself under two forms—that of mere tremor, and that of a shock; and it is interesting to know, that the former of these, as well as the latter, can be imitated by artificial electricity, and is thus demonstrated to be only a different modification of the same power. Thus, on one occasion, we find Mr Walsh stating—"The torpedo, in this instance, dispensed only the distinct instantaneous stroke so well known by the name of the electric shock; that protracted and lighter sensation, that torpor or numbness which he at other times induces, was not then experienced, but it was imitated with artificial electricity, and shown to be producible by a quick succession of minute shocks. This may perhaps be effected by the successive discharge of his numerous cylinders, in the nature of a running fire of musketry: the stronger single shock may be his general volley."† The reversed experiment, again, was made by Dr Ingenhousz: "After the nets were taken up, I charged a Leyden jar, and gave a shock to some of the sailors, who all told me they felt the same sensation as when they touched the torpedo." We have seen, on the testimony of Humboldt, the extreme exhaustion which is sometimes induced in these animals by the violent and repeated exertion of their power; and probably it may be laid down as a principle, that the more violent the individual shocks, the more speedy and complete the exhaustion. At the same time, it is quite astonishing to what extent the power can sometimes be manifested. Thus, Mr Walsh, after having isolated a torpedo, so that it could not receive electricity from surrounding objects, mentions that he took no less than fifty shocks from it in a minute and a half. And again he states, that a large torpedo, very liberal of his shocks, taken from the Bay of Biscay, being held with both hands by his electric organs above and beneath, was briskly plunged into water to the depth of a foot, and instantly raised an equal height into air; and was thus constantly plunged and raised, as quickly as possible, for the space of a minute. During every repetition of this process, he gave five, and sometimes six shocks; a violent one when he touched the water in descent, a still more violent one on leaving

it; he, moreover, always gave two when wholly in air, and generally two, though sometimes only one, when wholly in water; whence the number of shocks during the minute could not be under one hundred! In the above relation, Mr Walsh informs us that the animal was a large one, and therefore could not be very young; which observation is not in accordance with that of Dr Davy, more recently made at Malta, "that the electric power of the young fish is proportionally very much greater than that of the old, and can be exerted without exhaustion and loss of life much more frequently. After a very few shocks, most of the old fish have become languid, and have died in a few hours; while young ones have remained active for ten or fifteen days."

Baron Humboldt expressly states, confirming herein the observation of Mr Walsh and others, that he and Gay Lussac found, on examining the torpedo at Naples, "that the shock may be felt when a single finger is applied to a single surface of the electric organ." Dr Davy, on the other hand, informs us that the experiments which he made expressly on the point, led to the conclusion that "one must touch the opposite aides before he receives a shock."

The frequent examination of these fishes has abundantly proved that their peculiar faculty is in a very essential manner dependent upon the connection of the electric organ with the brain and spinal cord. Humboldt mentions that when the gymnote was cut asunder, the anterior part only continued to give shocks. According to Mr Todd, who examined the torpedo at the Cape of Good Hope, it is necessary to cut through all the nerves before the power is destroyed; and he adds, that the individuals in which all the nerves had been cut, appeared more lively after the operation than before it, and actually lived longer than others not so treated, but which were frequently excited to discharge. Dr Davy noticed the same fact.

But the great point to which the energies of men of science have hitherto been principally directed regarding the very peculiar faculty of these animals, has been the ascertaining whether it be identical with common electricity, as brought under review by the natural philosopher. The idea was first, we believe, suggested by the eminent Dutchman Muschenbroek; and the celebrated Adanson, as far back as 1756, threw out the same idea regarding the *Silurus* of Senegal. But it is not above seventy years since, in the days of Franklin, this explanation was attempted to be experimentally proved by Mr Walsh, an English gentleman, a member of parliament, and a Fellow of the Royal Society; and it is only in the present day it can be said to be definitely and satisfactorily settled. Mr Walsh, at the time in France, had his curiosity attracted to these fishes, which were then unknown in England, and devoted himself with great energy to the investigation of their properties. He was instantly struck with the strong analogies which subsist between this animal power and electricity, and, after extended and ingenious experiments, concluded they were the same. He transmitted the result of his observations to Dr Franklin, then in England, for the purpose of being communicated to the Royal Society, and the public. His correspondence with that great man is highly interesting. "It is with peculiar interest," he remarks, "I make to you my first communication, that the effect of the torpedo appears to be absolutely electrical;" and he adds, after going over the details, "He who predicted and showed that electricity wings the formidable bolt of the atmosphere, will hear with attention that in the deep it speeds a humbler bolt, silent and invisible; he who analysed the electric phial, will hear with pleasure that its laws prevail in animated phials; he who by reason became an electrician, will hear with reverence of an instinctive electrician gifted at birth with a wonderful apparatus, and with skill to use it." Some idea may be formed of the general interest which was at this time felt in the discovery, when we mention that Mr Walsh exhibited the phenomena not only before the *Academy* at Rochelle, but also before numerous assemblies of the principal inhabitants of the city; and in the French Gazette of the day there was a communication from the mayor of Rochelle, expressly detailing the leading facts and circumstances.

It is somewhat singular, that, when this examination of the torpedo was going on in the old world, similar investigations were taking place in the other hemisphere with respect to the gymnotus. These were made in Philadelphia and Charleston, then in the British possessions, by Drs Williamson and Garden. At this time the gymnote had never been accurately examined. The same conclusions were reached, grounded on the same data. The extensive series of experiments we

* Translated, for this publication, from one of the numerous *feuilletons* now appearing in the French newspapers. It is to be hoped that the reader, like the sultan, will be disposed to overlook Mohammed's delinquencies, not exactly for the sake of what was redeeming about them—for that was but little—but on account of the extremely whimsical nature of the adventure.

† Philosophical Transactions, 1773, 468.

* Phil. Trans. 1838, 377.

† The same, 1834, 467.

must again, for brevity's sake, omit, and sum up the conclusions in the following words:—"As the fluid discharged by the eel affects the same parts that are affected by the electric fluid; as it excites sensations perfectly similar; as it kills and stuns animals in the same manner; as it is conveyed by the same bodies which convey the electric fluid, and refuses to be conveyed by others that refuse to convey the electric fluid, it must also be the electric fluid, and the shock given by the eel must be the electric shock."*

Though these early experiments led to a strong presumption that this peculiar animal power was precisely of the same nature with common electricity, yet they were very far from reaching all that positive and absolute demonstration which alone satisfies the requirements of modern science; and hence naturalists have ever been on the watch to improve every opportunity which could supply additional satisfaction. The subject of electricity in general, likewise, has, within the period before us, been prosecuted with the greatest assiduity and success, and the phenomena of the respective subjects have mutually thrown light upon each other. Regarding artificial electricity, there are now a number of palpable effects which are considered as demonstrative of its presence and operation, of which we shall name the electric spark, heat, conferring magnetic virtue, and the exertion of chemical agency. These positive proofs of the operation of electricity were soon desiderated in connection with the animals we are considering, and one after another, by the ingenuity of experimenters, have been at last obtained. We shall allude shortly to these results.

Neither Walsh, nor Garden, nor any of the elder observers, though they sought it anxiously, succeeded in obtaining the electric spark from the torpedo. And more lately Sir H. Davy, with all his ingenuity, and Dr Davy, with all his advantages, were not more fortunate. Other experimentalists have, however, been more successful, and have observed the spark—most of them, indeed, not in the act of issuing from the body of the fish, but as the agent was making its way along the circuit to which, by artificial means, they had subjected it. Thus, Gardini saw the spark from the torpedo while repeating some of Mr Walsh's experiments in the year 1792; and in 1797, the celebrated Galvani obtained a small spark under the same circumstances. With regard to the gymnote, the phenomenon has been more decidedly marked, though in this case it is also true, that, while witnessed by some, it has never been observed by others. The first American observers could not by any arrangements detect the spark. So was it with Humboldt; he watched during the night, and irritated the gymnotus to its briskest discharges in vain. The experience of others, however, has been different. Mr Walsh having attached a thin sheet of pewter to a plate of glass, cut a fine slit in it, and then passed the discharge along the metallic sheet. A spark was, by this arrangement, very distinctly seen at the margins of the slit; and other respectable naturalists, by employing the same means, have been equally successful. Within these few months, we perceive that Dr Faraday has succeeded in procuring a spark from the gymnotus now in the London Adelaide Gallery of Science; but whether directly or indirectly, has not appeared. With regard to the *generation of heat*, although all previous experimenters, we believe, had failed, Dr Davy succeeded in demonstrating this effect, by using the electrometer invented by Mr Harris. Again, the power of electricity in *conferring a magnetic virtue* upon iron is one of its lately discovered most striking and unequivocal effects; and though many experimenters, and among others Sir H. Davy, failed, yet Dr Davy has procured these effects from the torpedo's discharge. By a single discharge of a torpedo only six inches long, he converted eight needles into magnets; and by a single discharge of a larger *tremola*, he magnetised four minute bars of steel, and two small sewing needles, one of which supported three times its weight of iron.† And with regard to *chemical effects*, Dr Davy has also been more successful than other observers. By means of gold and platina wires, which were applied to the fish, he passed the discharge through a variety of solutions, and thus decomposed them, precisely as would have been done had he employed electricity procured by the ordinary artificial means. All these successful results have still more recently been confirmed. Passing by the observations of Messrs Bequerel and Brechet, two distinguished French physiologists, who satisfied themselves "that the shock of the torpedo is the result of an electric discharge," Dr Faraday stated to the Royal Society in December last, that he procured from the gymnotus "not only the results obtained by others, but also those which were yet required, so as to leave no gap or deficiency in identifying the effects—the shock was procured, the meter affected, magnets were made, a wire was heated, chemical decomposition was effected, and the spark obtained."‡ It is added, that, by comparative experiments made with the animal, and a powerful Leyden battery, it was concluded that the quantity of force in each shock was very great: and it was also ascertained (a circumstance, we believe, not previously detected) that the current of the electricity was from the anterior part of the animal, through the water to the posterior, in every case. Striking as the result of these laborious investigations has been, its attainment has only led the way to speculations still more interesting. The question of

these fish producing electricity being settled, the inquiry as to the mode in which it is effected immediately presents itself; and perhaps in the whole compass of modern physiology, there is not one on which more intense interest is felt. We have seen that all these animals are provided with a curious apparatus, most abundantly supplied with nerves. What share, then, have these different parts in the production of the phenomenon? Does the organ actually secrete the electric fluid, or is it only the reservoir in which it is retained? That the nervous system has great influence, is most evident; but whether it acts merely as a stimulus to the organs, exciting them to produce that which their organic structure renders them capable of doing, namely, evolving electricity; or whether it actually supplies them with the stream of the active agent they accumulate, remains to be determined. It is quite possible the electricity may be elaborated in the organ; and the analogy of many glandular parts of the frame would lead to this, we are disposed to consider, the more probable conclusion; but it is also possible that the electricity is first developed in the brain and spinal marrow, is thence transmitted to the retaining organs, and is thus identical with common nervous power, or *nervism*, as it is called. The determination of this question would greatly extend our acquaintance with the nervous system throughout the animal series; and some philosophers seem now disposed to conceive that it may one day be proved that animal electricity is the very same agent that, at will, causes the motions of our limbs, and many other nervous phenomena. Such are the anticipations among others of the late Sir H. Davy. Treviranus, again, in 1818, remarked, "Perhaps it is the same power which enables the torpedo to give electric shocks, that is the immediate cause of muscular contraction." Dr Faraday states, "That from the time it was shown that electricity could perform the functions of the nervous influence, he has had no doubt of their very close relation, probably as effects of one common cause;" and Sir J. Herschel imagines "That the present state of electric science warrants the conjecture that the brain and spinal marrow form an electric organ, which is spontaneously discharged along the nerves at brief intervals." What a wondrous contemplation does such a relation between electricity and muscular action in particular, and nervous influence generally, present to the mind! Think of the racer's speed—the eagle's flight—or, to come to our own frame, think of the great centre of the circulating system, which, from life's first throbs, performs its vital function, and gives its 100,000 beats a-day, its 365,000,000 a-year, without agitation, without notice, till the three score and ten years have fulfilled their course—think of the touch, quick as thought, of the inspired musician—of the fervid tongue of the excited orator, pouring forth "thoughts that breathe and words that burn," and this associated with the agent now under consideration! Surely there is here "something to be thought upon." "Late discoveries," says Dr W. Philip, "have been gradually evincing how far more extensive than was supposed, even a few years ago, is the dominion of electricity. The nervous system, the leading power in the vital functions of the animal frame properly so called, appears to be a modification of this apparently universal agent; for I may add, we have already some glimpses of its still more extensive dominion."§ That there is here a most interesting field opened up for speculation, is evident, on which our limits, were there no other cause, forbid us to expatiate. We shall therefore conclude, as expressing our own sentiments, in the sapient words of a very valuable recent work, "That the power which causes muscular contraction is the same which enables the electrical fishes to give sensible manifestations of electricity, cannot, after the facts now enumerated, be deemed an improbable supposition. Still, however, no proof can be derived from this source of the identity of nervous influence with any form of electricity; since all that can be stated is, that by the influence of the nervous system on one organ, electricity is generated—and that by its action on another, sensible contraction is produced. The property of generating electricity may be as much peculiar to the special organs which we find for accumulating it, as that of contractility to muscular fibre; and its manifestation may, after all, be dependent upon some molecular changes excited by the influence of the nerves, to which the evolution of electricity may be due."¶

But it is now time to draw to a close. The use of this power to the animals which possess it, is evident, and probably various. As a defence against its foes, it must be most efficient. Those fishes which can stun men and horses will be carefully avoided by the most powerful fishes. Again, this faculty must be useful in procuring food. Dr Williamson tells us that the gymnote deliberately swims up to a fish, for a moment looks at it, strikes it with its thunder, and then devours it. Dr Davy, from his observations, has suggested that it probably strengthens the powers of the stomach, and promotes digestion, and is also useful in effecting the necessary changes which the blood undergoes in sustaining life.

As to the *uses* to which these fishes may be converted by man, they are first an article of food. The gymnoti of Surinam, Dr Garden tells us, "are by some people esteemed a great delicacy." This is not quite the case with the torpedo. Dr Davy states that at Malta it is

not much sought after for the table, and is used only by the indigent. Though both Hippocrates and Galen, weighty authorities, give their sanction to its use, its sale, according to Rondelet, is forbidden in the market of Venice; whilst, according to Walsh, it is considered wholesome food, and sold freely, in France. By the ancient physicians it was used in medicine. In the time of Dioscorides, the physician of Anthony and Cleopatra, the shock of the torpedo was recommended especially for the cure of obstinate headaches; and this may be considered the earliest application of electricity to physic. Anthony, a freedman of Tiberius, is said to have been cured of the gout by it; and in later times it has been used for this luxurious complaint. In the present day, the Arabians employ its shock, especially in fevers. It may safely, however, be asserted, that the healing art among ourselves does not lose much by omitting animal electricity from among the articles of its *materia medica*.

ANECDOTE OF M. ALEXANDRE, THE VENTRILOQUIST.

We need scarcely remind the public that M. Alexandre, the famous ventriloquist, who exhibited before them only a few years ago, had an extraordinary facility in counterfeiting all the expressions of countenance and bodily conditions common to humanity. When in London, his mimetic powers, which he was fond of exercising both in public and in private, made his company in high request among the upper circles. The Lord Mayor of the city, in particular, received the ventriloquist with great distinction, and invited him several times to dine at the Mansion-House. But it unluckily happened that, on every occasion when M. Alexandre dined there, he could not stay to spend the evening, having contracted engagements elsewhere. The Lord Mayor expressed much regret at this, and the ventriloquist himself was annoyed on the same account, being willing to do his best to entertain the guests whom the Lord Mayor had asked each time to meet him.

At last, on meeting M. Alexandre one day, the Lord Mayor engaged him to dine at the Mansion-House on a remote day. "I fix it purposely," said his lordship, "at so distant a period, because I wish to make sure this time of your remaining with us through the evening." Through fear of seeming purposely to slight his lordship, M. Alexandre did not dare to tell the Mayor that on that very morning he had accepted an invitation from a nobleman of high rank to spend at his house the evening of the identical day so unfortunately pitched on by the civic dignitary. All that the ventriloquist said in reply was, "I promise, my lord, to remain at the Mansion-House till you yourself think it time for me to take my leave." "Ah, well!" said the Lord Mayor, and went off perfectly satisfied.

At the appointed day Alexandre sat him down at the magistrate's board. Never had the ventriloquist comported himself with so much spirit and gaiety. He insisted upon devoting bumpers to each and every lady present. The toasts went round, the old port flowed like water, and the artist in particular seemed in danger of losing his reason under its potent influence. When others stopped, he stopped not, but continued filling and emptying incessantly. By and bye his eyes began to stare, his visage became purple, his tongue grew confused, his whole body seemed to steam of wine, and finally he sank from his chair in a state of maudlin, helpless insensibility.

Regretting the condition of his guest, the Lord Mayor got him quietly lifted, and conveyed to his own carriage, giving orders for him to be taken home to his lodgings. As soon as M. Alexandre was deposited there, he became a very different being. It was now ten o'clock, and but half an hour was left to him to prepare for his appointed visit to the Duke of —'s soirée. The ventriloquist disrobed himself, taking first from his breast a quantity of sponge which he had placed beneath his waistcoat, and into the pores of which he had with a quick and dexterous hand poured the greater portion of the wine which he had apparently swallowed. Having washed from his person all tokens of his simulated intoxication, and dressed himself anew, M. Alexandre then betook himself to the mansion of the nobleman to whom he had engaged himself.

On the following day the fashionable newspapers gave a detailed account of the grand party at his Grace the Duke of —'s, and eulogised to the skies the entertaining performances of M. Alexandre, who, they said, had surpassed himself on this occasion. Some days afterwards, the Lord Mayor encountered Alexandre. "Ah, how are you?" said his lordship. "Very well, my lord," was the reply. "Our newspapers are pretty pieces of veracity," said his lordship; "have you seen the Courier of the other day? Why, it makes you out to have exhibited in great style last Thursday night at his Grace of —'s!" "It has but told the truth," said the mime. "What! Impossible!" cried the Mayor; "you do not remember, then, the state into which you unfortunately got at the Mansion-House?" And thereupon the worthy magistrate detailed to the ventriloquist the circumstances of his intoxication, and the care that had been taken with him, with other points of the case. M. Alexandre heard his lordship to an end, and then confessed the stratagem which he had played off, and the cause of it. "I had promised," said Alexandre, "to be with his grace at half past ten. I had also promised not to leave you till yourself considered it fit time. I kept my word in both cases; you know the way." The civic functionary laughed heartily, and on the following evening Alexandre made up for his trick by making the Mansion-House ring with laughter till daylight.

Many anecdotes are told respecting M. Alexandre's power of assuming the faces of other people. At Abbot'sford, during a visit there, he actually sat to a sculptor five times, in the character of a noted clergyman, with

* Phil. Trans. 1775, 101.

† The same, 1832, 261, 274.

‡ Athenæum, No. 553, Dec. 29, 1838.

* Phil. Trans. 1836, 376.

† Carpenter's Principles of Physiology, 368.

whose real features the sculptor was well acquainted. When the sittings were closed, and the bust modelled, the mimic cast off his wig and assumed dress, and appeared with his own natural countenance, to the terror, almost, of the sculptor, and to the great amusement of Sir Walter and others who had been in the secret.

SNATCHES OF CONTINENTAL RECOLLECTIONS.

THE DUTCH HERRING FISHERY.

THE Dutch greatly excel in the art of curing herrings. The herring in a salted state is the animal delicacy of Holland, and enjoys a very different estimation from that of the common salt herring in Britain. Yet the fish of both countries are the same, being caught in the same fishing-grounds; and there is no reason why our herrings should be in any respect inferior in quality and mercantile value.

There are about eighty vessels employed in the Dutch herring fishery, nearly all of which belong to Vlaardingen and Maas-luis, two ports on the Maas, situated between Rotterdam and the sea. The fishing is conducted on an organised plan. All the vessels set sail on a fixed day, namely, the 15th of June, which is held as a day of rejoicing and merriment. They are accompanied by a vessel of war, which carries a chaplain for the fleet; and to this vessel, at the beat of drum, the fishermen proceed on Sundays for public worship. The fishing-grounds are towards the northern coasts of Scotland; but agreeably to a law of old standing, no vessel is expected to approach within three leagues of the shore. The first day that nets are allowed to be hauled is the 24th of June, when the fishing at once commences in all its vigour. The whole process of curing is conducted on shipboard. Immediately on being caught, the herrings are bled, gutted, cleaned, salted, and barrelled. The bleeding is effected by cutting them across the back of the neck, and then hanging them up for a few seconds by the tail. By being thus relieved of the blood, the fish retain a certain sweetness of flavour or delicacy of flesh which unbled herrings cannot possibly possess. The rapidity of the process of curing must likewise aid in preserving the native delicacy of the animal, for the herring is salted and in the barrel in a very few minutes after it has been swimming in the water. The superiority of the Dutch herrings, I was assured, is solely ascribable to this mode of curing, though it is not unlikely that something is also owing to the nature of the salt employed, as I have somewhere seen it mentioned that the salt in use, in reference to other processes of curing in Holland, is of a less bitter quality than that which is commonly employed in this country.

The first herrings caught and cured, to the extent of two or three barrels, are instantly dispatched by a fast-sailing vessel for Holland, where their arrival is anxiously expected. On landing at Maas-luis, one barrel, decorated with flowers and with flags flying, is dispatched to the Hague as an offering to his majesty, who on this occasion presents the fortunate fishers with 1000 guilders. The other barrels are sold by public auction, and generally fetch from 900 to 1100 guilders. These precious barrels are then subdivided among the dealers, who retail them at a high price. A single herring of this first importation brings one and a half to two guilders—that is, half a crown to three shillings and fourpence each. So highly are they esteemed, that a single herring is considered a handsome present; and it is a custom to make such gifts to friends and acquaintances on this auspicious occasion. Livery servants may be seen passing through the streets with a plate, on which lie one or two herrings, covered with a fine white cloth and a neat card of presentation. When a second importation takes place, the price falls perhaps to a guilder, to half a guilder, to fivepence, and, finally, to a penny each. The period of my visit was shortly after the early importations of the herrings from the Dutch fleet, and I observed some shops still decorated with the gaudy crowns of flowers with which their exterior had been invested a few weeks before. Both in Holland and in the countries up the Rhine, I had an opportunity of seeing these delicious Dutch herrings brought to table. Two or three of them form a dish at dinner, and are partaken of as an entremet, or something tasteful between the courses. I observed that some persons at the table-d'hôtes began their meals by taking a small piece of them. They are always brought to the table raw, and cut across, as if crimped. At Rotterdam, on asking for one boiled, I shocked the feelings of our domestic attendant, who expressed no small degree of surprise at so singular a proposition.

PRIDE MORTIFIED.

At a ball given in Pymont, a celebrated watering-place in Germany, the tutor of a young count, a Göttingen student, requested a young lady to dance with him. Just as the dance was about to commence, the lady inquired of him, "With whom have I the honour of dancing?" "I am the tutor of Count Von Z—," replied her partner. "And a commoner, I presume," she rejoined; to which he answered in the affirmative. "Oh, then," continued the lady, as she withdrew her hand from that of the tutor, "I beg you will excuse me, for mamma has forbidden me to dance with a commoner." This rebuff completely threw the modest preceptor out of countenance, for on the continent to be so deserted on the eve of a dance, is to lose caste for the rest of the night, if not longer. It is supposed to indicate the existence of some moral taint discovered by the person who quits the side

of another, and which is exaggerated into something heinous by the company, particularly if they are utterly ignorant of what it is. The young man quitted the room, and sought the open air to breathe more freely and collect himself. His pupil followed him, and learned the cause of his distress. "You shall soon have ample satisfaction for this mortification," said the generous count, and hastened back to the ball-room, followed by his tutor. The moment was propitious. Preparations were going forward for another waltz; the young count requested the rejector of his tutor to be his partner in the dance, and she eagerly accepted the proposal, no doubt greatly rejoicing at the immense stride which she had taken from ranking with the humble tutor, to pairing off with the wealthy noble. Just before the dance began, he addressed to her the question which she herself had put, "With whom have I the honour of dancing?" "With the Lady Von B—," she replied. "Oh, I beg your pardon," said the count, "but papa has forbidden me to dance with any but countesses," and instantly quitted her side. He had the satisfaction of hearing that his conduct was applauded by every sensible person in the room. Few will deny that it was a well-merited punishment.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

HENRY THE NAVIGATOR.

HENRY THE NAVIGATOR was a younger son of John I. of Portugal, and was born in the year 1394. Portugal had got rid, shortly before this period, of its Moorish conquerors, and John, who was a vigorous and enlightened prince, pursued his advantage over the usurping race, by following them to their own settlements on the coasts of Africa. In the year 1415, accompanied by his numerous sons, and the flower of his nobility, he passed over to the African continent, and laid siege to the city of Ceuta, in the kingdom of Fez. He succeeded in taking Ceuta from the Moors, and appointed Don Henry to the governorship of the conquered city and the district around it, as a reward for the valour and ability he had displayed during the struggle. Henry was at this time in the spring of manhood, and was distinguished by his scholarship, and by his taste for geography, astronomy, mathematics, and other practically useful sciences. These qualities, doubtless, were instrumental in instigating him to the projection of maritime enterprises and schemes of geographical discovery. But there were other motives, also, likely to operate strongly on his mind. Seeing Henry to be decidedly the most able and active of the family, his father had appointed him Grand Master of the Order of Knights of Christ, instituted at the abolition of the Order of the Temple. The appointed duties of the new order of knights were, to do battle with the infidels and spread the true religion; and Don Henry's peculiar tastes probably suggested to him that the fulfilment of his functions as knight and grand master might be made subservient to the furtherance of the commerce of his country, and the extension of geographical knowledge.

With such motives operating on his mind, Don Henry, not being obliged to stay in Ceuta, took up his residence in the city of Sagres, situated close by Cape St Vincent in Algarve, and there he drew around him skilful mariners and learned men from all quarters of the continent, with whom he discussed the best mode of carrying out the views he entertained. These views had reference chiefly to the immense continent of Africa, concerning which the prince had picked up much information during his expedition to Fez. He had perfectly satisfied his own mind that the southernmost point of that continent might be doubled by mariners, and a new route thus opened up to India, and to all the other wealthy countries of the East, whose productions had been so long brought to Europe only by tedious and overland journeys, or by the Red Sea, where the hostile Mahomedans monopolised all the advantages of the traffic. Splendid, however, as were the prospects connected with such a discovery, the attempt to realise them was an affair, obviously, of great doubt and danger. The coast of Africa was at this time altogether unknown beyond Cape Nun; and as those who had gone southward either by land or sea had always felt an increasing degree of heat, the impression was commonly entertained that a region of fire lay in that direction, unendurable by human beings. It required no ordinary degree of patience and perseverance in Don Henry to convince his friends of the falsity of such impressions. By means of the school and observatory which he erected at Sagres, nevertheless, he succeeded in training to his purpose a number of the young nobles of Portugal, and in infusing into their minds a portion of the spirit which animated himself.

The first voyage undertaken by orders of Don Henry, and, in fact, the first voyage of discovery made

by the Portuguese nation, was one which took place in 1412, three years before the siege of Ceuta. The vessel sent on this occasion barely passed Cape Nun, and returned without having effected any useful purpose. After Henry had been for a year or two at Sagres, new expeditions to the same quarter were set on foot by him, but with so little success on several occasions, that the people began to complain of the waste of men and money occasioned by the prince's mania for discovery. The chief cause of the failure in these instances was the imperfect state of navigation at the period, as well as the total ignorance of the mariners respecting their route. These causes made them sail always so close to the coast they were exploring, as to involve them in repeated calamities on the occurrence of storms. Don Henry himself grew saddened at the obstacles which arose to thwart his favourite schemes, although his belief in their ultimate practicability was never diminished. Seeing his anxiety of mind upon this subject, two young nobles of his household, John Gomez Zarco and Tristan Vaz Texeira, who had been his scholars in the art of navigation, offered their services in a new expedition to explore the African coasts. The prince readily fitted out a stout bark for the purpose, and the adventurers left Sagres. They had arrived at the shores of Morocco, and were coursing along them, when a violent gale sprang up from the land side, and drove them out to sea. The Atlantic being then a vast unknown blank on the map of the world, the adventurers considered themselves as lost; but when the storm abated, they saw an island at a little distance from them. On this they landed, and gave it the name of *Puerto Santo*, in commemoration of their escape. This island is said to have been inhabited at the time of this discovery, but the climate appeared so delightful, and the soil so fertile, that the voyagers resolved to propose the planting of a colony upon it. By the aid of the compass, which instrument Don Henry himself had greatly improved for the purposes of navigation, Zarco and Texeira readily found their way back to Portugal.*

This voyage took place in 1418, and the description of *Puerto Santo*, given by the voyagers, was so gratifying to Don Henry, that, by the aid of the king, a new expedition was fitted out for colonising the island, and prosecuting discoveries in the same region. Three ships, commanded respectively by Zarco, Texeira, and Bartholomew Perestrelo, sailed for *Puerto Santo*, with seeds on board, as well as various animals and implements fitted for the use of settlers. Among the animals in question were a pair or two of rabbits, which were allowed to run loose upon the island, and multiplied so surprisingly in the course of two years, as to destroy all the vegetation, and banish the colonists from the shores. Long before this happened, however, a more important scene of colonisation had been discovered. Zarco and Texeira, after going out with their ships, remained for some time at *Puerto Santo*, and having observed something like a dark spot, always fixed at a certain point of the horizon, they sailed for it one day, and discovered the island of Madeira. This isle was covered with woods, and totally uninhabited; though it is believed that our Portuguese adventurers were not the first Europeans who had landed on it. A pair of unfortunate English lovers, flying from the cruelty of their relatives, had been driven in their bark to the shores of Madeira, where they died. The story of these lovers is told at length, in the shape of a partly fictitious narrative, in one of the earlier numbers of this Journal.

Zarco and Texeira, delighted with this new discovery, hastened back to Portugal, where they gave information of what they had seen. In spite of new fears and opposition on the part of the Portuguese nation, who now declared that the parent country was in a fair way to be depopulated by these schemes, Don Henry sent out a new colony to Madeira, foreseeing that its climate would render the island a fit nursery for the vine and sugar-cane to the Portuguese people. From Sicily, where sugar had been partially raised for some time, he procured the necessary seeds, and sent them out along with vegetables of other kinds. His views have not proved fallacious, for up to this hour the colony, which soon became a thriving one, has ever proved a productive settlement for Portugal.

In addition to the annexation of *Puerto Santo* and Madeira to the crown of Portugal, Don Henry about the same time acquired the sovereignty of the Canaries. These isles had been first discovered by an English

* It is not uncommon for writers to describe Don Henry as the first person who applied the compass to navigation. But the use of the instrument by seamen is mentioned by writers of the twelfth century, and in the thirteenth century it was universally employed by the Spanish navigators. Don Henry is said to have also improved the astrolabe.

ship driven accidentally from her course. This discovery led a band of adventurers, composed of Frenchmen and Spaniards, to sail from Spain with five ships for the Canaries, which, about the year 1396, they plundered and partly took possession of. The Canaries were well populated at this period, containing, it is supposed, between twenty and thirty thousand inhabitants. John de Bethancourt, a Norman baron, became the ostensible lord of these isles; but, about the year 1420, his descendants sold their rights to Don Henry. These were valuable acquisitions in all to the crown of his ancestors, but the Navigator had still his heart bent on the far more splendid achievement of discovering a route to India by the south of Africa. So obstinate, however, was the prejudice arising from the numerous failures in this attempt, that it was long ere the prince could get a fitting person to undertake the adventure anew. At length, in the year 1433, a mariner named Gilianez set sail at Henry's instigation for the African coasts. This voyage was a most important one, at least in its ultimate results. Seamen had hitherto superstitiously believed Cape Bojador's precipitous line of rocks to be a barrier placed by heaven in the way of all farther advances to the south. Gilianez passed the fated point, and found the seas to be navigable, and the shores rich beyond it. The expedition was thus of great utility in dispelling silly prejudices, but it was not unproductive, also, of more solid benefits. Don Henry, for his important services in bringing new lands under the dominion of the Cross, had received a grant from the Pope of all lands discovered, or to be discovered, between Bojador and the East Indies. This gift, it was held, the Pope had a right to make, and, in fact, the validity of the grant was not disputed by other countries. Such being the benefits flowing from these discoveries, a new expedition was fitted out, after the return of Gilianez, for the further prosecution of the task of exploration. Antonio Gonzalez and Nuno Tristan were the leaders on this occasion, and they penetrated to the southward as far as Cape Blanco. Some Moorish captives were brought home from this voyage, and from them large offers of ransom were made, on condition of their being taken back to their native country. Gonzalez was sent by Don Henry with this view, and, in reality, considerable quantities of gold dust, and numbers of negro slaves, were given as the redemption money of the prisoners. On this voyage Gonzalez is understood to have seen the island of Arguin and the Cape de Verd Isles.

When the gold dust was once seen by the Portuguese, Henry had no further doubts and difficulties in the way of his schemes of discovery. Not only the Portuguese, indeed, but Venetian mariners, and enterprising men from all European countries, flocked to Sagres to join in the prince's expeditions. In the year 1444, two large parties of navigators set sail for the African coast, one consisting of six vessels for commercial purposes, and the other of two ships of discovery, commanded by Vicente de Lagos, and the famous Venetian mariner, Cada Mosto, the latter of whom wrote the first distinct account of the Canaries, Madeira, and the African coasts. Negro countries and manners were at this time perfectly new to the European world, all the parts of Africa hitherto examined being possessed by a totally different race, the Moors. Cada Mosto's descriptions apply in every point at this hour. He doubled Cape Verd before he turned homewards. On his voyage he heard of a great internal water (the Niger), and a large city named Tombuctoo, the site of a flourishing trade.

Don Henry the Navigator had now the pleasure of seeing the Canaries, Madeira, and the Cape Verd Islands, all colonised by his countrymen, and a thriving and lucrative traffic begun through these settlements with the coasts of Africa, over an extent of three hundred leagues, all unknown before his time. He indeed gave up his right over the Canaries to the court of Castile, but in 1448 Gonzalez Vallo discovered the Azores to counterbalance the loss. Nor was the good resulting from this great prince's spirit of enterprise confined to his country, or bounded by the limits mentioned. He had struck the spark, and the flame soon spread over the world. Henry died in 1461, at the ripe age of sixty-seven. Within a few succeeding years, the Guinea coast was added to the Portuguese discoveries; in 1484, the Congo was reached by Diego Cam; in 1487, the Cape of Good Hope was doubled by Bartholomew Diaz; and, in 1498, Vasco de Gama touched the shores of Hindoostan. Thus it is apparent that the progress of discovery, once fairly originated by Don Henry, was immensely rapid afterwards. But the discovery of America, also, had in the meantime taken place, and the enterprise to which it was owing may be fairly set down as but one of the immediate consequences of Henry's enlightened perseverance. Being prevented by the Pope's assignment from coping with the Portuguese on the African shores, the Spanish government, burning with anxiety to emulate the late proceedings of their neighbours, listened eagerly to the speculations of Columbus regarding a route to India across the Atlantic, and sent him off on the mission. On the 12th October 1492, Columbus landed in the West Indies.

All the brilliant consequences, not only to Portugal and Spain, but to the whole human race, which ensued from the passage of the Cape and the crossing of the Atlantic, are too well known to require recapitulation. Though, as in the case of all natural truths, these discoveries would most certainly have been effected

through the agency of other men, as circumstances became ripe for the denouement, yet there is high praise due to the individual who did really step forward from among his compeers, and set in operation the powers which led to accessions of knowledge so great and beneficial. On such grounds may a prominent niche in the temple of fame be claimed for Don Henry of Portugal, or to use his more expressive title, Henry the Navigator.

CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

FIFTH CASE.

In the year 1689, there lived in Paris a woman of fashion, called Lady Mazel. Her house was large, and four stories high; on the ground floor was a large servants' hall, in which was a grand staircase, and a cupboard where the plate was locked up, of which one of the chambermaids kept the key. In a small room partitioned off from the hall, slept the valet-de-chambre, whose name was Le Brun: the rest of this floor consisted of apartments in which the lady saw company, which was very frequent and numerous, as she kept public nights for play. In the floor up one pair of stairs, was the lady's own chamber, which was in the front of the house, and was the innermost of three rooms from the grand staircase. The key of this chamber was usually taken out of the door and laid on a chair by the servant who was last with the lady, and who pulling the door after her, it shut with a spring, so that it could not be opened from without. In this chamber, also, were two doors; one communicated with a back staircase, the other with a wardrobe, which opened to the back stairs also.

On the second floor slept the Abbé Poulard, in the only room which was furnished on that floor. On the third story were two chambers, which contained two chambermaids and two foot-boys; the fourth story consisted of lofts and granaries, whose doors were always open. The cook slept below in a place where the wood was kept, an old woman in the kitchen, and the coachman in the stable.

On the 27th of November, being Sunday, the two daughters of Le Brun, the valet, who were eminent milliners, waited on the lady, and were kindly received; but as she was going to church to afternoon service, she pressed them to come again, when she could have more of their company. Le Brun attended his lady to church, and then went to another himself; after which he went to play at bowls, as was customary at that time, and from the bowling-green he went to several places; and after supping with a friend, he went home seemingly cheerful and easy, as he had been all the afternoon. Lady Mazel supped with the Abbé Poulard as usual, and about eleven o'clock went to her chamber, where she was attended by her maids. Before they left her, Le Brun came to the door to receive his orders for the next day, after which one of the maids laid the key of the chamber door on the chair next it; they then went out, and Le Brun following them, shut the door after him, and talked with the maids a few minutes about his daughters, and then they parted, he seeming still very cheerful.

In the morning he went to market, and was jocular and pleasant with every body he met, as was his usual manner. He then returned home and transacted his usual business. At eight o'clock he expressed surprise his lady did not get up, as she usually rose at seven; he went to his wife's lodging, which was in the neighbourhood, and told her he was uneasy his lady's bell had not rung, and gave her seven louis d'ors, and some crowns in gold, which he desired her to lock up, and then went home again, and found the servants in great consternation at hearing nothing of their lady; when one observed, that he feared she had been seized with an apoplexy, or a bleeding at the nose, to which she was subject; Le Brun said, "It must be something worse; my mind misgives me, for I found the street door open last night after all the family were in bed but myself." They then sent for the lady's son, M. de Savoniere, who hinted to Le Brun his fear of an apoplexy. Le Brun said, "It is certainly something worse; my mind has been uneasy ever since I found the street door open last night after the family were in bed." A smith being now brought, the door was broke open, and Le Brun entering first, ran to the bed; and after calling several times, he drew back the curtains, and said, "Oh, my lady is murdered!" He then ran into the wardrobe, and took up the strong box, which being heavy, he said, "She has not been robbed; how is this?"

A surgeon then examined the body, which was covered with no less than fifty wounds; they found in the bed, which was full of blood, a scrap of a cravat of coarse lace, and a napkin made into a nightcap, which was bloody, and had the family mark on it; and from the wounds in the lady's hands, it appeared she had struggled hard with the murderer, which obliged him to cut the muscles before he could disengage himself. The bell-strings were twisted round the frame of the tester, so that they were out of reach and could not ring. A clasp-knife was found in the ashes, almost consumed by the fire, which had burned off all marks of blood that might have ever been upon it; the key of the chamber was gone from the seat by the door; but no marks of violence appeared on any of the doors, nor were there any signs of a robbery, as a large sum of money, and all the lady's jewels, were found in the strong box, and other places.

Le Brun being examined, said, that "after he left the maids on the stairs, he went down into the kitchen;

he laid his hat and the key of the street door on the table, and sitting down by the fire to warm himself, he fell asleep; that he slept, as he thought, about an hour, and going to lock the street door, he found it open; that he locked it, and took the key with him to his chamber." On searching him, they found in his pocket a key, the wards of which were new filed, and made remarkably large; and on trial it was found to open the street door, the antechamber, and both the doors in Lady Mazel's chamber. On trying the bloody nightcap on Le Brun's head, it was found to fit him exactly, whereupon he was committed to prison.

On his trial it appeared as if the lady was murdered by some person who had been let in by Le Brun for that purpose, and had afterwards fled. It could not be done by himself, because no blood was upon his clothes, nor any scratch on his body, which must have been on the murderer from the lady's struggling; but that it was Le Brun who let him in, seemed very clear: none of the locks were forced; and his own story of finding the street door open, the circumstances of the key and the nightcap, also a ladder of ropes being found in the house, which might be supposed to be laid there by Le Brun, to take off the attention from himself, were all interpreted as strong proofs of his guilt; and that he had an accomplice was inferred, because part of the cravat found in the bed was discovered not to be like his; but the maids deposed they had washed such a cravat for one Berry, who had been a footman to the lady, and was turned away about four months before for robbing her. There was also found in the loft at the top of the house, under some straw, a shirt very bloody, but which was not like the linen of Le Brun, nor would it fit him.

Le Brun had nothing to oppose to these strong circumstances, but an uniformly good character, which he had maintained during twenty-nine years he had served his lady; and that he was generally esteemed a good husband, a good father, and a good servant. It was therefore resolved to put him to the torture, in order to discover his accomplices. This was done with such severity, on February 23, 1690, that he died the week after of the hurts he received, declaring his innocence with his dying breath.

About a month after, notice was sent from the provost of Sens that a dealer in horses had lately set up there by the name of John Garlet, but his true name was found to be Berry, and that he had been a footman in Paris. In consequence of this he was taken up, and the suspicion of his guilt was increased by his attempting to bribe the officers. On searching him, a gold watch was found, which proved to be Lady Mazel's. Being brought to Paris, a person swore to seeing him go out of Lady Mazel's the night she was killed, and a barber swore to shaving him next morning, when, on his observing the hands of his customer to be very much scratched, Berry said he had been killing a cat.

On these circumstances he was condemned to the torture, and afterwards to be broken alive on the wheel. On being tortured, he confessed, that, by the direction and order of Madame de Savoniere (Lady Mazel's daughter), he and Le Brun had undertaken to rob and murder Lady Mazel, and that Le Brun murdered her, whilst he stood at the door to prevent surprise. In the truth of this declaration he persisted till he was brought to the place of execution, when, begging to speak with one of the judges, he recanted what he had said against Le Brun and Madame de Savoniere, and confessed "that he came to Paris on the Wednesday before the murder was committed. On the Friday evening he went into the house, and, unperceived, got into one of the lofts, where he lay till Sunday morning, subsisting on apples and bread which he had in his pockets; that about eleven o'clock on Sunday morning, when he knew the lady had gone to mass, he stole down to her chamber, and the door being open, he tried to get under her bed, but it being too low, he returned to the loft, pulled off his coat and waistcoat, and returned to the chamber a second time in his shirt; he then got under the bed, where he continued till the afternoon, when Lady Mazel went to church; that knowing she would not come back soon, he got from under the bed, and being incommoded with his hat, he threw it under the bed, and made a cap of a napkin which lay on a chair, secured the bell-strings, and then sat down by the fire, where he continued till he heard her coach drive into the courtyard, when he again got under the bed, and remained there; that Lady Mazel having been in bed about an hour, he got from under the bed and demanded her money; she began to cry out, and attempted to ring, upon which he stabbed her, and she resisting with all her strength, he repeated his stabs till she was dead; that he then took the key of the wardrobe cupboard from the bed's head, opened this cupboard, found the key of the strong box, opened it, and took out all the gold he could find, to the amount of about six hundred livres; that he then locked the cupboard and replaced the key at the bed's head, threw his knife into the fire, took his hat from under the bed, left the napkin in it, took the key of the chamber from the chair, and let himself out, went to the loft, where he pulled off his shirt and cravat, and, leaving them there, put on his coat and waistcoat, and stole softly down stairs; and finding the street door only on the single lock, he opened it, went out, and left it open; that he had brought a rope-ladder to let himself down from a window, if he had found the street door double-locked; but finding it otherwise, he left his rope-ladder at the bottom of the stairs, where it was found."

Thus was the veil removed from this deed of dark-

ness, and all the circumstances which appeared against Le Brun were accounted for consistently with his innocence. From the whole story the reader will perceive how fallible human reason is when applied to *circumstances*; and the humane will agree, that in such cases even improbabilities ought to be admitted, rather than a man should be condemned, who may possibly be innocent.

DROLLERIES OF CAPTAIN GROSE.

In Grose's *Classical Dictionary of the Vulgar Tongue*, amidst much that is in various ways objectionable, there are a few scattered articles, of a whimsical nature, or explanatory of the origin of odd phrases now in common use, and which are therefore not unworthy of preservation. We select the following:—

Alls. The five alls is a country sign, representing five human figures, each having a motto under him. The first is a king in his regalia; his motto, I govern all: the second, a bishop in pontificals; motto, I pray for all: third, a lawyer in his gown; motto, I plead for all: fourth, a soldier in his regimentals, fully accoutred; motto, I fight for all: fifth, a poor countryman with his scythe and rake; motto, I pay for all.

Apron-String Hold. An estate held by a man during his wife's life.

Banyan Day. A sea term for those days on which no meat is allowed to the sailors: the term is borrowed from the Banyans in the East Indies, a caste that eat nothing that had life. [There are now no Banyan days in the royal navy.]

Barber. That's the barber; a ridiculous and unmeaning phrase, in the mouths of the common people about the year 1760, signifying their approbation of any action, measure, or thing.

Barnaby. An old dance to a quick movement. See Cotton, in his *Virgil Travesti*; where, speaking of Eolus, he has these lines:

Bounce cry the port-holes, out they fly,
And make the world dance Barnaby.

Bayard of Ten Toes. To ride bayard of ten toes is to walk on foot. Bayard was a horse famous in old romances.

Bear. One who contracts to deliver a certain quantity or sum of stock in the public funds, on a future day, and at a stated price; or, in other words, sells what he has not got, like the huntsman in the fable, who sold the bear's skin before the bear was killed. As the bear sells the stock he is not possessed of, so the bull purchases what he has not money to pay for; but in case of any alteration in the price agreed on, either party pays or receives the difference. *Exchange Alley.*

Beef-Eater. A yeoman of the guards, instituted by Henry VII. Their office was to stand near the bouffet, or cupboard, thence called Bouffetiers, since corrupted to Beef-Eaters. Others suppose they obtained this name from the size of their persons, and the easiness of their duty, as having scarce more to do than to eat the king's beef.

To bear the Bell. To excel or surpass all competitors, to be the principal in a body or society; an allusion to the fore horse or leader of a team, whose harness is commonly ornamented with a bell or bells. Some suppose it a term borrowed from an ancient tournament, where the victorious knights bore away the *belle* or *fair lady*. Others derive it from a horse-race, or other rural contentions, where bells were frequently given as prizes.

Bishoped, or to bishop. A term among horse-dealers for burning the mark into a horse's tooth after he has lost it by age; by bishoping, a horse is made to appear younger than he is. It is a common saying of milk that is burnt to, that the bishop has set his foot in it. Formerly, when a bishop passed through a village, all the inhabitants ran out of their houses to solicit his blessing, even leaving their milk, &c. on the fire to take its chance, which, when burnt to, was said to be bishoped.

Blackguard. A shabby, dirty fellow; a term said to be derived from a number of dirty, tattered, and roguish boys, who attended at the Horse Guards, and Parade in St James's Park, to black the boots and shoes of the soldiers, or to do any other dirty offices. These, from their constant attendance about the time of guard mounting, were nicknamed the black-guards.

Blarney. He has licked the Blarney stone; he deals in the wonderful. The Blarney stone is a triangular stone on the very top of an ancient castle of that name, in the county of Cork in Ireland, extremely difficult of access, so that to have ascended to it was considered as a proof of perseverance, courage, and agility, whereof many are supposed to claim the honour who never achieved the adventure: and to tip the blarney, is figuratively used for telling a marvellous story, or falsity, and also sometimes to express flattery. *Irish.*

Bore. A tedious troublesome man or woman, one who bores the ears of his hearers with an uninteresting tale; a term much in fashion about the years 1780 and 1781.—[This came again into fashion after Grose's day, and, we need not say, is still in use.]

Brace. The brace tavern; a room in the south-east corner of the King's Bench, where, for the convenience of prisoners residing thereabouts, beer purchased at the tap-house was retailed at a halfpenny per pot advance. It was kept by two brothers of the name of Partridge, and thence called the *Brace*.

Bull. An Exchange Alley term for one who buys stock on speculation for time, that is, agrees with the seller, called a *Bear*, to take a certain sum of stock at a

future day at a stated price: if at that day stock fetches more than the price agreed on, he receives the difference; if it falls or is cheaper, he either pays it or becomes a lame duck, and waddles out of the Alley. See *BEAR*.

Bull. A blunder; from one Obadiah Bull, a blundering lawyer of London, who lived in the reign of Henry VII.: by a bull is now always meant a blunder made by an Irishman.

Butt. A dependent, poor relation, or simpleton, on whom all kinds of practical jokes are played off, and who serves as a butt for all the shafts of wit and ridicule.

Camerade. A chamber fellow; a Spanish military term. Soldiers were in that country divided into chambers, five men making a chamber; whence it [the term *camerade*, now pronounced *comrade*] was generally used to signify companion.

Captain. Led captain; an humble dependent in a great family, who, for a precarious subsistence, and distant hopes of preferment, suffers every kind of indignity, and is the butt of every species of joke or ill humour. The small provision made for officers of the army and navy in time of peace, obliges many in both services to occupy this wretched station. The idea of the appellation is taken from a led horse, many of which for magnificence appear in the retinues of great personages on solemn occasions, such as processions, &c.

Captain Copperthorne's Crew. All officers; a saying of a company where every one strives to rule.

Cater Cousins. Good friends. He and I are not cater cousins, that is, we are not even cousins in the fourth degree, or four times removed; or, we have not the least friendly connection.

Caterpillar. A nickname for a soldier. In the year 1745, a soldier quartered at a house near Derby was desired by his landlord to call upon him whenever he came that way, for, added he, soldiers are the pillars of the nation. The rebellion being finished, it happened the same regiment was quartered in Derbyshire, when the soldier resolved to accept of his landlord's invitation, and accordingly obtained leave to go to him: but on his arrival he was greatly surprised to find a very cold reception; whereupon expostulating with his landlord, he reminded him of his invitation, and the circumstance of his having said soldiers were the pillars of the nation. "If I did," answered the host, "I meant *caterpillars*."

Choak Pear. Figuratively, an unanswerable objection: also a machine formerly used in Holland by robbers; it was of iron, shaped like a pear; this they forced into the mouths of persons from whom they intended to extort money, and, on turning a key, certain interior springs thrust forth a number of points in all directions, which so enlarged it that it could not be taken out of the mouth: and the iron, being case-hardened, could not be filed: the only methods of getting rid of it were either by cutting the mouth, or advertising a reward for the key. These pears were also called pears of agony.

Crump. One who helps solicitors to affidavit men, or false witnesses. "I wish you had, Mrs Crump;" a Gloucestershire saying, in answer to a wish for any thing; implying, you must not expect any assistance from the speaker. It is said to have originated from the following incident:—One Mrs Crump, the wife of a substantial farmer, dining with the old Lady Coventry, who was extremely deaf, said to one of the footmen waiting at table, "I wish I had a draught of small beer," her modesty not permitting her to desire so fine a gentleman to bring it. The fellow, conscious that his mistress could not hear either the request or answer, replied, without moving, "I wish you had, Mrs Crump." These wishes being again repeated by both parties, Mrs Crump got up from the table to fetch it herself, and being asked by my lady where she was going, related what had passed. The story being told abroad, the expression became proverbial.

Cur. A cut or curtailed dog. According to the forest laws, a man who had no right to the privilege of the chase was obliged to cut or law his dog. Among other modes of disabling him from disturbing the game, one was by depriving him of his tail: a dog so cut was called a cut or curtailed dog, and by contraction a *cur*. A *cur* is figuratively used to signify a surly fellow.

Curse of Scotland. The nine of diamonds: diamonds, it is said, imply royalty, being ornaments to the imperial crown, and every ninth king of Scotland has been observed, for many ages, to be a tyrant and a curse to that country. Others say it is from its similarity to the arms of Argyle; the Duke of Argyle having been very instrumental in bringing about the union, which by some Scotch patriots has been considered as detrimental to their country.—[Another explanation we have heard is, that the order for the massacre at Glencoe in 1691 was written hastily on the back of a card which the commanding officer had that evening employed in playing with his victims.]

Dowdying. A local joke formerly practised at Salisbury, on large companies, or persons boasting of their courage. It was performed by one Pearce, who had the nack of simulating madness, and who, by the direction of some of the company, would burst into a room, in a most furious manner, as if just broke loose from his keeper, to the great terror of those not in the secret. Dowdying became so much the fashion of the place, that it was exhibited before his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, father of George III. Pearce obtained the name of Dowdy, from a song he used to sing, which had for its burthen the words *dow de dow*.

Dun. An importunate creditor. Dunny, in the provincial dialect of several counties, signifies *deaf*; to dun, then, perhaps may mean to deafen with importunate demands: some derive it from the word *donner*, which signifies *give*. But the true original meaning of the word owes its birth to one Joe Dun, a famous bailiff of the town of Lincoln, so extremely active, and so dexterous in his business, that it became a proverb, when a man refused to pay, Why do not you *Dun* him? that is, Why do not you set Dun to arrest him? Hence it became a cant word, and is now as old as since the days of Henry VII. Dun was also the general name for the hangman, before that of Jack Ketch:

And presently a halter got,
Made of the best strong hempen tear,
And ere a cat could lick her ear,
Had tied it up with as much art,
As DUN himself could do for 's heart.

Cotton's *Virgil Trav.* book iv.

Fellow-Commoner. An empty bottle: so called at the University of Cambridge, where fellow-commoners are not in general considered as over-full of learning. At Oxford an empty bottle is called a gentleman-commoner for the same reason.

Firing a Gun. Introducing a story by head and shoulders. A man, wanting to tell a particular story, said to the company, "Hark! did you not hear a gun? Now we are talking of guns, I will tell you a story of one."

Flip. Small beer, brandy, and sugar: this mixture, with the addition of a lemon, was by sailors formerly called Sir Cloudly, in memory of Sir Cloudly Shovel, who used frequently to regale himself with it.

Grey Mare. The grey mare is the better horse; said of a woman who governs her husband.—[The origin of this phrase is given as follows in *Addison's Anecdotes*, 1794:—"A gentleman in a certain county in England having married a young lady of considerable fortune, and with many other charms, yet finding, in a very short time, that she was of a high domineering spirit, and always contending to be mistress of him and his family, he was resolved to part with her. Accordingly, he went to her father, and told him he found his daughter of such a temper, and was so heartily tired of her, that if he would take her home again, he would return every penny of her fortune.

The old gentleman, having inquired into the cause of his complaint, asked him, 'why he should be more disquieted at it than any other married man, since it was the common case with them all, and, consequently, no more than he ought to have expected when he entered into the married state.' The young gentleman desired to be excused, 'if he said he was so far from giving his assent to this assertion, that he thought himself more unhappy than any other man, as his wife had a spirit no way to be quelled; and as most certainly no man, who had a sense of right and wrong, could ever submit to be governed by his wife.' 'Son,' said the old man, 'you are but little acquainted with the world, if you do not know that all women govern their husbands, though not all, indeed, by the same method: however, to end all disputes between us, I will put what I have said on this proof, if you are willing to try it. I have five horses in my stable; you shall harness these to a cart, in which I shall put a basket containing one hundred eggs; and if, in passing through the county, and making a strict inquiry into the truth or falsehood of my assertion, and leaving a horse at the house of every man who is master of his family himself, and an egg only where the wife governs, you will find your eggs gone before your horses; I hope you will then think your own case not uncommon, but will be contented to go home, and look upon your own wife as no worse than her neighbours. If, on the other hand, your horses are gone first, I will take my daughter home again, and you shall keep her fortune.'

This proposal was too advantageous to be rejected; our young married man, therefore, set out with great eagerness to get rid, as he thought, of his horses and his wife.

At the first house he came to, he heard a woman, with a shrill and angry voice, call to her husband to go to the door. Here he left an egg, you may be sure, without making any further inquiry; at the next he met with something of the same kind; and at every house, in short, until his eggs were almost gone, when he arrived at the seat of a gentleman of family and figure in the county: he knocked at the door, and inquiring for the master of the house, was told by a servant that his master was not yet stirring, but if he pleased to walk in, his lady was in the parlour. The lady, with great complaisance, desired him to seat himself, and said, if his business was very urgent, she would wake her husband to let him know it, but had much rather not disturb him. 'Why, really, madam,' said he, 'my business is only to ask a question, which you can resolve as well as your husband, if you will be ingenious with me. You will doubtless think it odd, and it may be deemed impolite for any one, much more a stranger, to ask such a question; but as a very considerable wager depends upon it, and it may be some advantage to yourself to declare the truth to me, I hope these considerations will plead my excuse. It is, madam, to desire to be informed whether you govern your husband, or he rules over you?' 'Indeed, sir,' replied the lady, 'this question is somewhat odd; but as I think no one ought to be ashamed of doing their duty, I shall make no scruple to say that I have been always proud to obey my husband in all things; but if a woman's own word is to be suspected in such a case, let him answer for me: for here he comes.'

The gentleman at that moment entering the room, and, after some apologies, being made acquainted with the business, confirmed every word his obedient wife had reported in her own favour; upon which he was invited to choose which horse in the team he liked best, and to accept of it as a present.

A black gelding struck the fancy of the gentleman most; but the lady desired he would choose the grey mare, which she thought would be very fit for her side saddle; her husband gave substantial reasons why the black horse would be most useful to them, but madam still persisted in her claim to the grey mare. "What," said she, "and will you not take her then? But I say you shall; for I am sure the grey mare is much the better horse." "Well, my dear," replied the husband, "if it must be so —," "You must take an egg," replied the gentleman carter, "and I must take all my horses back again, and endeavour to live happy with my wife."

High Jinks. A gambler at dice, who, having a strong head, drinks to intoxicate his adversary, or pigeon.—[It would appear from *Guy Mannering* that this phrase came to have a different meaning in Scotland.]

Hobson's Choice. That or none: from old Hobson, a famous carrier of Cambridge, who used to let horses to the students, but never permitted them to choose, always allotting each man the horse he thought most proper for his manner of riding and treatment.

Hunt's Dog. He is like Hunt's dog, will neither go to church nor stay at home. One Hunt, a labouring man at a small town in Shropshire, kept a mastiff, who on being shut up on Sundays, whilst his master went to church, howled so terribly as to disturb the whole village; wherefore his master resolved to take him to church with him. But when he came to the church door, the dog having perhaps formerly been whipped out by the sexton, refused to enter; whereupon Hunt exclaimed loudly against his dog's obstinacy, who would neither go to church nor stay at home. This shortly became a byword for discontented and whimsical persons.

THE WRONG LETTER-BOX.

[BY MR CHANDLER—UNITED STATES GAZETTE.]

AMUSING incidents often occur by persons mistaking the letter-box of stores and newspaper offices in this vicinity for that of the post-office. We sometimes find three or four letters in our own letter-box intended for the mails. These we of course put on their way.

Standing once at our front window, we observed a young woman, whose face was not visible to us, drop a letter into our box, and on taking it out we found that she had mistaken our establishment for that of the post-office. It was directed to Thomas —, in Ireland, and the inland postage accompanied it. The letter we caused to be sent with some others to the post-office, and gave the circumstance no further thought.

Besides some months afterwards in examining the contents of our exchange papers, and inditing such paragraphs as they suggested to us, we did not pay much attention to a gentle tap at the door of our private room, until it was repeated. We then, too anxious to conclude our labours to open to the applicant, bade the one that knocked "come in," and continued our labours without lifting an eye to the door, which was opened quietly, and as quietly closed. We were startled at length with a sweetly modulated voice inquiring, "Is there a letter here for me?"

We at once raised our eyes and saw a female about eighteen years of age—or, as we have of late lost the art of judging closely in these matters, perhaps twenty. It did not make a dimple's difference to her face, and would not, if five more years had been added to them. There was an oval face, with nature's own blush, and a slight projection of the mouth that told of Ireland, even without the softened modulation of voice that belongs to the women of that island. Neatness was all that could be ascribed to her dress—it deserved that.

Letters are frequently asked for in a newspaper office, in reply to advertisements—so we bade the young woman go to the front office, and inquire of the clerks.

She had been there, and there was no one but a boy, who could not give her the information.

So we inquired the name.

"Kitty MacInnes; but, perhaps, it will be Catherine on the letter," said she, "as that is my name."

We looked on the letter-rack in the front office, among the "A. B.'s," the "X. W.'s," the "P. Q.'s," &c., but saw none for Catherine.

Returning, we inquired to what advertisement the letter was to be an answer. "Advertisement! to no advertisement—it would be in answer to my letter."

"And from whom did you expect a letter?"

The young woman looked much confused; but apparently considering the question pertinent, she said, "From Thomas —."

We saw at once that she had, as hundreds before had done, mistaken our office for the post-office, and the name given was that upon the letter which we had some months before sent from our letter-box to that of the post-office.

"He has not written, then," said Catherine, in a low voice, evidently not intended for our ear.

"But—he may have written."

"Then where's the letter?" said she, looking up.

"At the post-office, perhaps."

And we took Catherine by the hand and led her to the door, and pointed out the way to the post-office.

"You will ask at the window," said we; "but as the clerks are young men, you need not tell them from whom you expect the letter."

"Not for the world," said she, looking into our face with a glance that seemed to say there was no harm in telling us.

We must have used less than our usual precision in

directing Catherine to the post-office, as quite half an hour afterwards, when visiting the place, we saw her at the window, receiving the change and a letter from one of the clerks, and the impatience, shall we say of woman or of love, induced Catherine to break the seal at the door. A glow of pleasure was on the cheek of the happy girl. We would not have given a penny to be informed that Thomas was well, and was coming in the next packet. We felt anxious to know whether Thomas would come, but the names of such persons rarely appear among the passengers of the Liverpool packets, being commonly included in that comprehensive line, "and two hundred in the steerage."

So we gave up all hopes of knowing when Thomas would arrive, but concluded that we should see the name with that of Catherine in the marriage list, to which we had determined to keep a steady look.

It was but a short time afterwards that we did indeed see the name of Thomas in the papers. He was one of the passengers in the ship east away below New York, of whom nearly every one perished, and Thomas among the rest.

We had never seen Thomas, but had somehow cherished such an interest in his fate, that we felt a severe shock at its announcement; and what must have been the feelings of Catherine, with her ardent sanguine Irish temperament? Loving deeply as she must have loved, and hoping ardently as she must have hoped, what must have been her feelings?

We paused a few weeks afterwards to mark the young grass shooting green and thick, in Ronaldson's graveyard, and to see the buds swelling on the branches of the trees that decorate that populous city of the dead, when a funeral, numerously attended, wound slowly round the corner of the street, and passed into the enclosure. It was the funeral of a native of Ireland—we knew by the numbers that attended—and as the sexton lowered the coffin down into the narrow house, the place appointed for all the living, we saw engraved upon a simple plate, CATHERINE MACINNES.

The story was told. The small sum of money which Catherine had deposited in the savings' fund, to give a little consequence to her marriage festival, had been withdrawn to give her "decent burial."

THE OLD FARM GATE.

Where, where is the gate that once served to divide
The elm-shaded lane from the dusty road side?
I like not this barrier gaily bedight,
With its glittering latch and its trolleys of white.
It is seemly, I own—yet, oh! dearer by far
Were the red-rusted hinge and the weather-warped bar.
Here are fashion and form of a modernised date,
But I'd rather have look'd on the old farm gate.

'Twas here where the urchins would gather to play
In the shadows of twilight or sunny mid-day;
For the stream running nigh and the hillocks of sand
Were temptations no dirt-loving rogue could withstand.
But to swing on the gate-rails, to clamber and ride,
Was the utmost of pleasure, of glory and pride;
And the car of the victor or carriage of state
Never carried such hearts as the old farm gate.

'Twas here where the miller's son paced to and fro,
When the moon was above and the glow-worms below;
Now pensively leaning, now twirling his stick,
While the moments grew long and his heart-throbs grew quick.
Why, why did he linger so restlessly there,
With church-going vestment and sprucely-combed hair?
He loved, oh! he loved, and had promised to wait
For the one he adored at the old farm gate.

'Twas here where the grey-headed gossips would meet,
And the falling of markets or goodness of wheat—
This field lying fallow—that heifer just bought—
Were favourite themes for discussion and thought.
The merits and faults of a neighbour just dead—
The hopes of a couple about to be wed;
The Parliament doings—the bill and debate,
Were all canvassed and weighed at the old farm gate.

'Twas over that gate I taught Pincher to bound
With the strength of a steed and the grace of a hound;
The beagle might hunt and the spaniel might swim,
But none could leap over that post-ern like him.
When Dobbin was saddled for mirth-making trip,
And the quickly-pul'd willow-branch served for a whip,
Spite of lunging and tugging he'd stand for his freight,
While I climbed on his back from the old farm gate.

'Tis well to pass portals where pleasure and fame
May come winging our moments and gilding our name;
But, give me the joy and the freshness of mind;
When away on some sport—the old gate slam'd behind—
I've listened to music, but none that could speak
In such tones to my heart as the teeth-setting creak
That broke on my ear when the night had worn late,
And the dear ones came home through the old farm gate.

Oh! fair is the barrier taking its place,
But it darkens a picture my soul longed to trace.
I sigh to behold the rough staple and hasp
And the rails that my growing hand scarcely could clasp.
Oh! how strangely the warm spirit grudges to part
With the commonest relic once linked to the heart;
And the brightest of fortune—the kindest fate—
Would not banish my love for the old farm gate.

—*Weekly Dispatch*, April 21, 1830.

ELIZA COOK.

RULES OF HEALTH.

The celebrated physician, Boerhaave, declared some time before his death, that he had in his library a book which contained the most important secrets of medicine. When his library was examined, there was a book magnificently bound; it consisted of blank paper, with the exception of these words written on the first leaf—"Keep your head cool and your feet warm, and your bowels open, and you may laugh at physicians."

LAW AGAINST DUELLING.

The king of Naples has published a severe and efficient law against duelling. A challenge to fight a duel, either written or verbal, is punishable by imprisonment in the third degree, with disqualification for all public functions, and the loss of all public pensions, for from two to five years after the expiration of the punishment. A person who accepts a challenge is subject to the same punishment. Any act of violence committed against a person in consequence of refusing to accept a challenge, shall be punished according to the existing laws, but the rate of punishment shall be increased one degree above what it is in ordinary cases. If a challenge be accepted, and the parties meet, but the duel does not take place, they shall be punished by banishment and the loss of pensions. If the duel takes place, without either party being wounded, they shall be punished by irons in the first degree, with the loss of pensions. If wounds follow, the wounded party shall be punished as above, and the party inflicting the wound shall be punished according to the existing laws. Murder committed in a duel shall be punished as assassination. The body of a person killed in a duel, and also of one who shall suffer death in consequence of a duel, shall be buried in a profane place, designated by the police, without funeral ceremony, and without any monument. Seconds, bearers of a challenge, and all who take part in a duel, shall be punished as principals. Military men, besides being subject to the dispositions of this decree, shall be punished by the military penal statute for insubordination.—*New York Mirror*.

EFFECTS OF LAUGHTER ON THE CIRCULATION OF THE BLOOD.

The deep inspirations and the short and frequent expirations made in the act of laughing, have a direct influence on the heart, increasing the quantity of blood within its cavities in the same manner as the quantity within these is increased by muscular contractions. This condition of the heart, as might be anticipated, will vary in proportion to the violence and duration of the paroxysms of laughter. When these are moderate, the mind is only exhilarated, or, to use a common expression, "the heart becomes joyful;" but if laughing be increased or prolonged beyond certain limits, a series of effects, more or less injurious, frequently supervene. Pain in the cardiac region and headache then come on, and if the paroxysm be immoderate, the quantity of blood propelled into the brain is such, that the intellectual powers become greatly excited, and sometimes to such a degree as to cause their temporary aberration. Even convulsions follow immoderate fits of laughter, and I have known death take place from excessive laughter caused by titillation. A disturbed action of the heart is usually observed in those affected with hysteria, which may account for the paroxysm of laughter, the *risus sardonicus*, the hiccup, and all the more remarkable phenomena which are characteristic of that disease. Laughter, indeed, greatly disturbs a heart which is already irritable. This was strikingly exemplified in a person who had a disease of the heart, and who could not indulge in laughing, without the increased action of the heart by which it was accompanied always causing violent headache.—*Wardrop on Diseases of the Heart*.

GREAT NATURAL BREAKWATER.

It is well known that reefs of rock, generally coral, extend along many coasts at a short distance from shore, and when concealed from the mariner, or unknown to him, are a frequent cause of shipwreck. Occasionally they rise so far above water as to be easily discerned, stretching for many miles with the regularity of an artificial bulwark raised for the protection of the land. Many of the islands which in such vast numbers stud the Pacific Ocean, are almost wholly encircled by a coral belt of this description. But the coast of Brazil presents, probably, the most remarkable reef to be found on the globe. Mrs. Graham, an intelligent writer on Brazil, pronounces it "certainly one of the wonders of the world." It is about sixteen feet in breadth at the top; on the outside it slopes off, more rapidly than the celebrated Plymouth breakwater, to a great depth, and within it is perpendicular for many fathoms. Mr. Koster informs us that it extends all along the coast from Pernambuco to Maranhão, a distance of nearly one thousand miles. In some parts it runs very near the coast, in others it recedes to a distance from it. Occasionally it declines in height to a level with the water, and even sinks below it; but for the most part it is a bold and high wall of rock, presenting at intervals numerous openings like sea-gates, where vessels may enter at all seasons, and ride as secure from tempests as if they were anchored in a small lake. The harbour of Pernambuco is formed by this magnificent bulwark. Mrs. Graham thus describes the entrance:—"We approached the sandy beach between Recife (or Pernambuco) and Olinda so nearly, that I thought we were going to land there; when, coming abreast of a tower on a rock where the sea was breaking violently, we turned short round, and found ourselves within a natural breakwater, heard the surf dashing without, and saw the spray, but we ourselves were sailing along smoothly and calmly as if in a mill-pond. The reef of which the rock is formed, is said to be coral; but it is so coated with barnacle and limpet, that I could see nothing but the remainder of these shells for many feet down, and as deep into the rock as our hammers would break." The breadth of the water here between the reef and the mainland, varies from a few fathoms to three quarters of a mile. Close to the rock the water is of considerable depth, and there the vessels often moor.

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STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"IT'S ONLY A BIT OF A STRETCH!"

"AND were there many at the race, Pierce?"

"Many, is it many, aunt? Faith, I believe ye; thousands upon thousands!"

"And did many horses run, Pierce?"

"Ay, hundreds!"

"Oh, Pierce, how could that be!—there would not be room; and, besides, I'm astonished at the people's coming or t in the teams of rain."

"Och, aunt, ye're such a both r! Warn't there hundreds of tents to shelter them?"

"Is it to shelter *thousands*, Pierce?" said his aunt Kitty, laying down her knitting, and looking with her pale blue eyes steadfastly in his face.

"Lord! aunt, how can you go on believing every word a fellow says?"

"That's true, my dear, when you are 'the fellow,'" answered aunt Kitty in her usual placid way.

"Sure," he continued, "there were plenty of people on the race-course, and that's all as one as thousands; and there were plenty of horses, and a good sprinkling of tents; but, aunt, you drive all the spirit out of a man with your regulation questions. I tell you, you drive all the spirit out of me."

"Then I do very wrong," replied aunt Kitty, smiling. "I only want to exchange spirits—the spirit of truth for the spirit of falsehood."

"Falsehood, aunt!"

"Lying—whether black or white—if it pleases you better."

"By the powers!—and they're a large family—I wouldn't let a man say that of me."

"You could not prevent his thinking it."

"No man should dare tell me I was a liar!"

"I dare say not, Mr Pierce Scanlan. You quarrelled last week with Miles Pendergast for repeating, as if it had been truth, what you *afterwards* said was a jest, and then you quarrelled with him for saying that something else was falsehood which you wished to be understood was truth. You said on both occasions you'd blow his brains out; but you have stated your intention of doing so towards so many, that I suppose my friend Miles still has his brains. I hope he will keep them cool."

"I wish," exclaimed the young farmer, "I wish my mother had been any thing but an English woman."

"Why, Pierce?"

"Why, because then I should not have had an English aunt to fuss about nothing. Now, don't look angry; no, not angry; you never look angry, that's the d—l of it—Nor don't blow me up—but no, that's as bad, you never blow me up; if you did, there would be some comfort in it, but you won't do either. You won't do any thing but reason with me—it is really enough to make a fellow mad!"

"To be reasoned with!"

"Ay, to be reasoned with. My father used to say it was one of the privileges of an Irish husband, that he was never expected to listen to reason."

"Irish husbands," said aunt Kitty very solemnly, while preparing to take up a stitch she had just dropped, "are, generally speaking, great tyrants; they have the most tender affectionate wives in the world, and they bluster their lives out. Storm!—storm!—fly!—fly!—and then (as was the case with my poor sister) when the trembling spirit has found refuge in the grave, they cry over her! Irish fathers are bad fathers!"

"Oh, Kitty, Kitty, if you warn't my aunt!"

"But I *am* your aunt. I left my home and my country, when the Almighty took your parents, to share what I had with my sister's children. All I want is for you to *hear* me."

"Aunt, you want us to *heed* you too."

"Not unless your reason is convinced, Pierce."

"Bother the reason, aunt! I want to have no call to it; and I hope you won't be coming over what you said just now to Eliza Byrne about Irish husbands."

"Irish husbands are generally bad, and Irish fathers are even worse."

"Oh, aunt, why, their *love* for their children goes beyond every thing."

"And their care for their comfort and prosperity amounts to nothing. Peer and peasant live up to what they have, and leave their children the Irish heritage of beggary. How did your own father leave you and your three little sisters? It breaks my heart when I think of it! You're a good boy, Pierce; a kind-hearted boy, if you'd give up *stretching*; only stick to the truth, the bright ornament, Pierce. I do think if you would, you'd be almost as good a husband as an Englishman, as wise as one as a Scotch."

"Will you say that to Eliza Byrne, aunt? Do, aunt, like a darling, and I won't give a *stretch* for a week!"

"Talking of Eliza Byrne," said his kind, but peculiar aunt Kitty, "now I think of it, Eliza heard something you had said of Lucy Flynn that has cut her up very much."

"Of Lucy Flynn?"

"Yes; either of Lucy or to Lucy, I am not sure which, so do not run away my story into a *stretch*. And, Pierce, what did you mean by saying that Brady owed Garrett more gold than his mare could carry, and that he'd be broke horse and foot if he could not pay?"

"Oh, by the powers," replied Pierce, colouring deeply, "I never said such a word, not that I remember; or, if I did, 'twas only a bit of a *stretch*, just to tease old Mother Brady, that thought to haul me over the coals about a bit of fun concerning her son and Ellen Graves. I meant no harm at the time. Any how, he does owe Brady a matter of ten pounds."

"Is that more than his mare could carry?"

"Oh, aunt Kitty, be easy; you're too bad entirely; faith, the town land's turning English upon us, observing every *stretch* a boy makes for diversion."

"There is plenty of diversion on the subject, I assure you," said his aunt. "Every lie in the parish is called a *Pierce Scanlan*."

"By the powers!" he exclaimed, "any man that says that, I'll break every bone in his body."

"Wouldn't it be easier to break yourself of the habit of *stretching*, as you call it?" inquired his aunt.

"Bad cess to the people that can't see a joke, and ye're enough, aunt, so you are, to set a body mad."

The interview had proceeded to this particular point, when Pierce's sisters Jane and Anne and little Mary entered together; they had taken a half holiday, and crossed the hill to spend it at Eliza Byrne's, and now returned, not laughing and talking as usual, but with sober steady countenances, and quiet footsteps. Each entered without speaking, and there were traces of tears on little Mary's cheeks.

"Holloa, girls!" exclaimed their really good-tempered brother, "have you been to a funeral?"

"Be easy with yer nonsense," said Jane.

"Too much of one thing is good for nothing," muttered Anne.

"I wonder at you, so I do, brother Pierce, to say what you did of Eliza Byrne," added little Mary.

"And your life isn't safe in the country, I can tell you," recommenced Jane; "for every one of the Brady's people are up as high as the Hill of Howth."

"And will have you as low down as the towers in Lough Neagh," added Anne.

"And Ellen Graves's father has been all the way to Newtownmountchallagharsane, to see 'torney Driscoll, to take the law of you for taking away his daughter's character."

"Easy, girls, for the love of the holy saints!—easy, I say," said Pierce, looking, as well he might, bewildered; "you open upon me for all the world like a

pack of hounds. Easy—one at a time!" exclaimed the brother; "easy with the hay, *avourneens*, and *inseens* me into it—quietly."

"Quietly!" repeated little Mary, who was the pet and the beauty of the family; "it's mighty easy to say quiet to the waves of the sea, and the storm whirling them about."

"A joke's a joke," said Jane; "but what right had ye to touch the girl's character?"

"And crying up Lucy Flynn before Eliza Byrne's brother's face. *She'll* have nothing more to say to you, I can tell you that," continued Anne.

"And meddling with the Bradys—the *quarrelsome* people in the five parishes; we'll have the house burned over our heads through you," sobbed little Mary.

"And be brought before judge and jury, if that 'torney Driscoll smells out the yellow guineas Ellen Graves's father keeps hid in the ould stocking in the thatch of his house; and oh! on the race ground—I forgot that—how could you say the councillor's *cowl* Conn was all head and tail like his owner! The councillor will be down on ye, ye misfortunate boy, as well as the 'torney!' said Jane.

"And that's not the worst of it; but, oh, Pierce, the *stretch* you made —"

"Whisht, Anne," interrupted Mary; "what was it all to compare to little Matty O'Hay's turning up his nose when I said my aunt could fine-plait better than the lady's maid at the castle; he turns up and round his ugly nose, that looks for all the world like a stray root of mangold-wortzel, and says 'he supposes that must be put down as another *Pierce Scanlan*.'"

"Did he say that?" exclaimed Pierce, jumping upwards to where three or four exceedingly well-looking, well-organised shillalas were "seasoning"—up the chimney; and bringing down his favourite at a spring, he weighed it carefully in his hand.

There is something particularly national and characteristic in the manner of an Irishman's weighing a shillala; the grasp he gives it is at once firm and tender; he poises it on his open palm, glancing his eye along its fair proportions; then his hand gently undulates; again he regards it with a look of intense and friendly admiration, grasps his fingers round it, so as to assure himself of its solidity, until the knuckles of his muscular hand become white, and the veins purple; then in an ecstasy of enjoyment he cuts a caper; and while his eyes sparkle, and a deep and glowing crimson colours his cheeks, he wheels his national weapon round his head, and the wild "whoop!" of the wild Irish rings through the air. So did Pierce, and "the whoop," intended as a sort of war-cry to the faction of the O'Hays, compelled his aunt Kitty to speak.

"My dear," said the good quiet English soul, fairly letting her knitting drop, and placing her fingers on her ears, "my dear Pierce, put down that dirty stick; don't make such a noise, but sit down, and *listen to reason!*" Now, let any one, understanding what an Irishman is in a state of excitement, imagine how Pierce received this well-intended but ill-timed admonition. Never had he been so badgered before; for a moment the stick was poised above his head, as if the good woman had been a sorceress, and had fixed it there; and then, uttering a deep oath, he rushed towards the door with something like a determination of cracking the pate of the first man he met, merely to get his hand in practice for what was to come. It is not, however, easy for a man to escape from four women, and they hung round him with such a tenacity of grasp, that he was literally dragged to "the settle."

"Now, my dear Pierce," said his aunt, when the cries and "ah, do's" and "ah, don't's" of the sisters had subsided, "will you listen to reason?"

"No!" roared Pierce, with the voice of a Stentor.

"Ah, do, aunty Kitty, let him alone for a minute or two," whispered little Mary; "it's no use now, and

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he foaming mad alive with the passion; let him come to a bit; or put," she added, judiciously, "an ould crock or something in his way for him to break: that always softens his temper."

Now, though aunt Kitty saw little Mary was right in both cases, she loved her "crock" too well to attend to the second admonition. She could not help thinking very truly what an immensity of harm is done by the *gaupish* and mean kind of wit which springs from falsehood; like the weeds growing upon rank and unwholesome soil, their fruit is poison; the innocent and playful mirth sparkling in the sunbeams of a warm imagination, and both giving and receiving pleasure, is healthful and inspiring; but in Ireland all classes are more or less cursed with a spirit of exaggeration, that, to my sobered senses, is nothing more nor less than unredeemable falsehood; there are a number of persons who have many good qualities, but I cannot respect them; they are perpetually lying. If they have walked a mile, they will tell you they have walked six; and if there is a crowd, it is magnified into thousands, like poor Pierce's people on the race-course. You must be, like Michael Cassio, "a good arithmetician," to deduct the item of truth from the million of falsehood. If you believe them, they are rude enough to laugh at you; and if you do not believe them, they are inclined to quarrel with you. Although I have in this instance made exaggeration a *peasant-failing*, I think the middle class are the most addicted to the vice of what I must call by its own vulgar name, "humbugging"—saying what is not true, that they may have the pleasure of laughing at those who do them the injustice to believe they have spoken truth.

In England we have no understanding for this spurious wit. No country cherishes truth as it deserves to be cherished; it is a blessed and a holy thing, but we do not in England *profess* to put truth to the blush. "He's a fine gentleman," said a cousin of Pierce Scanlan's to me, when speaking of his landlord; "he's a fine gentleman; the *very light of his eyes is truth*."

To those unaccustomed to the contradictions of the Irish character, it is extraordinary, that, in a neighbourhood where eight or nine young men live, all known to belong to the *humbugging* class, any should be found weak or foolish enough to credit a word they say; and yet those very "boys" will go on telling falsehoods of each other, at which they will laugh one moment, and about which (as is Pierce Scanlan's case) they will quarrel the next. It is very painful to associate with those who never reflect, that they sacrifice the moral dignity of manhood when they desecrate the temple of truth.

Pierce Scanlan's imagination was very vivid, and he loved a laugh; he had given himself the habit of speaking without consideration; and as the jollity of the many, stifled the annoyances and pains of the few, he had gone on until even those who confessed "he meant no harm" became annoyed at his practical jokes. Eliza Byrne had loved him, but not as well as he loved her; and the match was effectually broken off, at least for a time, by her brother, who declared, after what Pierce had said of Lucy, his sister should have nothing to say to him.

Now, Pierce had said this for a stretch, a sort of desire to cut a dash, by showing that he had two strings to his bow; but Eliza's feelings were wounded, and though she had known that Pierce was a "stretcher," she did not seem to care for the fault, until it reached herself. This is the way in general—we laugh at the jest, until it cuts home!

But to return to the cottage.

Pierce, although not wrought up to the pitch of being able to reason, was brought about by his sisters to think, though but little time was given either for that or any other consideration, for the Brady faction had mustered strong, and, stimulated by strong drink, entered the farm-house, to the terror of his sisters, and almost the death of his aunt; and taking the law, as they are too fond of doing, in their own hands, beat the unfortunate Pierce in a way that rendered him dumb for a long time on the subject of whatever debts the Bradys might contract. He had only done it for a stretch; but what of that!—it had come home to the Bradys; and although one and all they were rather sorry the next day for "being so hard on Pierce, pleasant boy!" still that was but a poor salvo for his aching bones and insulted pride.

Aunt Kitty undertook to talk over old Jem Graves, and Mary accompanied her aunt to prevent her "giving him too much English." I really think that Mary's bright eyes had more to do with the withdrawal of 'torney Driscoll's instructions touching "the bit of a stretch" which the honest old man imagined affected his daughter's fame, than all aunt Kitty's reasons. Pierce made him an earnest and ample apology, and thus prevented further trouble on that score. The councillor had taken umbrage at the licence Pierce had given to his imagination when speaking of "the colt." Words wound more deeply than swords; and long after the desire for fun had prompted the folly, the councillor remembered the foolish "jest" which Pierce had indulged in at the expense of him and his "colt," and refused Pierce a new lease of a couple of acres which he had much desired to retain, and which his father and grandfather had tilled. Aunt Kitty never could understand why it was that the Brady faction took the law into their own hands and thrashed her nephew, nor how it was that, they having so done,

her nephew did not take the law of them; but this want of comprehension was set down by her Irish neighbours to the score of English stupidity. The various rumours that these disturbances gave rise to, spread all over the country, and far and near, Pierce was always reminded of his fault by, "Well, Pierce, what's the last!—have you got a new stretcher?" Pierce must have carried his art of exaggeration to great perfection to have attained such note in a country where the practice is so largely indulged in, but circumstances had given him peculiar celebrity, and his aunt had so far succeeded in making him "listen to reason" as to convince his reason that the practice was wrong. The painful part of the matter was, that when he really and truly spoke truth, no one would believe him.

Eliza Byrne more than once was on the point of relenting; but though Pierce swore over and over again that he was an altered man, every exaggeration in the parish was fathered upon him, and poor Eliza did not know what to do for the best. Her brother is certainly Pierce's enemy in the matter, and but for him I really think they would have been married. I wish it was a match, for Pierce Scanlan deserves a reward for fighting, as he has lately done—against a habit, the triumph of which is "never to be believed!" It may be a match! I saw them walking together the last time I was at Artinne; Eliza listening, and Pierce, with very little exaggeration either in his look or manner, making love earnestly yet soberly; the worst symptom I perceived was, that Eliza Byrne shook her head frequently.

"Well, Pierce," I said as we passed them (they had paused for the purpose), "I hope you are weighing your words."

"Bedad! ma'am, I've been truer than standard weights and measures this many a day, but I get no thanks for it."

"But you will, Pierce, in time. The priest, the minister, and aunt Kitty, say you improve."

"I am improved," he said, somewhat proudly, "though Eliza won't believe it. Yet, I know I'm improved."

"Pierce, Pierce!" exclaimed Eliza with a very sly quiet smile, "isn't that a bit of a stretch?"

I think Eliza might venture.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

ON THE ORGANS OF THE HUMAN VOICE, AND ESPECIALLY ON SPEECH.

SOME new and philosophical views upon the organs of the human voice, and more especially upon speech, a subject in which every one is interested, having within these few years been published in the Transactions of the Royal Society, by our eminent countryman Sir Charles Bell, we propose to present our readers with a short account of them.

We may announce the general object of the paper in the elegant language of its author: "In contemplating the extent of combination established among the parts of the human body, we become sensible of its perfection above all comparison with things artificial; and this is especially true with regard to the organs of the voice. They are remarkable for their union or co-operation in function; they all perform more than one office, and are interwoven and associated with parts which serve a double, or even a triple function. But we ought not to be surprised at the intricacy of structure in the human organs of voice, when we find them capable of imitating every sound of bird or beast, excelling all instruments of music in clearness or expression, and capable of making those infinite changes on articulate sounds, which form the languages of the different nations of the earth."

The apparatus which we so readily use in speaking, is somewhat complicated. It includes the lungs and chest, and the air-passage from the top of the lungs to the lips, including of course the mouth. The lungs and mouth need not be dwelt upon; but the air-passage must be considered as divided into three parts—the trachea, or windpipe proper, extending upwards from the lungs to the second part—the larynx, regarded generally as the more especial organ of voice, included in that protuberance at the upper part of the neck familiarly known as Adam's apple (*pomum adam*); and, third, the pharynx, or back mouth. A few words must be said on each of these parts.

The trachea, or windpipe proper, has long been described as a tube formed of imperfect little hoops of hard gristle (*cartilage*), joined by membranes at the back part, where it is more soft and flat: thus it is at once a rigid and free tube for breathing or respiration; and it yields in the act of swallowing, permitting the morsel to descend behind it. All this is perfectly correct as far as it goes; but there is a great omission. At the back part of the windpipe, exterior to the lining mucous coat, there is a fine and regular layer of muscular fibres, which run from one end of these hoops to the other. This muscle is beautifully distinct in the horse. When a portion of the trachea is removed from that animal's body, and every thing dissected off but this muscle, the cartilages are preserved in their natural position; but the moment that the muscular fibres are cut across, the cartilages fly open. This muscle, then, in man, and the highest class of animals, is opposed to the elasticity of the cartilages of the trachea; by its action it diminishes the bore or calibre of the tube, and by its relaxation the canal widens of itself. When we take in breath, the whole extent of the air-passages

opens or expands, and then the trachea also is most free; but in breathing out, and especially in forcible expiration and coughing, the trachea is diminished in width. The obvious purpose of this arrangement is to clear the trachea of whatever secretions may be naturally, or whatever foreign bodies may be accidentally, in it. When the air is inspired, the trachea is wide, and the mucus is not urged downwards: when the air is expelled, the transverse muscle is in action, the calibre of the tube is diminished, the mucus occupies a larger proportion of the canal, the air is sent forth with greater force than that with which it was inhaled, and hence the gradual tendency of its contents to ascend. The same principle still more strikingly holds true when a foreign body accidentally gets into the windpipe; the larynx, and upper parts, participate in these movements; and hence unspeakable inconvenience and mischief are avoided.

The view here taken of the use of this part is strengthened by examining the trachea of birds. In them the cartilages are complete hoops, and there are no compressing muscles; but in them, also, the air-tubes are quite dry, and the lungs, and other air-cavities, are also free from moisture.

Another important use of the trachea, more directly considered as the organ of voice, is, that it conveys the air from the lungs to the larynx, very much as the tube or *porte-vent* does in an organ from the bellows to the reed of the organ-pipe; and it is interesting to recognise the precise part it plays in the various exercises of the voice. Our author distinctly informs us that it does not vibrate, or give out sound, and so does not interfere with, or confuse, the more especial function of the larynx. The imperfect circle formed by the many rings of the trachea, and their separation from each other, are ill suited to convey sound. Sir Charles proceeds to point out a still more peculiar provision for effecting this important object. If, says he, in inspecting a musical instrument, we should find a spongy body of the consistence of firm flesh, in contact with a chord or tube, and an apparatus by which this body might be pressed against the vibrating part, it would be concluded that it damped or limited the vibration. Now, precisely such a body is found in man, at the upper part of the trachea, known as the *thyroid gland*—that gland which, so often swelling in some countries, and sometimes in all, forms the well-known and singular disease, the *goitre*. This firm glandular body is overlaid with muscles, whose action braces it to the windpipe. The tendency, therefore, even to a continued drone, from the vibration of the trachea rising above the inflections of the voice, and adding nothing to its distinctness, is anticipated, and the adjustment of the gland to the trachea is the most suitable means of suffocating or preventing the vibration from descending along the sides of the tube. The accuracy of this view is tested and confirmed by an examination of the vocal instrument in birds. Their sounding apparatus, as may be seen even externally, is at the lower extremity of the trachea, and in the cleft; hence the sound must ascend along the whole trachea; and, accordingly, it is interesting to notice that there is no thyroid gland in birds, and the windpipe itself is a firm tube, with cartilages of entire circles; and, in short, there is nothing in them to suffocate the rising vibrations. In no animal is the thyroid gland of the same relative magnitude as in man.

Proceeding to the larynx, we find the common opinion confirmed by experiment and analogy, that the narrow slit of the larynx, the *glottis*, is the primary seat of sound—the source of the vibrations communicated to the air as it is breathed; whilst, at the same time, to consider the motions of the glottis, and even the modulations of the air in the larynx, as the sole source of sound, would be incorrect. The breath which plays inaudibly in respiration, is formed into the voice, or vocalised, when the strings of the glottis, or *chords vocales*, are braced so as to cause the edges of the slit to vibrate in the stream of air. In any wind instrument the air must be impelled with a force sufficient to make the sides of the tube vibrate; so, in the production of sound from the human organs, there must be a certain pressure of the column of air: but in the organs of the voice there is this superiority, that there is not only the means of regulating the pressure by the column of air, but of adjusting the vocal chords so as to suit them to the most delicate issue of the breath. The edge of the glottis is exquisitely regulated by its many muscles, and the motions of the chest by its accustomed play.

The construction of the larynx is not more complicated than it is beautiful. Five gristles, or cartilages, go to form its sides or walls. By far the largest of these gristles is that which projects forward, and is familiar to every one as Adam's apple—the *thyroid cartilage*; below, there is one shaped like a ring, and hence called the *cricoid cartilage*, from the back of which two slender ones stand up, which are very moveable, called the *arytenoid*; and, lying over the glottis, hence called the *epiglottis*, is the fifth, connected with the root of the tongue. Between the thyroid gristle on the fore part, and the arytenoid ones behind, lie the vocal chords, a lower pair, forming the chink of the true glottis, and an upper pair, somewhat higher. These ligaments do not stand distinct from the sides of the tube, but under the lining membrane, which, sinking between the two, forms the *laryngeal sac*. This little sac, or lateral cavity, has much influence on the voice; it holds the chords from the side of the tube, and gives great freedom to their vibration. Its size varies in different animals; and in those monkeys called *howlers*,

remarkable for their horrible piercing cries, it is remarkably large. Sir Charles Bell, an experienced surgeon, as well as an able anatomist, in those sad scenes he so often has been called to witness, has frequently seen these parts in motion in man, both in breathing and speaking. During inspiration the glottis is dilated, and in the vain attempt at utterance moves in correspondence with the lips.

In advancing to the *pharynx*, notwithstanding its higher importance, we come to a part of the subject which has as yet been imperfectly treated, and where the action essential to articulate language has been altogether omitted. Tracing the volume of simple sound in its ascent from the glottis, it should be noted how well calculated the *epiglottis* is to direct that sound forward to the passages above. The soft palate, seen at the back part of the roof of the mouth, hangs immediately above the epiglottis, and being furnished with many muscles, it is rapidly drawn down and furled up. This fold forms the partition between the *mouth*, properly so called, and the back mouth, *arrière bouche* of the French, in other words the *pharynx*; and the whole of the curtain, with the arches of the palate, and the *uvula* (or *pap of the hase*, as it is called in the northern division of the island), vary their condition during the production of simple sounds. So extensive and complete is the action of this fold, that our author states he has seen it completely interrupt the ascent of the breath in that direction which leads to the nose and upper parts of the face. The *pharynx*, then, it will be understood, forms a great irregular bag of a muscular texture, having the glottis opening at its under part, whilst above it is terminated by the posterior nostrils, and by the mouth anteriorly. Considering the passage for the voice as one irregular cavity, extending from the glottis to the lips and nostrils, it is subject to great changes, and powerful in its influence over the voice. For, although the breath is made vocal by the larynx, both the musical notes in singing, and the vowels in speech, are effected by the form and dimensions of this cavity. When the *pharynx* is by accident divided, and the top of the windpipe exposed, no sound issues from the larynx upon the attempt to speak. By great effort a noise may be produced, but any thing like the common effort of speaking is attended with no audible sounds. From this, it is inferred that the delicate vibrations necessary to articulate language, are influenced not merely by the action of the glottis, but by the condition of the walls of the *pharynx*, the cavity into which the sound is thrown. In this part of the air-passage there is a correspondence with the common flute or pipe, in as far as it is lengthened during the grave sounds, and shortened in the acute. Even although the glottis performs the principal part, the *pharynx* lends a very powerful help. It is impossible to see a singer running up the notes to the highest, without admitting there must be a vast influence produced by the alternate shortening and elongation of the *pharynx* and mouth. To allow the cavity to be shortened in the greatest degree, the larynx is raised, and the lips retracted; on the contrary, the trachea descends, and the lips are protruded to lengthen the cavities and give out the lower notes.

We now proceed to the important subject of *articulation or speech*.

In pronouncing the vowels, which are simple continued sounds, and the diphthongs, which are the combination of these open sounds, the *pharynx*, at all times irregular, varies its forms or dimensions without interrupting or cutting the sounds. These sounds are universal and expressive: others are more conventional, and form the constituents of articulate language. It has generally been imagined that the vocalised breath ascending into the mouth, is there divided, and made articulate by the tongue, teeth, and lips, and that this comprehends the whole art of speech. This, however, it would appear, is far from being the case, inasmuch as in articulating or forming the consonants, the *pharynx* is a very principal agent; and this smaller cavity of the *pharynx* is in fact substituted for the larger cavity of the chest, to the immense relief of the speaker, and the incalculable saving of muscular exertion.

The late eminent Dr Thomas Young made a comparison of the power employed by the glass-blower in propelling the air through his tube by the force of his cheeks, and in propelling it by the force of his lungs; and calculating the case with which the lesser cavity (the cheeks) is compressed in comparison of the greater, he concluded that the weight of four pounds would produce an operation through the lesser cavity equal to seventy pounds weighing on the former, or, in other words, it was more than seventeen times easier to work with the lesser cavity than with the greater. The cause of this and many other results which appear paradoxical, is that peculiar quality of fluids by which they transmit pressure equally in all directions; and this wonder-working property, it will be believed, is not disregarded in the scheme of animal structure. When a forcing-pump is let into a reservoir, it produces surprising effects. The piston of the hydraulic press being loaded with the weight of a pound, the same degree of pressure will be transmitted to every part of the surface of the reservoir, equal in magnitude to the base of the piston. A man standing on the hydraulic bellows raises himself by blowing into the tube; and, contrariwise, the weight of his body does not produce from that tube a blast of air superior to the force of the contraction of his cheeks. Before demonstrating the influence of this principle on articulation, it may be exemplified by a familiar instance:—A sailor, leaning his breast over a yard-arm, and exerting every muscle on the rig-

ging, gives a direction to the whole muscular system, and applies the muscles of respiration to the motions of the trunk and arms, by the agency of a small muscle of the windpipe, which, incapable of raising the thousandth part of the weight of his body, and weighing but five grains, yet controls and directs the whole. The explanation is this:—A man preparing for exertion, draws his breath and extends his chest. Were the muscles which expand the chest to continue in exertion to preserve it so, there would be a great expenditure of the vital force. But this is rendered unnecessary by the action of the small muscle which closes the glottis: it shuts the extremity of the windpipe, and has here a power to confine the column of air superior to the united power of all the muscles of the chest and trunk together. However powerful these muscles may be in compressing the chest, their influence is very small on the column of air in the windpipe, their pressure there being no more than on any part of the walls of the chest, which is of the same diameter as the bore of the tube. The closing of the glottis throws all these muscles free to act as muscles of the trunk and arms; but if this little muscle permit the air to escape, these muscles sink with the falling chest; they lose their power as muscles of volition; and, consequently, all powerful efforts cease in an instant. Thus it happens that a muscle of the glottis not weighing the thousandth part of the muscles of the trunk of the body, controls them all; and this it is enabled to do on the principle of the hydraulic press: hence, then, we are prepared to understand the great importance in the animal economy of power being employed in a lesser cavity in preference to a larger, and how much will be saved by the agency necessary in articulation being given by the *pharynx* instead of the greater cavity of the chest.

To return, then, to the *pharynx*. We now know that it is a large cavity behind the palate, formed by a dilatible bag, acted upon by many muscles. We have seen that the sound issues into it from the glottis beneath; and that although it opens into the nose above, yet this passage is closed as with a valve when the curtain (*velum*) is raised; at such a time, if the mouth be also shut, the bag will be closed on all sides, and may then suffer distension by the vocalised breath ascending through the glottis. In speaking, much of the sound, namely, that of the vowels and diphthongs, is the uninterrupted issue of the vocalised breath, modulated and differently directed by the passages, but not checked or interrupted; the consonants are the same sounds checked by the tongue, lips, and teeth; at the moment of this interruption, the *pharynx* being distended, is prepared to give a stroke, or *appulse*, as it is called, by its muscular energy, exactly in time with the parting lips. If we lay the hand upon the throat while speaking, so that the fingers embrace the bag of the *pharynx*, we shall feel that each articulate sound is attended with an action of the *pharynx*, and preceding many of the letters (the explosive) we shall be sensible of the distension of the throat. We may moreover observe, that, while the distended chest falls regularly and uniformly, the *pharynx* is alternately distended and compressed in correspondence with the articulate sounds. We can now understand that, if the appulse of the breath in speaking arose from the action of the chest, it would be attended with great and unnecessary exertion, since in proportion to the size of the reservoir and the smallness of the tube that gives issue, would be the force required on the sides of the reservoir to produce an impulse along the tube. If each consonant or accented syllable required the action of the whole thorax, we should find that a man, instead of being able to deliver an oration of some hours' duration, would be exhausted in a few sentences, like a person who bellows, and both disturbs and pains us with his violence.

After this minute and accurate exposition, we might almost say analysis, of the organs of the voice, Sir Charles proceeds to a learned criticism of that department of the labours of grammarians in which they have attempted to explain the formation of the several letters as divided into mutes and semi-mutes, labials, gutturals, &c.; and after showing that their explanations were necessarily imperfect, owing to their unacquaintance with these physiological details, and that they accounted for all the peculiar sounds by the position of the lips, tongue, and palate only, without reference to the *pharynx*, he offers various suggestions which must tend greatly to facilitate their future investigations. From the same misconception of the actions which combine to form the voice, it appears that the grammarians have not supplied a very clear account of *emphasis* and *accent*. According to the foregoing views, there are two sources of the force with which words are uttered, namely, the chest and *pharynx*. The emphatic delivery of several words or syllables must proceed from the forcible expulsion of the breath by the effort of expiration; but the emphasis on a single syllable, and the forcible enunciation of a letter, on which the clearness and distinctness, and sometimes the meaning of words depend, must be produced by the effort of the *pharynx*.

It is curious to observe how many parts conform, and how many actions must accurately correspond, to produce the simplest sound; and how many additional combinations there must be for the formation of articulate voice. As we may audibly breathe through a trumpet without producing a note of music, so we breathe without the tremor of the glottis to produce not the voice properly so called, but merely a whisper; the vocal chords being strung by the action of their muscles, in correspondence with the forcible expulsion of the breath they vibrate, and this vibration is rever-

berated on the column of air, and thus the breath is vocalised, and vowel-sounds are produced. Thus, too, musical notes are produced by the changes in the force with which the voice is propelled, the degree of tension of the vocal chords, and the modulation or change in the open passages. Nothing is more surprising than the precision with which the notes of the human voice are produced, as when we hear, rising over the sound of the organ, the notes more liquid and distinct, and descending again in notes and half notes, as if each arose from a different pipe, and were struck on a distinct instrument. Yet these falls are consequent on muscular action, which alters the diameter and form of the glottis, and the length and diameter of the *pharynx*. This minute accommodation of action does not merely evince the perfection of the organ, but shows the most surprising command possessed over it: and in this respect the muscular apparatus of the throat does not yield in comparison with that of the eye itself. Struck with the perfection of the human voice in expression and variety, excelling the finest instrument mathematically constructed, we have more still to admire in the production of those conventional sounds which become the instruments of thought, and the source of all we know. In speaking, the voice is much influenced by the varying forms of the open passages, before it is articulated in the mouth; whilst with each motion of the tongue or lips, there is a correspondence in the action of the velum and *pharynx*: so that the compression of the thorax, the adjustment of the larynx and glottis, the motions of the tongue and lips, and the action of the *pharynx* and palate, must all consent before a word be uttered.

One other remark, and we have done. In speaking, the play of the chest is not the same as in the common act of breathing. The midriff, or *diaphragm*, is used less, and the ribs a great deal more. An orator preparing to speak, elevates his chest, whilst the abdomen is drawn flatter; the effect of which is to give more ready play to the elastic parts of the ribs, and the falling of the elevated chest is easy and unembarrassed; whereas, to expel the breath beyond a certain degree, requires great muscular exertion, and makes the act of speaking still more complicated. This whole exposition throws much light on the nature of *stammering*, and on the cure of that distressing infirmity. When we look at the number of parts which must combine in the production of articulate sound, we cannot be surprised that the voice should be defective through derangement of the nervous system. In a person who stammers, the imperfection is obviously in the power of combination, not in the defect of any single part. The stammerer can invariably sing his words without hesitation, or impediment, or spasm; because, in singing, the adjustment of the glottis and the due propulsion, by the elevated chest, are accomplished, and continue uninterruptedly. So is it with many a clergyman whose stammering is most painful in a room, but who, on ascending a pulpit, can deliver a long discourse without a faltering word. A person who stutters experiences no distress in pronouncing the vowels and liquid consonants; and if he study to commence his speech with a vowel-sound, he can generally add to the vibration already begun the proper action of the *pharynx*. Another necessary combination often distresses the stammerer, namely, the action of the expiratory muscles, and that of the muscles of the throat. He wastes his breath so much in his attempts at utterance, that, to produce a sound at all, the ribs must be forcibly compressed. Upon the understanding of these particulars consists the science, often greatly abused by vain and ignorant pretenders, of affording relief in these painful and unfortunate cases.

THE MAIDEN, AN ANCIENT INSTRUMENT OF EXECUTION.

A FAVOURITE theme of gossips' stories in Scotland is the *Maiden*, an instrument of execution very nearly resembling the modern French guillotine, which was in considerable practice during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, especially for the punishment of state-offenders. The common tale is, that the Earl of Morton, so eminent as a statesman during the reign of Mary, and who ultimately came to be Regent of Scotland, introduced this instrument from abroad, and was himself—so willed the fates—the first to suffer by it. It does not seem to have been used since the Revolution: when Pennant visited our northern clime in 1772, he found a specimen of the implement, being probably that which had been used in Edinburgh, laid aside as a piece of lumber in a room under the Parliament House. The axe connected with another has long been kept in the town's armoury of Aberdeen. About twenty-five years ago, the machine kept underneath the Parliament House was obtained by the Scottish Antiquarian Society, and placed by them in their hall, or museum, where it still exists, and is open every day to public inspection.

This remarkable engine of death—in all probability the very same which dispatched Morton and many not less eminent men—is a huge ungainly piece of timber-work, about ten feet high, blackened over, and altogether such a thing in look and bearing, as any

one would at a glance presume to have had a terrible history. Two upright beams, about twelve inches apart, connected at top and bottom by cross pieces, form a grooved channel for the rising and falling of the axe—a deep blade, loaded with a vast weight of lead. At four feet from the ground, there is another cross bar, covered deeply with leather, on which the culprit laid his head. A moveable piece, coming down above, enclosed and fixed the neck till the axe had done its duty. The rope used for pulling up and sustaining the axe, was fastened to a trigger placed upon a sloping beam which supports the upright grooved frame, like the hypotenuse of a triangle. On the trigger being moved, the rope of course gave way, and the axe, descending with a force derived from its weight, and the space traversed (about six feet), sheared through the interposed neck, and only stopped on the leather-covered cross bar—the head falling into a basket behind, the hook for suspending which is still fixed in the wood. The body of the criminal is supposed to have been laid along upon a bench or table, the end of which was brought against the two upright beams, at about the same height with the bar for the neck. Of this bench no part has been preserved. It is also to be remarked, that one of the upright beams, having been found greatly decayed, was replaced by another of fresh timber, at the expense of the Society. The upright and sloping beams are fixed on a lying framework, necessary for giving stability to the instrument.

It will be observed from this description that the celebrated invention of Dr Guillotin is in some respects an improvement upon the Scottish Maiden. The axe, in that case, is arrested by no cross beam, but, after shearing through the neck, descends several feet lower. Its lip is also oblique, in order that it may have a surer effect in cutting through what is opposed to its descent. Finally, in connection with the frame-work for the axe, there is a moveable board, on which the culprit is bound upright, and which is then folded down and pushed forward—the forward movement being that which loosens the axe—so that the whole operation is conducted with the greatest possible dispatch and certainty. Hence it is that the average duration of a French execution, from the arrival of the criminal on the scaffold, to his being a headless corpse, is from a minute and a half to two minutes.

Notwithstanding the confidence with which tradition speaks of the introduction of the Maiden into Scotland, the early history of our employment of the instrument must be considered as obscure. Beheading with a sword was a common mode of punishment in the middle ages. It prevailed in Scotland, as well as in other European countries. For example, the gallant Sir John Gordon, who suffered at Aberdeen in 1562 for rebellion, was beheaded with a sword, and cruelly mangled, we are told, by an unskilful executioner. As this was an operation which necessarily depended much on the skill and strength of the man employed in it, we cannot wonder that ingenuity was set to work, in various places, to effect decollation with mechanical accuracy. We have heard of such mechanical contrivances being in use both in Italy and Germany. At Halifax in Yorkshire, from an early period, an instrument exactly like the Scottish Maiden was used, being the only thing of the kind ever employed, as far as we are aware, in England. Whether it was set up there, by Earl Warren, son-in-law of the Conqueror, to punish trespassers on his forest of Hardwick, or in the reign of Henry VII., to repress the depredations suffered by the cloth-tenters who then began to flourish in Halifax, is unsettled by antiquaries: perhaps neither surmise is true. The instrument, however, would appear to have been designed from an early age for a peculiar terror to evil-doers in that district; and the promptitude with which it was put into action became proverbial. By a quaint regulation highly characteristic of our ancestors, when a cow or horse was the piece of property stolen, the animal was caused by means of a rope to pull the trigger, and thus become the proximate executioner of justice upon the offender. By records it is ascertained that twenty-five persons suffered by the Maiden at Halifax in the reign of Elizabeth, and at least twelve between 1623 and 1650, after which it became disused. Pennant, in 1772, saw, at the end of the town, the stone-built platform, about four feet high and thirteen broad, on which the instrument used to do its deadly work.

According to the History of the House of Douglas, the author of which lived in Scotland at the time when Morton suffered, that nobleman had caused the Maiden to be made "after the pattern which he had seen in Halifax in Yorkshire."* This author says nothing which can countenance the now existing story as to Morton having been the first to suffer by the instru-

ment in Scotland. In a manuscript work of inferior authority, entitled "Divine Providences," written in the reign of Charles II., by a clergyman named Fraser, and which is preserved in the Advocates' Library, it is stated that Morton took the pattern of the instrument from one which he saw in Italy during his travels in early life; and it is added, that, from his being the first to suffer by the machine, a popular and not very delicate remark was made, which gave rise to the appellation by which the instrument came to be distinguished. It is also worthy of notice, that Kelly introduces into his collection of proverbs, "He that invented the Maiden, first *hanselled* it." That Morton did introduce the Maiden, is to be considered as likely, since we have the respectable authority of Hume of Godscroft on that point; but that he was not the first to suffer by it, has lately been rendered certain by a paper read before the Scottish Antiquarian Society by the Rev. Dr Lee, one of the ministers of Edinburgh. In this paper, the following excerpt is given from the books of the treasurer of the city of Edinburgh, where it appears under date April 3, 1566: "For bearing dailis and puncheons fra the Blackferis to the Croce with the Gibbet and *Madin*, and awaiting thereon, the day when Thomas Scot was justefit, vijsh. To Andro Gotterson, smyth, for grynding of the *Madin*, vsh." Now, though Morton was one of the most guilty parties in the murder of Rizzio, for which the comparatively humble Thomas Scot was "justefit," this event was fifteen years antecedent to the death of the Regent. In the ensuing August, Andro Gotterson gets five shillings "for grynding of the Widow." Are we to suppose that the *Maiden* and the *Widow* were at this time employed as convertible terms for the same instrument? It is shrewdly remarked, in a clever book just published,* that the story of Morton's being the first to suffer by the Maiden, is "just such an exaggeration as the popular voice most affects. Thus, to the fact that Deacon Brodie suffered by his own improved drop, common fame has added the embellishment that he was the first to prove its efficiency. And thus Dr Joseph-Ignace Guillotin died quietly in his bed, on the 26th of May 1814, aged three score and seven years,† long after it was universally reported and believed that he had perished by the machine which has given to his name an immortality of infamy."

The Earl of Gowrie in 1584 (father of the celebrated conspirator) seems to have been the only man of distinction who suffered by the Maiden between the period of Morton's death and the time of the Civil War. Hanging and burning were the favourite modes of execution during the intermediate age. The instrument appears to have been again brought into use in 1646, when the Scotch Parliament found an opportunity of wreaking their vengeance upon Sir Robert Spottiswood, the distinguished Royalist, who had been taken prisoner at the battle of Philiphaugh. Sir Robert had come to Scotland with a commission from Charles I. as secretary of state: it could not be alleged against him that he had borne arms among the Royalists, unless, as he said, his walking-cane could be so designated. In fact, his only real crime was that of being son to the late Archbishop of St Andrews. Nevertheless, the Estates determined that he should suffer. They were at that time sitting at St Andrews, on account of the plague which raged in Edinburgh, and they determined to have their iniquitous sentence carried into execution in that town, from an idea that the seat of his father's aggrandisement was an appropriate scene for the degradation of their victim. They accordingly issued the following warrant to have the Maiden brought to St Andrews from Dundee, in which town, for some reason unknown, it happened to be at that time.

"Decimo sexto Januarii, 1646—38 die Parl. at St Andrews.—The Estates of Parliament give hereby warrant to transport the Maiden from Dundee to St Androis, and ordains the Magistrates of Dundee to deliver the Maiden to sic as sal be sent from the town of St

Androis for transporting thereof. Quhairanent thir presents sal be ane warrant."

It was accordingly used for the execution of this venerable gentleman—one of those rash and vindictive proceedings which were only expiated in the succeeding reign by the oppressions and persecutions to which the Scottish Presbyterians were in their turn subjected by the Royalists. Two or three other prisoners taken at Philiphaugh were executed by the Maiden.

The next personage who fell a sacrifice to it was the Marquis of Huntly, in 1649. About this period, and for some years later, it was used to execute almost all kinds of criminals. We have observed from a manuscript abridgement of the Books of Justiciary in the Advocates' Library, that even women guilty of child-murder were executed by it. Perhaps it was as a peculiarly ignominious distinction that the Marquis of Montrose, in 1650, was hanged. A return to the disgrace of the rope, in his case, might be looked upon as not the least severe part of a punishment intended to comprehend every possible indignity.

After the Restoration, if less actively employed, the Maiden was still continued in use. It was brought into play at the execution of the Marquis of Argyll, in 1661, as also that of his son the Earl in 1685; the latter, in kneeling to submit his neck to the axe, embraced the instrument in his arms, and said it was the sweetest maiden he had ever kissed. After this time, there occurs no notice of its ever having been again employed.

SNATCHES OF CONTINENTAL RECOLLECTIONS.

THE BELGIAN CURRENCY, AND OTHER MATTERS.

THE money currency of Belgium is not yet of a perfectly uniform character, but is much superior to that of Holland. The Dutch coinage is execrable. With the exception of the handsome ten-guilder and five-guilder gold pieces, which resemble our sovereigns and half-sovereigns, the principal part of the current coin consists of florins or guilders, value twentypence, half and quarter florins, and dubbletjes. These are formed of a base mixture of brass and silver, and being greatly worn, they have the appearance of bad English shillings and sixpences of the old coinage. The dubbletje, which is of the value of two stivers or pence, is a paltry little thing, perfectly smooth on the sides, and with edges almost as sharp as a knife. On account of this sharpness, the dubbletje is often used as a weapon of offence by the Dutch boors in their quarrels with each other; for when held firmly between the knuckles of the closed fist, it is capable of inflicting a slashing wound upon the face of an antagonist.

The notice of this quality in the dubbletje reminds me of an anecdote which was mentioned to me in Holland. On one occasion, many years ago, the inhabitants of a village had assembled for some purpose in the court-house—(every Dutch village, however insignificant, has its court-house or hall for the transaction of public business)—and, as usual at such meetings, their knives, of which each person carried one, were hung round the wall. It was an understood law in these rude assemblages, that no one should touch the knife of another, on pain of an immediate encounter. At the meeting to which I allude, there chanced to be two individuals of very opposite appearance and character. One was a tall and stout man, as his name Sterkus would seem to import, and of a most turbulent disposition. The other, called Jantje, or Little John, was a dwarfish being, active withal, but hunchbacked from an injury in his youth, and distinguished in the district as of a singularly gentle and inoffensive temper. Whether from heedlessness or design, Jantje, in wandering round the hall to examine the display of weapons, touched that which belonged to Sterkus, who, glad of an opportunity of quarrelling, instantly challenged the little fellow to single combat. As the odds were most unequal, all exclaimed against this cruel proposal, and endeavoured to pacify the enraged giant. As for poor Jantje, he expressed concern for his error, and begged to be forgiven. But no; nothing would satisfy Sterkus but an immediate engagement. After a certain time spent in wrangling on the subject, Jantje seemed to pluck up courage, and declared, to the astonishment of all, that he accepted the challenge to single combat. With a spirit flashing from his eyes that no one had previously imagined him to be possessed of, he stood forth and demanded that as he was thus forced to fight, he should have the free choice of the weapons wherewith he was to defend himself. An universal shout of approbation gave him the choice which he desired. Retiring for a moment from the room, he returned, armed with an old shoe in one hand, and a dubbletje in the other. The amazement of all was awakened at this extraordinary kind of preparation, which bore no small resemblance to that of David when he went out to meet Goliath. Jantje, however, felt confident in his choice, and the fight began. A few rounds

* The Book of Bon Accord, or a Guide to the City of Aberdeen. Aberdeen, Lewis Smith. 1839.

† He was even older, if the following interesting notice of him in the Biographie Moderne be true: "Guillotin, a physician at Paris, born at Saintes on the 29th of March 1738, deputy from the tiers-état of Paris to the States-general, lived almost unknown before the Revolution; and what caused him to be chosen a deputy, was, that he had been fixed on to prepare a writing called the Petition of the Six Corporations, which became interesting on account of the effect it produced on the public mind, and the suit commenced by the court of law at Paris against the author, who, after having been summoned to the bar, was carried back in triumph by the people. When appointed a member of the National Assembly, Guillotin attracted attention chiefly by a great gentleness of disposition. On the 1st of December 1789, he made a speech on the penal code, in which a tone of the greatest humanity obtained, and which terminated by a proposal for substituting, as less cruel than the cord, that fatal machine which received his name, and which in the end sacrificed so many victims. In 1790, he again took a part in the discussions on the penal code. Some persons, carried away by the horror this machine has since excited, have considered as a monster one of the gentlest, and, at the same time, most obscure men of the Revolution. Nobody has deplored more bitterly than he the fatal use that has been made of his invention. Those who are acquainted with Guillotin describe him as a clever, cool, reserved man, of unblemished integrity, who in some sort retired from the Revolution when he perceived the course to which it was directed. He is at the present day [1811] one of the best physicians in Paris, and is commissioned by government to direct the discovery of the cow-pox."—*Biographie Moderne*, li. 194.

* History of the House and Race of Douglas and Angus, by Mr David Hume of Godscroft; fourth edition; li. 291.

showed that Jantje had not miscalculated the nature of his tactics. Sterkus attacked him with his large knife, dealing out blows, at every one of which the spectators expected to see poor Jantje annihilated; but the little man used so much dexterity in warding off the blows with the shoe in one hand as his shield, while with the dubbletje in the other, and by a well-timed leap, he cut and scratched his adversary's face in such a manner that the giant, quite exhausted with his vain efforts, and pained with the slashings which the piece of money occasioned, was at last obliged to yield to Jantje. He left the field, his face covered alike with shame and blood, while his triumphant antagonist, comparatively unharmed, was loudly cheered and congratulated by the company, who now declared that his name should ever afterwards be Jantje Kordaat, or Little John the Bold.

Returning, after this digression, to the subject of coinage, it may be observed that the common money currency of Prussia and the smaller states, is nearly as bad as that of Holland. The Frederick d'or of gold, value 16s. 9d., and the double and half Fredericks, are elegant pieces; the silver thaler, value about 3s., is also of respectable appearance; but all the inferior coins, assumed to be silver, are of the same base metal as the Dutch florins. Small bank-notes, bearing to be for a thaler each, are common in the Prussian provinces.

When the stranger enters Belgium, he finds himself in a land of intelligible coins. Some of the Dutch money is still in currency, but the greater part of the coins in circulation are of a new mintage, the head of Leopold being on one side, and the value of the piece marked on the other. The money reckoning is precisely the same as that of France, being by francs and centimes. The new silver coins are half-francs, francs, and five-franc pieces.

The Belgians have likewise adopted the French system of weights and measures. As I do not remember having ever seen this system described by any traveller, I shall here attempt an account of it, culling the main particulars from an intelligent little work which I procured in Brussels, called the "Hand-Book for Belgium."

The French system of weights and measures is established on a principle much more simple and unerring than that in use in England—the former is of universal application, the latter can never be any thing but local. The French unity of length and weight is based on an invariable dimension of the terrestrial globe, which is recognisable in all countries. It is independent of all extrinsic notions, such as gravity and the arbitrary subdivisions of duration, an advantage which the length of a seconds pendulum certainly does not present. The admeasurement, then, of a fourth of the earth's meridian—an ideal circle going round the globe from pole to pole at right angles with the equator—constitutes the basis of the French system. The length of this fourth of the meridian is divided into 10,000,000 parts; a single ten-millionth part is the *metre*, or the unity of long measure. (A metre is equal to 39 English inches.)

A square, measuring on each side 10 metres, forms the *are*, or the unity of the mensuration of surface. (160 ares are equal to one British acre).

A cube, measuring on each of its sides one metre, constitutes the *stère*: used for dry measure.

A cube, measuring on each of its sides the tenth part of a metre, is the unity of volume. A vessel, gauging such a cube, is the unity of liquid measures, and is called the *litre*. (A litre is equal to about a pint and three quarters, or nearly a quart, English measure).

The weight of a cube of water, measuring on each of its sides the 100th part of a metre, is the unity of weight, and is called the *gramme*. A thousand grammes of pure water at its greatest density (about 40 degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer), are of course equivalent to the litre. (A thousand grammes (a killogramme) weigh about 2½ pounds British).

These unities being often too great or too small for common use, they constitute the basis of new unities on the simple decimal principle. The names of these new unities are formed from Greek and Latin words. If to express multiplication of the original unity, Greek is used; if to express division of the original unity, Latin, or words slightly modified from the Latin, is used. The Greek words are *deca*, for ten, *hecto* a hundred, *kilo* a thousand, and *myria* ten thousand. The Latin words are *deci*, for ten, *cento* a hundred, and *milli* a thousand. These various words are placed before, or prefixed to, the principal unity. Thus, the *decamètre* is equal to ten metres, and the *decimètre* is the tenth part of a metre; the *hectolitre* is equal to 100 litres, and the *centilitre* is the hundredth part of a litre; the *killogramme* is equal to a thousand grammes, and the *milligramme* is the thousandth part of a gramme.

The connection between these weights and measures

will now be clearly seen. The *are* is the square decametre; the *litre* is the cubic decimetre; and the killogramme is the weight of a litre of pure water at its maximum density.

The currency of the country being assimilated by decimal reckoning to the weights and measures, it may be safely averred that the whole world cannot produce a more simple and immutable plan of calculation than that now in use in France and Belgium.

Throughout Holland and Belgium there is established a most rigorous and exact method of registering births, originating, I believe, in the principle in the constitution, that every male citizen is born a soldier, and is liable to be called to arms when he attains a certain age. According to law, every birth, whether of a male or female, must be registered in the town-books within twenty-four hours, under a severe penalty for neglect. No child can be baptised (at least in Holland) until this preliminary has been effected; a certificate of the registration is the clergyman's warrant to baptise. Should the child afterwards die, the name is erased from the roll of births. By this plan of registration, the civic authorities can point out annually whose turn it is to be drafted into the militia, and check every attempt at false assumptions of citizenship. So excellent has been the practice of registration in Holland for a long period of time, that genealogies can with great ease be traced in that country.

There exists in Holland, though I am not aware that the law extends to Belgium, a most annoying set of regulations regarding marriage. A marriage cannot be legally solemnised without the consent of the parents of both parties, or, if the parents be dead, a certificate to that effect must be lodged. It would be difficult to estimate the degree of annoyance caused by these absurd arrangements; in some instances, as I was informed, parties desirous of being married, but who could not fulfil the conditions of the law, have left the country for England, and there been united.

NATURALIST'S LIBRARY—SEALS, &c.

THE twenty-third volume of Mr Lizars's beautiful and most meritorious work, the Naturalist's Library, just published, is chiefly occupied by an account of the Amphibious Carnivora (walrus, seals, &c.), the production of Dr Robert Hamilton of Edinburgh. To this is added an account of the group of Herbivorous Cetacea, including the Manatee (the mermaid of ill-informed observers), the Dugong, &c. The whole treatise is in the highest degree creditable to the series, and to the talents and industry of the writer. Over and above all consideration of its merits as a popular treatise, it presents much new information on the Amphibious Carnivora, and portraits of several species, not formerly depicted. Such a volume, with thirty copper engravings, all (except three) coloured after nature, for six shillings, must be held as one of not the least wonders of this wonder-working age.

Dr Hamilton gives, in conclusion, a view of all that has been reported respecting the supposed great sea-serpent and kraken, creatures which have hitherto made a much greater figure in sailors' tales and newspaper paragraphs, than in the annals of natural history. Our author is inclined to admit that the reports respecting them, though exaggerated and often wrong, are not all destitute of foundation in truth. The kraken he supposes to be an unusually large species of the sepia or cuttle-fish—a sea mollusk, which is authentically known sometimes to reach the great size indicated by a breadth of twelve feet. His account of the Great Sea-Serpent we shall present entire, as a portion of the work likely, while entertaining our readers, to support the few words of praise which we have bestowed upon the whole.

"That much fable and exaggeration have been mixed up with the history of the great sea-serpent, cannot be doubted; still, however, the inquiry recurs, What portion of truth is involved amidst this error?"

We turn, first, to an account of an animal which apparently belonged to this class, which was stranded in the island of Stronsa, one of the Orkneys, in the year 1808, and which was first seen entire, and measured by respectable individuals, and afterwards, when dead and broken in pieces by the violence of the waves, was again examined by many; portions of it being secured, such as the skull, and upper bones of the swimming paws, by Mr Laing, a neighbouring proprietor; and other portions, such as the vertebrae, &c., by being deposited and beautifully preserved in the Royal Museum of the University of Edinburgh, and in the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons. An able paper on these latter fragments, and on the wreck of the animal, was read by the late Dr Barclay to the Wernerian Society, and will be found in the first volume of its Transactions, to which we refer. We can allow space only for a very short abridgement of these docu-

ments, which, be it remembered, furnish an account of the animal principally after it had been mutilated; and hence we cannot wonder if the original accounts are both imperfect and contradictory. It measured fifty-six feet in length, and twelve in circumference. The head was small, not being a foot in length, from the snout to the first vertebra; the neck was slender, extending to the length of fifteen feet. All the accounts agree in assigning it blow-holes, though they differ as to their precise situation. On the shoulders, something like a bristly mane commenced, which extended to near the extremity of the tail. It had three pairs of fins or paws connected with the body; the anterior were the largest, measuring more than four feet in length, and their extremities were somewhat like toes, partially webbed. Dr Fleming, in his notice of this animal, suggests that these members were probably the remains of pectoral, ventral, and caudal fins. The skin was smooth, without scales, and of a greyish colour; and the flesh appeared like coarse ill-coloured beef. The eye was of the size of the seal's; the throat was too narrow to admit the hand. From the many affidavits proffered by most respectable individuals, as well as from other circumstances narrated, there is no manner of doubt as to the existence of some such animal.

We shall next allude to the unvarnished account recently given, of a great animal which excited considerable astonishment and alarm among the western isles of Scotland. The following extract is taken from a letter of Mr Maclean, the parish minister of Eigg, dated 1809, to Dr Neill, the learned and worthy secretary of the Wernerian Society:—"I saw the animal of which you inquire in June 1808, on the coast of Coll. Rowing along that coast, I observed, at about the distance of half a mile, an object to windward, which gradually excited astonishment. At first view it appeared like a small rock; but knowing that there was no rock in that situation, I fixed my eyes closely upon it. Then I saw it elevated considerably above the level of the sea, and, after a slow movement, distinctly perceived one of its eyes. Alarmed at the unusual appearance and magnitude of the animal, I steered so as to be at no great distance from the shore. When nearly in a line between it and the shore, the monster, directing its head, which still continued above water, towards us, plunged violently under water. Certain that he was in chase of us, we plied hard to get ashore. Just as we leapt out on a rock, and had taken a station as high as we conveniently could, we saw it coming rapidly under water towards the stern of our boat. When within a few yards of it, finding the water shallow, it raised its monstrous head above water, and, by a winding course, got, with apparent difficulty, clear of the creek where our boat lay, and where the monster seemed in danger of being embayed. It continued to move off with its head above water, and with the wind, for about half a mile, before we lost sight of it. Its head was somewhat broad, and of form somewhat oval; its neck somewhat smaller; its shoulders, if I can so term them, considerably broader, and thence it tapered towards the tail, which last it kept pretty low in the water, so that a view of it could not be taken so distinctly as I wished. It had no fins that I could perceive, and seemed to me to move progressively by undulation up and down. Its length I believed to be between seventy and eighty feet. When nearest to me, it did not raise its head wholly above water, so that the neck being under water, I could perceive no shining filaments thereon, if it had any. Its progressive motion under water I took to be very rapid. About the time I saw it, it was seen near the Isle of Canna. The crews of thirteen fishing-boats, I am told, were so much terrified at its appearance, that they, in a body, fled from it to the nearest creek for safety. On the passage from Rum to Canna, the crew of one boat saw it coming towards them, with the wind, and its head high above water. One of the crew pronounced the head as large as a little boat, and its eye as large as a plate. The men were much terrified, but the monster offered them no molestation." Dr Hibbert mentions that the great sea-serpent has occasionally been recognised in the Shetland seas, and specifies one which was seen off the Isle of Stanness, Vaeley Island, and Dunvossness.

We now turn to several instances of the appearance of the sea-serpent which have been witnessed off the coast of America, and we do so by referring first to the Report published by a Committee appointed by the Linnean Society of New England, to collect all the evidence they could obtain on the subject. In the month of August 1817, it was generally reported that a very singular animal of prodigious size had been frequently seen in the harbour of Gloucester, Cape Ann, about thirty miles from Boston. In general appearance it resembled a serpent, and was said to move with astonishing rapidity. It was visible only in calm and bright weather, and floated on the surface of the water, like a number of buoys following each other in a line.

In the report to which we have referred, the affidavits of a great many individuals of unblemished character are collected, which leaves no room to apprehend any thing like deceit. They do not agree in every minute particular, but in regard to its great length, and snake-like form, they are harmonious. The first person who makes deposition, saw it for nearly half an hour, at the distance of two hundred and fifty yards. At

that distance he could not take in the two extremities with his glass. The second witness deposes that he observed a strange marine animal, which he believed to be a serpent: it continued in sight for nearly an hour and a half, and moved through the water with great rapidity, at the rate of a mile in two, or, at most, three minutes. On another occasion, he saw it lying perfectly still, extended on the water, and displaying about fifty feet of its body. The third witness judged it to be between eighty and ninety feet in length, with the head formed somewhat like the rattlesnake, but nearly as large as that of the horse. At one time it showed about fifty distinct portions of its body. The fourth witness saw it open its mouth, which appeared like that of a serpent. Another shot his gun loaded with ball at it, at the distance of thirty feet; when he found the monster immediately turned round, as if intending to approach him, and passed very near the boat. The tenth deposition we shall give somewhat more fully. 'On the 20th of June 1815, my boy informed me of an unusual appearance on the surface of the sea in the Cove. When I viewed it through the glass, I was in a moment satisfied that it was some aquatic animal, with the form, motions, and appearance of which I was not previously acquainted. It was about a quarter of a mile from the shore, and was moving with great rapidity to the southward; it appeared almost thirty feet in length. Presently it turned about, and then displayed a greater length, I suppose at least one hundred feet. It then came towards me very rapidly, and lay entirely still on the surface of the water. His appearance then was like a string of buoys. I saw thirty or forty of these protuberances, or hunches, which were about the size of a barrel. The head appeared six or eight feet long, and tapered off to the size of a horse's head. He then appeared about one hundred and twenty feet long; the body appeared of an uniform size; the colour deep brown. I could not discover any eye, mane, gills, or breathing holes; I did not see any fins or lips.' We add that there are many other depositions equally pointed as to the occurrence of this extraordinary creature, and several letters respecting it; one from the Honourable Lonsom Nash, one of the committee of the Linnean Society, and himself an eye-witness; and another, addressed by a clergyman to Judge Davis, the president of the society. General Humphreys, by whom the affidavits were taken, transmitted a copy of them, and a detail of the whole circumstances, to the late Sir Joseph Banks, in whose library the documents are still preserved.

An animal of similar appearance was again seen in August 1819, off Nahant, Boston, which remained in the neighbourhood for some weeks. When first seen, it was stationary for four hours near the shore, and two hundred persons assembled to view it. Thirteen folds were counted, and the head, which was serpent-shaped, was elevated two feet above the surface. Its eye was remarkably brilliant and glistening. The water was smooth, and the weather calm and serene. When it disappeared, its motion was undulatory, making curves perpendicular to the surface of the water, and giving the appearance of a long moving string of corks. The last notice we have seen of this American animal bears date July 1833. The Boston and New York papers of that date state that the sea-serpent had again appeared off Nahant. 'It was first seen on Saturday afternoon, passing between Egg Rock and the Promontory, winding his way into Lynn Harbour, and again on Sunday morning, heading for South Shores. He was seen by forty or fifty ladies and gentlemen, who insist that they could not have been deceived.'

In connection with the animal thus seen in America, we must not omit the authentic account of a previously undescribed species of serpent, which has a striking resemblance in some of its features to the apocryphal animal on which we are now dwelling. The Boston Society of Natural History has the merit of having first brought this serpent under the notice of zoologists, and the committee who described it, unhesitatingly regarded it as a specimen of one of the young of the great sea-serpent. It was seen and killed in September 1817, near Sandy Bay, between a salt lake and the sea, at no great distance from the shore, and was speedily brought to Boston for the examination of the society. It was a yard long all but half an inch. The contour of the back exhibited its most singular feature, for here was found a waving line, produced by a series of permanent risings, which commenced near the head, and extended, almost without interruption, to the tail; their total number being forty. The body could be bent with the greatest facility in the vertical direction, especially at the undulations, but not without great difficulty laterally. The society applied the name of *Scoliophis Atlanticus*. M. de Blainville, in analysing the various documents which have been published concerning this serpent, remarks—'That a new species of serpent has been discovered in America, which is really very singular, especially as it regards its vertebral column, ribs, and mode of progression, appears certain; but that this small serpent is precisely of the same species as the great marine animal which has appeared off the coast, and whose existence we can scarcely deny, is very doubtful.'

But long before the great sea-serpent was ever suspected of being a visitor of the British isles, or of the New World, it was regarded as a well-known member of the Fauna of Scandinavia. In this connection we will not omit the unquestionably exaggerated statements of the honest missionary Hans Egede, concerning what he tells us he himself witnessed off the coast of Green-

land in the year 1734. After speaking of the mermaid, &c. he adds, 'None of these sea monsters have been seen by us, nor by any of our time that I could hear, save that most dreadful monster which showed itself on the surface of the water off our colony, in 64 degrees north latitude. This monster was of so huge a size, that, coming out of the water, its head reached as high as the main-mast; its body was as bulky as the ship, and three or four times as long. It had a long pointed snout, and spouted like a whale-fish; it had great broad paws; the body seemed covered with shell-work, and the skin was very rugged and uneven. The under part of its body was shaped like an enormous huge serpent; and when it dived again under water, it plunged backwards into the sea, and so raised its tail aloft, which seemed a whole ship's length distant from the bulkiest part of its body.' In the New History of Greenland, our author again speaks of this animal, and informs us that Mr Bing, another of the missionaries, took a drawing of it.

Finally, we subjoin the accounts, older and more recent, given of this animal in what may be called its native retreats. We shall begin with a short abridgement of the information supplied in Pontoppidon's Natural History of Norway:—'Our coast,' says the learned bishop, 'is the only place in Europe visited by this terrible creature. This makes many persons, who are enemies to credulity, entertain doubts about it. I have questioned its existence myself, till that suspicion was removed by full and sufficient evidence from credible and experienced fishermen and sailors, of which there are hundreds who can testify that they have annually seen them. All these persons agree very well in the general description. In all my inquiries, I have scarcely spoken to any intelligent person who was not able to give strong assurances of the existence of this fish; and some of our traders think it a very strange question when they are seriously asked whether there be such a creature; they think it as ridiculous as if the question were put to them whether there be such fish as cod or eel.' After this, a long letter is supplied from Captain L. de Ferry, who was in his boat, with a crew of eight men, when they saw a sea-serpent, which he fired at and wounded. His description very much agrees with that already given, and every particular is authenticated by the affidavits of two of his crew. We are also informed that Governor Berestrap states, that he saw a similar animal a few years before, and drew a sketch of it. Mr Hans Strom, a clergyman, also caused a sketch to be made of one which came under his inspection, and other eye-witnesses are named. The bishop concludes, 'I might mention to the same purpose many more persons of equal credit and reputation.' But we must bring these statements of Pontoppidon to a close with one other short quotation. 'Though it is difficult to ascertain its exact dimensions, yet all who have seen it are unanimous in affirming that it appears to be about six hundred feet long; that it lies in the water in many folds, and there appears like so many hogheads floating in a line, at a considerable distance from each other.'

Again, Sir A. de Capell Brooke makes allusion to this animal in his 'Travels in Norway.' He states that he did not witness it himself, but that the fishermen of Sejerstad stated that it was seen in 1818, in the Fjorden. In July 1819, it made its appearance off Otersund in Norway, and Captain Schilderup stated to Sir Arthur that it was seen daily during the whole month, and continued while the warm weather lasted, as if dosing in the sunbeams. When Captain Schilderup first saw it, he was in a boat at the distance of about two hundred yards, and supposes its length to have been about six hundred feet. The Bishop of Nordland had seen two of them about eight miles from Drontheim; he was not far from them, and considered the largest to be about one hundred feet. Again, in 1822, one of these creatures, reported to be as bulky as a large ox, and about a fourth of an English mile in length, made its appearance off the island of Sorø, near Timmask, and was seen by many of the islanders.

The most recent account of this monster we have noticed, appeared in the public newspapers of Drontheim, in the autumn of 1837, and we confess we cannot regard it as a sheer fabrication:—The Adis of this city contains an account from Tozen of the end of August, which it says was communicated to the editor by a very enlightened and principled man, so that it merits attention, as tending to remove the doubt respecting the existence of the sea-serpent. The account says, that since the beginning of the dog-days, the serpent has been seen at various parts of the coast of that district. One of them seems to have remained constantly during this summer near Storfosen, at the Kergvang Islands. Several fishermen have been so dreadfully alarmed at the sudden appearance of the serpent so near their boats, that they did not know in what direction to escape. The serpent did not attack, but followed the boat for some distance, and the men in their haste so over-exerted themselves, that two were confined to their beds. Very credible persons affirm that the length of the sea-serpent may be taken at six hundred or eight hundred ells, or perhaps more; for when these people were near its head, they could not discern its tail. Its greatest thickness is close to the head. These observations were made very clearly within these few days, amongst others, by a credible, sensible man, who, with his two sons, was on our island where they landed, and where the serpent, after following their boat, swam slowly by.'

With these extracts, and without further comment,

we close our account of the great sea-serpent, only remarking, that till favouring circumstances bring the animal under the examination of naturalists, the satisfaction which is desiderated respecting it is scarcely to be expected."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

CHARLES ROLLIN.

CHARLES ROLLIN was born at Paris on the 30th of January 1661. He was the son of a respectable tradesman, a cutler, who gave him the advantage of a good elementary education. The father died, however, while Charles was yet very young, and the latter was under the necessity of devoting himself, for the sake of his widowed mother and his brothers and sisters, to his father's employment. Having already acquired a strong predilection for a life of scholarship and study, young Rollin felt the deepest regret at being compelled to relinquish his favourite hopes, but the evil seemed without remedy; and had accident not intervened to give a new turn to his affairs, Paris would have had the services of a very indifferent cutler for a half century or so, and the world would have lost, for all time to come, the enjoyment of a great historian.

An old Benedictine priest, who was in the habit of performing mass every morning in the church of the White-Mantles, at Paris, observed a boy of pensive and resigned appearance to be extremely regular in his attendance on religious service. For a long time, the priest had no intercourse with the boy, yet felt a most sincere interest in him, on account of conduct so little seen in children of his age. At last the good Benedictine took an opportunity one day, at the conclusion of mass, to accost the young devotee. "My son," said he, "you appear to be an unusually good boy, and I feel that I have a great partiality for you; will you come home with me, that we may become acquainted?" The youth gladly followed the priest, and the pair were soon seated over a comfortable breakfast. "Come, my child," said the Benedictine, at its conclusion, "open your heart to me, and inform me of your name and prospects in life." Charles Rollin speedily acquainted the good father with the particulars of his situation. "After my father died," said he, "my mother said to me, 'Charles, my child, you must learn your father's profession for my sake, and for that of your little brothers and sisters. You must make a sacrifice of your love of learning to duty.' I did so; I began to learn the trade of cutlery, but alas! father, I am not expert at it, and they say I shall never be anything but a sorry workman." The boy shed tears as he spoke. The Benedictine was moved, and exclaimed, "Such worthy inclinations shall not be lost to the world. You shall quit this profession, my poor boy, which suits you so ill. You shall return to your beloved studies; I myself will place you at the College of Plessis."

The priest was as good as his word, and the young devotee of the White-Mantles was ere long provided with a bursary at the College of Plessis, then one of the most learned establishments in France. Charles Rollin now found himself in his element, and rapidly rose to a prominent position among the numerous pupils of the seminary. He here formed a strong intimacy with the sons of M. Pelletier, then minister of the country; a connection which endured, with great benefit and pleasure to all parties, for many succeeding years. The minister had young Rollin introduced to him; and observing his uncommon talents and excellent dispositions, made him the companion and partner of the young Pelletiers, not only in their studies, but in their recreations. A source of the most unalloyed pride and satisfaction it was to the widowed mother of Charles, when the latter first came to her door in a splendid carriage, accompanied by the statesman's two sons, with whom he had been spending a portion of the holidays, and whom he had now brought to pass a day beneath his mother's humble roof. It is related, that when the cutler's widow beheld her Charles spring from the carriage before his companions, she felt scandalised at the want of deference which such an act manifested towards the minister's sons. She held her peace, nevertheless, and, after embracing her boy, invited his companions to enter, with great respect. The youths partook heartily of the meal of fruits and milk set before them, laughed, sang, and were as merry as possible. When the carriage came again to the door to take them away, Charles Rollin was about to enter it first, when his mother, who could not brook this second breach of due respect, exclaimed, "Shame, Charles! You were the first to leave the carriage, and you are the first to enter it, as if it were your own." "My dear madam," said one of the young Pelletiers, "you must not scold Charles. He is the head of our class, and must have the first place every where by right."

After perfecting himself in the study of letters and philosophy, Rollin dedicated three years to the study of theology at the college of the Sorbonne, and thus added strength to the devotional feelings for which he was always remarkable, although he did not enter the priesthood. He was not long, however, in attaining a fitting position in life. In the same college in which he had been brought up on charity, a professorship fell vacant when he had reached the age of twenty-two, and the retiring professor pointed him out as a fit successor to himself. Rollin received this appointment in the year 1683, and held it till 1687, when he was removed to the chair of rhetoric. In the succeeding year, he was raised to one of the highest literary professorships in

France, being nominated to the chair of eloquence in the Royal College.

This lofty position, to which the son of the humble cutler's widow had attained solely by the display of merit and industry, was not disgraced by its new possessor. Rollin consecrated himself to the youth of his country; they became his family, his glory, his pride. The duties of his office did not bound his exertions in their favour. He was an universal teacher; and as he himself had been first aided by the accidental notice of the good Benedictine, so did he become in turn the liberal patron of struggling talent. The university with which he was connected owed to him many salutary reforms, among the most important of which may be ranked his revival of the use of the French tongue in the colleges, where it had fallen almost into desuetude, to the great discouragement of native literature. Rollin, in his prelections, displayed the beauty of the masterpieces of eloquence and poesy in the maternal language, and thus did a service to his country, which was powerfully and beneficially felt in the labours of the ensuing generation. The taste for Greek, also, had become almost obsolete, when Rollin lent his aid in reviving the study of the tongue. He had an opportunity of introducing many more reforms into the collegiate system, when he was appointed rector of his university, which took place in 1694. This elevation, an extraordinary one for a young man of thirty-three years of age, shows the eminence to which he had arrived in the estimation of the public and his brethren.

While actively fulfilling his rectorial duties, visiting colleges, and instituting reforms that were long felt in France, Rollin, from this time forward, began to devote much of his life to study. "Watching by day with paternal care over the youth of France committed to his charge, he spent his nights," says a French author, "in writing works for them. And what works! At once the most simple and the most learned, the most instructive and the most amusing, that ever, perhaps, were composed! In these books you have the thoughts and reflections of a great and enlightened mind, combined with all the fervour and energy of a good master, writing for his scholars." Allusion is here made to Rollin's *Treatise on Education*, and to his historical works; but it is proper to observe that the first of his productions did not appear till 1715, previous to which time the subject of our memoir had for a number of years filled another important situation connected with the instruction of youth, in addition to those already held by him. He was appointed colleague to another man of learning in the principalship of the college of Beauvais. This appointment but extended the sphere of Rollin's exertions, and consequently of his utility. It was in 1715 that Rollin's first published work of any consequence, an edition of Quinctilian, with a valuable preface and notes, came from the press. In the same year, he was selected by the Royal College to draw up a reply to the Regent of France, in acknowledgment of favours received by the college at the hands of the regency. The discourse pronounced by the subject of our memoir on this occasion, was some time afterwards thrown into an extended form, and published under the title of a *Treatise on Education* or study. This work contained the fruits of his experience in teaching, and was highly praised. One attack, indeed, was made upon its doctrines; but the objections were soon forgotten, and would not have been mentioned here but for the honourable fact that Rollin, when the author of that critique was disgraced by the court, made him an offer of his purse and every possible assistance in that season of adversity.

The great work on *Ancient History*, which is to this day perused by almost every adult who can read, came next from the pen of Rollin. It appeared originally in thirteen volumes, all of which were given to the world between the years 1730 and 1738. Few works have obtained a more extensive reputation than this, which filled up a great gap existing up to that period in historical literature, and filled it up in such a way that it remains till this hour the standard work on the subject. Considering the immense amount of learning, labour, and research, requisite for the production of a view of the whole world's history, during a period of four thousand years, we must allow, that, had Rollin done nothing but this in his entire life, his claim on the gratitude of mankind would have been strong and incontrovertible. The *Ancient History* spread rapidly over Europe, and several foreign princes expressed their thanks in a direct manner to the author. Among others, Frederick the Great, then prince-royal of Prussia, entered into correspondence with Rollin. This epistolary intercourse continued until Frederick ascended the throne, when Rollin closed it in a manner characteristically delicate and modest. "I respect too much," said he, "the great duties of a sovereign to his people, to intrude, as heretofore, on your majesty's time, and will confine in future the expression of my profound respect to the transmission of my humble works." In France, the *History* of Rollin has ever been a subject of pride, both to the writer's contemporaries and to the succeeding generation. Alluding to the uncommon purity of his language, and the general charm of his style, Montesquieu called Rollin "the bee of France;" and Chateaubriand has warmly praised him, for the virtuous spirit which pervades the work from its commencement to the close. Most impartial persons at the present day, however, will be inclined to admit, that the devotional spirit of Rollin has led him to moralise much more largely and more frequently than was consistent

with the nature of his task, or was likely to be beneficial.

Soon after the publication of his *Ancient History*, Rollin resolved to prepare a work on the *History of Rome*; but he had only finished the first five books, when his death took place (September 3, 1741), to the universal regret of the world of letters, which had fondly hoped that he would live to perfect his historical epitome. The minor works of Rollin were afterwards published, consisting of *Letters*, *Discourses* in Latin and French, and *Poetical Pieces* in Latin. We have now enumerated all the printed works of Rollin. If some readers be inclined to think their amount trifling, let these individuals turn to Gibbon and other historians, and they will at once discover the cause to lie in the vastness of the toil and research requisite to produce great original works of a historical nature, where the consultation and comparison of authorities are tasks for a lifetime.

In his private character as a man, Rollin was the same simple earnest being that he was in boyhood. His humble origin he never forgot, and this led him incessantly to seek out the poor and friendless lovers of learning, and to help them onwards on their path. His frugality gave him the means of doing this, although his disinterested desire for the advancement of learning induced him to refrain from taking even the just emoluments of his various offices, and kept his income always on a low scale. He would not even appropriate any of the profits derived from the sale of his works, but, on the contrary, entered into one sole condition with his publisher, that the latter should permit the author to reimburse him in full, if the productions were unsuccessful—thus binding himself to take all the risk, while he would take none of the profits. This excessive self-denial exhibited itself in all points of his domestic economy. In his little house on the summit of Mount St Genevieve, he employed till the day of his death the same furniture which had been used by his mother. The principal of the university sat upon the same chair which had served the poor cutler's son. In his small garden, planted with cabbage, Rollin received the visits of the greatest men of the day, statesmen, warriors, nobles, and philosophers, the poets Boileau and Racine, Rousseau, and other illustrious names. Loaded with testimonies of esteem and love from such men as these, and enjoying a calm cheerfulness of spirits that flowed from a pure conscience, Rollin, at the age of eighty, sank gently into the tomb. The house where he lived so long, and which was honoured by the presence of so many famous personages, is now, as a recent French writer tells us, the residence of a gardener; and the room which was the study of Rollin, and where he composed his great historical work, is at this moment a stable. "But what of this?" says the narrator of these facts; "the glory of the man is not confined within four walls; it has the world for a dwelling, men for its judges, and all ages to bestow on it the meed of applause!"

CONSUMPTION OF TOBACCO IN THE UNITED STATES.

It appears, from official documents published by the government of the United States, that a surprising increase of the use of tobacco has taken place in that country, and that the annual consumption now amounts to upwards of one hundred millions of pounds. Estimating the population of that country at 14,300,000, which is near the truth, this will give seven pounds for every man, woman, and child. The sum annually paid by the consumers of this quantity of tobacco in its manufactured state, has been computed, by a writer in the *Portsmouth Journal*, an American paper, at twenty millions of dollars.

The following passage is extracted from Dr Mussey's *Essay on the Influence of Tobacco on Life and Health*:—"Eighty thousand dollars' worth of cigars, it was estimated, were consumed in the city of New York in 1810; at that rate the present annual consumption would amount to more than 200,000 dollars. Dr Abbot, in his 'Letters from Cuba,' in 1828, states that the consumption of tobacco in that island is immense. The Rev. Mr Ingersoll, who passed the winter of 1832-3 in Havana (the capital of Cuba), expresses his belief that this is not an overstatement. He says, 'Call the population 120,000; say one-half are smokers; this, at a bit (that is, 12½ cents) a-day, would make between 7000 and 8000 dollars. But this is too low an estimate, since not men only, but women and children, smoke, and many at a large expense.' He says that 'the free negro of Cuba appropriates a bit, or 12½ cents, of his daily wages, to increase the cloud of smoke that rises from the city and the country.' This, in thirty years, would amount to 7058 dollars, a respectable estate for a negro, or even a white man.

The Rev. O. Fowler, from considerable attention to the statistics of tobacco consumption in the United States, estimates the annual cost at 10,000,000 dollars; time lost by the use of it, at 12,000,000 dollars; and pauper tax which it occasions, at 3,000,000 dollars.

This estimate I believe to be considerably below the truth. It has been calculated that the consumption of tobacco in this country (United States) is eight times as great as in France, and three times as great as in England, in proportion to the population."

So far Dr Mussey goes; but the editor of the *New York Commercial Advertiser* goes much farther. He says that about one-third of the whole population, that is, 100,000 citizens of New York, are smokers; and that the average cost to each smoker is computed to be ten cents per day; the total daily cost is therefore 10,000 dollars, and the total annual cost 3,650,000 dollars. The annual cost of bread for the inhabitants of the city, allowing thirteen ounces of that necessary commodity for each person per day, computing flour at ten dollars per barrel, would

amount to 3,493,050 dollars per annum. "Thus," says he, "a little attention to the subject discloses the painful and disgusting fact, that, in the clear-headed, sharp-sighted, money-making city of New York, the inhabitants pay more for tobacco than they do for bread." The estimate of this writer is undoubtedly an exaggeration; but taking all the foregoing statements together, they sufficiently prove that the use of tobacco in the United States is carried to a most irrational excess.

DOSING AND DRUGGING.

MANY seem to suppose that the occasional use of medicine, even in large doses, as an emetic or a cathartic, cannot do much harm. Nay, some suppose we are the better for it afterwards; that health and long life are promoted by it. And as for small doses, taken day after day, as small doses of pica, or bitters, or sulphur, or Dover's powders, or ipecac, these cannot possibly do any harm!

Such views as these are mistaken ones, and they produce a great deal of mischief. The occasional swallowing of emetics and cathartics is hurtful enough; perhaps much more so than any body has as yet supposed. Those who are enslaved to their use—whether yearly, quarterly, or monthly—seldom if ever enjoy any thing like perfect health. Such dosing is at best a short and lazy way of doing that which ought to be done more slowly, by means of proper exercise, cleanliness, temperance, &c. People who resort to it may tell us, as many do, how healthy they are, especially soon after the dosing is over; but they are apt soon to be ill again. And when so, there is usually a stronger demand for a second dose than there was for the first. The truth is, that though the system, like a bow which has been long bent, has a tendency to react after the oppression of a strong and powerful dose of medicine is over, there is seldom any permanent good done. There is indeed present relief; but unless the medicine has been used with great skill and care, and is followed up by other health-restoring measures, as proper air and diet, and cheerful exercise, the system is probably injured rather than benefited.

And yet, how great soever may be the injury done by occasional large doses of medicine, the evil tendency of small doses, habitually taken, is incomparably greater. We believe, most fully, that small doses of medicine—of every kind which irritates or poisons—affect the constitution much more, in proportion to their quality, than large ones. We will give, in a few words as possible, our reasons.

When a large dose of medicine, say a pint of brandy, or twenty grains of calomel, is taken into the stomach, it usually meets with so much resistance, that it is speedily thrown off, either by vomiting or otherwise. The whole vital domain—all the vital organs, we mean—as if aware of its danger, seems to brace itself against it; and if only a part of it finds its way into the circulation, there is such a terrible commotion produced within, that it is very soon ejected from the system, at least the greater part of it. Whereas, when we divide either of these quantities—say the calomel—into twenty doses or portions, and only take two of these small doses a-day, it will not usually require the whole of the twenty grains to poison the system very effectually. That troublesome affection called pyralism, or salivation, will probably manifest itself long before ten days have passed away.

So is it in regard to the exhibition of most other active medicines. If the object be to make a local or transient, rather than a general or permanent impression on the system, single large doses are administered; but if, on the contrary, our object is to affect, that is, poison the system, single large doses are administered regularly and daily. In the latter case, they seem to find their way unperceived into the circulation, and into every nook and corner of the system, bringing it by stealth, as it were, under their influence.

And those persons who use large doses of alcohol, or powerful emetics, cathartics, &c., only once a-month, once in two months, or once in a quarter, and abstain from them entirely the rest of the time, though they unquestionably thereby shorten their lives, will greatly out-last those who take small doses daily, even if the aggregate of those small doses should not half equal that of the large ones. We might cite particular cases in proof of this point, but the world is full of them. Besides, the principle we are here laying down will come up again presently.

If what we have said thus far is true—if all medicine, even when given by the physician, if not given with the utmost skill and caution, should be regarded as shortening life—if the daily habit of dosing is so pernicious, and especially if the smaller the dose the greater the injury, in proportion to its quantity, how careful ought we to be to take no medicine except when driven to the absolute necessity of doing so, and only by and with the advice of the most skilful physician! Should there remain any doubt on this point, we think it will be the following consideration.

The daily use of medicinal substances is usually attended with a production of many serious evils.

1. The taking of one dose makes the way to another more easy. He who has found temporary relief from pain in the use of a dose of laudanum to-day, will be very likely, on the recurrence of similar feelings, to take another dose, especially if he has it at hand. The third dose will be taken still more readily, the fourth more so still, and so on. Again, what cures repeated returns of colic, or any other complaint, will be used by and bye for relief in other complaints; and what cures a

more severe pain to-day, will of course be expected to cure one less severe to-morrow. Further still, what cures all sorts of disease so well after it has actually arisen, will be confided in, ere long, to prevent it.

But as one dose taken to prevent pain is likely to awaken troublesome feelings at some future time, nothing is more probable than that he who has once begun the habit of dosing and drugging will at length become confirmed in it. It is in vain to tell the person who has acquired the habit of dosing, that this is the fact, that every dose of every medicinal substance he takes, from the weakest herb tea to opium or prussic acid, though it relieves present pain, by benumbing the nerves or otherwise, only increases the severity of future attacks. He cannot, he will not believe you. He is cured for the present, and that is enough for him.

2. The daily use of medicine, in small doses, not only aggravates the complaints for which it is taken, but also invites new diseases. It is in the system, especially in the fluids, almost like leaven in the mass with which we are accustomed to incorporate it. It is, at least, like seed sown on a prepared soil, ready to spring up and bring forth, in new complaints, some thirty, some sixty, and some a hundred fold.

3. The daily use of medicine of every kind, and in every degree, not only tends to form and fix the habit of dosing, to invite diseases, and to aggravate those which are induced by other causes, but it also puts the system in such a condition that we shall hardly be apt to receive benefit from the administration of medicine when we are really sick, and its use seems fairly indicated.—*From an American publication entitled "The Library of Health."*

THE WALTZING BEAR.

In the end of the year 1837, a scene took place at Czerny in Bohemia, which might be remembered with advantage at this particular period in Britain, where there is a growing passion for the exhibition of wild beasts on public stages. A Bohemian manager of a theatre having heard of the immense success attending representations where real dogs, elephants, monkeys, &c. were introduced, bethought himself of trying to turn a bear to account in his own dramatic temple. Accordingly, he got his literary assistant to compose a little melodrama, in which all was made subservient to the operations of a trained bear, which the manager had got hold of. The plot ran thus:—A dethroned king having fled to the mountains, fell in with a bear that had been wounded by the hunters. Androcles-like, the monarch relieved the bear of its pain, and thus acquired its warmest gratitude. The feats of agility performed by the bear, several dances by him and by savages, or rather peasants, with a due allowance of thunder and particoloured flames, formed the leading attractions of the piece. It was beyond measure successful. Every body admired the docility of Bruin, his agility in climbing, and his grace in a closing waltz with a young peasant girl. After a run of several nights, however, the bear seemed on one evening disinclined to his work. The star of the night—Ursa Major—appeared desirous to withdraw its light. But by dint of energetic remonstrances at the side-scene, he was got to move on till the appointed time for the waltz. He stood up with his fair partner, and began to advance and retreat very elegantly. The audience were in raptures. They stood up on the seats to see more perfectly. All at once a shriek burst from the stage. All who were upon it fled, and the first to be off was the partner of the bear. The spectators were not alarmed at first at this, thinking it a part of the unusual performance; but they speedily saw their error when the bear turned round and moved forward to the front of the stage, with the muzzle, which formed the wonted protection against his freaks, hanging loose from his neck! Off went the musicians in one instant, and off the shrieking audience tried to go also. The crush was terrible. Many were trampled down and seriously hurt. At length all the lower part of the theatre was cleared without any injury inflicted by Bruin, who continued, meanwhile, to the unspeakable horror of those who were hindmost in the crush, to cross from the stage to the pit benches. There he lay quietly down to sleep, and there he was quietly muzzled some time afterwards by his keepers.

On account of the alarm and contusions received on this occasion, the authorities interfered, and the Great Bear never starred it again in the theatre of Czerny.—*French newspaper.*

BREAKING A BUTTERFLY UPON THE WHEEL.

In the republic of Quito, and some other parts of South America, there is a small insect called the *comejen*, whose destructive qualities are so active, that in the space of one night it will penetrate the hardest wood, or any other similar substance. In that short period it has been known to penetrate, through and through, a bale of paper containing sixteen reams. The insect builds its nest under the eaves of the houses, of a glutinous clay, similar to that used by the swallows in the fabrication of their nests; but the *comejen* continues his for several yards in length. The natives sometimes daub their nests with tar, which is sufficient to disperse the whole swarm; for, if disturbed, they will divide into different societies, and each will separately search for a convenient place in which to form a settlement.

In the archives of Quito there is a curious royal decree of Carlos III. respecting this insect. A number of cases of gun-flints had been sent to Panama from Spain, for the purpose of being forwarded to Lima; but their non-arrival at this place caused the viceroy to repeat his request to the court for the necessary supply. This gave rise to an investigation—the flints were traced to Panama, and the governor was ordered to account for them. In his answer to the minister he stated that the *comejen* had destroyed the cases in the royal magazine. The

minister being ignorant of what the *comejen* was, an order was issued under the royal seal, commanding the governor of Panama to apprehend the *comejen*, to form a summary process on the crimes which he had committed, then to send the prisoner and documents, with the necessary guard, in custody to Spain, that he might be dealt with according to the extent of his criminality!

THE DYING STUDENT.

A sickening weight is on my heart—I feel
The current of my life is ebbing fast.
Hark! from the minster comes its midnight peal—
When next it sounds, my sorrows shall have past!
The chillness of the grave already clings
About my limbs, and uncouth shapes of fear
Throng up around me, and on ebon wings
Death's dull-eyed king himself is hovering near.

Was it for this I curbed the lightsome play
Of youth's high passions, its unburdened mind?
Was it for this I flung its joys away,
And with the throes of wild ambition pined?
Why did I learning's volumed stores unclasp,
Why with rack'd brow pursue the chase for truth,
To see it ever fly my toilsome grasp,
Myself grown old amidst my wreck of youth?

A creeping stillness fills my lonely room,
No voice, no hand its palm in mine to place!
Vainly I strive amid the deepening gloom
To catch the light of one familiar face.
Visions there are, that hover by my side,
Strewing my restless pillow with annoy,
My father weeping for his hope, his pride,
My mother waiting for her dark-haired boy.

My sister, my sweet sister's clear glad voice,
As last I heard it fill the sunny air,
Is sounding near—and she, my bosom's choice,
The hallowed idol of my soul, is there.
And yet, mayhap, this very hour, her heart
Bounds to the music of its own delight,
Framing new joys in which I bear a part,
Joys all, alas, too fair and overbright!

Oh, might I dream away into my rest,
Might lay my fevered temples all thrown bare
To sleep upon her gently heaving breast,
And shade them with her folds of clustering hair!
To feel her arms about my neck, her kiss
Warming my clay-cold cheek; to catch her breath
Whispering kind words, meet for a time like this,
Might scare the horror of this drowsy death.

But I am here alone—all, all alone,
None near that loves me, none that I can prize;
Strange voices o'er my tuneless sleep shall moan,
And strangers' loveless hands shall close mine eyes.
How drear and dark it grows! My foot on lamp
Burns yet a little while: 'twill soon be over—
What means this shuddering dread, these dewy so damp,
This chill all here about my heart! No more!—

STATISTICS.

The following whimsical answers are said to have been returned to a set of queries recently issued under a Commission of Inquiry in Ireland:—

Qn.—How many labourers are there in your parish; how many in constant, how many in occasional employment; how are they maintained when out of employment?

Those who can get work, will work if they can,
Those who can't, beg or steal—that, sir, is the plan.
What is the ordinary diet, and condition with respect to clothing, of the labouring classes?
The general diet is potatoes and *point*,
For seldom, if ever, they see any joint.
Their clothing is various, as every foot knows,
Some decent, some ragged, without any hose.

At what periods of the year are they least employed?
What tiresome questions! if ever I knew
Such a big set of asses! Why, when they have nothing to do!

What, on the whole, might an average labourer, obtaining an average amount of employment, earn in the year?
Do you think with such questions my mind I'd perplex,
Or trouble my head, or my intellect vex?
For an average man—was there ever such stuff?—
An average nothing, would be full enough.

What would be the yearly expense of food for an able-bodied labourer in full work?

And now for this question! to answer it right,
I will send you a man with a fair appetite:
You can feed him a quarter, and judge pretty near
What would be a just average during the year.

Of what class of persons generally are the landlords of cottages or cabins?

Some taller, some shorter, some black, brown, or fair;
Some squint-eyed, some crook-nosed, and some very quare.

What is the usual rent of cabins with and without land?

From one to two pounds they will promise to pay,
But the landlord is glad, after two years, to say,
"I'll forgive you the rent, if you'll give up the key."
He then gets another: who acts the same way.

Of what description of buildings are those cabins, and how furnished? Are they supplied with bedsteads and comfortable bedding?

A cabin consists of the walls, roof, and floor,
With sometimes a window, and mostly a door.
Their beds are of straw, and instead of a rug,
"A slip of a pig" just keeps their feet snug.

Upon what terms are herds usually hired in your parish?

No flocks in the field, and no herd in the stall,
For herdsmen there surely can be little call.
—*Athenaeum.*

A MARTYR TO SCIENCE.

AFTER Franklin made his great discovery of the identity of lightning and electricity, by means of a kite sent up into the air during a thunder-storm, many philosophers eagerly sought to repeat his experiments. Amongst these Professor Richman of St Petersburg was the most indefatigable and fearless. In pursuing a series of experiments on atmospheric electricity, he erected what was called a gnomon, which consisted principally of a Leyden jar, communicating with an iron rod, which rose some feet above the roof of his house; and an electrometer, consisting of a linen thread with half a grain of lead tied to it. Of course, when the gnomon was charged with electricity, and had communicated that fluid to the thread and the metal, the latter, being easily moved, would be repelled from the gnomon; and its angular ascent on the face of a divided quadrant or index indicated the force of the electricity which had been accumulated. On the 9th of August 1752, Richman obtained from the end of the rod electrical flashes, which could be heard at several feet distant; and if any person touched the apparatus, a smart shock was felt.

On the 6th of August 1753, the professor, whilst at a meeting of the Academy of Sciences, heard the sounds of distant thunder; and having previously made every arrangement for making experiments, he instantly quitted the assembly, taking with him his engineer, Mr Sokolow, to make draughts of whatever might appear interesting in the phenomena. On their arrival at Richman's house, the plummet of the electrometer was found elevated four degrees from the perpendicular; in other words, the electricity in the gnomon had accumulated to such an extent, that it repelled the lead to the distance mentioned. Whilst the philosopher was in the act of describing to his companion the dangerous consequences which might follow if the thread rose to forty-five degrees, a tremendous crash of thunder shook the imperial city. He bent his head over the gnomon to observe the indications of the electrometer, and in this position, with his head a foot from the iron rod, a globe of bluish-white fire, about the size of Mr Sokolow's fist, shot from the iron rod to the professor's head, accompanied by a report as loud as that of a pistol. The discharge proved fatal; he fell back on a chest, and expired in a moment. Sokolow was stupified and benumbed by a kind of vapour which had been generated, and his clothes were covered with burnt marks produced by the red-hot fragments of a metallic wire which had struck his person. On recovering himself, he rushed out of the house, and made known the terrible disaster which had taken place. In the meanwhile, Madam Richman, alarmed by the thunder-stroke, hastened to the chamber, and found her lifeless husband in the attitude of sitting upon the chest, and leaning against the wall.

The medical part of the case is not without interest. Aid was of course instantly obtained; a vein was opened, but no blood flowed from it; and although every attempt was made to restore life by violent friction and other means, all was in vain. When the body was turned, a small quantity of blood dropped from the mouth, and from a red spot which marked the forehead a few drops also oozed out. Several red and blue spots, not unlike leather shrunk by burning, were discovered on different parts of the body. The shoe of the left foot was burst open, and a blue mark appeared on the foot beneath the aperture. The stocking exhibited no corresponding hole, and the coat had been uninjured. On opening the body, neither the brain nor the cranium showed any appearance of injury; a little blood appeared in the cavities below the lungs, and in the lungs towards the back, which were of a dark-brown colour. The heart-glands and smaller intestines were all inflamed, but the entrails were of the natural appearance. Some silver in one of the pockets remained uninjured by the electric fluid. Immediately after the fatal explosion, the house was filled with a sulphureous vapour. A clock was stopped in the adjoining room; the ashes of the hearth were strewn about; the door of the room was rent asunder, and a part of the door itself was torn off. The Leyden jar was shattered, and its metallic filings were scattered about the apartment.

PUNCTUALITY OF WASHINGTON.

When Washington appointed noon as the hour at which he should meet Congress, he never failed to be passing the threshold of the hall just as the clock was striking twelve. Whether his guests were present or not, he always commenced dinner exactly at four. Not unfrequently, new members of Congress, who were invited to dine with him, delayed until the meal was half over; and he would then remark, "Gentlemen, we are punctual here. My cook never asks whether the company has arrived, but whether the hour has." When he visited Boston in 1789, he appointed eight A.M. as the hour when he should set out for Salem (a town of Massachusetts); and while the old south clock was striking eight, he was in the act of mounting his horse. The company of cavalry which volunteered to escort him, were parading in a neighbouring street after his departure, and it was not till the general reached a place at several miles' distance that they overtook him. On the arrival of the corps, Washington in a perfectly good-humoured manner observed, "Major —, I thought you had been too long in my family not to know when it was eight o'clock." Captain Pease, the originator of the stage establishment in the United States, had a beautiful pair of horses which he wished to dispose of to the general, whom he knew to be an excellent judge of horses. The general appointed five o'clock in the morning to examine them. But the captain did not arrive with the horses until a quarter past five, when he was informed by the groom that the general had been there at five, and was now busy fulfilling other engagements. Pease, much mortified, was obliged to wait a week for another opportunity, merely from having delayed the first quarter of an hour.

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ANDREW ANDERSON.

RATHER more than ninety years ago, there resided, in the town of Elgin, in the north of Scotland, a young woman named Marjory Gilzean. She was the child of decent parents, and possessed considerable personal attractions. About the time of the rebellion of 1745-6, a foot-regiment was quartered in Elgin; and in this regiment there was a private soldier named Anderson, a native of a neighbouring parish, who had recently been enlisted, and who became deeply smitten with love for Marjory Gilzean. She listened to his suit, and when the regiment was removed, she left the town in his company, but not till a private marriage had taken place, though the contrary was believed at the time. Of her history in connection with the regiment, nothing is certainly known. That her husband was sent abroad, while she was forced to remain behind—that he was killed in battle—and that he used her harshly, and cast her off—were various rumours, grounded probably on little more than mere surmise. Certain it is that, in or soon after the year 1747, she returned to Elgin, in an emaciated and distressed state, unsettled in her mind, and carrying a baby in her arms. Her parents, who, even though they could have been convinced of her having been married to the soldier, would still have regarded her as one who had brought discredit upon them, did not receive her in a forgiving spirit. Neither did the other persons who had known her in her better days like to show any countenance to one whom they believed to have been little, if any thing, better than a wanton. The reception she met with, and the wild fancies of a wandering mind, induced her to take a strange step. Close beside the burgh are the yet majestic remains of an ancient Cathedral, the area and precincts of which have continued since the Reformation to be used as a burying-ground. Amidst these crumbling ruins there is one chamber still entire, a small cellar-like room, about five feet square, with scarcely any light, and which is said, in ancient times, to have been the Sacristy, or place for keeping the vessels used in the offices of religion. Here the poor outcast took up her abode, rendered insensible, by her obscured reason, to the nocturnal horrors of a place which, in a better state of mind, she would have dreaded to approach after dusk. There was in this room an ancient sculptured font, which she used as a bed to her infant. Other furniture she had none. When it was known that she had gone to reside in this dismal place, the people felt as if it were an imputation against their Christian feelings. She and her babe were repeatedly carried by some one or other of them to their houses, but she always made her way back to the Sacristy. At length, finding her determined to live there, they contented themselves with giving her food and alms, and for several years she wandered about with her boy, under the appellation of *Daft May Gilzean**—a harmless creature that wept and sang by turns. Her lover or husband was no more heard of in the country, although he had several relations living in the neighbourhood, with whom he might have been expected to correspond, if he had remained in life.

Andrew Anderson, the son of May Gilzean, grew up in all the raggedness and misery which might be expected under such circumstances to fall to his lot. It is questionable if he ever knew the comforts of a bed, or of a cooked meal of any kind, till his boyhood was far advanced. The one solacement of his forlorn existence was the affection which his mother always continued to feel for him. It is a custom in the grammar-school of Elgin to give gratuitous education to a poor boy, who undertakes, in consideration of that boon, to prepare

the fires and sweep the rooms: this boy bears the name, *par excellence*, of "the Pauper." Anderson consented to become the Pauper of his day, and thus acquired the elements of a classical education. In proper time, he was bound apprentice to an uncle by the father's side, who carried on the business of a staymaker in the adjoining parish of St Andrews Lhanbryd. This man was of a harsh and ungenerous nature, and did not think himself called upon to extend, to his poor nephew even that limited kindness which he showed to his own children. Thus, while the sons and daughters of the staymaker had milk for their oatmeal porridge, their cousin was condemned to take that meal with a thin liquor formed by steeping the husks of grain—a species of relish, or *kitchen*, which was never resorted to by the Scottish peasantry except when milk was unusually scarce and dear. The treatment which young Anderson received here was altogether so intolerable, that he resolved to throw himself upon the world for a home. Taking a proper opportunity, he left his uncle's house, and disappeared from the country. He made his way to Leith, and thence to London, where he was taken into the workshop of a tailor, who, finding that he wrote neatly, and had some knowledge of accounts, began after some time to employ him as a clerk. He was one day commissioned to take home a suit of clothes to a military gentleman, and to grant a discharge for the account. This gentleman was himself a Scotsman, and bore a commission in a regiment about to proceed to the East Indies. He was, like all Scotsmen at a distance from home, interested in hearing his native tongue spoken, by however humble a person. When, in addition to this, he observed the pleasing countenance and manners of the youth, and found that the discharge appended by him to the account was in a good regular hand, he entered into conversation, asked whence he came, what were his prospects, and other such questions, and, finally, inquired if he would like to go abroad as a soldier and officer's servant. Anderson, who was not perhaps disinclined to leave a country in which there was at least one individual whom he had reason to dread, required little persuasion to induce him to enter into the stranger's views. He enlisted as a private, and immediately after set sail with the regiment in the capacity of drummer, acting at the same time, according to previous agreement, as the valet or servant of his patron.

It would be soon after the beginning of the reign of George III. that Andrew Anderson absconded from the neighbourhood of Elgin. There, the poor ragged boy, who had been cradled in a church-yard ruin, educated as a pauper scholar, starved and tyrannised over as a staymaker's apprentice—the child of *Daft May Gilzean*—was ere long forgotten, or only remembered amongst the thousands of other indifferent things that had passed and gone about the same time. No ray of intelligence respecting him ever found its way to Elgin. His mother was laid with her sorrows in that church-yard which, living, she had already adopted as her abode. Her parents also died in their time. The cruel staymaker perished like the rest. Even those who were kindred to him in blood, had ceased to remember the poor outcast boy—at least as one who had any claim upon their friendship.

* * In the year 1811, an elderly gentleman, attended by a single servant, arrived one evening at the Gordon Arms Hotel in Elgin. He ordered a slight repast, went to bed, and rose by times in the morning. His first question, like that of many strangers in Elgin, was about the Cathedral. "It was walked in," the

waiter said, "but the sexton, an old man, called Saunders Cook, residing in a cottage close beside the western gate, partly lived by showing the ruin, of which he could give all desirable particulars." The old gentleman soon found his way to the residence of Saunders, who forthwith admitted him to the precinct of this splendid relic of the heavier Gothic architecture. Saunders, according to the recollection of a correspondent, was a rather short, broad-built, white-haired, in-toed old shoemaker, about sixty-five, and a great talker. Except on Sundays, and on the occasion of great funerals, he wore a Kilmarnock nightcap on his head, and a leathern apron that tied round his middle, and hung at the top by a punt or thong that went round his neck. It was his custom to saunter on before any stranger, or group of strangers, pointing out the various parts of the building, and relating all that he had to tell respecting it in the sing-song drawling voice usual amongst functionaries of his order. As he was going through his ordinary routine, on the present occasion, the stranger asked if he knew whereabouts in the churchyard a poor woman called Marjory Gilzean had been buried. "Na," answered Saunders; "she was a *pair worthless cratur*; naeboddy kens where she is buried. But I can tell ye where she lived. It was in that place there they ca' the Sacristy. She brought up a bairn there, in a hollow stane, that was ance a font for holy water. I mind the laddie weel: he grew up a browe loon [Morayshire for a stout boy], and was Pauper at our schule." Chancing at this moment to look about, he observed the visitor to have his handkerchief at his eyes. While he paused in his recital, the stranger, when agitation allowed him to speak, said, "Unfortunate I knew she was, but I never heard she was worthless." Well was he entitled thus to take the part of the hapless maniac, for he was that very son whom she had brought up amidst privations inexpressible in this dismal place of shelter. He was now, however, Lieutenant-General Anderson, of the East India Company's service, the honourable possessor of an ample fortune, by means of which he was for ever to abolish, in his native town, the office of Pauper, by extinguishing the necessity which had hitherto compelled the poor scholar to become the drudge of the school, as the price of his scanty education.

General Anderson had returned to his native place, full of the best feelings towards it. Overlooking the painful recollections of his youth, he felt only that charm which the scenes of early years never fail to have for him who has spent his middle life elsewhere. He took a house, first at Leuchars, in the neighbourhood, and afterwards in the town itself, and there lived for several summers, returning to London to spend the winter. Being a man of modest and reserved manners, he spoke little of his life abroad. It was learned, however, that he owed his first steps in promotion to a power he had of readily acquiring languages. Having mastered the Hindostanee, he was sent to a distant place in the interior of India, to act as interpreter on some important occasion. He rose step by step, and at the taking of Seringapatam in 1799, he held so conspicuous a rank, and acted in so creditable a manner, as to be mentioned with honour in some of the public journals. It is thought that his share of the spoils at Seringapatam might be the chief foundation of his fortune. He ultimately retired with the rank of Lieutenant-General in the Bombay army.

At London, on the 23d of November 1815, General Anderson executed a trust-disposition and deed of settlement, assigning his whole heritable and moveable property to six gentlemen, most of them resident in Elgin, to be by them employed in the first place for the payment of a legacy of five hundred pounds to a gentle-

* The *s* in this name is not pronounced.

* Called in Scotland *raw sowers*.

man who seems to have been his godson,* and of one annuity of one hundred, and two of two hundred pounds, to three females, two of whom were distantly related to him, while the third had been his housekeeper at Elgin; and next and chiefly, "for the uses and purposes of founding and endowing an hospital, a school of industry, and free school, within the burgh of Elgin—in the first place, an Hospital for the maintenance of indigent men and women not under fifty-five years of age; secondly, a School of Industry for the maintenance and education of male and female children of the labouring classes, whose parents are unable to maintain and educate them, and for putting out the said children when fit to be so apprentices, to some trade or occupation, or employing them in such a manner as may enable them to earn a livelihood by their lawful industry, and make them useful members of society; and, thirdly, an Establishment of a Master and Mistress properly qualified to conduct a free school, for the education of such male and female children whose parents may be in narrow circumstances, but still able to maintain and clothe their children." With magnanimity rarely exemplified on such occasions, he gave no directions for the perpetuation of his own name in connection with the results of his beneficence. "Which hospital and schools," says the will, "shall in all time coming be described and called by the name of THE ELGIN INSTITUTION FOR THE SUPPORT OF OLD AGE AND EDUCATION OF YOUTH." None were to be admitted into the hospital who had any pension or allowance from other sources, and who were not "of decent and respectable character;" it was also provided that inhabitants of the burgh of Elgin should be preferred; failing them, inhabitants of the other parts of the parish; and, failing these, inhabitants of the county. The benefits of the two schools were open to children of the county; and the testator expressed his wish that, as far as circumstances would admit, the Madras system of education should be conformed to.

This interesting and truly noble-minded man died at his house in Baker Street, London, on the 16th of September 1824. His age is given in the Gentleman's Magazine as 79, which would place his birth exactly at the time when the insurrection of 1745 broke out. The age of 77, assigned to him by an authority which we have consulted in his native town, is probably nearer the truth, as it seems unlikely that a foot-regiment would be quartered in Elgin till after the suppression of the rebellion.† It is satisfactory to know that, after the death of General Anderson, the honour, although perhaps not the prudence, of his mother, was cleared by legal proof—Elspet Anderson, of Garmouth, the daughter of the staymaker, having satisfied a jury that she was the lawful cousin, and nearest legal heir, to the deceased.

Since his death, his trust-disposition has been duly acted upon, and a fine building at the east end of the burgh of Elgin now stands as a lasting monument of his benevolence. We find, from a recently published account of the parish,‡ that five males and five females belonging to the town are at present enjoying the benefits of the Hospital for the Aged; that twenty-two boys and eighteen girls, from every parish in the county, are reared in the School of Industry—which number will probably be increased by other twenty, on the death of two annuitants; and that 230 children are receiving in the Free School "a gratis education suited to their station." Thus the fortune of the founder is, or will soon be, contributing to the happiness of no fewer than three hundred persons.

Thousands every year flock to Scotland, to fall into raptures with the physical sublimities of its hills, and lakes, and waterfalls, or to muse over scenes which genius has peopled with the imaginary beings of romance. It is strongly impressed on us that many, after indulging themselves with the contemplation of these objects, if brought to the remote burgh of Elgin, and informed of the circumstances narrated in this paper, would confess that they had found something

still more beautiful, still more romantic, still more sublime. Let them first behold the edifice in which so many find shelter from the evils of destitution, and so many more receive that nurture which is best to enable them to befriend themselves through life; and then be taken to the small dark cell, where May Gilzean cradled in a hollowed stone, in darkness and wretchedness, the hapless babe whose inherent gifts and honourable use of them were to give him the means of indulging a singular benevolence in shedding all these blessings on his native district; and then let them confess that human nature and human life have their sublimities as well as inorganic nature—and that "these be of them."

NEW MAGNETIC DOCTRINES.

From an English correspondent, who has long been resident in Paris, we have lately received a communication respecting some of those matters of unestablished science, which many ingenious persons in that capital are at present engaged in investigating, and particularly respecting a new magnetic hypothesis, which a gentleman named Azais has just broached in a very laborious work, after twenty years of study and experiment. The subjects touched upon may be, in the opinion of many, unconnected with any actual natural phenomena, and, if so, all notice of them would of course be unprofitable; but it must be remembered that, if not proved truths, neither are they as yet proved falsehoods; and we would say, with submission, that, in their present doubtful state, they are not unworthy of being adverted to, at least in a work which professes no formal scientific character, and in which amusement is a leading object. The remarks of our correspondent appear to us to be conceived in a philosophical spirit, and have our entire concurrence:—

* * * In his book, M. Azais begins by disputing the correctness of the Newtonian doctrine of attraction to the centre, and contends, on the contrary, that there is a magnetic expansion from the centre of all objects to the surface, and that, meeting there with a counteracting magnetic influence, which he calls compression, and which acts upon all points of the surface, the object acquires the roundness which we see in the planets, and other bodies which are round in their state of nature. When the expansive fluid, from its character, or from the operation of external causes, meets with a smaller degree of compression at any point, elongation takes place, and thus he explains the symmetry of all organised beings. * * * All objects (he says) are in a state of vibration; not only those to which we assign life, but also those which hitherto have been considered destitute of motion. If granite or wood be pounded to dust, the minute particles, brought to the eye by means of a powerful microscope, are said to be in a state of vibration. Nay, further, according to this philosopher, the sounds of music are but the expansion of a magnetic fluid, sent forth by the sounding body, as light is sent forth by the sun, or caloric by the globe we inhabit. * * * M. Azais contends for the influence of his magnetic or electric fluid, in keeping up what he calls the equilibrium of the whole of nature. This fluid, according to him, is the residence of life, and, although invisible to the eye, is real and positive in its nature. The brain, he says, is not directly acted upon by the mechanical agency of the fibres of the nerves, but by this fluid, of which the fibres are but the agents [we should suppose that, more correctly, he means the conductors.] The lines of nerves are, says he, but a voltaic pile, with their major and minor poles giving out their fluid, and keeping up the equilibrium designed by our great Creator. All the ideas which the brain receives are, according to M. Azais, conveyed to it in a real, or, as he styles it, bodily form. The scenes which we have witnessed when brought to the brain by memory, are as positively fixed upon it by those globules which represent the reality, as if the object were before our eyes. If we are fatigued, it is because the expansion has exceeded its strength, and been unable to contend with the compression. A state of repose gives new strength to the magnetic internal fluid, and when this is not overtaxed, the just equilibrium is kept up, which gives sensations of health and pleasure. So with all the organs of the brain. Their correspondence with each other is maintained by necessity of expansion, and it is the equilibrium which results from the due exertion of each that gives superiority of intellect or of moral sentiments.

The doctrine of M. Azais must not be confounded with Mesmerism. On the contrary, although he is disposed to admit that there does exist a similarity of nervous organisation amongst certain individuals, from which extraordinary effects may be expected to result, he is not yet convinced that the wonderful feats performed by magnetised somnambulists are not to a great extent to be attributed to delusion or jugglery. He insists that no individual is born without having his fellow on some part of the globe possessing the same magnetic organisation, but he does not therefore believe in the accounts which have been given of somnambulists reading from the pit of the stomach, and penetrating the thoughts of other persons. He confesses, however, that some of these relations have staggered him, because the narrators were men not easily imposed upon, and whose veracity was unquestionable.

More incredulous persons than M. Azais have been

puzzled by the accounts which have been published of magnetic somnambulism. The operation of M. Jules Cloquet in Paris, for cancer, on a magnetised patient, who suffered no pain during the operation, and who exclaimed, *vous me chatouillez*, "you tickle me," was performed in the presence of several distinguished surgeons, and no person attempts to dispute the authenticity of the fact. It must be confessed, however, on the other hand, that, considering the great importance of this operation, if successful in surgical operations, it is remarkable that we have not other proofs of a similar nature. The idea of there having been an understanding between M. Cloquet and the patient, cannot be entertained; for even if M. Cloquet had been capable of deception, which he was not, we are not permitted to suppose that any female could, under the effect of so painful an operation, possess sufficient courage to conceal her sufferings, and indulge in pleasantries, for the purpose of deception. But it may be fairly asked, if the persons who magnetised this female were so successful, why have they not performed similar feats? Common humanity alone was sufficient to make this a duty, putting aside the natural desire which the advocates of the science must feel to place it upon a positive footing. Within the last four or five years, a physician in London professes to have cured acute rheumatism by means of magnetism, and to have extracted teeth without pain whilst the patient was under its effects; and yet it appears to be a disputed point whether he did or did not produce the results alluded to. What is truly extraordinary, as connected with this subject, is, that each party claims the victory, and that the impartial observer hesitates as to giving an opinion for or against the one or the other. At Liege, in Belgium, a physician, M. T—, performed a curious series of experiments on a female of eighteen years of age, whom he had somnambulised. Amongst other feats, this young lady, with her eyes closely bandaged, read from the pit of the stomach articles which were written at the time by the spectators, and particularly by those who came determined to expose what they considered to be a jugglery between the physician and the patient. For several months, the performances of this somnambulist were the topic of general conversation, some persons declaring that they were real, others that they were a cheat; and to this day the medical men of Liege differ, now that they have had time to reflect upon them, as much as they did when they took place. Very recently in London a similar controversy has taken place, and an eminent physician has had to contend against much censure for the part which he took in patronising animal magnetism, and assertions have been made that he was the dupe of a set of designing speculators. On the other hand, hundreds declare that the performances were real; and it is really impossible, with such conflicting testimony, that public opinion can agree as to a verdict. What is the reason that the question cannot at once be set at rest? The tricks of the most expert dealers in sleight of hand have been exposed, and yet the able and enlightened persons who have attempted to detect the tricks of magnetisers, if tricks they were, have not been able to expose them to the public, or even to convince themselves fully that there is not something real in the magnetic somnambulism of the parties on whom the experiments were performed. The Academy of Sciences in Paris has twice decided that animal magnetism has no existence in fact, and yet there is still so much doubt on the minds of some of its most distinguished members, that a commission is to be appointed to examine afresh.

One of the most extraordinary cases of animal magnetism on record, is that related by M. Peletier, a physician of Lyons, and which is the more extraordinary from the circumstance of M. Peletier having been, previously to the occurrence of this case, an utter sceptic in animal magnetism. The case, as related by M. Peletier, is too long to be given entire. The leading points of it will suffice.

A lady, nineteen years of age, of robust constitution, fell into a state of catalepsy through an imprudence. She had been recommended to use the oxide of mercury for the purpose of dyeing her hair; and having done so frequently, so much of the poison was absorbed, that the nervous system was partially overthrown, and fits of catalepsy ensued, during which, smell, taste, feeling, sight, and hearing, were destroyed. When the fit came on, this lady, Madame B—, could distinguish nothing by the eye, whilst, at the epigastrium, sensation was clear and positive, and all the objects presented to it were reflected as in a mirror, surrounded by an atmosphere of fire. This catalepsy, it will be observed, was not the effect of any magnetic experiment, but of accident. It will, however, be seen that it resembled entirely the somnambulism which is said to be produced by operators in animal magnetism. When M. Peletier spoke to the patient, she heard his voice, not by the ear, but by the epigastrium. If he placed himself at a short distance, she heard him imperfectly; but if he made a conductor of his own body, placing one hand on the epigastrium of the patient, and speaking on the joined fingers of the other, she then heard distinctly. On one occasion the physician requested the sister-in-law of the patient to place her hand on her stomach, and, forming a chain of seven persons with their arms fully extended, he placed himself at the extremity, and joining the chain with one hand, he spoke in so low a tone on the fingers of the other hand, that the sister-in-law could not hear what he said, and every word was heard by the patient through the stomach, the sense of hearing, by the ear, being during the fit entirely extinct.

* Archibald Andrew Anderson Lauriston, son of Lieut.-Col. Alexander Lauriston of the East India Company's service, residing in Edinburgh.

† As the statements in this paper are of a somewhat extraordinary nature, it may not be superfluous to inform the reader that they are all, to the best of our knowledge, true. The obscurity which rests over a large portion of the history of the hero may have led to some slight incorrectness in a few of the less important details; but we have used every effort in our power to be correct, and, we believe, are so in all the more important features of the story.

‡ New Statistical Account of Scotland, by the Ministers of the respective Parishes, No. VIII.

If between the hand and the stomach he placed a stick of sealing-wax, the communication was cut off; and although he raised his voice to the highest pitch, the patient heard nothing; but the moment that it was removed, and a finger placed upon the stomach, she heard all that was said, even though in a whisper. The communication was intercepted in a similar way by the interposition of a piece of glass; and if a single person of the chain put on silk gloves, the same effect was produced. Madame B— being very fond of music, two of her relations, who played upon the flute, performed a duet, taking care to connect these instruments with the stomach of the patient, by a chain of persons, or by a wet rope of hemp. If the chain was broken, or the rope became dry, the sound was cut off. With respect to taste and smell, the same phenomena were produced. If bread, wine, tobacco, pepper, cinnamon, &c., were placed in direct contact with the stomach, she recognised each article by the smell; and the mouth underwent, when articles agreeable to the taste were placed upon her stomach, the same movements as if she were eating; whilst, on the contrary, if the articles were repulsive, the mouth, the throat, and the oesophagus, contracted with the same disorder and anxiety as if she were about to vomit. During the whole of this time, the answers made by Madame B— to the questions which were put to her, showed that the brain was in a healthy state, and that the sense of all the communications made by the stomach was instantly conveyed to the cerebral region. If during one of the fits of catalepsy Madame B— was left to herself, she sang with much sweetness and correctness, the face, however, exhibiting restlessness and astonishment, although the air would be of a pleasing and sentimental character. The moment that any object was placed upon the stomach, there was a cessation of the air arising from the diversion to an external source.

M. Peletin having inquired why her features harmonised so little with the character of the air which she was singing, she replied, "I sing, doctor, to divert myself from a frightful spectacle. I behold all my inside; and as the different parts of which I am composed are unknown to me, have strange forms, and are more or less luminous, my features cannot but express what I feel. If a physician were to have for only a quarter of an hour the illness which I have, all the mysteries of nature would be revealed to him; and if he loved his art, he would not desire, as I do, to be rapidly cured."

"Do you perceive your heart?" said M. Peletin.

"Yes; it beats double and both sides at once; when the upper portion contracts, the lower swells, and then contracts; the blood flows out in a luminous state, and passes by two large vessels which are not far from each other."

In another fit the physician said, "Do you still see your inside?" "Yes." "And your head?" "Yes; it is on fire, but not in every part." "And do you see the arm and fingers with which I speak to you?" "Yes, but only when you are speaking to me."

During one of her attacks she said, "I shall, when I awake from this fit, be deaf, and the deafness will remain until after the fit of the morning."

"How do you know that?" said the physician.

She replied, "Because I do not see my ears; a shadow conceals them."

"But why do you suppose you will be deaf for twenty-four hours?"

"I feel it, but cannot explain it."

"After this fit," says M. Peletin, "she was deaf for twenty-four hours, as she had announced."

On another occasion she had in a manner identified herself with her physician. M. Peletin arriving after the usual hour, he had no sooner begun to speak to her by his fingers, than she said, "You are idle this morning, doctor."

"That is true, madam; but if you knew the cause, you would not reproach me."

"I do know it," said she; "you have had a sick headache for the last four hours, and it will not quit you until to-morrow morning at six o'clock. In vain would you attempt to cure your illness; it must run its course."

M. Peletin, who, notwithstanding the numerous proofs which he had received that there was no imposture in the case, was desirous even to the last of discovering something calculated to revive the incredulity which he felt when first called in, said, "Can you tell me on what side lies the pain that I feel?"

She replied, "Over the right eye, the temple, and the teeth. It will pass to the left eye; you will suffer much between three and four o'clock, and at six you will be entirely free from pain."

"Every thing," says M. Peletin, "passed as she had announced." In another part of his relation he says, "If I placed my hand upon that of the patient, and raised it gently, her hand followed mine, and imitated all its motions. If she was seated, she did not fail to rise in obedience to the hand which directed it. And, oh, inconceivable wonder! if I formed a thought without manifesting it by word or action, she was aware of it, and performed what I intended to command as if the determination had proceeded from herself. Sometimes she entreated me to revoke or suspend what I intended to prescribe, but of which I had said nothing, if it was beyond her strength."

M. Azais, in alluding to this relation, attempts, and with no common degree of skill, to connect every part of it with his great principle of magnetic influence;

and he informs us that, marvellous as the account appears, the authenticity of it is unquestionable. The patient herself had no motive for deception, and, if she had wished to deceive, was too rigidly watched for deception to have been practised. This case, if it even stood alone, ought rather to lead to scientific investigation than induce us to regard as impossible what cannot immediately be made comprehensible to our understanding. Men are too prone either to receive as true, on the testimony of others, what they will not give themselves the trouble to inquire into, or to reject as absurd what their comprehension does not immediately grasp. This is not the way to arrive at truth; it is not the way to bring about improvement. Some persons, with their eyes open, will not believe what they see; others shut their eyes, in order that they may not see what they do not wish to believe. In phrenology, in animal magnetism, in any disputed theory or doctrine, we should, if convinced of its correctness, respect the doubts, and appeal by facts to the judgment, of others; if, on the contrary, we feel called upon to condemn, the motives of our condemnation should be set forth without acrimony.

MRS BROUGHTON'S 'SIX YEARS' RESIDENCE IN ALGIERS.'

THE basis of this volume is composed of a diary kept by Mrs Blanckley, wife of the British consul at Algiers, between the years 1806 and 1812; the remaining portion consists of interjected and ampler passages, written by the editor Mrs Broughton, who was one of the daughters of Mr and Mrs Blanckley, and was a very young person while resident with her parents in that part of the world. The whole conveys a very faithful and intelligible, and in some respects even striking, picture of such parts of the internal policy and domestic life of the barbarian state as were apt to fall under the attention of the English minister's family, as well as of that atrocious system of Christian slavery which the Algerines practised so many years with impunity, but which ultimately led to their overthrow. It is impossible to read this volume without wondering greatly that the extinction of Algiers as a state occurred so lately as 1830.

Of the mode in which the governors or deys succeeded each other, we have some curious memorabilia. The Ottoman Porte, to which Algiers had long been tributary, seldom interfered in the matter, and was accustomed to send the *caftan of honour* to every wretch who could contrive to raise himself to the office. The people of Algiers themselves had equally little share in the various changes of government. The murder of one dey and the accession of another—for the two events were rarely unconnected—were brought about by conspiracies amongst the troops, and these conspiracies were always formed upon some understanding of mutual interest, the proposed dey agreeing, if successful, to give ample rewards to his associates. When a conspiracy broke out, and it was known that the life of the old dey was threatened, a painful feeling usually spread through the city, for it was not uncommon for the wretched man to make his escape into the streets, and there be hunted down by the soldiery. But when all was over, and the new dey had taken possession of his throne, the tumult for the most part subsided very soon, and all things went on as formerly. Mrs Blanckley's diary describes two revolutions of this kind as having taken place during her stay there with her family. The first of these events is thus narrated.—"7th November, 1808. Accounts, about eleven o'clock, were sent to us from town, saying, that the Pacha Achmet (the reigning dey) was shot on the terrace of a house belonging to a Jew, when endeavouring to escape; he had succeeded in running over the terraces of several houses from the palace of his wife, to which he had first escaped; and on being pursued thither, he got upon the terrace, and from thence over several others, until he was shot through the body and leg by a very young Turk. He was then by the soldiers dashed from the terrace into the street; and they cut off his head, and carried it to show to the new dey. In the evening we heard that every thing was quite quiet." To show how little even the consuls of civilised powers, then resident at Algiers, thought of such revolutions, the record of the 10th of November tells us, that "rain yesterday prevented Mr Blanckley going to pay his respects to the new dey, but to-day he went through that ceremony." The dey elevated on this occasion held his place only till the ensuing 4th of March, and a further proof of the coolness with which all men regarded these changes, is derived from the diary, which tells us that on the same day on which this dey was strangled, Mr Blanckley and the other consuls all went to pay their respects to his successor.

This custom of testifying the respect of the consuls for his deyhaly of Algiers, by appearing before him in a body, led to some odd scenes, previously to Mr Blanckley's time, in consequence of quarrels for precedence between the representatives of France and Britain. The diary before us tells the story thus:—"All the consuls have to-day paid their respects to his highness, with the exception of the French. He always paid his court the night before, ever since the following circumstance occurred. From time immemorial a scuffle for precedence had taken place between the British and French Consuls-General, on every oc-

casión in which they had met in the dey's presence; none of the envoys of the other powers, of course, ever presuming to dispute precedence with the representatives of the two great rival nations. The consular dignity must on these occasions, if the account is correct, have been greatly compromised, as it was not by Machiavelian skill that so momentous a point was usually decided, but by the superior personal agility exercised by his Britannic Majesty's representatives; to the no little edification of the long-bearded courtiers, who witnessed the indecorous exhibitions of European gymnastics. It at last happened that Consul Falconer, a gentleman still remembered by the sobriquet of 'the mad consul,' was determined that, in Algiers at least, an end should be put to Gallic presumption. On some grand festa, he therefore arrived at the palace, just before the time of admission to the dey's presence; and having posted himself at the foot of the great staircase, he there patiently awaited the appearance of the French consul, who no sooner came up than the usual race began, until they reached the top of the stairs, and were in the august presence of his highness, when Mr Falconer suddenly caught his antagonist round the waist, threw him over the banisters, then composedly walked forward, and paid his respects to the dey, amidst the shouts of laughter and applause of all present. Happily the poor Frenchman escaped without any hurt, except the incurable mortification he experienced, which ever after prevented him and all his successors from again entering the lists with John Bull." Mr Blanckley had the merit of breaking through these paltry bonds of etiquette, and, by placing himself on terms of amity with the French consul, was enabled to do much good to his countrymen. Privateers of both nations came into the port of Algiers with prisoners, who were readily ransomed by exchanges, after a good understanding was established between the consuls.

Mr Blanckley's labours in favour of the British prisoners who fell under his notice, seem, indeed, to have been beyond all praise. Nor was his benevolence exerted alone in favour of his fellow-countrymen. The cruelties and privations to which the Christian slaves were subjected at Algiers, were of the most appalling kind. To these had been subjected for many years an old Sicilian named Francisco, with his sons Luciano and Marianno, all of whom had been captured at once by an Algerine corvette. Having fallen under the notice of the English consul, Francisco and his younger son Marianno had their sufferings greatly alleviated by being taken, with permission from the dey, into Mr Blanckley's service. At length, "after many abortive attempts" (says Mrs Broughton, in her additions to her mother's diary) to propitiate the dey in behalf of the poor old man, whose wife and daughters had sold all they possessed in the world, to send the products to Algiers, in the hope that it might suffice for his ransom, though, alas! it fell so far short of the fixed sum, that the dey would not hear of its acceptance, my dear father on a particular occasion (what exactly I do not now recollect), on which, according to *usanza*, the dey was bound to make a present of value to the English Consul, as was his constant practice in similar circumstances, made a public request that his highness would graciously be pleased, instead of any other offering, to bestow upon him a Christian slave. This in royal courtesy, even in Algerine etiquette, the pacha could not refuse, and Francisco, as well as several other equally fortunate slaves, were granted to his request, although the dey latterly said, 'Take care, Signore Console, that you have not to reproach yourself with the loss of my head, for I fear I may with justice be accused of being over-generous in thus parting with the property of the state.'

When the old man was on the point of leaving us, my father asked him, if he should ever find a propitious moment in which he might prevail upon the dey to grant him the liberty of one of his sons, on the payment of the hitherto considered inadequate sum of money which had been forwarded for the purpose of his own ransom, to which of his sons should preference be shown? 'Ask me not, sir,' replied the agitated father; 'I cannot make a choice between two children equally dutiful and affectionate, and equally dear to me.'

An opportunity for the furtherance of my father's benevolent intentions did at length occur, and he named our own servant Marianno as the object worthy of being benefited by the dey's liberality; and in consequence, his passage was engaged on board a ship going to Malta. He took a respectful leave of the family, and we all looked at the vessel as it sailed out of the bay, of course believing that it contained our honest *sotto voce*. But to the astonishment of the whole household, Marianno entered the drawing-room that very evening, and throwing himself at the feet of my parents, he exclaimed, 'Pardon me, my benefactors, if your servant has thus presumed to deceive your goodness. Luciano was my elder brother, and in every respect more worthy and capable of being more useful to our parents than I am; and I have therefore, against his own will, by proving to him, as he is able to do more good, that it was his bounden duty to go in my place, with difficulty persuaded him; and believe me, that it is far happier for me; and I hope it may please God to let me serve you while I live.'

Tears of mingled sympathy and admiration were the only answers to this model of fraternal piety, whose last wish was, however, unfulfilled; for Marianno was one of the weeping group that escorted us to the *Marina* on the evening of our embarkation at Algiers, and he

* Feet octavo. London, Saunders and Otley; Edinburgh, Bell and Bradfute.

was one of Lord Exmouth's triumphant proofs that Britannia rules the waves."

With another extract we shall close our notice of this volume, though in its pages we might find many other passages that are both lively and interesting. The extract alluded to gives countenance to the system of Freemasonry, as being, at times at least, of no light service to the initiated. The name of Babastro, a renowned Spanish corsair, who, under the protection of Bonaparte, did much injury to British small-craft in the Mediterranean, is often mentioned in this work. "Must I (says Mrs Broughton), whilst the name of Babastro occupies my pen—must I, who ranked the name of Babastro amongst the Jack-the-giant-killers, ogres, hobgoblins, evil geni, spiteful fairies, and *croque mitaines* who so prominently occupied my young imagination—must I, in justice and in charity, trace one redeeming trait? Yes, even so; I will, in my dear father's spirit, who never failed, whenever circumstances led him to speak of this one of his arch-plagues, always to conclude by adding the only palliating circumstance with which he was acquainted, and from which he deduced a strong argument in support of one of his most favourite dogmas, viz. that great benefit had accrued to mankind by the establishment and continuation of Freemasonry, of which he was a most decided admirer and zealous advocate. After the capture of an English prize by this so-called corsair, and whilst his crew were following their usual honourable practice of stripping our unfortunate countrymen (to which they induced them to submit by holding over them unsheathed knives), that they, the gallant captors, might thus exactly ascertain the precise amount of their booty; it so occurred, that the master of one of the luckless English vessels, whose name escapes my recollection, whilst undergoing this unceremonious disrobing, made use of one of those mystic gestures invisible to all but the initiated brethren of the trowel and apron. Whatever that sign was, it passed not unnoticed, for instantly was his hand clasped in that of Babastro, and an immediate order was given by him to his satellites to release the English captain from their grasp; and he desired, that whatever property was ascertained to belong exclusively to him, should by all be held sacred, and restored to him. Nor were these professions a mere *façon de parler*, for most strictly were they fulfilled, as I perfectly remember hearing the English captain relate to us. All I recollect besides of this chieftain of the privateers which so long infested the coast of Algiers, is, that his master Napoleon judged him worthy of being named a member of the legion of honour."

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF DR. DONNE.

JOHN DONNE was born in London in 1573, of a Catholic family; through his mother he was descended from Sir Thomas More, and Heywood the epigrammatist. He was educated partly at Oxford and partly at Cambridge, and was designed for the law, but relinquished the study in his nineteenth year. The great abilities and amiable character of Donne were early distinguished. The Earl of Essex, the Lord Chancellor Egerton, and Sir Robert Drury, successively befriended and employed him; and a saying of the second of these eminent persons respecting him is recorded by his biographers—that he was fitter to serve a king than a subject. He fell, nevertheless, into trouble, in consequence of secretly marrying the daughter of Sir George Moore, lord-lieutenant of the Tower: this step kept him for several years in poverty, and, by the death of his wife, a few days after giving birth to her twelfth child, he was plunged into the greatest grief. At the age of forty-two, Donne became a clergyman, and soon attaining distinction as a preacher, he was preferred by James I. to the deanery of St Paul's; in which benefice he continued till his death in 1631, when he was buried honourably in Westminster Abbey.

The works of Donne consist of satires, elegies, religious poems, complimentary verses, and epigrams: they were first collected into one volume by Toulson in 1719. His reputation as a poet, great in his own day, low during the latter part of the seventeenth and the whole of the eighteenth centuries, has latterly in some degree revived. In its days of abasement, critics spoke of his harsh and rugged versification, and his leaving nature for conceit: Dryden even hints at the necessity of translating him into numbers and English. It seems to be now acknowledged that, amidst much rubbish, there is much real poetry, and that of a high order, in Donne. He is described by a recent critic as "imbued to saturation with the learning of his age," endowed "with a most active and piercing intellect—an imagination, if not grasping and comprehensive, most subtle and far-darting—a fancy, rich, vivid, and picturesque—a mode of expression terse, simple, and condensed—and a wit, admirable as well for its caustic severity, as for its playful quickness"—and as only wanting sufficient sensibility and taste to preserve him from the vices of style which seem to have beset him. Donne is usually considered as the first of a series of poets of the seven-

teenth century, who, under the name of the Metaphysical Poets, fill a conspicuous place in English literary history. The directness of thought, the naturalness of description, the rich abundance of genuine poetical feeling and imagery, which distinguish the poets of Elizabeth's reign, now begin to give way to cold and forced conceits, mere vain workings of the intellect, a kind of poetry as unlike the former as punning is unlike genuine wit. To give an idea of these conceits—Donne writes a poem on a familiar popular notion, a broken heart. Here he does not advert to the miseries or distractions which are presumed to be the causes of broken hearts, but starts off into a mere play of conceit upon the phrase. He entered a room, he says, where his mistress was present, and

love, alas!
At one first blow did shiver it as glass.

Then, forcing on his mind to discover by what means the idea of a heart broken to pieces, like glass, can be turned to account in making out something that will jingle on the reader's imagination, he proceeds thus:

Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
Nor any place be empty quite,
Therefore I think my breast hath all
Those pieces still, though they do not unite:
And now, as broken glasses show
A hundred lesser faces, so
My rays of heart can like, wish, and adore,
But after one such love can love no more.

There is here, certainly, analogy, but then it is an analogy which altogether fails to please or move: it is a mere conceit.

It is at the same time to be borne in mind that the quality above described did not characterise the whole of the writings of Donne and his followers. They are often direct, natural, and truly poetical, in spite, as it were, of themselves. Donne, it may be here stated, is usually considered as the first writer of that kind of satire which Pope and Churchill carried to such perfection. His satires, to use the words of a writer already quoted, are rough and rugged as the unheaven stones that have just been blasted from the quarry.

The specimens which follow are designed only to exemplify the merits of Donne, not his defects:—

ADDRESS TO BISHOP VALENTINE, ON THE DAY OF THE MARRIAGE OF THE ELECTOR PALATINE TO THE PRINCESS ELIZABETH.

Hail Bishop Valentine! whose day this is,
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners:
Thou marryest, every year,
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with red stomacher:
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon,
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon;
This day more cheerfully than ever shine;
This day which might inflame thyself, old Valentine! * *

VALEDICTION—FORBIDDING MOURNING.

[This poem was composed on parting with his wife, to attend an embassy in France.]

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go;
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
The breath goes now—and some say, no;
So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.
Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did, and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.
Dull, sublunary lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which alimanted it.
But we're by love so much refind,
That ourselves know not what it is;
Inter-assured of the mind,
Careless eyes, lips, and hands to miss.
Our two souls, therefore (which are one),
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.
If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.
And tho' it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.
Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like the other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,
And makes me end where I begun.

THE WILL.

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies: here I bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to ambassadors mine ears;
To women, or the sea, my tears;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore,
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none but such as had too much before.
My constancy I to the planets give;
My truth to them who at the court do live;
My ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits; to Buffons my pensiveness;
My silence to any who abroad have been;
My money to a Capuchin.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love received can be,
Only to give to such as have an incapacity.
My faith I give * * *
my best civility;
And courtship to an university;

* That is, Absence.

My modesty I give to soldiers bare;
My patience let gamblers share:
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends: mine industry to foes;
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness;
My sickness to physicians, or excess;
To nature all that I in rhyme have writ!
And to my company my wit:
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make as tho' I gave, when I do but restore.
To him for whom the passing bell next tolls
I give my physic books; my written rolls
Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give;
My brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread; to them which pass among
All foreigners, my English tongue:
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.
Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
The world by dying, because love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it forth.
And all your graces no more use shall have
Than a sun-dial in a grave.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
To invent and practise this one way to annihilate all three.

SYMONS'S "ARTS AND ARTIZANS AT HOME AND ABROAD."

MR JELINGER C. SYMONS, one of the Assistant Commissioners of the Handloom Inquiry, and a notable example of a class of literary men now fast rising into importance, inquisitive and keen-sighted as to all matters on which national wealth and individual happiness depend, has here applied himself to the important task of comparing the condition of British working-men, of all classes, with those of corresponding classes in the other countries of Europe. Of his personal qualifications for this undertaking, we have no reason to doubt: of his opportunities and means, we have some account in the preface. "The researches I have assisted in making," says he, "under the Handloom Commission, and more especially my subsequent mission of inquiry into the relative circumstances of the artisans of France, Belgium, Austria, and Switzerland, aided by the facilities afforded me through the personal and official services of our ambassadors, have necessarily opened to me a wide and valuable field of observation." * * * Mr Symons is thus, perhaps, as well prepared as any other man (in all probability much better) to present a view of the condition of the labouring classes abroad. Yet we must confess we should like to see this inquiry still more seriously taken up. It would be well worth while for government to see a corps of properly qualified persons, who should make it the business of years to obtain satisfactory information on a point of so much consequence.

It may be assumed from the statements adduced by Mr Symons, that the ordinary weekly wages of workmen of the Class of First Skill in Great Britain, as machine-makers, and the finishers of many of the trades, are from 25s. to 35s.—average 30s. Those of workmen of the Class of Second Skill, in which we include spinners in factories, and common artisans, as tailors, masons, carpenters, compositors, &c., range from 17s. to 25s.—average 21s. A Third Class, whose labour is comparatively light, and skill small, as carders, and weavers by power in factories, fustian cutters, &c. appear to have at an average about 14s. The Fourth Class, which we compose of spadesmen, ditchers, farm-labourers, and so-called unskilled labourers in general, have 9s. 6d. at an average. At the time when these summaries were taken down (before the late rise of markets), beef was 6d. per pound and wheat flour 2d.; so that the workmen of the various classes could respectively, with their average weekly wages, purchase 60, 42, 25, and 19 pounds, of the one article of consumption, and 180, 126, 84, and 57, of the other.

In Belgium, in the flourishing machine-making establishment of Mr Cockerill at Seraing, where uncommonly high wages for the country are given, the workmen whom we conceive to correspond with those in our own country entitled Class of First Skill, have from 5 to 10 francs (from 4s. 2d. to 8s. 4d.) per day—say for average 6s. 3d., or 37s. 6d. per week. The wages of this set, however, are evidently peculiar, owing to the difficulty there must be in Belgium in getting even the small number of properly qualified men required. Forgers, founders, and workmen in the proving department, earn only about 44 francs (3s. 9d.) per day, or 22s. 6d. per week. Wages in this establishment are said to be 10 per cent. higher than in the rest of Belgium, a fact which we must attribute to the recent rise and rapid progress of the work, every thing being prosperous and hopeful. The average wages at Seraing are 2s. 11d. per day, or 17s. 6d. per week; and the lowest ever paid to an able-bodied workman are 2s. 3d., working 6 days a week, and 12 hours a day.

While a peculiarity seems to rest on the Class of First Skill in Belgium, we have sufficiently distinct

* Duodecimo, 270 pages. Edinburgh, W. Tait; London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Dublin, John Cumming. 1838.

results as to the rest. The spinners at Ghent, a portion of the Class of Second Skill, earn 13s. 9d. (16½ francs) per week. The wages of masons, tailors, compositors, and other workmen of the Class of Second Skill, are about the same, or rather less. Men of the Third Skill in Belgium earn about 9s. per week, while agricultural labourers in purely rural provinces, being of the Class of Fourth Skill, have only 4s. 6d. to 6s. a-week, without food. In the provinces, however, in which manufactories are situated, as Liege and Namur, agricultural labourers get equal wages with food. We have here an instructive fact as to the efficacy of manufactures in improving the condition of a rustic population, and of all who depend on land. It is to be observed, that the hours of work throughout Belgium are in general longer than with us, ranging from 11½ to 15.

While the money wages are thus, with one unimportant exception, considerably below those of Great Britain, provisions are much cheaper than with us. Bread is there only 1½d. per pound. An able-bodied man in the country will support himself comfortably on 7d. a-day. We shall here quote some particulars from Mr Symons:—

"The food of the working-classes, not only of Belgium, but of all the countries of the continent, consists of vegetables; meat is not the food of the working classes, either of Belgium or of any other country. It is the relish used with food. The Italian eats maccaroni; the staple food of the French and Germans is bread or cabbage; of the Irish, potatoes (and the consumption of potatoes, as a main article of sustenance, is by no means confined to the United Kingdom, but is rapidly spreading over the continent). It is a beautiful fiction to describe John Bull as eating beef. If 'John Bull' means two-thirds of the population, John Bull is living on vegetable diet; and not above one-third of him is nourished by meat. The Indians eat rice; the West Indians, yams and bread-tree; the Africans, dates; in fact, a fraction, and that a very small one, of mankind are carnivorous.

The workmen employed in the iron-works of the Hainault, Liege, and the machine-making factories of Seraing, Bruxelles, Ghent, &c., live on potatoes and vegetables, with a piece of meat among them, for dinner regularly; coffee of chicory; and on the Sundays, spirits in moderate quantity. These are the best paid.

The workmen who come under the second class are the masons, blacksmiths, carpenters, &c., of the towns, the woollen factory and domestic weavers, who live nearly in the same manner, but consume either a less portion of meat, or take it only three or four times a-week.

The cotton-weavers and factory workmen live less well. Potatoes and vegetable soup form their chief food, with bread half rye and half wheat; coffee, and occasionally a glass of spirits, and commonly brown beer, are their beverage. This beer is particularly nasty, but, I believe, wholly free from cocculus indicus, &c. &c.—pure malt, hops, water, and salt, ill proportioned, and execrably boiled.

The linen-weavers and the common labourers are identified, and consume potatoes and rye-bread, which is a common article of consumption in Belgium, and indeed generally on the Continent amongst the poorest classes, vegetable soup, rarely flavoured with meat, coffee of chicory, beer, &c.

However coarse the food may be on which the Belgian artisans subsist, the abundance of their meals is most striking. I was constantly in the habit of entering their dwellings at meal-times, and I uniformly found the contents of the table even greater than the capacity of their appetites.

Agricultural labourers are well fed: they have bread and coffee in the morning, vegetable soup for dinner, with meat three times a-week, with beer. The poorest of all eat rye-bread, and potatoes, with coffee."

The facts brought forward by Mr Symons respecting the condition of working-men in France, are not favourable. Overlooking the Class of First Skill, respecting which we find no distinct facts, it appears that artisans (Second Skill) in Paris, as carpenters, masons, shoemakers, &c., earn about 2s. 6d. (3 francs) per day, or 15s. per week. Artisans of a higher order of skill, as engravers, jewellers, and tailors (for tailors are there men of a higher skill), earn at an average 3s. 6d. per day, or 21s. per week. In the country, however, 1s. 8d. per day, or 10s. per week, form the wages of the most of trades, at an average. In Lyons, where the silk-weaving is now once more flourishing, the chef d'atelier, or master of a shop of about ten looms, makes 12s. 6d., and the ordinary weavers under him about 10s. per week. Spinners at Guebwillers make 13s. 6d. per week—in Normandy 14s. 7d. at an average, working between thirteen and fourteen hours a-day. A power-loom weaver, having two looms, makes 12s. 6d. a-week. Handloom weavers, working from thirteen to fourteen hours a-day, average for the most skilled class 6s. 3d. a-week, for the second class 4s. 4d. The wages of a country labourer in France are, in summer 9s., and in winter 7s. per week—a considerably higher rate in proportion than the wages of the artisans and spinners. In the spinning factories at St Quentin, in the north of France, which are prosperous, the average of wages for all persons employed was found by Mr Symons to be 5s. 10d., while in Lancashire it is 10s. 6d.

Food is cheaper in France than in England. At St Quentin Mr Symons found bread at 3½d. for 2 1-5th pounds, and beef of the common sort at 5½d. for the pound of 18 ounces. Yet the lodging and food of the working-classes are greatly worse than with us. The

houses are described as for the most part dirty, comfortless, and evincing every symptom of bad management and poverty combined. The working-people are exempt from our most besetting vice of intemperance, but "they are not moral for that; their want of prudence is excessive; they live from hand to mouth; the least illness, or want of work at all prolonged, plunges them into a state of profound misery." The silk-weavers of Lyons are an emaciated miserable-looking set of beings, diseased and under-sized. "In that town, one room frequently contains a man and his wife, two or three children, and a workman and his wife." In the poor district called the *Landes*, the food of the agricultural labouring-class consists of "rye bread, soup made of millet, cakes made of Indian corn, now and then some salt provision and vegetables, rarely if ever butcher meat; their drink water. In other parts of southern France they live better. They eat wheaten bread, soup made with vegetables, and a little grease or lard twice a-day, potatoes and vegetables, but seldom butcher meat; their drink is wine or piquette (a thin liquor made from the dregs of grapes); a family could lay something by from their gains at the end of the year, as the wants of the lower classes are much fewer than in England; in fact, the luxuries of tea, &c. are unknown."

The working people of Switzerland appear, from Mr Symons's statements, to be in an uncommonly comfortable condition. It is difficult, however, to convey a just idea of their incomes, in consequence of their almost invariably possessing small pieces of land, on which they raise grain or potatoes, or rear sheep and cattle, and from which accordingly they derive much of their subsistence. Of the highly skilled labourers, as the numerous watchmakers of southern Switzerland, Mr Symons gives no returns. Journeyman artisans, again, have generally small wages (from 3s. to 5s.), with board and lodging. In "an average cotton-mill in Argovia" (the hours of labour being from 6 to 11 and from 12 to 3 past 7), the weekly wages are, on an average—spinners, 7s. 6d.; carders, 5s.; girls, piecers, &c., 3s. 9d.; power-loom weavers, 3s. 9d. In the country, common out-of-door labourers get 9d. a-day in summer, and 7½d. in winter, with a quart of wine and half a pound of bread. On an average in the German cantons, bread is from 1d. to 1½d. per pound of 17 ounces, or about the half of what it now is in England; meat, from 2½d. to 4½d. per Swiss pound. "I confidently believe," says our author, "that it would require 30s. per week in England, in the neighbourhood of any country town, to put a man, his wife, and three children (two of whom shall be above 15 years of age), in the same condition, and in all physical respects on a footing with the average of Swiss artisan peasants having the same family. * * The cantons of St Gall and Appenzel, which are perhaps among the first of the German manufacturing cantons, present a most enchanting picture of the happiness of the artisans, combined with a low amount of money wages. * * The cottages are scattered separately over the vales and hills, each standing in the midst of its little estate, with the goats or sheep, with their melodious bells to their necks, grazing on the land, which is generally pasture. The interior of the cottages, which are built of wood, are cleanly beyond description, and are well furnished with every article of cottage comfort." Hand-loom weaving is, in Switzerland, "considered in its proper light, namely, as an occupation too easy and light to be remunerated otherwise than by proportionately low payment. * * The high education of the Swiss soon taught them to perceive that a handicraft, at least as far as plain weaving is concerned, requiring the skill of children and the strength of women, must necessarily be remunerated by the wages of children's and women's labour. Weaving, therefore, except in the fancy work, has long ceased to be a separate employment, and exists but as the occupation of children, women, and elderly men, or as occupying the intervals of higher branches of adult industry." Agricultural labourers work at the loom in the evenings, in bad weather, and in winter, when the English farm-labourer is idle.

Mr Symons considers the working-people of Austria as "far from ranking low in the scale of industrial welfare among the nations of the continent." The weekly wages of factory labourers average as follows:—Spinners, 10s.; women, 6s.; children, 2s. 4½d.; the hours, however, are "exceedingly long," being frequently 15, and in some instances 17, per day, exclusive of meal times. A carpenter or mill-wright will earn 10s. per week. Common bread is 1d. 1-6th, and beef 3d., per pound. "In Austria, the working-classes are generally contented, but certainly an ill-informed people. They are, moreover, weaker in intellect than [the inhabitants of] perhaps any of the surrounding countries." "Almost every father of a family has a house and several patches of land. The house and land may have cost L.100," one-half or three-fourths of the purchase-money being borrowed at 5 per cent. This is a system much like that described as existing in the Channel Islands.

In Prussia, at the flourishing works of Elberfeld, weavers make from 8s. to 16s. per week, and dyers 12s. for hard work with long hours, or 9s. for less severe work. In northern Prussia, wages are not so high. Mechanics, as carpenters and blacksmiths, earn in the towns from 9s. to 11s. per week; shoemakers, tailors, &c., about 7s.; common labourers in towns 6s. in summer, and 4s. 6d. in winter. Agricultural labourers, besides free house, fuel, and sometimes half an acre of ground, earn from 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. per week. In

Wurttemberg, the best artisans in towns are fed and lodged by their masters, and receive from 1s. 8d. to 4s. 2d. weekly. Farmers hire their servants by the year, feed and lodge them, and give them, in the villages, from L.1, 13s. 4d. to L.3, 6s. 8d., in the towns from L.4, 3s. 4d., to L.5, yearly. These workmen "in the morning eat soup, potatoes, or bread; dinner, vegetables or pudding; between dinner and supper, bread; supper, potatoes and milk, or soup; once or twice a-week, meat. Wages, such as they are, go far. Even day-labourers can save great part of their earnings."

We here conclude our abbreviations of the statements of Mr Symons respecting the condition of working men in various European countries. Summaries and general views must form the subject of a second and concluding paper.

A STORY FROM HERODOTUS.

ONCE on a time there sat on the throne of Egypt a prince named Rhemphis, or Ramsinitis—it is no great consequence which; he was an aged gentlemanly sort of person, very fond of amassing riches; a propensity he had so unremittingly endeavoured to gratify during his whole career, that he had become ultimately one of the wealthiest monarchs that ever swayed the Egyptian sceptre. But was he happy after he had arrived at this consummation of his wishes? Not exactly so; and on this rests our present story, the facts of which are faithfully taken from the Greek historian Herodotus, though we claim and use the privilege of relating them in our own humble way.

Rhemphis, then, had accumulated great treasures of gold, and silver, and precious jewels. It was perfectly delightful to the old king to look upon them, but the fear of losing them came in the way to mar his enjoyment. The monarch distrusted his servants and every body about him, naturally enough supposing that every one regarded such objects with eyes as covetous as his own. This idea became the torment of the king's life. What was to be done! To do him justice, Rhemphis was not cruel or tyrannical, and although particular persons among his dependents might be the chief objects of his uneasy suspicion, he never once thought of the plan of inviting them to a banquet, and letting loose executioners upon them in their hour of unguarded relaxation; which was the plan adopted by a certain successor of his, some two or three thousand years afterwards, in order to get rid of four or five hundred servants (usually called Mamelukes) who had become objects of jealousy and dislike to their master. Rhemphis never took such a scheme as this into his head. The plan that he did fall upon was the simple one of building a secure place for the reception of the gold which he was afraid of losing. With this view he called an architect, or rather several architects, before him, to consult about the stone strong-box he had resolved to build. We say several architects, because there is strong reason to believe that the job was executed by contract. The builder to whom the employment fell, executed it, at least in a way and manner very different from the employer's wishes, which renders the presumption of its being a contract very strong. The new treasury was erected close to the side of the palace walls, and had no opening whatever, excepting one to the private apartments of Rhemphis, in the interior of the royal building. Nothing but a blind blank stone wall, of most sufficient strength, was presented to gazers from the outside; and as for the door leading to and from the palace, the king took excellent good care, both that the keys of it should never for a moment leave his own royal girdle, and that its strength should be such as to render access without these lock-pickers impossible.

Rhemphis was absolutely happy, or at least wonderfully merry, when once he had got this strong-box fairly made, and his treasures deposited in it. Every day after dinner, to the great astonishment and also to the satisfaction of his only daughter—a creature young and beautiful as the dawn—he would make an attempt to carol an emphatic ditty, which, being translated from the Coptic, approached very nearly in significance to our own "Begone, dull care!" But this state of complacency did not continue long. On one of his solitary visits to his strong-box, it struck the king that things were not as he had left them at his previous visit. He missed some portion of his golden hoards; but their total amount was so immense, that he could not be certain of the fact until he had made a mark, and examined a second time. His suspicions were confirmed; his gold had been pilfered, and that in no small quantities! From that hour, as may be supposed, the king's comfort was utterly destroyed, and the more so, because he could not form the slightest conception of the authors of the robbery, or the manner in which it had been effected. The lock and seals—for he was in the habit of using the additional precaution of sealing up the door—were apparently untouched. It was next to impossible that any person could have entered by the door, and, as Rhemphis held up his lamp, and looked around the dead walls, he thought it equally out of the question to suppose any one could pass through them. Nevertheless, on succeeding visits the monarch perceived the diminution of his gold still to continue. Never was old gentleman so puzzled, so distracted. How could the thief get in, and who could the thief be? All that Rhemphis could determine on the matter was, that the pilferer must be one of his own servants; and having arrived at this conclusion, the next question was, How

to catch him? To place guards around the place would have been ridiculous, as the unknown plunderer would thereby have been deliberately warned of his danger. At length Rhemphus resolved to place traps *inside* of the treasure-house, and around the vases containing the precious hoards. The king's confidential artificer got the traps made accordingly, and they were, with all possible speed, set in the requisite situation. But before we tell the issue, we must introduce the thief, or rather the thieves, to the reader.

The job of building the stone strong-box, it has been hinted, was in all probability done by contract. This is to be hoped at least, seeing that poor payment would furnish some little apology for the conduct of the builder. That personage so disposed one of the large stones of the wall on the outside, that it could be easily removed by two or even one man of ordinary strength, and a ready access thus opened to the treasures within. The architect never made use, personally, of this avenue to wealth; but he fell ill soon after the completion of the building, and being more anxious about the monetary comfort of his wife and his two sons than about the preservation of their honesty, he told the youths of the manner in which he had provided for their future prosperity by the artifice of the hole in the wall. Not long after their father's death, the sons went to the spot, crept into the treasury, and carried away enough to supply their wants for the time being. When their necessities called upon them, they went back again and again. But, in the mean time, the traps were set, and on one of their visits the elder of the brothers was caught therein! He comprehended his situation instantly, and being a bold determined fellow, called upon the younger to kill him instantly. "It is the only means," exclaimed he, "to save our mother and yourself. If when found here I am known, the whole affair will be detected, and all of us will perish at once. Therefore, since I cannot escape, and must die, cut off my head, brother, and carry it away. It will be impossible for them *then* to know me." The younger was most reluctant to obey the other's desire; but at length, with a sad heart, he did as he was requested. He then lifted his brother's head, crept out and replaced the stone, and ran home to his mother.

By daylight Rhemphus was in his treasury to discover the result of his scheme, and never, perhaps, was king or common man so surprised as when he found the headless body of a man in the trap, while at the same time no possible mode of egress or ingress was yet to be seen. The affair was ten times more mysterious than ever. Rhemphus, however, formed some hope of unravelling it by means of the corpse. This he ordered to be exposed near the spot, while at the same time he placed a band of soldiers hard by, with orders to seize any one who should express sorrow at the sight. This "weak invention" never would have brought the truth to light, as the surviving thief was too wise to take any notice of the matter; but his mother compelled him to interfere. The old lady was exasperated at the treatment of her lost son's body, and plainly told the survivor that if he did not fall on some means of bringing it away, she would go and tell the whole to the king. In vain did the youth endeavour to excuse himself: the mother knew his invention, his genius, and was obstinate. Finding this to be the case, the son bethought himself of a plan to effect his wish. Loading some asses with skins of wine, he drove them in the evening close to the spot where the soldiers were stationed, and then secretly drew out the pegs from two or three of the skins. "Oh, my wine! my beautiful wine! From Mareotis every drop of it!" he began to howl in such a manner, as speedily to bring the soldiers to his side. Instead of helping him, however, to replace the pegs, they began to drink freely from the gushing skins, as he had expected. He affected at first to be angry, but when they only laughed and made game of him, he seemed to become pacified, and to admire their drollery. Nay, in token of that admiration, he gave them a skin of wine, and helped to drink it, appearing enchanted with their merriment. The issue was, that every man became intoxicated, and in time fell asleep. The youth allowed the night to come on, and then took down his brother's body, which he put into a sack provided for it, and laid on the back of one of his asses. Being a fellow of irrepressible drollery, he could not help leaving the soldiers, and the king also, a parting token of his derision, by cutting off a portion of the whisker on the right cheek of each of the men.

When Rhemphus heard of this, he was, you may be sure, in a dreadful passion, though his admiration of the thief's ingenuity and boldness was almost equal to his anger. The old king could do nothing after these events but think and dream of that same thief. When his daughter asked him at dinner what he would like best to have, "the thief," was the usual reply. In fact, he grew a sort of monomaniac upon this subject; and had he not been the born ruler of millions, would assuredly have been heartily beaten, twenty times over, seeing that he got into such a species of dotage on this point, as at last to ask every body about him, not excepting even his prime minister, "Are you the thief—my thief?" At length he fell upon a strange plan to discover the cause of all his troubles. He commanded his beautiful daughter to receive the addresses of any man, on condition that he would tell her the most artful as well as wicked thing he ever did. Rhemphus conjectured that either the hope of marrying the princess, or the sheer audacity that seemed to distinguish him, would bring forward the rogue; and he was not

disappointed. The young thief came forward at once; but, guessing at the king's plan, he provided himself accordingly. He went on his courting expedition to the princess, and remained with her till it was dark, when, according to the plan, the young lady put the question to him. The youth replied unhesitatingly, "The most wicked thing I ever did was to cut off the head of my brother, who was caught in a trap in the king's treasury; and the most artful thing I ever did was to make the king's guards drunk, and carry off my brother's body." As soon as this answer was given, the princess, as had been arranged, seized the youth's arm, and gave the alarm that he might be apprehended. But what was her astonishment and terror, when the arm she grasped came away from the body, and remained alone in her possession, while the thief quietly glided off, and made his escape. On lights being brought, the princess found that she had a dead man's arm in her grasp!

Rhemphus was now in perfect despair. This extraordinary thief was too much even for a king to contend with. The daughter could not explain the circumstance of the arm, as the thief had appeared to her a most agreeable youth, with arms like those of other mortals. Fairly baffled, Rhemphus now proclaimed, that, if the wonderful thief would come forward, he should not only be pardoned, but rewarded handsomely. The young trickster trusted the royal word, and immediately presented himself before the king, to whom he candidly explained the whole secret of the moveable stone in the wall. "But the arm—the dead arm?" said the monarch. The youth smiled, and replied, that, guessing the princess would have orders to seize him after his confession, he had brought the arm with him under his cloak for the purpose, having taken it from the body of a person recently dead. The old king was delighted with the manners and address of the young thief. In fact, "he looked upon him (says Herodotus) as the cleverest of human beings," and gave him his daughter in marriage—an arrangement to which the young princess is not recorded as having offered any objections.

Thus happily ends the history of one of the most famous thieves of antiquity; an ending very different, indeed, from what similar practices would have entailed on the doer in these our unromantic days.

POKINGS IN ETYMOLOGY.

FIRST ARTICLE.

It is well known that the consonant *ch* is remarkable for the variety of phases it assumes in pronunciation, as, for example, *chaise*, *church*, *chaos*, *Brechin*, *yacht*. Without entering upon any explanation of these diversities, we may infer from the Proteus-like character of this letter (as it is justly considered to be in Spanish, notwithstanding its *duplicité* of form, having in that language the invariable sound it has in *church*), that the English and Scotch correlatives *church* and *kirk* are the self-same word. Now, a striking, and by no means unlikely origin, may be proposed for *kirk*, namely, the two Greek words *kurios oikos* (*kurios oikos*), "the Lord's house," which, by rejecting the mere masculine terminational index *os*, and then condensing the two words into one, may be easily contracted into the monosyllable referred to.

It often happens that the same parent word may have descendants, in different languages, where the family likeness is obscure, and indeed sometimes altogether imperceptible. This is strikingly illustrated in the word *bishop*, and its French correlative *évêque*, which have not a single letter in common, and yet can easily be traced upwards to one sole Grecian progenitor, namely, *ἐπισκοπος* (*episcopos*), meaning literally "overseer." Following the descending process, we have first, by dropping the masculine postfix *os*, the radical term *episcop*. The English word is easily derived by contracting this to *piscop*, which, through the well-known mutual convertibility of *p* and *b*, and of *sc* and *sh*, becomes *bishop*. Again, by reducing the Greek word to *episo*, or, according to French orthography, *episque*, and remembering that *p* and *v* are also exchangeable sounds, we have *evisque*, and, by a slight variation, *evésque*, the old French spelling and pronunciation, which gradually softened into *évêque*, the circumflex accent being here, as in a multitude of other words in that language, a monument to the memory of the departed sibilant, as well as an index to the *grave* sound thereby produced.

We shall perhaps excite a smile of sceptical import, in proposing to unriddle the genealogy of the grotesque expression *helter skelter*. It is evident that the movement indicated by this graphic adverb combines the two attributes of *fun* and *fastness*. Who shall deny, then, that it is a mere contraction of the Latin equivalent, *hilariter et celeriter*, "merrily and quickly!"

The verb *abandon* is a singular example of that generalisation of meaning which many words, originally restricted in their application, have gradually assumed. The French correlative *abandonner*, when thus analysed, *à ban donner*, clearly denotes "to give to ban," that is, to banishment or outlawry. The extension of this idea to the negation of social or private intercourse is strikingly natural.

Another beautiful instance of extended signification suggests itself in the word *alarm*—a feeling which in times of feudal contention would have almost daily exercise—the primitive bearing of the expression being evidently *à l'arm*! "to the arming!" This announcement or *alarm* would, by an easy process, reach its present universality of reference to all dangers whatever.

Every one knows the poetic substitute of *Chanticleer* for the uncouth monosyllable which prose has assigned to the "shrill harbinger of morn," and it may be interesting to prove the accuracy of this epithet, by pointing out its origin in *chanter clair*, expressing the "clear song" of the valorous biped.

The delightful game of chess, before which all others hide their diminished heads, is the well-known legacy of Persian intellect, and retains in its nomenclature traces of its Oriental origin. Thus *check*! the warning of attack on the hostile monarch, is simply *Scheik*! or "King!" though French gallantry has extended the intimation, at the expense of the etymology, by saying also "échec à la Reine!" Again, the fearful consummation of *checkmate*! is but the Anglified variety of *Scheik mat*! "the King is dead!"

The variation of meaning which many words undergo in their transmission to another language, invariably implies some diversity of national character or usages. Why *assiette*, which is the French term for the plate one eats off, should, in its Scottish form of *ashed*, denote the dish or common receptacle, may afford grave matter of consideration for the culinary antiquary or the philosophic historian.

Puns have often given origin to words whose singular expressiveness has gained them universal acceptance. The humorist, who, after perhaps a momentary search for some epithet appropriate to a vehicle drawn by horses not abreast, but *at length*, did *at length* hit upon the Latin adverb *tandem*, deserves to be regarded as no mean successor to the great word-manufacturer Johnson. Nor is less eulogy due to him who, anxious to give intimation that his conveyance was accessible to all, judiciously adopted for its distinctive name the Latin dative *omnibus*.

Who would not exclaim "*strange*!" if an attempt were made to trace that adjective to the Latin adverb *extra*? Yet true it is that from *extra*, "without," comes *extraneous*, whence proceeds the French *étrange*, or, in the old orthography, *estrange*, the manifest parent of its "*strange*" offspring.

Most persons must have occasionally heard the lamentations of a Scottish mother over the *stravaguing* propensities of some favourite, and consequently spoilt, child, all unconscious as she was of the classical propriety of the epithet by which she characterised them. The Latin expression *extra vagare*, "to wander from home," dropping the infinitive symbol, subsides into the radical *extravag*, from which the further process is evident.

The word *crazy* has a truly poetic origin in the French *écrasé*, implying that the mind of the poor sufferer is "shattered to pieces."

The votaries of whist, notwithstanding their predilection for *trumps*, may not generally be aware of the triumphant origin of those dignitary-cards. *La carte de triomphe*, "the card of triumph," abbreviated into *la triomphe* (though *trionphe*, in its general meaning, is masculine), will explain our meaning, and at the same time refute the supposed vulgarity of the popular pronunciation *trumps*.

The words *mayor* and *provost* are easily traced to the Latin originals *major* and *propositus*. The Spanish, who are admitted to have preserved more faithfully than any other country the pronunciation of Latin, always sound the Latin *j*, in the middle of a word, like *y*, and as their own language is written exactly as it is sounded, they read *mayor*, "greater." *Propositus*, "put over," dropping the male postfix, becomes *proposit*, then shortens to *propost*, from which, by softening *p* to *v*, we have *provost*.

The vulgar expression, "It's all in my eye and Betty Martin," or, as it has been abbreviated, "It's all my eye," has been, perhaps with more humour than etymological accuracy, traced to an invocation of St Martin by Catholic mariners, of whom he was regarded as the especial patron: thus, "*Ah mihi, beate Martine!*" "Ah me! blessed Martin!"

We next venture on a derivation, which, though it may to the majority of our readers appear fanciful and overstrained, has at least some claim to an impartial hearing. We allude to the genealogy of the word *scorn*. In Italian, as is well known, the negational prefix *dis* is elegantly abbreviated to the mere letter *s*, as in *montare*, "to mount on horseback," *smontare*, "to dismount," &c. One of the latter family of verbs is *scornare*, which, literally rendered, is to "dishorn," applied to the mutilation or abstraction of an animal's horns. This is the radical or original import of the verb, but, from the universal expansive tendency of language, it also claims the metaphorical signification of "defaming, deriding, affronting" a rational being. Hence the participial adjective *scornato*, "dishorned, or hornless, affronted, insulted," and the noun *scorno*, "shame, affront, reproach." When we recollect the importance attached in the East (of which we see many traces in Scripture) to the horn worn as an ornament on the forehead, we can easily see how the idea of being dishorned may have come to be the same thing with being degraded.

Among the numerous mistakes made by our great lexicographer regarding the etymology of English

words, perhaps one of the most unpardonable is his derivation of the verb "to rabbit" (applied to the sloping down two pieces of wood diagonally, so as to overlap each other with a view to junction), from *rabatto*, which implies "to abate, take off, or lessen," whereas it evidently comes from the French term for "a plane," namely, *rabot*, and has its exact counterpart in the verb *rabotter*, "to plane," though in this word the process of planing is not restricted to that particular application of it which is applied in rabbeting.

Who would ever dream of any connection between the words denoting the national beverage of Scotland, and the far-famed and dreaded Biscay? This, however, appears, to us at least, indisputable. The Biscayans of antiquity are still faithfully represented in their primitive language, and every other characteristic, by their descendants in an unconquered line, the present inhabitants of the Basque provinces. Now, as of old, they exhibit the same confusion, or rather identification, of the sounds of *b* and *v*, a phenomenon which is also observable in many other provinces of Spain. This singularity of articulation, combined with their ancient character as ardent votaries of Bacchus, led to the well-known pun of a Roman emperor: *Apud Biscayos vivere et bibere idem est*, "Among the Biscayans, to live and to drink is the same thing." The correct name for Biscay is *Viscaya*, which, curtailed to its first syllable, becomes *Vizc*, evidently identical with the Celtic *Uisc*, implying "water," whence *Viscaya* denotes "a maritime district." The connection between *Uisc* and *Whisky* was explained in a former article in the present work.

One admirable advantage that arises from the adoption of a foreign word which has already its counterpart or synonyme in the language, is the opportunity presented of restricting the adopted word to some peculiar application of the general meaning it has in its native tongue, and thus giving greater definiteness and exactitude to our expressions. Thus *soirée* means in general "an evening party," but is, in its English use, confined to a peculiar class of such parties. *Bœuf, mouton, veau, porc*, imply in French these animals, whether alive or in the form of meat, but in their Anglicised forms they have only the latter import. The introduction of these culinary terms is undoubtedly to be referred to the *hauteur* of the Norman noblesse introduced at the Conquest, who, leaving the Saxon boors at liberty to use their own language to denote the living animal, scorned to pollute their banquets by applying any language but French to the viands before them. The very word *hauteur* which we have just penned, supplies an elegant illustration of this restriction of meaning in imported words. The diversity of application in the exotic word from its indigenous synonyme, is amusingly seen in the inferior position which *overalls* occupy, in comparison with the more exalted locality of the *surtout*, though identical in their literal meaning.

LONDON TAVERN-THEATRES.

THE distance of many parts of the outskirts of London from the centre, where the principal recognised places of amusement are situated, has given rise, within the last few years, to the establishment of theatricals in connection with many of those suburban taverns, where from time immemorial the neighbouring citizens have been accustomed to spend their evenings with pipe and tankard. As there is something quite peculiar and London-like in these establishments, a description of one of them, apart in a great measure from all consideration of their moral effects, may not be uninteresting. We select for this purpose one called the Eagle Tavern, situated in the City Road, one of the outlets from the city towards the east.

This establishment is open every evening throughout the greater part of the year. On approaching it by the City Road, the visitor is struck with the spectacle of a large new building, elegantly constructed, and having more the appearance of some grave public institution than of a tavern. This particular edifice, however, is not yet open for the purposes of the place, being only very recently erected. The buildings now in use are behind, and are reached by a passage resembling the pit lobby of a theatre. The visitor pays a shilling here, and receives a ticket, which he retains in his possession. On passing these money-takers, he naturally expects to be ushered into the inside of something like a theatre, but finds himself, to his surprise, once more in the open air, and on looking round beholds a square enclosed by buildings, and presenting many objects worthy of his attention. The central space of ground is tastefully laid out, while beautiful busts and statues stand all around. A porticoed walk leads the visitor round this place, and he sees, by the numerous lamps hanging above him, that the walls of the encircling range of buildings are in some places stuck thick with shells, many of them of the most expensive kind usually seen on mantelpieces. Grottoes and other ornamental objects deck the place in profusion. The words "Ladies' Cloak-Room," and similar inscriptions on various doors, denote that the

rooms in this square are devoted to the convenience of visitors. Another object here is sure to arrest attention. This is a large counter or bar, attended by handsomely dressed females, and provided with all the means of refreshment and comfort. Such are the main points that meet the eye in walking around this court.

At the corner opposite to that by which he entered, the visitor finds the entrance-door of the Grecian Saloon, or, in other words, of the real Tavern-Theatre. This is a spacious apartment, containing boxes, pit, orchestra, and stage, disposed as in ordinary theatres. Nothing can be more elegant than the style in which the whole is fitted up and decorated. The walls and wood are beautifully and variedly painted; the boxes are splendidly papered in the backs, the seats richly clothed, and large mirrors are hung up at the ends nearest the stage. The chandeliers, &c., are in the same expensive taste. The stage is small, and differs in no respect from the stages of common theatres. But in the arrangements of the pit, the peculiar characteristic of the place becomes strikingly visible. In front of each seat there is a narrow level table, supported by being fixed (as in church pews) to the back of the preceding one, and adapted for the reception of whatever liquors or refreshments the visitors may choose to solace themselves withal. And a most strange and novel sight it is, when the house is filled with spectators, to behold each man sitting at his ease, with his pot of foaming porter, or his glass of hot gin-and-water before him, coolly discussing at the same time his cigar, or inhaling the fumes of his foot-long pipe, and all the while observing with critical eye the performances on the stage in front, and rewarding them ever and anon with his *bravo* and *encore*, or condemning them, as it may be, with his *psha* and other tokens of disapproval and dislike. The expression of voice and countenance of a real lover of such exhibitions, jolly in person and well-to-do in general appearance, when he is seen in such an attitude and position, gives one an idea of superlatively luxurious ease, which it would be impossible to exceed. Some may be inclined to think that noise, confusion, and disturbances of every sort, must be apt to arise from the existence of such a degree of licence, and such a species too of licence; but this is a mistake, as regards the Eagle at least, and other houses at the top of this order of establishments. Judging from one or two visits, the people who frequent the Royal Coronation, &c. &c., City Road, are by no means of a disreputable class. The majority of visitors upon the whole are young, as might be expected, and seem to belong to the race employed in sale-shops and work-shops, but there are also many stayed-looking, middle-aged personages to be seen there, whose amplitude of girth and comfortable aspect at once distinguish them as having for no short time enjoyed all the advantages of being their own masters. In short, many decent shopkeepers do not disdain to please their eye at the Eagle, while at the same time they luxuriate over their hot tumbler, or their pot of stout, and their pipe. For this they only pay one sixpence more than a visit to any other tavern would have cost, as the check or ticket which is received by every visitor on entrance, entitles him, at any period of the evening's entertainments, to call for whatever refreshment he pleases to the value of one sixpence. Most people content themselves with imbibing this moderate and legitimate quantity of liquor, whether it be in the shape of wine, spirits, porter, or ale, but further payments will procure additional supplies. One of the most amusing things attending a visit to such a place as this, is to witness the variety of tastes displayed by the people. Attentive waiters are sliding or gliding about in all directions among the benches—most commonly during the intervals of performance—to receive the commands of the visitors, one of whom will call for a glass of gin "neat" (unmixed), another gin and cold water, another gin with cold water and sugar, and a fourth gin with hot water and ditto. So also with all the other species of liquors.

Such is the state of matters in the pit. We have as yet said nothing of the boxes, which form the usual resort of the female visitants to these entertainments. The same sum of money (one shilling) constitutes the admission to the boxes, or, as they are called, the *family stalls*, but no refreshment is here included. Indeed, refreshments do not seem to be taken (for the most part at least) in these stalls, though smoking goes on there as well as in the pit. It may be thought that this would be sufficient to exclude respectable ladies from the place, and indeed we do not say that females of the more respectable orders do go to these entertainments, but, at the same time, it would be casting an unfair reproach on all concerned, to say that no respectable women of the middle and humbler classes are ever visitants to the establishment. In reality, well-dressed family parties are to be seen in the stalls, and it is amazing, under all the circumstances, how little such persons find there to offend either eye or ear. The convivialities seldom occasion any interruption to the performances, ordering and chatting being generally managed in the intervals; and the building is so roomy, that the smoke from pipe and cigar passes off without any very disagreeable impressions upon the nasal organs, into the well-ventilated regions above.

The performances at the Eagle Tavern-Theatre consist chiefly of *concerts, little musical dramas, and dancing*. This description will appear sadly dull, curt, and imperfect, when compared with the following announcement in the nightly bills of the place, which we copy accurately, points of admiration included. This summary of sights alludes, as may be seen, to the

pleasure-grounds without, as well as to the exhibitions within. "To attempt a description of the numerous and varied sources of Entertainment given at this splendid place, within these limits, would be vain. The Royal Victoria Pavilion! Dancing! And Vaudeville! Set Painting! Cosmoramas! Fountains! Grottoes! Dripping-Rock! Elegant Buildings! Arcade! Colonnade! Grounds! Statuary! Singing! Music! And other Delightful Amusements! render it a Fairy Scene, a due Estimation of which can only be formed by Inspection!" With respect to the in-door portions of this high-sounding roll of entertainments, the concerts, with which the evening amusements usually commence, are really well worthy of attention. The orchestra equals that of many of the minor theatres, and overtures from the best masters are executed in no despicable style. One or two such pieces from the band, and perhaps eighteen or twenty songs from various performers, male and female, make up the evening's concert. These singers, as might be expected, exhibit various degrees of ability. Some of them are persons who have been regularly trained to the stage, but whom misfortune, and error (it may be) in some cases, have caused to quit the regular theatrical boards. The want of a good figure alone often brings singers to the Eagle and similar places, whose abilities would otherwise have entitled them to the very highest rank in the profession. In addition to such persons, and others from the minor and provincial theatres, there are no doubt many whose talents lie chiefly in their own estimation,

"Young clerks, foredoomed their fathers' souls to cross,
Who bawl 'Tom Bowling' when they should engross,"

and who find it more easy to make spectacles of themselves at such places as those under consideration, than at houses of higher note. What with one class and another, people get very good songs as well as very so-so ones at these concerts. The dancing is almost always good, and the musical dramas very respectably managed. Overtures and singing commonly conclude the exhibition as they began it.

Such is the style of the public amusements which the inventiveness of luxury has enabled the Londoner to enjoy, while sitting in some measure in private over his pipe and pot. The idea of such establishments could only have been conceived in a vast city like the British metropolis, where the caterers for the general entertainment incessantly rack their brains to discover new and varied modes of pleasing. If it be thought that in noticing this Eagle establishment, and in commending the beauty of the buildings, as well as the comparative decency of the whole exhibition, we have meant to express an approval of the principle of tavern-theatres, our object has been misunderstood. A tavern, under whatever guise it may present itself, does not seem to us to be a proper place for passing leisure time in, but we do not scruple to confess that we like a tavern all the better for mingling harmless spectacles with less approvable objects. It is at least a step in refinement to have a taste for pleasing some other sense than the mere gross appetite for drink. It must be remembered, however, that the preceding description only applies to the higher species of tavern-theatres, among which the Colosseum (the most respectable, perhaps, of all houses of the kind), White Conduit House, and others, may be ranked, as well as the Eagle. Tavern-theatres are to be found in London, of a description immeasurably inferior to those mentioned. Any person who steps into one of these out of curiosity, will find himself planted in one of a row of benches which fill up the body of a common room, nearly if not altogether devoid of any such appendages as boxes. In fact, the place resembles a common taproom, with this difference, that at one end of the apartment there is a small stage for the performances. The walls are dingy, and the atmosphere is thick with smoke, emitted unceasingly from the long pipes of tradesmen in their working-clothes, draymen with their frocks, and even dustmen with their hats shoved behind. Porter and unqualified gin form the choice liquors. On the stage there appears a company of performers, by no means very scanty in numbers, but deplorably at a loss for fit attire when the parts of real gentlemen and ladies are to be enacted. The favourite exhibitions here, however, do not render this deficiency very observable. Jim Crow (done by the help of the best soot), Dusty Bob and Black Sall (duet in character), Does your Mother know you're Out? Such a Getting up Stairs! and other such songs, are the current delights of the inferior tavern-theatre. But it must not be supposed that the managers profess to present nothing but vulgarities like these. For persons of more refined taste than the before-mentioned orders, the bills of such houses of entertainment present most attractive food. One of these bills, now in our hands, seems in many points to be a most excellent though unintentional caricature of the operative bill-cant of the day. "Mr Albert Hookey (of the Nobility's Concerts) will preside at the Grand Panarmonion." [This instrument used surely to be named Panharmonicon!] Then on this Panarmonion, which supplies the place of an orchestra, we are to have the "Overture to Semiramide," and afterwards the "Overture to Artaxerxes." Then we have "Russian Cracovienne dances," "Grand new Musical Ballets of Action," and all such mysteries, in abundance—mysteries at least, certainly, to the gentlemen of the pot and pipe, for whose critical beholding they are especially intended. Clog hornpipes, also, it may be observed in conclusion, are performances of a vastly popular character.

Take them all in all, these tavern-theatres, whether

pernicious or otherwise in their tendency, are curious and interesting as instances of the inventive skill of modern luxury. The capital which the proprietors of some of these places have embarked upon them, is immense. But the return is derived in many ways besides the mere receipts of the evening entertainments described. The Eagle Tavern, for example, attracts many visitors by day, who desire to see the pleasure-grounds and decorations around, and, at certain seasons, fire-works, small balloons, and other pageantries, attract great crowds. At the Colosseum, also, there are daylight exhibitions, which are well attended. Mr Braham, the celebrated singer, is the manager, if not proprietor, of the Colosseum, and his name is sufficient testimony that tavern-theatres are not necessarily disreputable places.

GRIMALDI AND HIS WIFE—A CASE OF POISONING.

I cannot refrain from telling a story, which I know to be true, of the oldest Grimaldi, the first of the race. Grimaldi and his wife were occasionally in the habit of quarrelling. At length their feuds assumed a very serious aspect; and after communing together upon their most miserable state of "incompatibility of temper," they resolved to destroy themselves, as the only means of relieving themselves from their most miserable condition. In accordance with this most extraordinary resolution, Mr Grimaldi proceeded to an apothecary's shop in the neighbourhood, and asked for an ounce of arsenic "to poison de rats." The "culler of simples" obsequiously bowed, and delivered to the devoted Grimaldi the dose that he trusted would emancipate him from all worldly ills. Firm to their purpose, the illustrious Punch and Judy swallowed in tumblers of water, each a moiety of the deadly "drink," and then embracing, retired, one to their hymeneal bed in the bedroom, and the other to a sofa in the sitting-room—both rooms communicating—the door between them being left open. The pair of suicides lay down, tears filling their eyes; a long and solemn pause ensued—no sound of groans, no sigh of anguish was heard—all was still as night. At last, wearied out with expectation, Grimaldi raised his head from the pillow, and in the deepest possible tone of voice cried out, "Mrs Grimaldi, are you dead, my love?" Upon which Mrs Grimaldi, in the highest possible squeak, replied, "No, Mr Grimaldi." The rejoinder sounded something like "Dom;" what it meant, the imagination of the delicate reader may supply. At the end of another half hour, it became Mrs Grimaldi's turn to be anxious as to the success of the potion, and she, hearing nothing in the next room, raised herself in the bed, and said in her squeak, "Mr Grimaldi, my dear, are you dead?" To which the gruff reply was, "No, Mrs Grimaldi." And for two hours these questions and answers went on periodically, till at last, the lady's turn coming again, she repeated the inquiry in a somewhat more excited and exalted tone, and almost screamed out, "Mr Grimaldi, my love, are you not dead?" "No, my dear," said Grimaldi, "I am not; nor do I think I can die to-night, unless it be of starvation, Mrs Grimaldi; get up out of bed and see for some supper, for I am very hungry." So ended this fatal performance; the apothecary, who had heard of the perpetual bickering of Punch and Judy in their *menage*, having prudently given him a small parcel of magnesia, which the unhappy pair had divided between them.—*New Monthly Magazine*.

THE BEAR AT SCHOOL.

The private journal of a traveller lately returned from North America to Paris contains the following story. In New Hampshire, on the northern borders of the United States, a peculiar species of bear is found, black in colour, small in size, and in general of a peaceable disposition. These animals live on wild honey and fruits, and never attack man or the lesser animals excepting when pressed by hunger in the very severe winters. On one occasion, some years ago, a boy found a very young bear-pup near Lake Winnipeg, and carried it home with him. It was fed and brought up about the house of the boy's father, and became as tame as a dog. Every day its youthful captor had to go to a school at some distance, and by degrees the bear became his daily companion. At first the other scholars were shy of the creature's acquaintance, but ere long it became their regular play-fellow, and they delighted in sharing with it the little store of provisions which they brought for their day's sustenance in small bags. After two years of civilisation, however, the bear wandered to the woods, and did not return. Search was made for him, but in vain.

Four succeeding years passed away, and in the interval changes had occurred about the school alluded to. An old dame had succeeded to the ancient master, and a new generation of pupils had taken place of the former ones. One very cold winter day, while the schoolmistress was busy with her humble lessons, a boy chanced to leave the door half open on his re-entrance, and suddenly a large bear walked in. The consternation of the old lady and her boys and girls was unspeakable. Both schoolmistress and pupils would fain have been "abroad," but the bear was in the path, and all that could be done was to fly as far off as possible, and hide behind the tables and benches.

But the bear troubled nobody. He walked quietly up to the fireplace, and warmed himself, exhibiting much satisfaction in his countenance during the process. He remained thus about a quarter of an hour, and then walked up to the wall where the provender bags and baskets of the pupils were suspended. Standing on his hind feet, he then took hold of these successively, put his paws into them, and made free with the bread, fruit, and other eatables there contained. He next tried the schoolmistress's desk, where some little provisions usually were; but finding it firmly shut, he went up again to the fire, and after a few minutes' stay before it, he walked himself finally out by the way he came.

As soon as the schoolmistress and her pupils had con-

rage to move, the alarm was given to the neighbours. Several young men immediately started after the bear, and as its track was perfectly visible in the snow, they soon came up with it, and killed it. Then it was, that, by certain marks upon its skin, some of its pursuers recognised in the poor bear no enemy, but an old friend of their own recent school-days. Great regret was felt for the death of the creature. It was like killing a human friend rather than a wild animal.—*French newspaper*.

CLASSICAL EXAGGERATIONS.

Some of the scenes in the kingdom of Naples, of which Virgil, in his *Æneid*, makes so much, are thus described in the language of soberness and daylight by a late visitor:—The Lucrine Lake is now a paltry pool, scarcely equal to a mill-pond. Lake Avernus has lost its woods, and is despoiled of the deep gloom and brooding vapours which made it a fit outwork of Virgil's hell. As a matter of course, I visited the cavern by which *Æneas* is supposed to have passed to the nether world. It is a straight tunnel, ten feet high, cut artificially in the tufa, passing through the narrow ridge two or three furlongs in length, and nearly level. About one hundred yards from the farther end, a very narrow gallery leads off to the right; it descends rapidly for two hundred feet, and conducts you to a pool of water. As this ought to be the river Styx, I looked for Charon, and kept my ears open to catch the growl of Cerberus, and the shrieks of unquiet ghosts. The surly boatman, however, seems to have retired *a ses terres*, and left the charge of the ferry to three or four of his sons, a race of sturdy unshaven bare-legged savages. The Styx, too, has shared the fate of many other subterranean rivers, having grown so shallow that the Charonides or Fitcharons have laid aside the bark, and carry disembodied spirits across on their shoulders. They pressed me much to make the journey; but not being guarded by spells like *Æneas*, and having some doubts whether the Fitcharons were a race "to ride the water on," I refused. One of our party, however, passed over, and returned in a quarter of an hour. After being immured for about half an hour, we returned to the upper world with our torches, and found it much less difficult *renovare gradum* than Virgil would have us believe. They have an *Acheron* here too, a *Mare Mortuum*, and *Elysian Fields*; but it would require moonlight and a strong faith, to see any thing mystical or submundane about them. The Grotto of Posillipo, a magnificent tunnel two-thirds of a mile in length, sixty feet high, and broad enough to serve for a highway, is a much more interesting object. It was cut by the early inhabitants before the commencement of Roman history. Baia is a beautiful spot, but the ground capable of being built upon would not afford room for a dozen of handsome villas.—*Scotsman newspaper*.

INCITEMENTS TO GOOD CONDUCT.

Finding remonstrance of little effect, Francia (Dictator of Paraguay) erected a special gibbet. In came, according to custom, one afternoon, a poor shoemaker, with a couple of grenadiers' belts, neither according to the fancy of the dictator. "Sentinel!" said he, and in came the sentinel, when the following conversation ensued:—Dictator: "Take this bribonazo (a very favourite word of the dictator's, and which, being interpreted, means 'most impertinent scoundrel,') take this bribonazo to the gibbet over the way; walk him under it half a dozen times; and now," said he, turning to the trembling shoemaker, "bring me such another pair of belts, and, instead of walking under the gallows, we shall try how you can swing upon it."—Shoemaker: "Please your excellency, I have done my best."—Dictator: "Well, bribon, if this be your best, I shall do my best to see that you never again mar a bit of the state's leather. The belts are of no use to me, but they will do very well to hang you upon the little framework which the grenadier will show you."—Shoemaker: "God bless your excellency, the Lord forbid! I am your vassal, your slave; day and night have I served and will serve my lord; only give me two days more to prepare the belts; y por el alma de un triste zapatero (by the soul of a poor shoemaker) I will make them to your excellency's liking."—Dictator: "Off with him, sentinel!"—Sentinel: "Venga, bribon; come along, you rascal."—Shoemaker: "Senior eccellentissimo, this very night I will make the belts according to your excellency's pattern."—Dictator: "Well, you shall have till the morning; but still you must pass under the gibbet; it is a salutary process, and may at once quicken the work and improve the workmanship."—Sentinel: "Vamonos, bribon; the supreme commands it." Off was the shoemaker marched; he was, according to orders, passed and repassed under the gibbet, and then allowed to retire to his stall. Whether the electric shock which he had undergone strung his nerves anew, or whether his genius was quickened by a keen perception of the danger of being a sloven or an ignoramus in a vocation so important as that of beltmaker to his excellency, it is very certain that the shoemaker appeared the next morning before Francia with a couple of belts, so entirely to the dictator's fancy, as to save the operator's neck from the halter, and to procure for him the station of beltmaker-general to the army. The example was so salutary, that blacksmiths, gunsmiths, architects, tailors, tambourers, cap-makers, all became better tradesmen. The "tradesmen's gibbet" was the terror of them all, and a single peep at it, even in the distance, sent every man home to his respective calling, with a combination of alacrity, fear, and dexterity, which I doubt much if any other stimulus, however exciting, would have produced.—*Robertson's Francia*.

DISEASE AMONG SHELL-FISH.

A writer in an American Journal of Science mentions a circumstance remarkable enough to be quoted. He says, "One of the most curious phenomena of the year 1836, has been the fatal effect of an epidemic disease among the molluscous animals or shell-fish of the Muskingum river, Ohio. It commenced in April, and continued until June, destroying millions of that quiet retiring race which peoples the beds of streams. As the animal

died, the valves of the shell opened, and, decomposition commencing, the muscular adhesions gave way, and the fleshy portion rose to the surface of the water, leaving the shell in the bed of the stream. As these dead bodies floated down the current, the heads of islands, masses of fixed drift-wood, and the shores, in many places were covered with them, tainting the air in the vicinity with putrid effluvia. The cause of the disease amongst the shelly race remains as much a mystery as that of the Asiatic cholera amongst the human family."

OMNIPRESENCE AND OMNIPOTENCE OF LAW.

If you leave your home to take an airing, you may walk in security on the side-walk of the street, because you know that no rider will disturb you. Who or what prevents the people on horseback from making use of that part of the public road? The law; or, if they were to disregard it, certain officers—that is, men invested with authority likewise by the law, who have been charged to enforce this among other laws. This law then protects you. You proceed farther, and find these words on the signboard of a bridge, "Keep to the right, as the law directs," addressed to those who guide a vehicle. It is a law which commands something. You may pass an orchard with inviting fruits; the fence surrounding it might be easily scaled, and you feel an urgent impulse to slake your thirst with the juicy apples before you; yet you must not do it. Were you to follow the dictates of your desires, though most natural and perfectly innocent, the law would punish you; because it protects the orchard as the property of some one else. The law is made already, and thus it warns you. A decrepid and poor man is prevented by certain officers from asking those persons who show by their dress that they live in ease, to give him from their superfluity that which he is unable to obtain by his own exertions; he is taken to a house designated by the law as a home for those persons who cannot earn their living. You sail on the vast ocean, at a great distance from all society; a man-of-war, perhaps belonging to a different nation, thousands of miles from your own, bids you to lie to and show your colours. An officer comes on board your vessel, asking for your papers, and requesting you to go with him on board his own. If you refuse to comply with his request, you expose yourself to vexations, perhaps to danger. It is the law of your land, and that observed among nations, which obliges you to provide yourself with those papers, and to produce them under these circumstances. In a foreign port, a consul of your own nation advises, and, if need be, protects you. The law directs him to do so. You see an individual depriving another of his life, violently and considerately; yet nobody attacks the one who kills, or rescues the other doomed to die, because the law has decided that he should die in this manner; it is an execution. The law establishes schools, and obliges parents to send their children to them. The law assists a poor man to obtain his dues from a rich one; and again it protects the rich, so that the poor shall have no more than their due. A single individual says the harshest things of those in power, yet no one molests him, because the law has said that he may do so; and again, there are laws which all or nearly all dislike, or declare unprofitable, nay, even cruel, and yet they are obeyed unaided by physical force. The law has built highways, united rivers, severed mountains; it takes away property for the public benefit, and protects it; sends expeditions into remote regions; has founded libraries and collections of works of art; adorns and beautifies. The law takes care that the merchant measures with a true yard-stick, and tells him in what money he must pay his debts: it condemns unwholesome food, prohibits your having more than one wife, punishes public immorality, interferes if your occupation disturbs or annoys others, obliges you at times to take up arms, at others it prevents you from using them to avenge the most signal injustice, and at others, again, it permits you to use them. What then is this law, invisible, yet seen in its effects everywhere? * * * Which accompanies me wherever I may go, penetrates into all relations of men to men, to animals and things, and, what is most remarkable, is never intermitted or suspended, but continues to act, and every day creates new rules and regulations for man's conduct and his various relations; and with unceasing and inexhaustible energy seizes upon every new condition of men or things that may spring up?—*Lieber's Manual of Political Ethics*.

QUARRELS.

A contest, however long and inveterate, is at no period so likely to be brought to an amicable adjustment as when both parties are satisfied that they have maintained bravely their part of the quarrel, while each, at the same time, feels respect for the courage and force of their enemy.—*Genius and Wisdom of Sir Walter Scott*.

JEFFERSON'S TEN RULES OF LIFE.

The following rules for practical life were given by Jefferson in a letter of advice to a friend in 1825:—

1. Never to put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day.
2. Never trouble others for what you can do yourself.
3. Never spend your money before you have it.
4. Never buy what you do not want because it is cheap.
5. Pride costs us more than hunger, thirst, and cold.
6. We never repent of having eaten too little.
7. Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly.
8. How much pain have those evils cost us which never happened.
9. Take things always by their smooth handle.
10. When angry, count ten before you speak—if very angry, count a hundred.

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A DAY IN THE COUNTRY.

BY MARY HOWITT.

WHAT a great deal of pleasure is enjoyed every day by thousands of people who are nevertheless unaware that it is pleasure at all! It is a great mistake to think that that only is pleasure which costs much money or great pains-taking. Pleasure is an every-day thing; it lies within ourselves, and round about us, if we would but stoop to gather it; for the truest happiness is made up of the simplest elements. For example, a stroll in the country, an unambitious evening spent with unpretending people, cheap every-day things as these are, often furnish us with delicious recollections for years. Thank God, there is no man so humble, but if he have a common share of intelligence, he may find pleasure even among furze-bushes. I will describe a day spent in the country, which is vivid in my own recollection, as a practical illustration of my assertion.

We were in the country—not the country of many Londoners, who call a provincial town containing perhaps a hundred thousand inhabitants, country; but real, unmanufacturing, unroad-traversed, corn-growing, cattle-feeding, cheese-and-butter-making country, ten miles at least from any town, and in the very heart of a rural district. Our abode, too, to make it more complete, was in a farm-house—not a large farming establishment either, where a thousand acres or more are in the hands of one man, who bears the style and title of esquire, drives his curricle, and rides a-hunting. No, our farmer and his abode were of the old fashion—a jolly comfortable man was he, no whit above his calling, and with a wife his counterpart in all things, whom he always designated as his "missis." The farm-house itself was a clean-windowed, fresh-painted, well-conditioned abode, but where, it must be confessed, the hall-door was mostly barred and bolted, and the clean, white, and smartly-fringed blinds of the best parlour only drawn up when guests were there, or on Sundays, when guests might be expected. It was too busy a place—there was too much milking and churning, cheese making and pressing, for people to have much time to walk in and out of front doors, or to sit in best parlours with blinds up; yet, nevertheless, it was a cheerful place; and the ease and regularity with which even labourers' work was done, insensibly filled the mind with agreeable ideas of industry and success.

Nor was the garden of the farm-house a despicable one, with its neat gravel-walks and well-mown grass plot, with its thrift-edged borders full of old-fashioned flowers, pinks, sweet-williams, lychnises, hollyhocks, cabbage-roses, and white lilacs; and at the end of a long straight walk, which divided the garden into two equal parts, its deep and shady arbour, on each side of which grew a white rose tree, not bush, in full flower. A cool and pleasant place was this arbour, with its rude bench and paved floor, its soft, subdued light, its twittering of birds, and the never-ceasing hum of bees and insects, that found food or amusement among the leafy, lopped, and twisted branches of the stunted lime-trees that formed its sides and roof. A pleasant place this for the farmer's fair daughter to be wooed in, or for the farmer to smoke a pipe or read his weekly paper in; only that farmers, good honest men, prefer a chimney corner, and an armed chair, to take their indulgences in; and the arbour, after all the pains that are taken with it, is a piece of state, a thing to be looked at and admired rather than used, unless, indeed, by occasional guests like ourselves, who sat in its quiet shade for hours, reading of Rosalind and the forest of Arden, and all the sweet and grotesque fantasies of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, till the formal arbour, and the farmer's garden, became all one rich world of poetry.

The house itself was a large and rather rambling one, with wainscoted rooms and great bow-windows, and long stone-floored passages with a step up or a step down at every door to which they led. The best parlour

was painted white and blue, and was carpeted with green and red. It was furnished with a profusion of tables, chairs, and commodious chintz-covered sofas, well cushioned, and large enough in all conscience for beds. There were prints and paintings, suspended by red ribbon, on the walls—the great Durham ox, the famous Leicestershire ram, and a Lord Somebody, a once popular member for the county; and portraits of the farmer and the farmer's wife, done in oil by some provincial artist thirty years since—he in his blue coat, pink-striped waistcoat, and best frilled shirt; she in a lilac silk gown, short-waisted and tight-skirted, with a habit-shirt and lace-cap, adorned with bows and puffings of green ribbon. Wonderful likenesses were these, as the artist had protested; wonderful, as the loving pair had tried to persuade themselves, spite of the eyes that squinted, the brick-dust complexions, and the stiff hands of a ghostly whiteness: wonderful likenesses, of a truth, hung up in heavy gilt frames, defended from the flies by yellow gauze, and ornamented at the top with peacocks' feathers. Nor must the "chimney-furniter," as the good farmer called it, be forgotten—the Jenny and Jenny Jessamy smiling properly in dainty china; the ewe and two lambs under a pink hawthorn tree, with a companion-pair of goats browsing; a yellow rose-bush, and, as a centre-piece, Sterne's Maria, with her pipe, dog, and blue ribbon.

Such was the best parlour; but then the best bedroom! Who knows not the fresh, clean luxury of the farmer's best bed room, knows not a good thing! First, then, is the clean green paper on the walls—green it must be, for country folk have a great penchant for green walls; perhaps they think they contrast well with ruddy complexions. Then the white and well-fringed dimity curtains; the old-fashioned bed, with the white hangings to match; the mahogany posts rubbed bright, and black as ebony; the two feather-beds filled to the most elastic softness by the farmer's wife, with the primest feathers of her primest geese, and the full complement of down pillows; then there are the delicately lavendered sheets, and the spotlessly white counterpane, ten to one, of some antique fabric! Through the half-closed curtains of such a bed one may lie at one's ease, and see the old-fashioned heavy chairs, with their dimity-covered seats; the nice little well-appointed dressing-table, with its tall dressing-glass; the old walnut-tree wardrobe, as bright as glass, yet guiltless of French polish; and the white-painted mantelpiece crammed with old china, shells, imitation cottages, and pasteboard spill-stands, out of which droop bundles of feathers and quaking grass, lavender and yellow everlasting.

Such is the farmer's best bed-room, and such, for the time being, was ours. The reader, I am persuaded, will believe that a sojourn in such a house, taking moreover into account abundance of good fare, and the most cordial welcome, at the beginning of a remarkably fine July, was no unpleasant thing. We came abroad for enjoyment, and enjoyment we found. If we had our own particular cares and anxieties—as who has not!—for that time at least we left them behind; and as to how in how great measure pleasure is dependent on ourselves only, and how it is scattered, as it were, at our very feet, I will give one day as a specimen of several.

At breakfast we began to consider how the day was to be spent. One of us had had an ungratified desire for ten years to visit the little neighbouring village of Winston. Winston! every body had exclaimed for ten years, and what is to be seen at Winston? It was averred to be a place to which nobody ever went, from which nobody ever came; it was a world in itself; it was the very world's end; there was no road through it; it was famous for nothing. On this present occasion the farmer argued that it had no market, and the farmer's wife that it had no shop. What could be our inducement to go to Winston? "But it has a hall," we suggested. "Yes," was the reply, "a hall known there as 'Winston-oud-ha'; but it has not even the

dignity of being in ruins, and the squire's family has not been there for twenty years." Well, it must be haunted, then, and at all events a ghost story was worth going five miles for. No, no; they did not believe there was even a ghost—the Winston people were hardly sharp enough to see ghosts. Thus at Winston there was nothing to be seen; it was a place only to be described in negatives. A spirit of contradiction grew strong within us, and we determined to see the place in which nothing was to be seen. At all events, there was sunshine, the delicious air of a July day, and leafy trees and green fields, at Winston. The good farmer, hopeless in our pertinacity, quietly demurred to himself as to whether we should even find these things. The pony, however, was saddled, and the two children mounted upon it, for we determined they should go with us; and in very picturesque style, like Joseph and Mary journeying on to Egypt, we set off. The last words of the farmer, "You'd better take the road to Eaton-basset, the first turn to the right," sounded in our ears as we turned into the highway; but we disregarded his monition, and took the little green lane to the left, that led us towards Winston.

We went on for some time through this deep lane, and then by a bridle-road through farm-fields, where cows were grouped together as in pictures, presenting, as those animals always do in summer, the completest images of quadruped luxury which the country affords. You cannot see horses, not even a mare and her foal, without a sense of the labour to which they are doomed. A flock of sheep is beautiful, especially when lambs are amongst them; but sheep and lambs instinctively remind one of mint sauce and boiled turnips, and the pastures on which they feed have a dry, barren-looking herbage. Very different is it in the abounding richness of a dairy-farm; their luxurious fare is a proverb—they live in clover—they rise up and they lie down in the very fatness of the land. When we see them, it is not to think of horse-radish and oyster-sauce, of mustard and shalots, but of rich cream and curds, of syllabubs and custards; the very creatures themselves, as they stroll leisurely along, or lie in the deep grass chewing their cuds, seem as if they blessed themselves that they had no burdens to bear, as if they themselves revelled in their own cream and butter.

Leaving these abundant fields, we came to the summit of the ridge that had hitherto bounded our prospect; and here we found a silent spot—a little field of graves. A small chapel stood at one end of it, and a few weather-beaten tall elm-trees marked it out conspicuously to the country round. It was a singularly lonesome spot; a meeting-house and burial-ground, as we found, of the Society of Friends—one established in the very early times of the society, where George Fox and many of the "ancient worthies" of that singular people had preached, and drawn together a little flock, as it were, in the wilderness, and where their descendants still assembled for their silent worship, and to bury their dead. From this spot we looked into a small rich valley crowded with wood, and with here and there an old-fashioned greystone farm-house, lying "warm and low," the picture of rural seclusion. In the centre of the valley, from the very bosom of woodiness, rose the low grey tower of the church of Winston, the village itself from that point being quite hidden. An exclamation of delighted surprise burst from us, "How beautiful, how quiet! The very place for the home of a rural poet!"

Our path was again by a deep country lane, with high green banks, and overshadowed by full-grown hedgerow timber, and adorned with a profusion of wild roses and honeysuckles. It was impossible to pass such a display of flowers without possessing ourselves of many, and, literally, in the words of Solomon, "we garlanded ourselves with roses, and let no flower of the summer pass by us." Lower and lower we descended by this woodland path, and still the nearer we approached the village, the more secluded and apparently less trodden it

appeared. It seemed true, what they told, that nobody came or went to Winston—that it was a world within itself. We thought of it in its deep retiredness, lying thus, winter and summer, completely out of the track of busy life; and then we thought of noisy crowded towns, to which fifty roads point as to a centre, all astir with the activity of commerce or pleasure, and of the bustling, struggling, suffering, and impatient thousands who congregate together, and call themselves society. What a contrast!

We came at length to the level of the valley, and to within a field's breadth of the church. A path wound through the field, a pleasant "church-going road," by the side of the little valley stream, whose margin was bordered by a thick luxuriant growth of water-plants, and presently brought us, by a short cut, to a gate, overshadowed with lime-trees, in the churchyard wall. We tied the pony to the gate, and then entered, as is the wont of all tourists and rural perambulators whatsoever, upon the domains of the dead, to gain from their memorials some idea of the living. The common run of epitaphs seemed to have found their way to Winston, whatever way they might have travelled. One particular in the inscriptions, however, we soon remarked—the extraordinary number of aged persons whose deaths they recorded; it seemed as if these out-of-the-world people were blessed with a primitive longevity. To the tenant of one grave, it was stated that "Death had come as a thief in the night;" yet it was recorded that he had attained the age of eighty-seven! Another, who was a musician, was said to have had "his sublunary destiny cut short" at the age of ninety-three! A stone mason and his two wives, with all their numerous virtues, lay under one stone, and the youngest of the three was seventy-five! While we were remarking this singular fact of longevity, another struck us: there seemed to be but four or five names in the whole churchyard; evidently the people of Winston had all sprung from the few original inhabitants, and they had married and intermarried among themselves. It was not without reason that Winston was said to be a world of itself.

As there was a hall in the village, of course there was a monument in the church. It was a rare piece of sculpture. A knight and his lady in the full court dress of Queen Elizabeth's days, in kneeling attitudes, with upturned eyes and open prayer-books in their hands, all coloured to the life, with red cheeks and lips, both knight and dame seeming in the full floridity of health and strength; probably a practical comment on the text inscribed at their feet, "In the midst of life we are in death." Both these dignified persons' ages, however, like those of their humble neighbours outside, seemed more aptly to illustrate another text inscribed also below, "They were as sheaves of corn fully ripe," for he was eighty-nine, and she seventy-nine!—Sir John Winston of Winston, and Dame Penelope his wife. The tomb was said to have been erected by "their dutiful and loving son, Sir Christopher, in memory of their many virtues, and his irreparable loss. Sir Christopher," it said, "survived the building of this tomb only three years, and himself was interred therein." Sir Christopher was the last of the Winstons. His only child, a daughter, married one Oliver Charteris, Esq., and in a branch of the same family the estate still continues.

Having seen this tomb of the worshipful knight and his lady, and of the dutiful Sir Christopher, their loving son, we were next desirous of seeing the house of their living greatness. "Winston-oud-ha," for so it was called, though we could find no new one from which it was thus to be distinguished, stood conspicuously in the village, and with one side adjoining the churchyard. It was an old brick building, extremely tall, with numerous gables and well-grouped massive chimneys. We passed between the pillars of its ancient gateway, for the gate itself had long been gone, and found a wilderness of rubbish and rude erections in its courtyard. Cart-hovels were raised against the walls; old ploughs, broken gates, and incapacitated wheels, together with useless timber and old straw, lay scattered about in the most desolate confusion. The flight of stone steps which led to the principal entrance was broken, and the large door was weather-beaten, and apparently kept together by such rude carpentry as the occupant himself could render. The whole of this front seemed disused, for the windows were fastened up in a great variety of ways. In its present estate, this evidently was the back of the house. As we saw not a single human being about, we made a complete circuit of the place, menaced on all sides by dogs, great and small. The inhabitants, as we were told by an old woman in an adjoining cottage, were all engaged in the harvest fields, and the house locked up. We inquired of its interior, but could gain no information; like all that appertained to Winston, it was told in negatives. "There was nothing to be seen," she said; "it was a great *gastous* place; but, indeed, nobody ever went into the big rooms; the steward had the keys, and nobody now-a-days went into them." After this we walked through all that remained of a once large garden, which was now scarcely more than a wilderness of weeds, and then turned from "Winston-oud-ha" with somewhat dissatisfied minds. At Winston they told us truly that there was nothing to see, and they might have added also, *nobody* to see; for such was the fact on this day, the whole population having apparently deserted their dwellings for the harvest field.

Very much amused by having had the nonentity of Winston so fully realised, we wandered again up the pleasant lane by which we had descended, and before long

found that the full splendour of evening was covering every little western hill with a flood of glorious light. From the woody ridge, where the little chapel stood, we took another road, in order to diversify our return, and soon found ourselves in a mid region of beauty. We passed down woody dells, across little swift-running, shadowy streams, and then suddenly came into a sunny field, like an island amid the wood, where haymakers were busily and merrily at work. "Sunny were they all and warm," seeming all health and cheerfulness; a beautiful picture of what one loves to fancy the English peasantry. The whole field was a perfect bit of Arcadia, with its tall hawthorn hedge, its row of old crab-trees, its background of wood, and, beyond, distant peeps over a sunny landscape. But the field itself was the finest picture; there was a stout jovial dame, an English farmeress, overlooking her men and maidens at their work. Groups of these were well arranged in every variety of attitude and costume; and here and there were the waggons with all their animation—the call to the team—the team itself, and the busy people all about it. And among them all, the only person unemployed, walked this Arcadian woman, overlooking, with a gracious and satisfied mien, the labours of her numerous dependents. It might be seen in a moment that the season had been propitious, that the abundance of the fields was secured, that she was in that gracious state when she could afford to be bountiful, and that who had gone to her then had gone in a good time.

A succession of like scenery brought us at length to the termination of our ramble. By this time the sun had set, the moon had come up, and the dews had fallen heavily. So closed a day of pleasure—a day of cheap pleasure—such as may rise upon any one who has but the heart to enjoy it.

SYMONS'S "ARTS AND ARTIZANS AT HOME AND ABROAD."

SECOND AND CONCLUDING NOTICE.

THE particulars given in last number of wages and prices of provisions on the continent, will have enabled many of our readers to draw conclusions as to the condition of foreign workmen in comparison with the state of our own industrious classes. Such conclusions, however, cannot be so correct as those drawn by Mr Symons, which we now proceed to give in his own words.

"As the amount of commodities purchasable with the same sum of money on the continent is much greater than the amount purchasable with it in England, various calculations have been made of the proportionate difference; but as this amount of commodities differs not only between countries, but between towns and districts in the same countries, I regard as of very little use any statement of one general measure of a difference, which I have found to vary with the price of food, the fluctuations of markets, the inequality of seasons, and the political circumstances of the countries, from a difference of 5 per cent. to a difference of 100 per cent. It is necessary to specify the place in each country, and the time at which the comparison is to be made, in order to arrive at any thing like a correct ratio of the proportionate value of the same sum at those places. As a general proportion (subject, however, to large variations), we may perhaps assume that in Switzerland 1s. will go as far for a working-man as 1s. 3d. here; in France, Belgium, Rhenish Prussia, as far as 1s. 4d. here; in Austria and many parts of Prussia, as far as 1s. 5d. here; and in Wurtemberg, parts of Austria, some of the Duchies, and Bohemia, as far as 1s. 8d. or 1s. 10d. here; always comparing towns with towns, and country with country; agricultural with agricultural districts, and manufacturing with manufacturing districts. Hereafter, of course, in using the term wages, I mean *real* wages, that is, *amount of commodities purchasable with the money*.

It will be seen that one of the most salient features of difference between home and continental wages, consists in the fact, that, whilst very great disparity exists between the rates of payment in the different departments of labour at home, an uniformity prevails abroad, varied alone by the variations of skill required, and by the local demand for and supply of labour. It will be further observed, that the branches of industry which are higher paid with us than abroad, such as spinners, tailors, &c., are precisely those which are in combination among us; and that those, such as hand-loom weavers, &c., who are worse paid here than abroad, are those who have no combinations, at least none effective in maintaining the rate of wages. To this fact I shall recur hereafter; for to the absence of combinations abroad, I entirely attribute the uniformity of foreign wages. Taking a general view of the comparative pecuniary condition of the working-classes on the continent and at home, I have no hesitation in saying, even after the difference in value of money is taken fully into account, that the working-classes of England in the aggregate are at least by one-sixth better off than the working-classes of the continent. Of course, this statement is subject to very considerable exceptions, which I shall endeavour to specify; but as a general statement I make it with confidence.

The factory work-people are decidedly the best paid in England, in comparison with the same class abroad. The wages in the Lancashire factories average, as I have stated, 10s. 6d. per week per head. Those in France, Switzerland, Austria, and Belgium, vary from 6 francs to 9 francs, averaging 7 francs 50 cents, equal to 6s. 3d. 1— a sum which will, in the districts in question, be equivalent, in exchangeable or real value, to

8s. 4d.; so that cotton factory work-people of Lancashire have 26 per cent., or a quarter more wages than the same class abroad. The disparity is *less* in all other branches of industry; and the difference, with scarcely an exception, will be found to *decrease* in each branch of industry, in the same proportion in which that branch is unfurnished by combinations at home; the journey-men carpenters, tailors, and shoemakers, differing in a lesser degree, the agricultural wages differing very little, and the hand-loom weavers being somewhat higher abroad.

The price of corn, and therefore of the chief articles of food, in France and Belgium, is, for instance, to the price in England as 3 is to 4, or as nearly so during a course of years as possible. Taking this as a ground-work, I have sketched the following proportion between real wages, in the chief divisions of industry in the two countries:—

Classes of Labourers.	In France and Belgium, average Weekly Wages.	In England, average Weekly Wages.	Difference in favour of England, after adding one-third for greater cost of food.
1st Class of Mechanics.	fr. cent. 15 0	12s. 6d.	20s.
2d do.	10 80	9s.	14s.
3d do.	7 80	6s. 6d.	10s.
Farm Labourers.			
Spinning Factory do.	7 50	6s. 3d.	10s. 6d.
men, women, and children.			2s. 3d.

In Switzerland, the paradise of the labouring classes, where the father of almost every family is a proprietor of land, the condition of the working-classes cannot be tested by wages, and their high physical as well as moral eminence places them far above the standard of comparison with any other people of Europe. In France, wages, I consider, are, generally speaking, as low if not lower than in most countries; and the people live in a state of discomfort, which I have not seen surpassed, except in portions of the most impoverished parts of Austria and Wurtemberg.

The comfort of the cottages in England is not equalled abroad, Switzerland excepted. In Belgium there is more cleanliness than in France; the pigs and poultry have not the same prescriptive right to inhabit the bedrooms, which they possess by immemorial usage in most other countries. In Austria the physical comfort of the working-classes is a little superior to that of the French. I have compared these countries with England, in distinction from Scotland, where I found every thing, as regards the country especially, so closely resembling the scenes, practices, and manners of the continent, especially Germany, that I regard it in these respects on a par with Prussia.

In immediate connection with this instructive passage, we may quote what Mr Symons says as to the degrees of contentment manifested by the working-classes of various countries with their condition. "It requires," says he, "but a glance at the turbid discontent of one large portion of our industrial populace, and at the sullen misery of another, to perceive that there is a gangrene of perilous character corroding the vitals of the people. Extend your glance abroad, and the contrast strikes you still more appallingly. The artisans of the continent are, as a body, serene and contented. With less of the means of subsistence, they are neither restless nor wretched. Instances there are of exceeding poverty; but they are more cheerful, and less prone to excitement; the Austrians eminently so. The French, although excitable, are, for the most part, contented. The Belgians are morose, but plodding, and absorbed by their desire for money. The Swiss are by far the most enlightened, the happiest, and the most contented."

How, it may be asked, is this? Primarily, our author attributes it in a great measure to the superior education of the people of Switzerland. In the latter portion of his book, he devotes much space to the illustration of the happy condition of this country—the country which, according to him, "presents the only perfect specimen of prosperity of any nation in the world—one which we cannot too deeply study." "I attach," says he, "great weight to the frugal habits and to the moral restraint of the Swiss people as causes of their signal welfare. I attribute their diligence and skill to their virtue and to their intelligence. I attribute the benefit of their almost stationary population to the force of reason and foresight which induce it; and of none of these several elements of popular welfare do I deny the power. But when I look to the small quantity of grain Switzerland produces—one-third only of the proportion of grain to population in Great Britain; when I see her untoward position for the carriage of her imports and exports, I am compelled to look farther for the sources of eminent prosperity, where all physical circumstances seem calculated to produce peculiar poverty. Her soil even refuses to furnish, with trivial exceptions, the material of any one of the productions in which she chiefly excels; and yet, hemmed in as she is by a cordon of custom-houses, these productions find their way into the remotest markets of the world.

I assign two causes for this state of things. *First*, nearly all the consumers in Switzerland are producers; they have no funded debt, that is to say, there are no body of persons whom those who labour have to keep, and the amount consumed by whom, being non-producers, is as a dead burden on the industry of the rest. *Secondly*, and this is the most effective cause, I attribute the prosperity of Switzerland to her entire freedom of trade. She exchanges what she can best

produce and spare with whatever country has the most of what she wants. Not a single country in return admits her goods free of duty; not one, among the commercial people of the globe, reciprocates her absence of customs. But what is that to her? Does it prevent her buying from whom she will the commodities she desires, and enjoying those commodities when she has them at the cost price, instead of augmenting them to her domestic consumers by a duty? And if foreign countries, who must be repaid in Swiss goods, choose to refuse to give themselves and their consumers a similar benefit, or if they choose, by heavy duties, to put difficulties in the way of their own merchants being paid, what, I repeat, is that to Switzerland?

As for protecting duties, the Swiss people believe that if a trade cannot support itself without a protecting duty, that is sufficient proof that the trade is not suited to the capacities of the country—the proof being that the articles in question can be produced for less money elsewhere. This is taken as sufficient evidence that it is injurious to the country to continue, or to protect, any such trade; first, because consumers in Switzerland must lose the difference between the low price of the foreign article and the higher price of the home article; and, secondly, because the trade in articles which Switzerland can produce, is injured to a greater extent than the other is benefited, by preventing the far greater sale of its produce to the foreigners who produce the goods excluded. The produce which is capable of being sold in other countries is the most profitable to the producing country; and so far from protecting others which cannot be exported, it is the interest of a community to discontinue it. The fact that a trade wants protection, is an amply sufficient reason why it should not be protected.

The Swiss system of commerce and industry may be thus summed up, in its effects, on the production, and on the division, of wealth:—

1. Free trade and industrious habits augment the amount of commodities on the one hand, whilst we have prudence limiting the population, and diminishing consumption, on the other.

2. Just laws, no debt, no sinecures, no entails; the absence of these reduce the number of the non-productive classes, and consequently leave larger shares for those who do produce.

These are the roots of Swiss prosperity.

I have only to add, that, as there is less pressure for food, there are no artificial means resorted to by workmen to secure it. It is this which causes, in England, combinations among those who can combine to raise their wages, to the impoverishment of those who cannot. There are no combinations on the continent: and consequently there is more equality among the shares of labourers."

The volume contains many other interesting speculations, as, for instance, on the condition of the working-classes in our own manufacturing towns; on the elements which govern wealth and wages; on combinations; on the progress of the manufacturing arts abroad as regards machinery; on free trade; and so forth. But none of these topics have we room or inclination to enter upon in the present place. We heartily recommend the book to general attention: the labouring-classes every where ought to club to purchase it.

MACLEAN AND CAMERON, OR THE TWO MERCHANTS.

It chanced, a number of years ago, that two young men, bearing respectively the names of Maclean and Cameron, commenced business at one and the same time, though without connection with one another, as grocers in the large county town of —, bordering on the Highlands. These youths came from the same rural district in the north; but they were of different grades in life, Maclean being the son of a small landed proprietor, and the other sprung from a small farmer on the said proprietor's estate. They had both been sent to the county town some years before; the first to undergo a course of school education which might fit him to conduct a great commercial establishment, the second to be an apprentice in the shop of a merchant, with whom he was distantly connected. The young men, though they had passed the years of their childhood in intimacy, had latterly little intercourse: the son of the laird was ashamed to acknowledge before his companions any connection with the humble apprentice, whose coarse blue coat and cherried bonnet rendered him the jest of the lowland schoolboys; and the distant smile of recognition in a short time gave way to the vacant stare of indifference.

In a few years, the commercial education of the one, and the apprenticeship of the other, had expired; and about the same time, the two candidates for the favour of the town opened their shops. Maclean commenced business in a flashy shop, with a new fashion of bow-windows, which set half the town a-repairing of their fronts, and bow-windowing them. Our merchant sold his goods low, and thus attracted a great run at first. He had many good friends in the town, and his father's influence in the country brought half a dozen carts to

the son's door on the market-day, in order to carry supplies to small dealers in the country. But Maclean was too much uplifted by this success, which, after all, owing to the rate at which he sold, was more in appearance than in reality. He began to give claret dinners and late suppers to all the young men about the town. This, with the help of a little card-playing, soon made an impression on his funds, and he fell in at the same time with flash travellers from the south, who took long-dated bills, and sold inferior goods. Maclean fell fairly into the hands of these men, and in a short time his goods got an ill name. Customer vanished after customer, and those who remained were persons who were dilatory in their payments, and who, having run up a large account, were afraid of deserting him. His temper and habits were not improved by these first strokes of adversity; he became peevish and reckless, and buried reflection in jovial meetings and card parties.

His fellow countryman and parishioner Cameron was in the mean time struggling, by means of the closest attention, and the most rigid economy, to secure a limited but independent living. He lodged in the back shop of his little establishment; his door was the first opened in the morning, and the last shut at night. He cooked his own victuals, swept out his shop, and took off and put on his shutters with his own hands. Every thing was orderly and clean; the floor was every day besprinkled with fresh saw-dust; the scales were scoured into brightness; and the very corks of his bottles were driven in with a more than usual precision. But few footsteps for a long time marked the saw-dust of his floor; his ale was so long kept, that it became tartish, and his heart began at last to give way. When out of the shop, he would sit behind the little screen which hid his inner apartment, and watch with a big heart the entrance of some customer. He saw some hurry by with goods in their hands, others enter into the shops opposite; and he questioned with himself if there was anything in his shop which precluded access. He began to think that the circumstance of there being a step at the door might have an effect, and he thought of taking another shop. While thus musing one day, a countryman, after staring for a while at the sign, entered, and delivered a note which contained an order for some goods from a respectable family in the neighbourhood. With great alacrity the little bale was made up, and directed in the best text hand of the overjoyed grocer, when the countryman, after several messages through the town, returned, and said that he was but a new servant, that the note was directed to Mr Maclean, and that the goods of course could not be taken. With a sad heart Cameron undid the parcel to restore the goods to their respective places, and after twisting convulsively the useless cords which he had unlaced, he looked on the direction, and a few big tears pattered on the thick brown paper. He rushed into his little apartment, threw himself on his humble bed, and wept himself into calmness.

Immediately opposite to Cameron's was the shop of a tobaccoist, whose sole object for forty years had been the making of money; and this he had effected to a very great extent, partly by excessive industry, and partly by the extensive sale of a particular mixture of snuff, which the real snuffers pronounced unrivalled. The public knew as little of this man as they did of the Highlander over his door; his mind and purse were equally impenetrable; and beyond the measured civility of thanking the meanest customer, they could not have known that he had the faculty of speech. He appeared a living mummy, in a brown wig, fustian sleeves, and a dingy apron, and with just that intelligence in his leaden eye which might serve to distinguish a good from a bad shilling. But there is no human being entirely destitute of sympathies; and apathetic as seemed this dreary old man, there were some passages in his life which showed that the sluices of social feeling were sometimes raised in his bosom. Nor was he that unobtrusive being that he was commonly believed to be; his customers were at times startled with a remark on men and things that could never have come, they imagined, within the reach of his observation. The young grocer immediately opposite to him, he had frequently noted; and he had internally complimented him on his persevering industry and complete separation from society. He had remarked also his want of success, and had revolved in his mind the resolution of taking his own small stock of groceries from him. On the day of the young grocer's disappointment, he had beheld the scene which we have described; and when he saw the young man rush into his apartment, he made two or three hasty turns behind his counter, and meditated a dart across the street, so long as the generous impression was uppermost. A feeling of delicacy made him pause for a time; at length, calmly resolute with the intention of doing a friendly office, he laid aside his apron, and ventured across the street. The tobaccoist's passage across the street was an event of as much importance to the neighbours, as the first crossing of the Atlantic by Columbus, for he had never been seen out of his shop,

except on a Sunday when going to church. Great was the interest which was felt when he ascended the step of the Highland grocer's, and none participated more intensely in the feeling of curiosity than the meridian club, which met generally about noon in a neighbouring public-house, for the ostensible purpose of reading a London newspaper which they had subscribed for, but, in reality, for discussing several bottles of porter, for which they hid the mare, as it is called, or tossed up for heads and tails. After giving directions to the disconsolate grocer to send over a certain weekly supply of goods, he abruptly told him that if he wanted a little assistance in the way of paying a bill, he might call over the way; and without waiting to contemplate the amazed object of his charity, he was on his way back to his epitome of a shop, into which a grenadier soldier of a Highland regiment was at the time endeavouring to thrust himself without detriment to his hat and feather.

The hopes of the young tradesman were rekindled by this visit, yet he felt there was something so cold and unapproachable in the manners of the tobaccoist, that he could not think of soliciting him for assistance. But the fit was on the old man, and that same evening the two were sitting in the tobaccoist's parlour over a bit of cheese and a bottle of porter, during the discussion of which they had concerted to buy, on a pretty sure speculation, a considerable quantity of oil, which the old man shrewdly suspected was to rise. Next morning, the grocer had, with the indifferent look of a known dealer, purchased a goodly quantity of oil, and, among others, from his old acquaintance Maclean, who was not a little astonished to find that the small dealer, as he deemed Cameron, was ready, for a reduction of price, to pay down ready money. An involuntary feeling of respect for his neglected friend began to steal over him, and it occurred to him on a sudden that it was very odd that they should not have a meeting for auld langsyne. A night was fixed on, agreeable to both parties; but before parting, the merchant had invited the grocer into his back-shop, where he initiated him into the mystery of removing a headache by the infusion of a glass of brandy into a tumbler of ginger-beer. Then, sitting on the top of a tea-box, he inquired with patronising anxiety about his prospects; talked of their being serviceable to each other; and enlarged, with much volubility and confidence of manner, on the necessity of being punctual and sober. "For God's sake, Cameron," says he, "beware of bad company, and"—assuming a fearful gravity of manner, "beware of forenoon drinking. I have not tasted spirits in the forenoon, till to-day, since last new year's day. Now mark me, I warn you." With this, and many warm squeezes of the hand, he hurried the grocer away to make room for a group of young men who had seated themselves in the front-shop, and were casting longing eyes to the sanctum, where the old friends were. Cameron had to run the gauntlet of staring from the satirical fraternity, and he deemed that he had weathered the straits; but, close behind the door, on a column of Gloucester cheeses, sat a more elderly person than the rest, who, on the stranger's passing, slightly let his jaw fall, at the same time pushing, with the top of his cane, a very red and broad nose up to his eyebrows—movements which produced a shout of laughter which rang in the ears of the afflicted grocer, as he left the region of wit and merchandise. A feeling of resentment had nearly turned him round; but let them laugh that win, he thought, and his mind turned to his new speculation. And well had he speculated, for in less than two days a great rise had taken place in oil; and while he reaped substantial profit, he at the same time obtained the reputation of a shrewd business-man. A number of the gentlemen who had parted with their goods so inopportunistly, vented their disappointment in expressions of contempt for the low cunning of the Highland character: Maclean had nothing to say on that score, but he was mortified at the victory of his old dependent, and meditated a return of some kind in the way of acknowledgment.

To this he was the more incited by the jokes of his acquaintances, who, as soon as they heard of the transaction, set themselves systematically to annoy and torment him. The vengeance which he meditated was not long in being put into execution. While he and his sister were sitting alone that afternoon in their parlour, the latter mentioned incidentally how glad she was to hear that old Pinch had taken their former acquaintance Cameron into his favour. The brother did not like the news, but he took the opportunity of observing that he had asked Cameron to supper. The young lady was not displeased to hear this, but she did not like so well what followed—Cameron "and a few friends." The sister of Maclean had been sent by his parents to overlook his house-keeping, and to curb its growing expensiveness, which was but too well known at home. She was an amiable girl, and disliked her brother's riotous companions, though she knew as little of their real worthlessness as she did of the true state of his affairs. But she had no control over him, and was content to spend her lonely days in her window corner, plying her needle busily, and chewing the cud of her sweet and innocent fancies. Her evenings were but too often disturbed by noisy revelling, but all she could do was to sigh, and to keep as much apart from the scene as possible.

Such was the young lady whom Cameron saw at his countryman's supper-table on the night when the meeting alluded to took place. Remembering home and old times, Miss Maclean was kind and attentive to Cameron. So much was this the case, indeed, that the quizzical boon companions of the entertainer who were there assembled, were obviously disposed to sneer at her courtesy to the somewhat awkward youth. Miss Maclean felt this, and was but the more confirmed in her kindly course; and when, in the only dialogue

which called forth serious conversation, Cameron came off with decided advantage, her eye visibly glowed at his triumph. From that glow it was Cameron's fate never to recover; and so much animation did it inspire into him, that his conversation assumed a boldness and freedom not at all agreeable to the patronising entertainer and his friends. But some of the latter dexterously commenced a conversation of a light and skirmishing kind, where Cameron was placed at a sad disadvantage. Pained at this, Miss Maclean came to his relief, and engaged him in a conversation on old times and scenes, which the pair carried on in fond and sympathising undertones, till the captain—the same gentleman who raised the laugh against Cameron in Maclean's shop—annoyed at seeing two human beings apparently so happy, broke in on the dialogue with a request for a song. The young lady complied, and it was expected by the party that she would retire at its close. But on this occasion she chose to depart from her usual rule, in spite of some very expressive looks from her brother, who saw that his friends were growing impatient to get their will wreaked on the butt of the evening. An opportunity of beginning the sport was afforded, by Cameron's request for another song from Miss Maclean, during the performance of which he stood beside her at the piano, turning over the music, and wholly absorbed in listening to what he thought the sweetest sounds that ever came from human lips. His abstraction enabled one of the party to convey into his tumbler a most potent infusion of spirits. When the song closed, the captain called for three successive bumpers, one to the health of Miss Maclean, a second to that of the entertainer, and a third to that of the stranger guest, Mr Cameron. These toasts were accordingly given in rapid succession, and poor Cameron drank off the strong infusion. A replenishment was of course immediately called for. Miss Maclean now saw the propriety of retiring; and the abrupt and eager haste of Cameron to do her honour by opening the door, showed the impression that had been made upon him in more ways than one, and called forth a number of nods and winks, all highly amusing to the company.

It would be painful to describe minutely the progressive steps of Cameron's degradation on this memorable night. The unsuspecting youth, already warned beyond the bounds of prudence, was an easy prey to the experienced jokers then and there assembled. They led him through the stages of noisy contradictiveness and of maudlin tenderness, and finally laid him helpless on the floor. Having brought him to this condition, they touched up his face scientifically with a burnt cork, put a pair of mustard epaulettes on his shoulders, and then carried him through the streets on a deal board which fell in their way, to the door of Pinch the tobaccoist, against which they placed him in a leaning posture. They then aroused Pinch by a thundering knock, and departed, thinking they had thus given their victim a finishing stroke. But they knew not the character of the old man. He knew of the supper; and when poor Cameron fell at his feet on the opening of the door, Pinch at once saw through the whole iniquitous scheme. He called up his servant, and got his young friend put to bed, giving the woman orders to awake him early in the morning. When morning did come, and Cameron was roused to consciousness, his feelings were inconceivably painful. On crossing to his little shop, every bottle and drawer seemed to upbraid him. But his greatest shock was caused by his first glance at his looking-glass, where the yellow shoulder-knots and the dark mustachios were but too visibly reflected. Indignation mingled with his self-reproach, when he thought of being at Pinch's, and of the reason why he was taken there. Cameron almost wished that the darkness of that winter morning could have continued for years. But his mind grew gradually calmer, and he bent himself resolutely to the endurance of the ridicule which he was sure would fall upon him. Nor was he wrong in his anticipations. On taking off his shutters—on which, by the bye, some of last night's friends, expecting him to sleep late, had written "Not dead, but dead-drunk"—Cameron saw knots of people already assembled at the doors of his rivals in trade, and all laughing immoderately. In truth, the whole town soon heard of the affair. But the issue was very different from what had been expected by the practical jokers. All respectable people were indignant at the attempt to injure and ruin a harmless and industrious youth, and many was the customer whom this feeling brought to Cameron's door. On the other hand, Maclean's conduct was universally reprobated, and his trade received a serious blow in consequence. No one was ostensibly more indignant about the business than the captain, who had taken care not to join the procession to Pinch's. He lectured on it next morning for hours to various little groups in the streets; went to Miss Maclean, and brought tears from her eyes by his malicious exaggerations; and finally was on his way to give his tormenting condolence to Cameron himself, when he was prevented, by seeing, at the grocer's door, the carriage of Colonel Macara, a person who had always treated him drily. It was the servant of this gentleman who had committed the mistake about the parcel, and the colonel's punctilious notions of honour led him to call and make an apology for the mistake. He did more than this. After emptying Cameron's "sweetie" bottles for his children, the colonel gave an order for some whisky. The article proved to be particularly good. Orders from the colonel's friends followed, and ere long a good family trade in this article had been established. Cameron's relations in the north took care that he should never want the means of continuing this traffic.

His old schoolfellow, Maclean, was sinking rapidly in the mean time; and to maintain the family honour, his father's small property was bonded deeply. The comforts of those at home were thus sadly impaired. The old laird gave up the game licence, and his dogs were sent to a neighbouring farm. The girls, four or five in number, restricted their usual dress expenses, and decked up old things instead of buying new. The eldest girls began to think of going out as governesses, and sat down to their

pianos to practise their collection of tunes, which, as a gay acquaintance one day observed, not knowing the heart-stab inflicted by the words, were as old as the hills. All the household outlay was diminished as much as possible, and indeed necessity compelled this. The old lady, however, stuck obstinately by one custom, which was that of giving a dram to every living being that came to the house. Perhaps the laird himself, deprived of his usual recreations, felt the change of things most severely. He could only sit moping by the fire, ruminating sadly on the letters which post after post brought him from his son. The very payment of these letters became a heavy tax on the elder sister, who managed the money matters; and, on one occasion, she was compelled to apply to her youngest sister, who was innocently accumulating a small sum for a frock. Seeing tears in her sister's eyes, the good-hearted child ran for her purse, and shook the whole on the floor. The old man chanced to behold the action, and, understanding it but too well, he kissed the child, and sobbed aloud. That letter was an insolent cravie one.

The guilty author of all this domestic misery was still proceeding in his work of desolation. He had professed to Cameron his shame for the proceedings at his house, although he confidently maintained that he was not a participator in them. His contrition might have been thought real, had he not shortly after called on Cameron for an accommodation in the way of money, which the grocer after some hesitation granted. There is little difficulty in believing that the forgiveness of the insult, and the accommodation given, were owing as much to the influence of the sister, as to old friendship; and an occasional admittance to the society of Miss Maclean was a temptation too strong for the love-stricken economist. During the succeeding year, he had, by the powerful assistance of the tobaccoist, and a steady adherence to business, risen into a wholesale merchant of extensive connection; and he had just arrived at the resolution that his addresses to Miss Maclean might now be paid without much presumption, when he received one Monday morning an alarming announcement that Maclean had disappeared. All that his sister knew was, that he had left town on Saturday for the country, and that he was to return on the Sunday evening. The bank took the alarm, the shop was examined, most of his goods had been converted into cash, and messengers were dispatched to the neighbouring sea-ports to secure the fugitive. But no trace of him could be obtained; nor was it till years after, that he was heard of as playing the same reckless game beyond the Atlantic.

In soothing the agitation of the sister on this occasion, Cameron's declaration of love came out; and how it was received, may be guessed from the fact, that next morning he was on his way to the Highlands to visit the family of the laird. In the afternoon, while the eldest daughter was standing at the dining-room window, contemplating, with an eye of vacancy, the waste of snow round the dreary mansion-house, the figure of a man and horse in the avenue came on her eye. This was an event in their wintry home; but when it resolved itself into the distinct shape of a gentleman, the interest became more intense. The daughters clustered their heads together; the old lady surmised that it was the laird of —, that had the impudence at last to come and ask the eldest daughter; and the laird himself at last rose from the fire-side, and looked with curiosity, not unmixed with apprehension, at the approaching guest. While the work of guessing was going on, and while the eldest sister had set down in her mind that hare collops, a fowl, and a dumpling, might be calculated on for dinner, the stranger drew to the door, and dismounted. Cameron was ushered into the drawing-room, and there he was destined to remain until the process of dressing, which was now going on with rapidity in different rooms, should be completed. The old gentleman might have received him; but, calculating on the excluding influence of the storm, he had not shaved for three days, and he was now vexedly strapping his razor, and demanding hot water in no very patient tone, as Jenny was plying from room to room, among the misses and mistresses, with a pin in her mouth and a hair-brush in her hand. A great many orders and reproaches, given in intent whispers to Jenny, by the ladies, made her forget the laird and his hot water; this, at last, however, she found time to think of, but in the hurry of pouring it into the shaving-pan, a certain quantity fell on the house dog, whose howlings and prancings through the kitchen were altogether hideous. "Lord preserve us!" ejaculated the laird; "what's that now?" and the tortured animal rushed into his bed-room, ploughing the carpet with his nose, the whole length of the room. Mean time, the poultry had been attacked by the kitchen servant in the back court, and one of the hens which was particularly aimed at, had, in desperation, taken wing, and come smash against the back window of the drawing-room. The nerves of all were in high excitement—their superstitions became roused—and it was only after an effort at mental composure, as her hand rested on the handle of the drawing-room door, that the elder sister ventured in. Another entered, and rushed back to announce that it was Duncan Cameron's son, who had set up the shop in —. The old lady tossed her head with disdain, and the laird, who had cleared off the crop on his chin, on hearing this, resolved, in the present state of his razors, to leave his upper lip unshaved. The general impression among the young ladies was, that he looked like a gentleman. The old lady said he was merely good-looking, and the laird thought he was well enough. But they all received him with kindness, and pressed him to stay dinner, which he consented to do.

It was believed that he had been at his father's in the neighbourhood, and that he had thought it his duty to call, in gratitude for the attentions which had been shown to him by their son and daughter. Ere evening, a stillness and seriousness had come over the house; and the younger branches of the family sent anxious looks to the drawing-room, where Cameron, with the laird, his wife, and eldest daughter, were in close divan. The disastrous state of

their son's affairs was developed by Cameron with tact and cautiousness, and the prospect of relief from ruin which was offered to the old man by his generous proposals, assuaged the anguish which he felt for his son's behaviour. By Cameron's interference the property was preserved in the family, and the laird once more resumed his rambles with his gun and dog. In the interval between this visit and the marriage which was now agreed on, the old lady had found out that the Camerons, who were comparatively but a recent importation from a distant part of the Highlands, were, though a decayed family, well connected; and she was every day more impressed with the idea, which was suggested by her daughters, that Cameron was uncommonly like their elder brother, the captain then in India, who was decidedly the genteel-looking lad in the country when he left home. Two months had not elapsed, when Cameron paid his second visit to the mansion-house; but his coming on this occasion was not so unexpected. In the chaise, which was driven up with as much dashing celerity as the state of the avenue would admit, sat Cameron and his friend the tobaccoist, who, on this occasion, shone out in a rather smart wig and a snuff-brown coat, in the character of bridesman. The said acquaintances were only visible afterwards, on the occasions of three christenings, which took place within the space of the five succeeding years. About the expiration of that time, their owner disappeared, after bequeathing his wealth to the young couple, who are now in middle life, and settled in affluence in the mansion-house of the old laird.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

THE POSTERITY OF CROMWELL.

IN the middle of the seventeenth century, an extraordinary train of events enabled a private English gentleman to rise over the heads of his fellows, as well as of all who were his superiors, and establish himself in the undisputed sovereignty of three kingdoms. There must, of course, have been an uncommon degree of mental power and force in such a man, and accordingly we find, in his portraits, the appearances of a large brain, and of a vigorous though somewhat coarse character. As, till the forty-second year of his age, he remained in a private station, we must of course suppose that, but for the occurrence of a civil war, he would never have risen much above that station, although we should always be disposed to expect in such a man, even in the most obscure condition, some manifestations of an extraordinary intellect and temper—such, indeed, as Cromwell did display while an ordinary citizen of Huntingdon. A case like his shows in a very striking manner how far accidental circumstances are of avail in advancing even the most remarkably endowed men; for, from all that we know of Cromwell, it appears that he did not so much act under an ambitious impulse, as he was drawn on from step to step by opportunities and temptations which arose in his course. His mind, it may be said, was a great one, and fitted by nature for a grand position; he was, by his native powers, calculated to take advantage of the circumstances which came before him: but still he could not have created the circumstances necessary for his advancement; he was not disposed to do so; and he would have been content with the situation of a village Hampden, if he had not had the opportunity presented to him of rising to be the protector of a republic.

This man, who, though of gentlemanly birth, had been a brewer, resided for six years in the palace of Whitehall, as the inaugurated sovereign of England, Ireland, and Scotland. He received embassages; he carried on foreign wars, and caused the name of England to be more respected than it had been under the greatest of its kings. He had his family established in palaces. He appointed his second and most talented son to be deputy of Ireland. The exiled monarch whose throne he usurped, so far acknowledged his power and dignity, as to sue for the hand of one of his daughters, with a view to regaining by that means a crown which he could obtain by no other. There can be no doubt that, if he had been pleased to accede to the proposals made to him from this quarter, he might have obtained, in exchange for a precarious sovereignty, permanent honours and emoluments of the most splendid kind, which he might have transmitted to his posterity. But he refused all these offers, and died in the possession of his throne, and was buried amongst the kings of England.

When we see what a man of powerful mind can do in certain circumstances for the elevation of himself and his family, it becomes an interesting study to observe how, when he is removed, and the favouring circumstances no longer exist, that family stands with the world. Here, of course, the splendour of the father's name, and the unspent force of his authority, give a little advantage; yet it is impossible for such a family long to hold its place. With all the certainty of the most familiar natural laws, we see it gravitate from the accidental place to that which it is fitted by nature to hold under the new circumstances. Besides a widow, who is said to have been an ordinary woman, Cromwell left five children, two sons and three daughters. One of these daughters possessed a large share of her father's genius, and the second son had some

vigour of character; all the rest were of the commonest mould. Richard, in particular, who succeeded his father as Protector, was simply a mild and inoffensive country gentleman, so far, according to Sir Henry Vane, from being able to rule three kingdoms, that he could scarcely enforce obedience from his own domestic servants. In his portrait he bears a strong resemblance to his mother, and we may presume that he took his intellectual nature also from her. If he had chanced to be more the child of his father, the history of England might, from that accident, have taken a different complexion.

Addresses, by which the people of England have been accustomed ever since to exemplify hypocrisy on a large scale, took their rise, most appropriately, on this occasion. They poured in from all quarters on this sovereign of a single winter, whom they flattered in the most extravagant style. He called a parliament, and then a council of the military officers, which last soon became practically the engine of government. Before May, Richard was left in his palace, to appearance a sovereign, but in reality a mere tenant of that large mansion. The very dishes going to his table are said to have been sometimes intercepted by the republican soldiers who mounted guard. Yet some things are told of him, which would show that he was not altogether destitute of spirit. When the zealots by whom he was surrounded and ultimately betrayed, murmured against his promoting some who had been cavaliers, he said, "Would you have me prefer none but the godly! Here is Dick Ingoldsby," he continued, "who can neither pray nor preach; yet will I trust him before ye all." When the army deserted him, and the last regiment of horse was filing off before him, he opened his breast, and desired them to put an end to his life and misfortunes at once. Though he might well have trembled to oppose the will of such men as Fleetwood and Desborough, he would not leave his palace till they had come to an agreement with him for the settlement of the heavy debts he had incurred in the public service, and particularly for his father's funeral. So resolute was he on this point, that on one occasion Desborough threatened to go and pull him out of Whitehall. Finally, when he was leaving the palace, he desired his servants to be very careful of two old trunks which stood in his wardrobe: a friend, who stood by, asked what they contained, that he was so anxious about them. "Why, nothing less," said Richard, "than the lives and fortunes of all the good people of England." The trunks were filled with the addresses before mentioned, in which the people had devoted their lives and fortunes to the support of his authority. Richard withdrew to the country, and his brother Henry soon after retired in an equally quiet manner from his Irish government. The cessation of the Cromwell dynasty did not occasion the shedding of one drop of blood.

During the year which elapsed before the Restoration, these men had almost become forgotten, so that no inquiry was made for them on that occasion. Henry formally made his peace with the new government through Lord Clarendon. In the summer of 1660, finding some inconvenience to arise from his debts, which after all had not been fully liquidated by the parliament, Richard deemed it necessary to pass over to the continent. Landing at Bourdeaux, he proceeded through the south of France to Pezanas, where it chanced that the prince of Conti was then living as governor of a province. According to Lord Clarendon, Richard made some stay here, "and walking abroad to entertain himself with the view of the situation, and of many things worth seeing there, he met with a person who well knew him, and was well known by him, the other having been always of his father's and of his party, so that they were glad enough to find themselves together." This gentleman told him "that all strangers who came to that town used to wait upon the prince of Conti, who expected it, and always treated strangers, and particularly the English, with much civility; that it need not be known; that he himself would go first to the prince and inform him that another English gentleman was passing through the town, and would be glad to have the honour to kiss his hand. The prince received him with great civility and grace, according to his natural custom, and after a few words began a discourse on the affairs of England, and asked many questions concerning the king, and whether all men were quiet, and submitted obediently to him, which the other [Cromwell] answered briefly, according to the truth. 'Well,' said the prince, 'Oliver, though he was a traitor and a villain, was a brave fellow, had great parts, great courage, and was worthy to command; but that Richard, that coxcomb, coquin, poltroon, was surely the basest fellow alive. What is become of that fool? How is it possible that he should be such a sot?' He [Richard] answered, that he was betrayed by those whom he most trusted, and who had been most obliged by his father. So, being weary of this visit, he quickly took his leave, and the next morning left the town, out of fear that the prince might know that he was the very fool and coxcomb he had mentioned so kindly." The ex-protector proceeded first to Geneva, and afterwards to Paris, where he lived obscurely for many years.

The daughters of Cromwell, being all married to persons in moderate circumstances, were not greatly affected by the Restoration. Henry settled at Spinney Abbey, near Soham, in Cambridgeshire, where he had an estate of about five or six hundred a-year. In the year 1671, the king, in returning from Newmarket,

expressed a wish to call at some house and take refreshment; one of his courtiers informed him that there was a very honest gentleman in the neighbourhood, who would think it an honour to entertain his majesty. The king consented to call on this person, and the cavalcade moved along till it came to the farm-yard of Spinney Abbey, where a man like a farmer was engaged in affairs of husbandry. This man, wondering to see so large a company, came forward to meet them, and one of the courtiers, seizing a muck-fork, shouldered it, and walked with affected solemnity before him. The king, readily perceiving that some joke was intended, asked what it meant. "Why, sire," said the gentleman with the muck-fork, "this gentleman before whom I carry this implement of husbandry, is Mr Henry Cromwell, to whom I had the honour of being mace-bearer when he was in Ireland." Charles laughed; Mr Cromwell was confounded; but the ease of the royal visitor banished all disquietude; the hungry company were treated to the best fare which Mrs Cromwell had; and they departed with good humour and pleasure on all sides.* Henry Cromwell died, universally respected, in March 1674, and was buried in Wicken Church.

Richard lived in Paris till 1680, occupying a poor lodging, and attended by only one servant. That he might attract no attention, he passed under the name of Clark. His debts being at length paid, or ceasing to trouble him, he returned to England, and took up his residence at Cheshunt, a few miles from London, where he lived for many years in the most unostentatious manner. Dr Isaac Watts, who was acquainted with him, says he never, during all their intercourse, heard him allude to his former greatness but once, and that in the most distant manner. His ordinary manner was somewhat grave, but he often indulged in innocent pleasantry. He had an only son, named Oliver, who possessed the manor of Merton, in right of his mother. In the reign of King William III., this Oliver, according to a popular story related by Mr Luson in Hughes's Letters, had occasion to present a petition in his own name alone to parliament. He gave it to a friend, who was a member, to be presented. "Just as this gentleman was entering the house with the petition in his hand, Sir Edward Seymour, the famous old Tory member, was also going in; on sight of Sir Edward so near him, the gentleman found his fancy briskly solicited by certain ideas of fun to make the surly sour old Seymour carry up a petition for Oliver Cromwell. 'Sir Edward,' said he, stopping on the instant, 'will you do me a favour? I this moment recollect that I must attend a trial in Westminster Hall, which may keep me too late to give in this petition, as I promised to do, this morning; 'tis a mere matter of form; will you be so good as carry it up for me?' 'Give it me,' said Sir Edward. The petition went directly into his pocket, and he into the house. When a proper vacancy happened to produce it, Seymour put himself upon his feet, and his spectacles on his nose, and began to read, 'The humble petition of—of—of—the devil!' said Seymour, 'of Oliver Cromwell!' The roar of laughter in the house, at seeing him so fairly taken in, was too great for Sir Edward to stand it; so he flung down his petition, and ran out directly."

On the death of Oliver unmarried in 1705, his estate was disputed at law between his father Richard, and his three sisters, who conceived themselves to have a preferable right to a property once their mother's. This was an indecent occurrence, which probably would not have taken place but for the long separation of the ladies from their father. The ex-Protector, now an aged man, was obliged, on this occasion, to appear personally in court. The judge, on learning who he was, ordered a chair to be placed for the venerable old man within the bar, and requested that, on account of his advanced age, he would sit covered. On the case being heard, the Lord Chancellor commented, in strong terms, on the unfeeling conduct of the daughters, and made an order in favour of the father, observing that they might have permitted an aged parent to enjoy his rights in peace, for the small remainder of his life. As the ex-Protector retired, he chanced to walk into the House of Lords, where some one, to whom he was a stranger, asked if he had ever been there before: he answered, "Not since I sat on that throne." Richard lived for some years longer in the enjoyment of good health. When advanced beyond eighty years of age, he would sometimes mount his horse, and ride several miles. The remarkable circumstance of a dethroned sovereign thus living so long in peace and privacy, surviving so many of his successors, and seeing such strange changes in the political state of a realm which had once been his, has not escaped notice in modern fiction.† In his last illness, and just before his departure, he said to his daughters, "Live in love—I am going to the God of love." He died, July 13, 1712, in his eighty-sixth year. One of his sisters, the youngest, lived till 1720, and his daughters, Anne and Elizabeth, died respectively in 1727 and 1731. The obituary notice of the latter in the Gentleman's Magazine, is in terms touching from

* At this time, and for at least ten years more, the head of Oliver Cromwell was exposed on Westminster Hall. It would have been a pleasant conclusion to this story, if, after experiencing the modest hospitality of the son, Charles had had the magnanimity to order that dismal object to be removed.

† It gives occasion to a striking scene in Sir E. L. Bulwer's novel of "Deveraux."

their simple dignity: "April 8, Mrs Elizabeth Cromwell, aged 82, daughter of the late Richard Cromwell, once Lord Protector of these Realms." These two ladies are described by one who knew them, as "well-bred, well-dressed, stately women, exactly punctilious, but carrying about with them a consciousness of high rank, with a secret dread that those with whom they conversed should not observe and acknowledge it." It is stated that some one, at a watering-place, wishing to insult them, said, "Ladies, your grandfather was hanged;" when Anne instantly rejoined, "but not till he was dead."

The posterity of Richard the Protector closed with the first generation. Of a large family born to Henry, one son and one daughter left descendants. This son, who bore his father's name, became a major of foot, and died in Spain, while with the army, in 1711, leaving a large family, two of whom were lawyers; one an ensign in the army; another in the Excise Office; and a fifth, named Thomas, a grocer in Snow Hill. It would appear that the only male descendants of the hero of Naseby trace their pedigree through the person last mentioned; but the descendants through females are very numerous.

The most remarkable of all the posterity of Cromwell seems to have been a Mrs Bendysh, who was his grand-daughter through his daughter Bridget, by her first husband, General Ireton. Mrs Bendysh bore a striking resemblance to the Protector in person, and was also like him in many features of her mind. When she was only six years of age, he used to allow her to sit between his knees at the cabinet councils, while the most important affairs were discussed. Some one objecting to her being there, he said, "There is no secret I would trust with any of you, that I would not trust with that infant." To prove that he was right in the confidence he reposed in her, he told her something under a charge of secrecy, and then caused her mother and grandmother to try to extort it from her. Promises, caresses, and bribes were first tried; then threatenings, and even severe whippings; but all in vain. As a non-conformist during the reigns of Charles II. and James II., she used to befriend the proscribed clergy, in whose behalf she had often very severe struggles with the magistracy, and generally was victorious. She was privy to the Rye-House Plot, and the projects which led to the Revolution; and previous to the latter event, when cheapening goods in shops, would drop parcels of papers calculated to prepare the public mind for what was about to take place. In latter life, when a widow, she resided at South-Town, near Yarmouth, where she carried on business in salt works and the rearing of cattle, for which her masculine mind and frame of body eminently fitted her. She had all her grandfather's activity of spirit, and the same enthusiastic and visionary kind of piety. Against all disappointments and vexations she had one never-failing resource; she rejoiced at every thing as it arrived; if she succeeded, she was thankful; if she suffered adversity, she was still more thankful. Passionately fond of the memory of her grandfather, from whom she said she had learned every thing, she admired him in nothing so much as his saintliness, always speaking of him as "a chosen vessel," "a regenerated child of God, divinely inspired," and so forth. This was inconvenient, for a hundred would join her in calling her father a great soldier, for one who would allow him to have been a sincere saint. Travelling once in a stage-coach, and speaking of him in her usual phraseology, she called forth some remarks of a particularly ungracious nature from a gentleman who sat in the same vehicle. These she rebutted, and a very violent altercation took place, which lasted till the conclusion of the stage. Mrs Bendysh then took her opponent aside, and told him with great composure that he had belied the most pious man that ever lived; that Cromwell's blood, which flowed in her veins, would not allow her to pass over the indignities he had cast upon his memory in her presence; that though she could not handle a sword, she could fire a pistol as well as he; and she demanded immediate satisfaction for the injured honour of the family. The gentleman, now for the first time informed of the relationship, asked her pardon, and said so much in praise of the brighter side of her grandfather's character, that the journey was continued in peace.

"She would frequently," says a gentleman who had seen her when he was a boy, "come to visit at my father's [in Yarmouth] at nine or ten at night, and sometimes later, if the doors were not shut up. On such visits she generally staid till about one in the morning. Such late visits, in these sober times, were considered by her friends as highly inconvenient; yet nobody complained of them to her. The respect she universally commanded, gave her a licence in this, and many other irregularities. She would, on her visits, drink wine in great plenty, and the wine used to put her tongue into very brisk motion. When she kept clear of her enthusiastic freaks, she was highly entertaining. She had strong sense, a free and spirited elocution, and much knowledge of the world. There was an old mare that had been her faithful companion for many years. The old mare and her manœuvres were as well known at Yarmouth, as the old lady. On this mare she was generally mounted; but, towards the end of her life, the mare was prevailed on to draw a chaise, in which Mrs Bendysh often seated herself. She would never suffer a servant to attend her in these night visits; 'God,' she said, 'was her guard, and

she would have no other.' When the mare began to move, Mrs Bendysh began to sing a psalm or one of Watts's hymns, in a very loud, but not very harmonious key; and thus the two old souls, the mare and her mistress, one gently trotting, and the other loudly jingling, jogged on, the length of a short mile from Yarmouth, which brought them home.*

ASCENT OF THE VIGNEMALE.

THE Vignemale is the highest mountain in the French Pyrenees, and till a recent period was never ascended. There are not, for twenty miles round, summits more rugged, or rocks more precipitous. The glaciers which block up the approaches to it are furrowed by enormous ravines, and the annals of the Pyrenees record more than one fatal event which these recesses have witnessed. In the summer of 1837, the Prince of Moscow and his brother, sons of the celebrated Marshal Ney, at length performed the feat of ascending to the top of the Vignemale, of which adventure the Prince has given a narrative to the world through the medium of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. From this publication we learn that the Prince was induced to make the attempt by a guide named Cantouz, who informed him that, having been once commissioned by a traveller to find a pass to the top of the mountain, he had sought for two years, and had at last by accident discovered a hitherto unknown approach, which, though of a difficult nature, might be thought to be overcome. "On the 10th of August, at eleven o'clock," says the Prince,† "we were on our way; the weather was magnificent, as is indispensable to such an enterprise; with Vincent, a guide and hunter of Luz, David my servant, and a man to drive a pack-horse laden with clothing and provisions. * After having got a hatchet and crampons at Gavarnie, where we breakfasted, we started westward, in the direction of the valley of Ossone.

We soon came to a steep and stony hill, then to a pretty wood of healthy nut-trees. Half a league farther on, the road became level, to the great comfort of our horses, who, by their frequent halts, had entered protest against acclivities of seventy degrees, up which we had been forcing them. Here there is no high-road: the Vignemale was our pole; the Gave, which issues from it, our compass. As we advanced, we kept *tacking* from right to left, to avoid the steepness of a slippery surface.

To the right, above the Gave, rises the mountain of the Combe, like an immense wall. After a two hours' march, under a sufficiently hot sun, we halted on a pretty green spot, by a spring: we had turned the Malferrat, which till then we had been skirting, and the Vignemale glistened at last before us, displaying all the splendour of its glaciers, all the capricious forms of its peaks.

'There he is,' cried Cantouz, uncovering his head respectfully before his conquest; 'look at that point, which scarcely rears itself above the snow: it is the summit of the mountain. Yonder is the peak where we shall be to-morrow, please God and our Lady of Héas!' It was a case, had we been English, to call for the universal *Hip! hip! hurrah!* with three times three, and to bring down an avalanche; but we have nothing analogous in French. The poverty of our language condemns us to a more expressive silence.

Up to this point our road had been made cheerful by immense flocks, scattered here and there on the ample sides of the Malferrat. But after we resumed our march, we arrived at solitudes no longer animated by the grave sound of the sheep-bell, or the still deeper voice of their faithful guardians. These enormous dogs announced our passage by their intelligent barking, but there was no ill-will manifested. By degrees, the sounds of the valley lost themselves in the air. As there still remained for us a severe day's walk on the morrow, we resolved to pass the night as near as possible to the Plan d'Aube, which is the pass leading to the valley of Serbigliana; and as it was necessary at such an elevation to have a fire all night, we could not advance far above the rhododendron, the last shrub to be found in the ascent of these mountains. We therefore descended again to a little valley at the foot of the Cardal, where some Spanish flocks were grazing, under the care of two shepherds. It is impossible to imagine any thing more picturesque. These two stout, well-made fellows, wore the dress of the Arragonese peasants, their brown faces were overshadowed by the large *sombrero*, and with every word they uttered they showed ranges of teeth as white as their own goats' milk. They were both knitting stockings for their own private wearing. We soon struck up a conversation: we asked the usual questions; they made a tender of their best services, and I employed them with others of our party to fetch wood. We soon found a place of encampment, on the edge of a pretty *gave*, by which we halted. The horses were unsaddled and turned adrift, and the pack-saddle was rummaged for coverings and provisions.

We passed the night merrily; every possible combination of rum, brandy, wine, and sugar, was exhausted by the eminently inventive genius of my brother, to keep our guides warm and in good humour; and they never ceased to sing '*Là-haut sous les montagnes*' in the most sonorous of voices, to do honour to

masters so considerate. Thus our dinner passed off successfully, with a shade too much, perhaps, of wastefulness, for which our next night's supper was to suffer.

In a brotherly spirit, we invited the Spaniards to take their places at our banquet; they came, knitting in hand. These good fellows were not wholly ignorant of the arts, for having, each of them, drained an enormous glass of punch, they sang, at our request, a song in the time of a fandango, ending in loud cries similar to those uttered by the Arabs of Mount Atlas. To their cries, Perro, their large dog, answered, by giving tongue *au grave*. At last their songs ceased, the shepherds went to lie down with some of our party on the dry stones in their den, offering us a place there. But the recollections of a night passed in the best inn at Poitiers induced my brother and myself to decline this hospitable shelter: and those of our guides, who, like ourselves, did not wish to run the risk of the Spanish *Coula*, stretched themselves round the fire, which was kept up all night. How sublime were the heavens on that night! Ye who have never bivouacked on the Cardal, know not what a fine night is!

Next morning we ascended the Cardal, and towards seven were within sight of the Plan d'Aube, but we did not traverse it immediately, for we lost three-quarters of an hour in a fruitless attempt to surprise an izard, which was feeding above the pass. After having traversed the Plan d'Aube, and descended into Spain through the valley of Serbigliana, we advanced for another half league towards the right, and stopped at the foot of Malferrat. Here we left our horses, and began the ascent on foot.

We now moved upward in a northern direction, and above the valley of Serbigliana. At first the road is almost level, skirting the base of the mountain for an hour or two, and I kept at the head of the column to regulate the pace. We soon came to a steep ascent, with loose slates and stones. This was most fatiguing; these avalanches of stones, or *lavanges* as they are called, must be rapidly passed—you must not stop—you should, indeed, scarcely plant your foot, for the least displacement of the stones causes an incalculable disturbance—all the mountain seems in motion. It would be imprudent for any one to attempt to resist the current; he would be swept away. It was with pleasure that we quitted this moving earth for the solid rock; for the latter, with a good head and a little address, you can manage well enough. This part of the mountain, which is not very steep, was easily traversed. One point now brought us to a halt. Imagine a natural chimney, a score of feet in height, and so narrow that the body could scarcely enter it. Where were we to place the points of our iron-shod sticks? where set our feet? The danger was not great, but the obstacle seemed all but insurmountable. It is difficult to say how we got through it; yet, in truth, it detained us but a short time. The Vignemale was waiting for us. This reminds me of an answer given to the Count de Stednick, by a French grenadier during the war of independence in America, where the marshal served as a volunteer. A French company had scaled a fort, situated on so precipitous a rock that when M. de Stednick, then a junior officer, came there, he could not but express his surprise; and he asked of a grenadier, 'How, my friend, did you contrive to get up?' 'Ah, captain,' replied the soldier, 'it was because the enemy was here!'

Towards eleven o'clock we made our first halt. Already more than one chain of mountains extended itself at our feet; behind us, the Vignemale raised its peak among sharp-pointed rocks; to the right, an enormous amphitheatre displayed its marble circle, like that of the Oval of Gavarnie and that of Troumouse. We took some provisions from our guides' bag, and breakfasted. Cantouz proudly carried my barometer; he appeared to attach much importance to the mountain's height being ascertained with certainty. When we arrived within sight of the snows, we saw a herd of izards gently traversing these slippery declivities, and pointing out our road. We no longer worked our way upwards by means of the walls of rock. The scene here spread out, and we advanced in a long line, choosing at pleasure the place for our steps. Many of the huge stones, blanched and polished by the waters, appeared ready for the sculptor's studio. Directing our steps towards the left of the arch formed by the walls of the amphitheatre, we were presently at the foot of the great glacier. There a new halt took place; it was requisite to fix our crampons firmly, to tighten and close our *espartilles*, to mix rum with ice water, and fill a bottle with it, for our luncheon on the summit—for the heat was extreme, and henceforward we could find no water; then commenced the most fatiguing and monotonous march imaginable, upon snow whose whiteness dazzled us. In proportion as we advanced, it grew more precipitous and more firm;—each guide in his turn taking the lead, and cutting steps in the snow. We advanced in file, one behind another, and scarcely at every new tack gaining ten yards. We had now been on the snow more than two hours and a quarter; and it was necessary to leap a very deep ravine, for the glacier does not join the rock closely, because of the heat, which melts the snow; but this was easily effected. I remarked here, with surprise, some flies upon the snow. I know that Ramond has described them as found on Mount Perdu; they were very lively.

Already our respiration had become difficult, the quickness of the pulse increased, and, in spite of our feelings of strength and elasticity, we were obliged

often to pause for breath. The rock which we had to climb is of primitive limestone. I saw nothing resembling granite; yet the Vignemale is, almost to a certainty, of the primitive formation, like the Marboré and the Mount Perdu, than which it is only some yards lower. When fatigue begins, all efforts to advance become mechanical, and great distances are accomplished almost without taking notice. The similitude of every object, joined to that troublesome gasping for breath, made our rough road monotonous and wearisome, and we now crept forward on hands and feet. It was necessary, however, to awaken up at the sight of the precipice, which towers over the pass of Panticou. Never, I confess, did I dream of any thing so frightful; I did not attempt to measure its height, for it was with repugnance that I looked upon it. In advancing towards the summit of the first peak of the Vignemale, the rock was ridged like the roof of a house, and we had to make our way astride along it. There nature has placed an enormous tunnel, which Cantouz called the chimney of the Vignemale; and a stone falling through this opening is not stopped till it reaches the valley. After some desperate efforts, I reached the top of the rocks, and found myself on an immense circular plain of snow—evidently a colossal basin, round which arose four peaks of unequal size—the four summits of the Vignemale.

We rested for an instant on the edge of this crater, but we had no time to lose, and by an optical effect, which I soon recognised as a deception, the peak still to be climbed seemed of itself a mountain. The fear of not having sufficient time for our barometrical observations, and, above all, of not finding ourselves in a fair way to return before night, made us hasten onward, across the plain of snow. We took the precaution to walk in file, each of us holding a rope, that if one slipped into a ravine he might be sustained by the weight and the strength of his companions. David, my servant, was the only person to whom the precaution was of use—he was already shoulder-deep in the snow when we drew him out. We arrived without accident at the foot of the Vignemale, and, finally, at the summit of the peak, at half past two, an hour after our last halt, as Cantouz had promised us.

The panoramic view I shall not attempt to describe—a geographical chart of the Pyrenees could only imperfectly give an idea of it. Our first care was to make our barometrical observations, then to build up a little tower for the purpose of hoisting a flag, which we planted thereon, and saluted with a discharge of musketry, and drank the health of the Vignemale.

To our extreme surprise, a voice answered us. It was not an echo, but, indeed, a far-off human voice. How was this to be explained? We swept with our glasses all the neighbouring mountains, without finding a trace of a human being, when a little black speck on the surface of the Lake de Gaube attracted our attention. It was a fisherman's boat—and it must, almost to a certainty, have been thence that we were answered. In spite of the distance, this did not appear to astonish our guides, who were delighted to know that the people of Cautelets would that very evening learn the result of our adventure.

Before our departure, we left beneath the flagstaff a bottle, in which was a paper containing the details of our ascent.

From observations, the height of the Vignemale above the level of the sea should be 11,221 feet, supposing, according to Pasumot, Luz to be 390 toises above the sea.

It was now necessary to depart. We soon reached the snow, which we crossed without accident. Yet it was easy to feel that the energy of our will had till then sustained our legs, and that, after success, they were disposed to give way a little. We had to guard against one great danger, that of rolling down the stones upon those who went before. I was one of the first who attacked the glacier. We were all bruised upon the rocks, and we hoped to rest ourselves by sliding down the snow. We had resumed our *crampons*, and promised ourselves some amusement in descending these *montagnes russes*. I took but little care, not imagining they were so steep as to be at all dangerous. Thus, at the first step, I was thrown over, but fortunately kept hold of the girdle of my guide. However, my *crampon* turned, and I again lost my equilibrium, let go my hold, and then I began to descend, sliding on my back. Unluckily I had no stick; I perceived immediately that the rapidity of my progress began every instant to increase in a frightful manner, and, above all, by the shouts on every side of me, that I was in great danger—I was shot off like a rocket down a declivity of sixty-five degrees, which it had cost us two hours to ascend, and at a rate which made it impossible but that I must lose my breath if it continued. I thought with a shudder of the rocks below, but I did not lose my presence of mind, and continued to keep myself on my back. Bernard Guillembert, however, had thrown himself forward at a lower point, to try and stop me. Having buried his stick and his *crampons* in the snow, he awaited me at a little promontory formed by the rocks, which pushed out on the glacier. As well as I could I steered for him, and had the good fortune to reach the spot. The shock was so violent that I overset him; but the diversion effected by this rencontre saved me; for having slidden some little way farther, I was stopped by a projection of the rock, towards which I extended my feet. The blow was violent, as may be imagined; nevertheless, with the exception of a large bruise on the heel, and being slightly stunned, I experienced no ill consequences, and was able to rise almost immediately. Bernard was near

* The above article is composed of the more interesting particulars contained in Noble's Memoirs of the Cromwell Family, 2 vols. 8vo. 1786.

† We use a translation which has appeared in the *Athenaeum*.

me, covered with blood, his arms almost dislocated; for, placing himself before me to stop me, he had not chosen a position sufficiently solid: the blow had struck him like a thunderbolt, and the poor fellow had rolled over the stones head foremost.

My brother then began to descend, leaning one hand on the shoulder of Cantouz, the other on his iron-shod stick, and walking with all the caution which my accident inspired—still, in spite of his precautions, he had not made three steps when he slipped, dragging his guide with him. The efforts of the guides to stop him proved useless; in vain they buried their sticks in the snow. I saw them both launched on the terrible descent. Baptiste threw himself across their path, plunging three-fourths of his stick in the snow; leaning against this prop, and with his feet planted, as it were, in the glacier. The stick broke; but Baptiste, overthrown, had the good luck to stop himself by the handle, which he still held. Judge of my anxiety, when I saw that rapid course accelerating every instant, my brother and his guide descending always together. At last, when about to be dashed against a frightful jutting-out rock, Vincent precipitated himself with intrepidity before them, with a desperate blow, burying his whole hatchet in the snow. He waited, fixing his eyes on them. I held my breath, and, thank God! in spite of the violence of the shock, he had strength enough to resist it, and to stop them on the very verge of the abyss!

This episode cast a serious shade over our success, and the descent, though finished without new accidents, wanted the light-hearted gaiety of our outset. It was dark night when we arrived in the valley of Serbighiani, at the place where we had left our horses, too late to travel farther; and we were obliged to pass the night there, even without fire. Fortunately the weather was beautiful, and we did not suffer much from the cold. We returned to Luz in the course of the following day, and Bernard's accident, I am happy to say, was not followed by any ill consequences."

MR. J. F. SMITH ON JOINT-STOCK BANKING.*

THE object of this pamphlet is to take into consideration those evils attending the present system of Joint-Stock Banking, which are expected in a short time to come under the attention of Parliament, with a view to a legislative remedy. The grand evil is, as stated by Mr Smith, that, "under the existing laws, the compliance with a few inefficient official forms enables any adventurer, possessing funds or credit merely sufficient for the publishing of a prospectus, to organise a Joint-Stock Bank, with a nominal capital of millions—to issue paper money, and give altogether such a colouring to his proceedings as effectually to entrap the unwary, and enrich himself and his confederates at the expense of a credulous public." That the evils contemplated by Mr Smith really exist, and are operative of great injury to many individuals, is, we believe, not questioned. The Joint-Stock system of banking, long conducted in Scotland with prudence and honour, is now rapidly becoming a favourite game of the rash and designing all over the empire. Some late disclosures in Ireland and at Manchester manifest this in a striking manner; and it is probably only for time to develop the full extent of the mischiefs of which the basis has been laid within the last few years.

After some preliminary remarks, Mr Smith addresses himself to the task of suggesting a complete code of regulations for future establishments. He proposes in the first place, either a small board of commissioners, whose duty it should be to see that the provisions of the new law are faithfully complied with, and to whom the various periodical returns might be made, or that the same duty should be entrusted to the Board of Trade or the Secretary of State for the Home Department. In what follows, he assumes that such a board is appointed. He then states those additional regulations which would require to be imposed on existing banks, in order to bring them to a level in point of security with the new ones, for which he proposes the following amongst other arrangements:—

"I. That when a Joint-Stock Association shall hereafter be formed for the purpose of banking, the parties interested in the first instance shall transmit to the Board of Commissioners a full prospectus of their intended establishment, stating the proposed amount of nominal and paid-up capital, the number and value of shares, the names and designations of the parties chosen as directors for the first year, the locality of the head office, and, as far as practicable, the number and situation of branch establishments. This prospectus shall also be accompanied by a list of the proprietary, signed by each shareholder, who shall adjet to his signature a distinct memorandum of his place of residence, profession, or trade, and the number of shares taken by

him. The whole shares must be subscribed for, and the directors having collected from the shareholders one-fourth of the intended paid-up capital, shall invest the same in government securities, East India or Bank of England stock; or, if preferred, shall lodge the same in deposit, with the Bank of England, Bank of Ireland, or one of the chartered Banks of Scotland, and exhibit satisfactory evidence of this to the Board of Commissioners.

The Commissioners being satisfied that these preliminary steps have been taken, shall then adjust with the directors the draught of their proposed deed of partnership, which shall be similarly executed in duplicate, and deposited along with the signed list of shareholders, as before, in the proper stamp-office. These forms having been gone through, the association, on producing some satisfactory evidence of the payment of another fourth part of their real capital, should then have their notes stamped, and receive a licence for their issue. With regard to the remaining portion of their real capital, a peremptory clause might be inserted in the deed of partnership, binding the shareholders to advance the same in two instalments, within six months or a year from the date of their licence, under a penalty of a total forfeiture of banking privileges. When the whole real capital is paid up, some satisfactory evidence of the fact should be given, or a solemn affirmation might be made by all the directors as before, and the company should then be entitled to the privileges of a royal charter.

In compelling payment of so much of the capital at an early stage, a guarantee will be obtained that no rash or immature speculation will be called into existence, but that the establishment of each bank is in some degree called for by the wants of its locality; and this provision, with the proposed regulation as to the minimum amount of a share, afterwards noticed, will ensure beyond doubt a respectable class of proprietary; since at present a vast majority of the first applicants for shares in Joint-Stock Banks are precisely the persons who ought to be excluded, being parties who have generally little to lose, who are often unable to pay even the first instalment, and who join the concern with the intention only of speculating on the premium which may be expected on disposing of the scrip.

II. That no existing or future Joint-Stock Bank shall be permitted to have nominal shares of less value than £100, on each of which £50 sterling must be paid up; and that such shares shall in no event whatever be divisible into fractional parts, so as to admit of any partner having a less interest than £50 sterling. That this shall be the fixed minimum amount, leaving it to the parties themselves to increase the value of shares to any further extent they may deem expedient; but observing in the first instance the same proportion between paid-up and nominal capital.

No good objection it is supposed can be brought forward against such a provision as this; since it is obviously the interest of all parties, that banking business should be in the hands of a responsible class; and surely no one who cannot advance £50 should ever be admitted as partner into a bank. The immediate effect therefore of increasing the amount of shares, in conjunction with the obligation to pay up the whole, or a great part of the money, would be to exclude all such objectionable parties, and to distribute the shares of a Joint-Stock Bank among a class of persons more responsible, and better qualified, by superior intelligence and respectability, to be partners, who can contribute their assistance to the institution in times of pressure, and not leave such a task to a few of the more opulent shareholders.

III. There might be advantageously a limitation of the circulation of Joint-Stock Banks, in proportion to paid-up capital; an issue to an equal extent might perhaps be a safe limit, with an obligation to keep a deposit of one-fourth of the amount of such issue in gold and Bank of England notes. It is worthy of consideration, whether it would not be prudent to carry this restriction still farther, especially if the principle of limited liability be conceded, and to limit the issues to one-half, or at the utmost two-thirds of the advanced capital, with an obligation to keep a deposit of one-fourth of such issue in gold. This would always secure a respectable amount of paid-up capital, and give great additional security to the public. A restriction of this nature would also answer the objections of those who contend that security for the payment of notes should be left in the hands of government. The whole paper circulation of Scotland is estimated at £4,000,000, while the paid-up capital of three of the banks there alone amounts to £4,100,000.

IV. The question of limiting or not limiting the responsibility of a shareholder in a Joint-Stock Bank has given rise to frequent discussion, and both sides of the argument have found advocates of acknowledged ability. Under the existing system, any person becoming a partner in one of these associations is liable for its obligations to the last farthing of his fortune. This has done much harm, for it has been the means of deterring the more respectable and wealthy ranks of the community from joining these associations, and the great mass of banking business has consequently been thrown into the hands of a less responsible and much more speculative class, the very thing which ought to have been specially guarded against.

It is therefore proposed, as a part of the plan here submitted, to make the liability of shareholders in all Joint-Stock Banks extend to double the amount of their paid-up capital; and that all liability whatever shall

cease on the expiry of one year, after their names have been removed from the stamp-office registry."

Mr Smith submits another set of regulations which might be provided for in deeds of partnership, and into which we have not space to enter. We warmly recommend his sensible and judicious pamphlet to public attention.

DROLLERIES OF CAPTAIN GROSE.

SECOND ARTICLE.

Galimaufry. A hodgepodge made up of the remnants and scraps of the larder. [We suspect that the word is applied generally to a confused mixture of things. Its origin, with which Grose appears to have been unacquainted, is thus explained to us by a Parisian friend. In one of the provincial parliaments of France, by which law cases were heard and decided, a barrister was one day pleading in behalf of a person named Mathias, whose cock had suffered some injury from a neighbour. In his pleading, which was in Latin, he frequently came over the words Gallus Mathie, or (in the possessive case) Galli Mathie—the *th* in the latter word being of course pronounced as *t*. His speech thus took the appearance of a confused jargon—the judges declared they could not understand it—and the people from that time called any thing of a very confused nature Gallimaufry, which has been corrupted by us into Galimaufry.]

Jack of Legs. A tall long-legged man; also a giant, said to be buried in Weston church, near Baldock, in Hertfordshire, where there are two stones fourteen feet distant, said to be the head and feet stones of his grave. This giant, says Salmon, as fame goes, lived in a wood here, and was a great robber, but a generous one; for he plundered the rich to feed the poor: he frequently took bread for this purpose from the Baldock bakers, who, catching him at an advantage, put out his eyes, and afterwards hanged him upon a knoll in Baldock field. At his death he made one request, which was, that he might have his bow and arrow put into his hand, and, on shooting it off, where the arrow fell they would bury him, which being granted, the arrow fell in Weston churchyard. About seventy years ago, a very large thigh-bone was taken out of the church chest, where it had lain many years for a show, and was sold by the clerk to Sir John Tradescant, who, it is said, put it among the rarities of Oxford.

Jack Robinson. Before one could say Jack Robinson; a saying to express a very short time, originating from a very volatile gentleman of that appellation, who would call on his neighbours, and be gone before his name could be pronounced.

Kemp's Morris. William Kemp, said to have been the original Dogberry in "Much ado about Nothing," danced a morris from London to Norwich in nine days, of which he printed the account, A.D. 1600, entitled Kemp's Nine Days' Wonder, &c.

Kemp's Shoes. "Would I had Kemp's shoes to throw after you." Ben Jonson. Perhaps Kemp was a man remarkable for his good luck or fortune; throwing an old shoe, or shoes, after any one going on an important business, being by the vulgar deemed lucky.

Ketch. Jack Ketch; a general name for the finishers of the law, or hangmen, ever since the year 1682, when the office was filled by a famous practitioner of that name, of whom his wife said, "that any bungler might put a man to death, but only her husband knew how to make a gentleman die sweetly." This officer is mentioned in Butler's Ghost, page 54, published about the year 1682, in the following lines:—

Till Ketch observing he was chous'd,
And in his profits much abus'd,
In open hall the tribute dum'd,
To do his office, or refund.

Mr Ketch had not long been elevated to his office, for the name of his predecessor Dun occurs in the former part of this poem, page 29:—

For you yourself to act squire Dun,
Such ignominy ne'er saw the sun.

The addition of "squire," with which Mr Dun is here dignified, is a mark that he had beheaded some state criminal for high treason; an operation which, according to custom for time out of mind, has always entitled the operator to that distinction. The predecessor of Dun was Gregory Brandon, from whom the gallows was called the Gregorian tree, by which name it is mentioned in the prologue to *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, a tragi-comedy acted at Paris, 1641:—

This trembles under the black rod, and he
Doth fear his fate from the Gregorian tree.

Gregory Brandon succeeded Derrick [who was finisher of the law about 1608. See the play of the *Bellman of London*, where one of the characters says, "At the gallows where I leave them, as to the haven at which they must all cast anchor, if Derrick's cables do but hold."]

King John's Men. He is one of King John's men, eight score to the hundred; a saying of a little under-sized man.

Kittle Pitchering. A jocular method of hobbling or bothering a troublesome teller of long stories: this is done by contradicting some very immaterial circumstance at the beginning of the narration, the objections to which being settled, others are immediately started to some new particular of like consequence; thus impeding, or rather not suffering him to enter into, the main story. Kittle pitchering is often practised in confederacy, one relieving the other, by which the design is rendered less obvious.

Maccaroni. An Italian paste made of flour and eggs.

* Proposed Alterations in the System of Joint-Stock Banking, with a Defence of the Small-Note Currency of Scotland. In a Letter to the Right Honourable the Chancellor of the Exchequer. By John Fairfull Smith, Writer to the Signet. Edinburgh, Bell and Bradburn; Ridgway and Sons, London. 1830.

Also a fop : which name arose from a club, called the Maccaroni Club, instituted by some of the most dressy travelled gentlemen about town, who led the fashions; whence a man foppishly dressed, was supposed a member of that club, and by contraction styled a Maccaroni.

Martinet. A military term for a strict disciplinarian; from the name of a French general, famous for restoring military discipline to the French army. He first disciplined the French infantry, and regulated their method of encampment: he was killed at the siege of Doebourg in the year 1672.

Pettifogger. A little dirty attorney, ready to undertake any litigious or bad cause: it is derived from the French words *petit vague*, of small credit, or little reputation.

To Pommel. To beat: originally confined to beating with the hilt of a sword; the knob being, from its similarity to a small apple, called *pomme*; in Spanish it is still called the apple of the sword. As the clenched fist likewise somewhat resembles an apple, perhaps that might occasion the term pommelling to be applied to fistyuffs.

Priscian. To break Priscian's head; to write or speak false grammar. Priscian was a famous grammarian, who flourished at Constantinople in the year 525, and who was so devoted to his favourite study that to speak false Latin in his company was as disagreeable to him as to break his head.

Sacheverel. The iron door, or blower, to the mouth of a stove: from a divine of that name, who made himself famous for blowing the coals of dissension in the latter end of the reign of Queen Anne.

Salmon-gundy. Apples, onions, real or chicken, and pickled herrings, minced fine, and eaten with oil and vinegar: some derive the name of this mess from the French words *selon mon goût*, because the proportions of the different ingredients are regulated by the palate of the maker; others say it bears the name of the inventor, who was a rich Dutch merchant: but the general and most probable opinion is, that it was invented by the Countess of Salmagundi, one of the ladies of Mary de Medicis, wife of King Henry IV. of France, and by her brought into France.

Squelch. A fall. Formerly a bailiff caught in a barrack-yard in Ireland was liable by custom to have three tosses in a blanket, and a squelch; the squelch was given by letting go the corners of the blanket, and suffering him to fall to the ground.

Steenkirk. A muslin neckcloth carelessly put on, from the manner in which the French officers wore their cravats when they returned from the battle of Steenkirk.

Swelled Head. A disorder to which horses are extremely liable, particularly those of the subalterns of the army. This disorder is generally occasioned by remaining too long in one livery-stable or inn, and often arises to that height that it prevents their coming out of the stable door. The most certain cure is the *unguentum aureum* [golden ointment]—not applied to the horse, but to the palm of the master of the inn or stable. N. B. Neither this disorder, nor its remedy, is mentioned by either Bracken, Bartlett, or any of the modern writers on farriery.

Tartar. To catch a Tartar; to attack one of superior strength or abilities. This saying originated from a story of an Irish soldier in the imperial service, who, in a battle against the Turks, called out to his comrade that he had caught a Tartar. "Bring him along then," said he. "He wont come," answered Paddy. "Then come along yourself," replied his comrade. "Arrah," cried he, "but he wont let me." A Tartar is also an adept at any feat or game; he is quite a Tartar at cricket, or billiards.

Tawdry. Garish, gaudy with lace or staring and discordant colours: a term said to be derived from the shrine and altar of St Audrey (an isle of Ely saintess), which for finery exceeded all others thereabouts, so as to become proverbial; whence any fine-dressed man or woman was said to be all St Audrey, and by contraction all tawdry.

Tailor. Nine tailors make a man; an ancient and common saying, originating from the effeminacy of their employment; or, as some have it, from nine tailors having been robbed by one man; according to others, from the speech of a woollen-draper, meaning that the custom of nine tailors would make or enrich one man. A London tailor, rated to furnish half a man to the trained bands, asking how that could possibly be done, was answered, by sending four journeymen and an apprentice.

Termagant. An outrageous scold: from Termagantes, a cruel pagan, formerly represented in divers shows and entertainments, where, being dressed à la Turque, in long clothes, he was mistaken for a furious woman.

Thomond. Like Lord Thomond's cocks, all on one side. Lord Thomond's cock feeder, an Irishman, being entrusted with some cocks which were matched for a considerable sum, the night before the battle shut them all together in one room, concluding that, as they were all on the same side, they would not disagree: the consequence was, they were most of them either killed or lamed before the morning.

Toad Eater. A poor female relation, an humble companion, or reduced gentlewoman, in a great family, the standing butt, on whom all kinds of practical jokes are played off, and all ill humours are vented. This appellation is derived from a mountebank's servant, on whom all experiments used to be made in public by the doctor, his master; among which was the eating of

toads, formerly supposed poisonous. Swallowing toads is here figuratively meant for swallowing or putting up with insults, as disagreeable to a person of feeling, as toads to the stomach.

Travelling Piquet. A mode of amusing themselves, practised by two persons riding in a carriage, each reckoning towards his game the persons or animals that pass by on the side next them, according to the following estimation:—

A parson riding a grey horse, with blue furniture; game.
An old woman under a hedge; ditto.
A cat looking out of a window; 60.
A man, woman, and child, in a buggy; 40.
A man with a woman behind him; 30.
A flock of sheep; 20.
A flock of geese; 10.
A post-chaise; 5.
A horseman; 2.
A man or woman walking; 1.

Velvet. To the little gentleman in velvet, that is, the mole that threw up the hill that caused Crop (King William's horse) to stumble; a toast frequently drunk by the Tories and Catholics in Ireland. [It will seem strange that Tories and Catholics should thus be classed together. The explanation is, that the Tories were originally an Irish royalist Catholic party of the time of the Commonwealth.]

Waits. Musicians of the lower order, who in most towns play under the windows of the chief inhabitants at midnight, a short time before Christmas, for which they collect a Christmas-box from house to house. They are said to derive their name of waits from being always in waiting to celebrate weddings, and other joyous events happening within their district.

Wooden Horse. To ride the wooden horse, was a military punishment formerly in use. This horse consisted of two or more planks about eight feet long, fixed together so as to form a sharp ridge or angle, which answered to the body of the horse. It was supported by four posts, about six feet long, for legs. A head, neck, and tail, rudely cut in wood, were added, which completed the appearance of a horse. On this sharp ridge delinquents were mounted, with their hands tied behind them; and to steady them, as it was said, and lest the horse should kick them off, one or more firelocks were tied to each leg. In this situation they were sometimes condemned to sit an hour or two; but at length it having been found to injure the soldiers materially, and sometimes to rupture them, it was left off about the time of the accession of King George I. A wooden horse was standing in the Parade at Portsmouth as late as the year 1750.

ABSENT FRIENDS.

AIR—"The Peacock."

The night has flown wif' songs and glee,
The minutes hae like moments been—
There's friendship's spark in ilka coe,
And peace has blessed the happy scene.
But while we sit sae social here,
And think sic friends we never saw,
Let's not forget, for them that's near,
The mony mae that's far awa.
Oh, far beyond th' Atlantic's roar,
Far, far beyond th' Australian main,
How many fortune's ways explore,
That we may never meet again!
How many nices sat by our side,
Or danced beside us in the ha',
Wha wander now the world sae wide—
Let's think on them that's far awa.

There's no a mother but has seen,
Through tears, her manly laddies gae;
There's no a lass but thinks o' ane
Whase absence makes her often wae;
The ingle sides o'er a' the land,
They now are dowie and dowie a',
For some ane o' the social band
Has left them, and is far awa.

They've left us—but, where'er they be,
They ne'er forget their native shore;
Auld Scotland, mountain, glen, and lea,
They have it pictured at the core;
E'en now, when we remember them,
Our memory they perhaps reca',
And while we fondly breathe their names,
They whisper ours, though far awa.

January 1838.

R. C.

SHOWERS OF FROGS.

A shower of fishes has ceased to be a phenomenon, but a descent of living frogs from the clouds is rather a formidable dispensation. Such has taken place, however, more than once in France, as the following extract from "L'Institut, 166," attests:—

Several notices have lately been brought before the French Academy, of showers of frogs having fallen at different times in different parts of France. Professor Pontus, of Cahors, states, that in the month of August 1804, while distant three leagues from Toulouse, the sky being clear, suddenly a very thick cloud covered the horizon, and thunder and lightning came on. The cloud burst over the road about sixty toises (383 feet) from the place where M. Pontus was. Two gentlemen returning from Toulouse were surprised by being exposed not only to a storm, but to a shower of frogs. Pontus states that he saw the young frogs on their cloaks. When the diligence in which he was travelling arrived at the place where the storm burst, the road, and the fields alongside of it, were observed full of frogs, which equalled in bulk

from one to two cubic inches, and consisted of three or four layers placed one above the other. The feet of the horses and the wheels of the carriage killed thousands. The diligence travelled for a quarter of an hour at least along this living road, the horses being at a trot.

SHOWER OF INSECTS.

In one of the numbers of the "Journal de St Petersburg" we find the following interesting account of the fall of a shower of insects during a snow-storm in Russia:—

On the 17th of October 1827, there fell in the district of Rjev (in the government of Twer), a heavy shower of snow in the space of about ten versts (nearly seven English miles), which contained the village of Pakroff and its environs. It was accompanied in its fall by a prodigious quantity of worms of a black colour, ringed, and in length three quarters of a werschok.* The head of these insects was flat and shining, furnished with antennae, and the hair in the form of whiskers, while the body, from the head to about one-third of their length, resembled a band of black velvet. They had on each side three feet, by means of which they appeared to crawl very fast upon the snow, and assembled in groups about the plants, and the holes in trees and buildings. Several having been exposed to the air in a vessel filled with snow, lived there till the 26th of October, although in that interval the thermometer had fallen 8 degrees below zero. Some others which had been frozen continued equally long in life, for they were not found exactly encrusted with the ice, but they had formed round their bodies a space similar to the hollow of a tree. When they were plunged into water, they swam about as if they had received no injury, but those which were carried into a warm place perished in a few minutes.

A HINT TO TEA-DRINKERS.

The invaluable beverage, tea, sometimes produces injurious effects, more particularly green tea; and this arises from its containing a considerable quantity of free gallic acid. The fact may be rendered evident by adding to an infusion of the leaves a few drops of a solution of green copperas, which will turn the liquid black. This acid is a powerful astringent, and in peculiar habits is productive of much inconvenience. To prevent any evil effects, a few grains of carbonate of soda, mixed with the tea, will be found an infallible specific. The acid and alkali by their union form a neutral salt of mild but effective virtues. The quantity of acid contained in tea may be fairly estimated by noticing the effervescence which occurs when carbonate of soda is added to the infusion. The deep colour of the latter is greatly increased by the alkali, and its taste is not only uninjured by it, but some think actually improved.

* A Russian werschok is equal to one inch and three quarters of English measure.

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STEAM-BOAT CHARACTERS.

A TRIP from Edinburgh to London on board one of the many splendid steamers which ply almost daily between these cities, is, in fine weather, a very delightful affair. The pleasures of the sea are enjoyed without any thing like actual fear of danger; for so well are these boats manned and managed, that even when the ocean roars and tosses itself about in a pretty considerable fury, you may keep yourself quite at ease on the score of drowning. Then, as you have something like forty-eight hours to spend on board, a period which includes two breakfasts and dinners, not to speak of three lunches and as many teas, there is time to look about one, and scrape up a sort of chatting acquaintance with one's fellow-voyagers. From the moment you get yourself on board, to the moment you step on shore, all is a mere round of idling, eating, drinking, talking, walking, and sleeping. Exhilarated with the fresh air of the North Sea, and watching the progress of the vessel along the coast, you get in a few hours a first-rate appetite, and lay waste every thing that the steward thinks fit to exhibit for your solacement.

In these excursions, to be sure, there are occasionally a few roughs—all is not smooth sailing. The deck sometimes will persist in see-sawing off the horizontal—the timbers of the berths below will go on creak-creaking, as if the vessel were sulkily muttering threats of parting asunder; cries of woe-begone rights for the steward to fetch—no matter what, issue from the sarcophagi, flatteringly called beds. All this, and much more to the same purpose, will now and then take place. What then!—it is only for a day or so, and you have a good laugh at it afterwards. If one chances to be in the humour, he may also pick up a good deal of character, in a small way, in these sea-trips. I say, in a small way, for there is no opportunity for great things. In a few little odds and ends of sayings and doings, you can observe what sort of stuff a person is made of. One takes every thing easily and makes no fuss, while another is restless and fidgetty, full of important trifling, and is a bit of a bore. Among this latter class of torments down in the sleeping-berths, I reckon the bald-pated, red-gilled, middle-aged gentleman, in the dressing-gown and slippers, who keeps washing at himself, and fiddle-faddling about the basin-stand, for pretty nearly a couple of hours. This basin-monopolising monster, as we may call him, is an awful infliction upon the inmates of the sleeping-room. Up he gets before any one else, and, securing a position at the only dressing-table in the apartment, there he washes and splatters away till your patience is quite exhausted. Suddenly the noise ceases; you think he has done; looking out of your berth, however, you see he is only resting one side of his head in the basin; then he rests the other; then he submerges his big round red face; then commences the splashing once more; and, at last, after a very great splash of water has been tossed round the back of his neck, he finishes, and takes to the towel. The towel he is as severe upon as he has been upon the water. He takes five-and-twenty minutes to dry himself. And even after the water and the towel have been dismissed, he has to go through a variety of manoeuvres with sundry little bottles, brushes, and other articles, all ingeniously packed into each other in a portable dressing-case, which he has spread out on the top of a trunk; then he has to begin dressing himself in earnest in his upper apparel, and, just as you hear the clatter of cups up stairs for breakfast, he vacates the premises, and leaves the coast clear for others. Such is this pest of steam-boats, the basin-monopolising monster.

You may hold yourself fortunate if you escape an equally formidable bore in the character of the snoring monster. This is a puffy fat person, who devours beef-steaks at breakfast, calls for pints of stout at dinner, eats a hearty supper, and drinks a tumbler of punch before going to bed. He has obviously the stomach of a cassowary, and he chucklingly tells every one about him that he is never sick. Following him to the berths below, you find he does not undress like other mortals; but selecting a bed in the free and easy way that a backwood squatter selects a location, he tumbles in, boots and all, and in three minutes is off in a snore, which the noise of the paddles has not the power either to quell or disturb. Varying the tone from a high and sharp to a low and guttural key, there does the monster go through his gamut of horror, laying waste the slumbers of his neighbours, and only ceasing when he again squelches out from his den to seek the regions above. Reader, you know the snoring monster too well. Let us proceed to some one else.

Among the concourse of characters, gentle and simple, who figure in the saloon, you cannot fail particularly to observe one whom the functionaries of the vessel and various passengers look up to as the greatest man in the ship. This greatest-man-in-the-ship monster is generally a lord; perhaps he is only a judge, perhaps only a general; no matter, he is somebody of rank, a personage whom many are anxious to sit near, and help to all the good things within reach. Gruff as the captain may be to every one else, he is politeness personified to the greatest-man-in-the-ship monster—readily tells him where we are, how far we shall be next morning, and when, if no fog comes on, we shall arrive at our destined port. To those, therefore, who wish to pick up crumbs of information regarding the progress of the voyage, it is of material importance to be locally near the greatest-man-in-the-ship monster, whose conversation, moreover, though sometimes very sparingly bestowed, must, as a matter of course, be of a singularly illuminative kind. It is quite delightful, after the slightest possible remark that may have fallen from his lordship, to observe how greatly edified and impressed the other passengers appear.

In respect of talk, the greatest-man-in-the-ship monster usually differs very much from another class of passengers, now to be adverted to. It is the chief peculiarity of these gentlemen to talk very much, and in a loudish voice, as if they were desirous of letting all their fellow-voyagers know who they are, and where they have come from. To be exact, they consist of some half dozen gentlemen who have either lately returned from India, or who were in India at some former period of their lives. I speak of a down voyage, not an up. In going up, the vessel carries young cadets and assistant-surgeons recently appointed, who are on their way to Chatham to be passed and forwarded. It is in the down voyage that you fall in with the old Indians. They always, by a kind of sympathy, congregate in a coterie at the top of one of the tables, whence comes an endless flow of loudish chatty conversation on matters connected with the East, and a few things besides.

"Were you on the Madras station, Colonel?"

"No, I was in Bengal. I went in the year 1809, and have just been thirty years out."

"Indeed, that's a long time; I returned in 1827. I was only out seven years, but I was up the country. I did not like the lower provinces; they are too hot. How did you come home?"

"We came, my friend and I here, in the Masulpatam—a splendid vessel that, a thousand tons, India built, first-rate provisions on board. We had a garden

of water-cresses on the poop, and fresh milk daily from a couple of cows."

"That was capital. Did you touch at the Cape?"

"Yes, we were there a week. Fine country, but an awful state of morals. A brutal set the Dutch boors; they are constantly at war with the natives. A short time before we arrived, there had been a skirmish within the Caffre territory. Two thousand of the poor devils were killed, and we lost only one serjeant, a corporal, and fourteen rank and file. Captain Shaw of the 6th was wounded."

"Oh, speaking of that, did you know Major Shaw of the Royals? He was on the Bengal station, I think."

"I knew him very well. He came out in twenty-six, and was married at St Helena, by the way, to a daughter of Captain Davidson—a fine-looking girl, but somewhat passé."

"That was an excellent joke; was the major not laughed at a good deal at the mess?"

"Oh, not at all; there were others in the same scrape. It is quite a common thing to be married at St Helena, or, at all events, at the Cape, on the way out. The matches, you know, are made up on board. Besides, she was an old flame. The major had flirted with her a year or two before at Cheltenham."

"Ah, that makes a difference. You have been at Cheltenham, I suppose, since your return; excellent society there, particularly in summer."

"No, I prefer London, and intend going back in a few weeks. So many club-houses now, that one can never be the least at a loss for acquaintances. I staid a month at the United Service—the old, not the new—a first-rate house that. I met an old friend there, General Montgomery; we were school-fellows in Scotland more than forty years ago. He had returned only a short time since from the Ionian Islands, where he had a good appointment."

"London is very dull at present—nothing doing."

"Why, you astonish me; I was driven utterly stupid with the noise and bustle on the streets, and there seems to be plenty of amusements of all kinds; all the theatres are open, I believe."

"Oh, as for that, I dare say London is always much the same. I meant there were no drawing-rooms or levees worth speaking of. But that is rather a ticklish subject just now."

"Perhaps. You know I am as yet somewhat raw in court matters. What a great convenience to strangers is that Parcels' Delivery Company they have got up in London."

"I did not hear of it."

"It is new, I am told; you can get as many parcels delivered as you like in any part of the town for three-pence a-piece. I sent, I dare say, a cart-load of odds and ends one day. Vast convenience, I assure you—as good as the twopenny post."

"Great bore bringing home presents. Of course you were loaded like an elephant. I suppose you brought home a native servant?"

"No, I hired an Englishman who had gone out as an emigrant to the Cape a few years ago. India is now pretty well supplied with persons of that description."

"Indeed, that was not the case when I was out. Nothing then but native servants to be had. They are very clever, but sometimes shockingly roughish. I remember one of our mess who had two teeth stolen out of his head while asleep by his servant. They, however, make capital barbers. It is almost worth a person's while to go to India for the luxury of shaving."

"I agree with you in that. After experiencing the delicate operations of the Bengalese barbers, I feel myself sadly at a loss in this country. I cannot tell how I am to endure the change of manners after such an absence."

"It was certainly a desperate long stretch for you, thirty years. Surely you had a break. Did you stand the climate well?"

"No, I had no break; as for the climate, I stood it not amiss. I was very careful. Fourteen years ago, I had a dreadful country fever when stationed at Pishawar, but I got through it pretty well. I thought of coming home for twelve months, but the Burmese affair broke out, and we were ordered off to a hill-station on the frontiers, where I got as stout as a buffalo."

"Excellent hunting at the hill-stations, I understand."

"Why, yes, for those who like it; but we were so much occupied that we had little time to think of any thing of the kind. The mountains and heaths—we were two thousand feet high—reminded me of Scotland; but the air is different. I often thought when lying knocked up in my tent, that is, before I got well, that if I could but feel a breeze blowing up the Firth of Forth, from the Bass rock, I should instantly recover."

"I rather think we are not far from the mouth of the Firth now, but it will be so dark soon that the Bass will be but barely visible. However, we shall be at Granton in good time."

"I thought we were to go into Leith."

"Oh no; this is one of the General Steam Navigation's boats, and they all go into Granton."

"Where's that? I don't remember it."

"It's a new pier built entirely at the expense of the Duke of Buccleuch, about two miles west from Leith, with a new road striking up to Edinburgh. It is a splendid undertaking, by far the grandest ever executed by a private individual in Scotland. I am told it is to cost at least a hundred and fifty thousand pounds—quite a public-spirited affair, like the Duke of Bridgewater's canals."

"Will it pay?"

"That's doubted, but much is expected by the duke from the ground-rents of a new town springing up on the spot. The pier, at any rate, is an immense convenience. It is all of stone, a quarter of a mile in length, and has deep water for the largest steamers at all times of the tide."

"Well, I am glad we are not to go on shore in small boats. I hate these things, when there is a crowd of people; they cause so many accidents."

"They do. Did you lapd from the Masulpatam at Portsmouth?"

"No, I was put ashore at Brighton. My brother, who is the only relation I have left, has a very pretty house there, and I wished to see him the first thing I did on landing in England."

"It would be a great surprise when you popped in upon him. I should have liked to have seen how he looked."

"It was evening when we arrived. I had my servant with me. It was a little darkish, as it is just now. My brother and his wife were both out, but I asked to see the children. I was shown up to the nursery, and there were half a dozen of them, all as happy as possible. They were being put to bed, and could not understand who I was, although I told them I was their uncle. They could not rightly comprehend the idea of an old white-haired fellow like me claiming relationship with them. But I knew in a moment who they were. Their likenesses renewed old recollections. The sight of them was too much for me. There, in a beautiful flaxen-haired child, was the face of my poor mother, as I remembered having seen her for the last time at parting for India. There, also, in a brisk little fellow, standing on the top of a chair, was the countenance of Walter, a dear brother who fell at Bergen-op-Zoom. I saw, likewise, as I thought, the resemblance of my sister, who died a few years after my mother in Scotland. I felt myself, as it were, carried to heaven, and placed in a company of little angels, representing the deceased relations that I had valued on earth. I declare I sat down and wept like a child."

With this unexpected bit of sentiment from the old Indian, we conclude our snatch of steam-boat conversation; for, lo! Granton-pier is at hand, and the

temporary bond which has kept a few strangers together during the voyage, is already dissolved, as every man has to scamper away to see after his luggage, and make the best arrangements he can for his further progress on shore.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

CATTLE, TAME AND WILD.

THE great importance of our domestic cattle may well be presumed to assure us that the greater part of our readers will feel some interest in the natural history of the genus to which these animals belong. To this department of zoology we have also a special call, in our desire to present, in a popular form, a view of some recent inquiries into the history and nature of certain breeds of wild cattle which are still kept up in our country. Partly, therefore, as introductory to a sketch of these wild cattle, and partly on account of its own interest as a department of natural history, we venture on the present occasion to lay before the reader a brief general paper on CATTLE TAME AND WILD.

The genus *Bos*, in which these animals are included (a genus of the mammal order RUMINANTIA, or Cud-Chewing Animals, which embraces likewise all the various kinds of camels, stags, goats, and sheep), was supposed by Buffon to consist but of two species, the Bull and the Buffalo. So great, however, has been the progress of science since the days of that eminent naturalist, that the acknowledged species are now at least nine, namely, the *Bos Taurus* (Common Bull or Ox), the *Bos Grunniens* (the Yack of Central Asia), the *Bos Bubalus* (Buffalo), the *Bos Arnee* [the preceding are tame or tameable—what follow are wild], the *Bos Urus* (Aurochs), the *Bos Americus* (American Bison), the *Bos Moschatus* (Musk Ox), and the *Bos Caffer* (Cape Ox).

1. The *Bos Taurus* comprehends not only our own domestic cattle, but most of those of continental Europe, of Asia, Africa, and America. It is a species, then, of a great number of varieties. Not only does it include the many different British breeds, as the Long-horned or Lancashire, the Middle-horned or Herefordshire, the Short-horned or Dutch stock, the No-horned or Galloway, the Devonshire, the Welsh, and the Highland breeds, the Suffolk Duns and the Little Alderney, but the corresponding breeds, as they may be called, of the favourite localities of all other countries—as those of France and Holland, where about thirty kinds have been enumerated, those of Spain, of Germany, and Italy; also the gigantic animal of the Romania and the Calmuck Tartars, and the diminutive Shetlander; the domestic cattle of Egypt and North Africa, spreading, in the opinion of Major Hamilton Smith, southward to Caffraria; those, too, whose skeletons have been buried for ages in the Egyptian catacombs, and those which were derived from and extend to India, including the *Zebu*, with its hump on its back, in its many varieties. Though this arrangement is not free from acknowledged difficulties, and though it is far from being well understood "what forms a species, and what a variety," yet naturalists, following Baron Cuvier, are nearly unanimous in grouping all those under one species, and in this arrangement they are supported by scientific agriculturists.* All these varieties very much agree in their anatomical structure, in their mental endowments, and dispositions; they freely consort together; and their produce, instead of being a hybrid or mongrel race, have qualities equal, if not superior, to their own.

The external appearances, and the dispositions of many of these domestic varieties, must be so familiar that it is unnecessary to dwell upon them. The *Zebu* is not unfrequently seen in this country. There are several varieties, which, however, differ only in size, the largest and rarest exceeding the ox in dimensions, whilst the smallest is not bigger than a hog or large dog. It is used in some parts of India for carrying burdens, instead of horses, and is far more swift and hardy than the cow, trotting off with as much speed as a horse, and pursuing long journeys. Herds even of these domestic breeds are sometimes found to be very frisky. We remember some years ago visiting the stock of an extensive breeder in the north of England, where there was a considerable number and variety of cattle, and among the others a *Zebu*. Some dogs accompanied us to the enclosures, which was no sooner observed by the cattle, than they were greatly excited, and instantly collected, and came galloping towards us. The dogs retreated among our feet for protection, and the cattle,

nothing daunted, continued their attack, wheeling frequently so wildly round us, always approaching, and with such bold and threatening bearing, that we were too happy to make a somewhat precipitate retreat. Such an occurrence as this is probably familiar to many of our readers, but as its parallel will ere long be introduced in connection with reputed wild breeds, we have thought it not amiss to notice it. The *Zebu* above alluded to associated readily with our common breeds, and crosses were obtained from it; but both it and its progeny were so active and restless, not to say wild, in their habits, that they were on this account found inconvenient, and the race was not perpetuated. Every one is aware of the wide difference which subsists between the mild disposition of the cow, and the occasional outrageous fury of the bull.

2. The second species of domestic ox occurs in Thibet and Central Asia, and is known under the name of *Yack*—the *Soora Goy* of Hindostan, the *Bos grunniens* of Linnæus—that is, the *Grunting Ox*, or rather, according to Major H. Smith, it should be *groaning*, for its voice is very different from the grunting of a pig. We will not dwell upon those characters upon which naturalists conceive they have based satisfactorily its specific distinctions, and shall only mention that its brow is prominent and not flat, and that it has fourteen ribs, whilst the other has thirteen. It has a strong general resemblance to the former species. Its horns are round; its ears small; its forehead adorned with frizzly hair, with an elevation on its shoulders more than the regular hump of the *Zebu*; its limbs are short, and the tail ornamented, from root to tip, with long, tufted, and brilliant hair, one pile of which in the British Museum measures six feet in length. In its domestic state, the *Yack*, like the *Bos taurus*, is liable to numerous varieties of general size, of the magnitude of its horns, or their entire absence, of that of the hump, and as to its colours and markings. It is this species which produces the famous *horse-tails* (commonly so called) which are used as standards by the Turks and Persians. The *Chowries* or "fly-drivers" of the East, much employed in India, are also formed from the tail of the *Grunting Ox*. It is dyed red by the Chinese, and is worn as a head ornament. This animal has a downcast heavy look, is sullen and suspicious, and usually exhibits considerable impatience on the near approach of strangers. It is sure-footed, and thus an excellent beast of burden, but is not used in agriculture. The mountains of Bhotan and Thibet offer the principal retreat to the wild varieties. There, too, also, they are domesticated, and they spread thence over China and Central India. They also abound in the Altaic mountains, and supply milk, &c. to the Calmucks, Mongolians, and Tartars.

3. The third domestic ox, the *Tame Buffalo* (*Bos Bubalus*, Linn.), seems originally to have been a native of Eastern Asia and its archipelago. It is well known in China and Cochinchina; it is the principal beast of burden in Sumatra and Java, and is the common animal food. In Ceylon it is found both tame and wild. It abounds in Malabar, Hindostan, and Coromandel, also in Persia and the Crimea. It seems to have been introduced into Europe about the seventh century, and was unknown to the ancients, whilst it is now common in Egypt, Greece, and Italy. The Lombard historian Warnefried informs us that their appearance in the last named country excited the greatest surprise, whereas they now graze unheeded in numerous herds in the Pontine marshes. Their milk is excellent, their hide very strong, their flesh but slightly esteemed. The forehead of this animal is convex and bulging, and higher than broad. In its habits it is almost amphibious, and it is peculiarly fond of the long rank herbage which springs up in moist and undrained lands. Hence its love of the Pontine marshes, where, according to Scaliger, it will lie for hours, submerged almost to the muzzle; a habit which, according to Dr Quoy, it equally exhibits in the Isle of Timor, in the Southern Ocean. This animal, even when domesticated, is far from docile, and it is so vigorous and bold that it fears not the lion or tiger, or any other wild beast of the forest, and an Indian herdsman reclined on its back is not afraid to pass the night in the most dangerous jungle. Its courage is well illustrated by the following incident, related by Mr D. Johnson. Two carriers were driving a loaded string of these animals from Palamow to Chittrah. When within a few miles of the latter place, a tiger seized on the man in the rear, but not unnoticed by a herdsman who was watching the buffaloes grazing: he boldly ran up to the man's assistance, and cut the tiger very severely with his sword, upon which it dropped the carrier, and seized the herdsman. The buffaloes, witnessing this, immediately attacked the tiger, and rescued the herdsman; they tossed it about from one to another, and, to the best of my recollection, killed it. Both the wounded men were brought to me: the carrier recovered, but the poor herdsman died."

4. We now introduce to notice two kinds of animals, which by some are regarded as quite distinct species from the preceding, whilst by others they are esteemed as varieties only of the tame buffalo. This is the opinion of the late Baron Cuvier, and we shall follow in

* See Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, ix. 308.

* Griffith's Cuvier, iv. 383.

his wake. These are a buffalo designated the *Arnée*, or *Arnis* (*Bos Arnis* of Shaw). This animal, though not unknown to the older authors, was first particularly described by the celebrated Pallas, and brought under the notice of the British public by Dr Anderson in the "Bee," in the year 1792. There seem to be several varieties of this animal, which differ from each other, more especially in size; and one, from its dimensions, is called the *Gigantic* or *Taur-Elephant*; the other, and more common, agrees in size with the common buffalo. The horns are the most striking characteristic of these creatures, each of them frequently extending to the prodigious length of about six feet; they are crescent-shaped, and turned outwards and backwards. It is a native of China and India.

5. The second variety we notice is the domestic animal named *Gayal* in the eastern parts of Bengal, and which has been described by Mr Lambert* under the name of the *Bos frontalis*, and by Major H. Smith as the *Gavvus*. In size and form it is not very dissimilar from the English bull; it has a dull and heavy aspect, but in reality equals the buffalo in activity and strength. Its horns are short, slightly compressed, thick at the base, rising directly outward and upwards; there is no hump upon its back; the milk, though rich, is not abundant. It is this variety which is more especially venerated by the Hindoos.

WILD OXEN.—We now turn to the Wild Oxen, and the first we shall name is (6) the *Aurochs* (*Bos Urus*, Gmel.), the only ascertained and indisputable wild ox of Europe, extending also to Asia. Its German name *Aurochs*, sometimes spelt *Auror*, is probably a corruption of *Urus*, a name originally applied to another species. After the rhinoceros, this is the largest and most massive of our quadrupeds. It stands high on its legs, often equalling six feet at the withers, and being between ten and twelve feet in length. Its forehead bulges and is convex, and is broader than high; its horns are black, and of middling dimensions. It has fourteen ribs, instead of thirteen, as in the domestic breeds, and its skin is much thicker than that of other oxen. Its coat or fur is composed of two kinds of hair, both soft and woolly, the one short and fawn-coloured, the other long and chestnut-coloured: the hair is longest in front about the neck and shoulders, where it is four times longer in the male than in the female; the head and tail are long. Certain portions of the hide, especially about the head, have a decidedly musky smell, and the name *Bison* is supposed to have been bestowed upon it in consequence of that odour—the German word *weisen* or *bisem* signifying musk. The tone of its voice is quite peculiar. These characters mark it as a distinct species, and prove to the conviction of competent judges that it could never have been the stock of our present domestic breeds, whilst its history shows it has never been subdued. It is a wild and independent animal, which has been hunted from the more favoured countries of Europe, and is now confined to the forests of Bialowiza in Poland, and to Lithuania, also to Moldavia and Walachia, and to the confines of the Caucasus. Gilibert had an opportunity of observing the manners of four young ones. They refused to suck a cow, but were at last induced to receive nourishment from a she-goat placed, for their convenience, on a table. As soon as satisfied, they sometimes tossed both nurse and table to the distance of six or eight feet. On the termination of the first year, the small manes of the cows made their appearance. Like all the rest of the breed that have ever been observed, they scornfully refused the society of the domestic cattle of either sex, driving all other cows from the pasture in which they were kept. In other respects they were docile and obedient, caressed their keeper, and came to him when they heard his voice. Dr Javoki stated to the meeting of naturalists at Hamburg, in the year 1830, that the wild oxen of Bialowiza live in herds, except a few of the older ones, which wander about singly. Though they have never been tamed, they are not so shy but that they may be approached within a moderate distance. Each herd keeps constantly to the same district of forest, near to some river or stream, so that each of the twelve foresters knows the herds which belong to his district. The whole number, at present, is estimated at somewhat above seven hundred. The cows rarely bring forth above one in three years; the calves suck nearly a twelvemonth; they continue to grow for six years, and live for forty.

7. The next wild animal to which we shall advert is the *American Bison* or Buffalo, as it is called (*Bos Americanus*, Gmel.), which, although in some respects resembling the *Aurochs*, is usually distinguished from it. Baron Cuvier compared their skulls, and remarked that the one might almost be taken for the other, there not being greater differences between the *American Bison* and the *Aurochs*, than there is between one *Aurochs* and another. In opposition, it is said that the *American Bison* has fifteen ribs, whilst the European has only fourteen. Regarded externally, there are marked differences, both in appearance and habits. According to Dr Richardson, in his Account of his Arctic Expedition, it is a fierce, treacherous-looking animal, with a disgusting and sinister look; the head and fore-quarter is large, and appearing more so from the long shaggy hair which covers the head and neck, almost obscuring its small bloodshot-looking eye. The horns are small, tapering, and acute, and set far apart. The height at the shoulder, where it has a hump, is upwards of six

feet, whilst its hinder part appears relatively small and feeble: the tail, which is covered with long hair only at the tip, does not extend below the knee, whilst that of the *Aurochs* is covered with long hair throughout, and sweeps the ground. The skin, from its fine wool, makes an excellent blanket, and sells in Canada for three or four pounds, and the wool has been manufactured in this country into fine cloth. Its usual colour is amber-brown; its flesh is much esteemed, and its hump is manufactured into the highly prized pemmican. It wanders constantly from place to place, either from being disturbed by the hunters, or in quest of food. Bisons are much attracted by the soft tender grass which springs up after a fire has spread over a prairie. In winter they scrape away the snow with their feet to reach the herbage. The bulls and cows live in separate herds for the greatest part of the year; but at all seasons, one or two bulls generally accompany a large herd of cows. During a certain season the males fight with great fury, and at that period it is very dangerous to approach them. The *Bison* is, in general, however, a shy animal, and takes to flight immediately on *winding* an enemy, which it does from a great distance: they are less wary when assembled in numbers, and will often blindly follow their leaders, trampling down the hunters posted in their way. It is dangerous for the hunter to show himself after having wounded one, for it will pursue him; and although their gait may appear heavy and awkward, it will have no great difficulty in overtaking the fleetest runner. One of the Hudson-Bay Company's clerks was descending a river in a boat, and having one evening pitched his tent for the night, went out in the dusk to look for game. It had become very nearly dark when he fired upon a *Bison* bull which was galloping over a small eminence, and as he was hastening forward to see if his shot had taken effect, the wounded beast made a rush at him. He had the presence of mind to seize the animal by the long hair on the forehead, as it struck him on the side with its horns, and, being a remarkably tall and powerful man, a struggle ensued, which continued till he was disabled. He then fell, and, after receiving two or three blows, became senseless. Shortly afterwards he was found by his companions, lying bathed in blood, and the *Bison* was couched beside him, apparently waiting to renew the attack, had he shown any signs of life. The principal habitat of this animal at present is the immense country which gives rise to the sources of the Mississippi and Missouri; some generations back they used to be found in Carolina, Kentucky, and Pennsylvania, whence they have retreated. They abound in innumerable troops, sometimes exceeding 10,000. They are not found in the southern parts of the United States, nor in Mexico.

8. North America, in its higher latitudes, is famous for another kind of wild ox known under the name of *Musk Ox* (*Bos Moschatus*, Gmel., or *Ovibos Moschatus* of Dr Blainville). We owe our systematic knowledge of this animal to Pennant, and specimens have long existed in the Museums of Edinburgh and London. Captain Parry encountered it in his expedition, and has supplied satisfactory information respecting it. When full grown, it is about the size of the small Highland cattle. Its flesh is good, but smells strongly of musk. The horns are remarkably broad at their bases, and cover the brow, being in contact with each other; the nose is blunt, the muzzle covered with short hair, the head is large and broad, the legs rather short. The general colour of the coat is brown. On the neck, and between the shoulders, the hair is long and somewhat curled; on the back and flanks it is also long, but lies smooth, and is so long as to hang down beneath the middle of the legs; the tail is so short as to be concealed by the fur. The *Musk Ox* inhabits the barren lands of America lying to the north of the 60th degree of latitude, and ranges over the islands in the neighbouring ocean, without extending to Greenland and Spitzbergen. They frequent a country destitute of wood, rocky and barren, and feed on grass and lichens. They group in herds of thirty or forty, and are hunted by the Indians and fur-traders for the sake of their flesh and hides. Their sense of smell is excellent, whereby they anticipate and avoid danger in an astonishing way. The *Musk Ox* is of a more placid temper than some of its congeners, and an expert Esquimaux does not fear to encounter it, dexterously avoiding its rush, and inflicting wounds which are usually fatal.

9. The only other distinctly recognised species which remains to be noticed, is the *Cape Buffalo* (*Bos Caffer*, Sparman), an animal which has sometimes been confounded with No. 3, but which is a very different animal both in appearance and disposition, and which has never been domesticated or tamed to labour. It is nowhere to be found but in the southern parts of Africa, and is now rare even there, civilisation driving it into more distant and secure retreats. It is characterised by its great dark rough horns spreading horizontally over the summit of the head, latterly with the points turned upwards. These horns are extremely heavy, and measure from five to eight or nine feet, following their curve from tip to tip. The countenance of the animal exhibits a savage and malevolent expression. Its bulk is great, and this is equalled by its activity and strength: its withers are high; its tail resembles that of the common ox, but is shorter; its hide is unusually strong, and is on this account much valued. It is of so fierce and treacherous a disposition, that its attack is dangerous, without caution and ready means of escape. This is

well illustrated by the following history. A party of boors went out to hunt a herd of buffaloes which were grazing on a piece of marshy ground. As they could not conveniently get within shot without crossing a marsh, which did not afford a safe footing for their horses, they agreed to leave them in charge of the Hottentots, and to advance on foot, thinking, that if the buffaloes should turn upon them, it would be easy to retreat by escaping across the quagmire, which, though passable for man, would not support the weight of heavy quadrupeds. They advanced accordingly, and under covert of the bushes approached with such advantage, that the first volley brought down three of the fattest of the herd, and so severely wounded the great bull leader, that he dropt on his knees, bellowing furiously. Thinking him mortally wounded, the foremost of the hunters issued from the covert, and began reloading his musket, as he advanced to give a finishing shot; but no sooner did the infuriated animal see his foe in front of him, than he sprang up, and ran furiously upon him. The man, throwing down his gun, fled towards the quagmire; but the beast was so close upon him, that, despairing of escaping in that direction, and turning suddenly round a clump of copewood, he began to ascend a tree. The raging animal, however, was too quick for him, and, bounding forward with a frightful roar, he caught the unfortunate man with his terrible horns just as he had nearly escaped his reach, and tossed him into the air with such force, that the body fell dreadfully mangled into a cleft of the tree. The buffalo ran round the tree once or twice, apparently looking for the man, until, weakened with loss of blood, he again sank on his knees. The rest of the party, recovering from their confusion, then came up and dispatched him, though too late to save their comrade, whose body was hanging in the tree quite dead.

A TALE OF BOULOGNE.

"Do you know the difficulty of the task you propose to undertake, Otway?" said one of a party of young Englishmen, who were lounging and chatting together in a corner of the most fashionable public room of Boulogne.

"I do not see any particular difficulty in the matter," replied the individual addressed. "The women are women, I suppose, and have all the peculiarities of their sex; it is probable, in sufficient strength and prominence; wherefore, I am free to confess, as they say in a certain house over the water, that my experience does not lead me to anticipate any gigantic obstacles in the way of making the acquaintance of these two ladies, who seem to have excited so much curiosity among you good people, resident at this time, for various satisfactory reasons best known to each, at the town of Boulogne."

Having many of them very especial reasons for a temporary trip across the Channel, the young men laughed heartily at the innuendo conveyed in Otway's words, and the first speaker resumed the conversation. "You depend on that smooth face and those handsome limbs of yours, Otway; but you are a new-comer, otherwise you would know that these goodly gifts of yours will be utterly thrown away in this attempt, seeing that the two fair dames of the chateau never admit visitors to speech of them, and prevent such a thing happening accidentally, by never crossing the threshold of their rickety tenement. All your precious endowments, therefore, Master Otway, would be lost here—vain and profitless entirely. Give up thoughts of this wild-goose adventure in time, my boy, and do not make people laugh at you for your presumption in attempting what others have failed in."

"You but raise my curiosity more and more," said Otway; "and I *will* and *shall* see these mysterious demoiselles." "You will *try*, you mean, to see them," returned the other. "I will both try and succeed," was Otway's rejoinder. "For a wager of a dinner and wine to all here, you find yourself just where you are with these ladies, two months after this date! Will you risk as much upon it, Otway?" "Why, though an Englishman, you know that I am no bet-maker; yet I will take you at your offer, before these witnesses." "Nay, we shall have more witnesses," cried the other gaily; "all at present in this room must share socially in the good wine and viands, which your purse, I fervently hope and believe, is doomed to pay for." As he spoke thus, the bet-proposer turned round to those who, though in the apartment, had not been near enough to hear what had passed, and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Know all here present—" "Stop, stop," cried Otway; "remember, if I seek the acquaintance of these ladies, I shall do it respectfully; and although I have been foolish enough to bet upon the subject, I would not have the feelings of people of honour and repute, as they may be, hurt by such public—" "Phaw!" said the other, interrupting in his turn; "these ladies never speak to mortal creature, and cannot be annoyed by any thing of this kind. Besides, the proceeds of all bets that involve things edible and potable, must be shared in common, according to the laws of our society." "Go on, then, in folly's name," cried Otway, who saw that he might fall under the stigma of stinginess by further opposition. Accordingly, in a few moments the whole club of idle loungers at Boulogne were made aware of the bet, and all connected with it.

Stephen Otway, a young man of independent fortune,

* *Linnæan Society Transactions*, vii.

† *Edin. Journ. of Nat. and Geogr. Science*, iii.

had just completed a rambling tour on the continent, when the scene took place which has been described. On considering what had passed, he had too good a heart as well as head, to be quite pleased with the publicity which had been given to the matter, particularly as persons were implicated in it of whom he knew nothing. But his curiosity had been greatly raised by the account given to him of these persons. Two English ladies, he was told, had recently taken up their abode in an old and long unoccupied chateau, distant little more than a league and a half from Boulogne. At first, they had walked out a little; but when some of the loungers of Boulogne, having heard of their arrival, had presented themselves in the neighbourhood of the chateau, the ladies gave up their strolls, and never showed themselves without the walls of their dwelling. One of the females was elderly, the other young and exquisitely beautiful, and the attire and deportment of both evinced that they were no inferior personages. Such was the report, at least, of the intruders alluded to, who saw the parties once, but never enjoyed the same pleasure again. All inquiries about them in the neighbourhood, and many were made, proved fruitless, except in so far as the peasants of the little hamlet close by, who carried victuals regularly to the chateau, declared the old servant there to have once called her young lady "Miss Blake." Upon this hint the Boulognites made a new trial, and various invitations, duly accredited by lady-signatures, were carried to the English stranger, "Miss Blake," by whom they were all declined verbally, through the mouth of the old servant. The discomfited messengers, after some vain attempts to extract a word from the servant, were fain to return whence they came. These circumstances caused the ladies of the chateau to be the subject of much talk, and the object of much curiosity, part of which was no doubt owing to the idle situation and habits of those who entertained the feeling. What could cause a young and beautiful girl thus to immure herself, could not be comprehended, and guessing but made curiosity keener. Such was the state of mystery in which the matter remained, when Otway came to Boulogne. His romantic and adventurous spirit was at once captivated by the story, and this led to the engagement already described.

Though not quite pleased with that engagement, as has been said, Otway had still curiosity enough to resolve upon prosecuting the adventure, though he also made a determination to desist at once, if he saw any danger of hurting the feelings of the parties chiefly concerned. His first step was to take his drawing portfolio, and visit the chateau. It was an ancient, solitary mansion, dark and gloomy in appearance, and rendered more so at this time, because the autumn had just passed, and the leaves were already beginning to fall from the trees around. Stephen Otway gazed long from a little distance upon the old house and its precincts, about which there was not the slightest sign of life or motion. He went away home that day, calling himself a "fool," and doubting even whether it would not be better to stand the laugh at once, and pay the bet. But the second day saw him again near the chateau, and on this occasion he felt as if rewarded for his trouble. The sounds of a harp, played by a skilful and delicate hand, struck upon his ear, and charmed it so much, that he remained on the spot long after the melody had ceased. It would be tedious to detail the progress of his adventure day by day. Suffice it to say, that he ventured in time to leave his secret stand, and take up a new position, within sight from the chateau. The harp was silent at his approach, but he busied himself so intently to appearance with his drawing, or in reading, that at length his presence did not impede the music. Nay, as day after day went on, his presence seemed to excite less and less alarm, and he saw a female figure flit sometimes backwards and forwards, across the light blinds of the windows. A little ruse enabled him to know whether or not he was the object, meanwhile, of any attention to the inmates of the chateau. He absented himself one day from his usual place, and took up another station behind a tree. To his inexpressible delight, a female figure came several times to the window, and peeped timidly towards the spot where he should have been.

Restless time was running on all the while, and a heavy fall of snow broke up Otway's visitations, telling him, besides, that many weeks of his time had now passed. But, in truth, he had almost forgotten the bet, having removed from Boulogne to a retired country lodging for some time back, and having his imagination entirely occupied with the fair unknown of the chateau, whom he of course clothed with all manner of virtues, mental and personal. As soon as the snow had partially melted, he flew to the old spot. Near to this place, he saw a number of peasants engaged in clearing the snow from a pathway, leading between the chateau and a wood at some little distance. What could be the purport of this? An idea struck him. It might be to permit the ladies to walk; but, then, if they did walk, they must either break their old rules, or walk by night. Otway now remembered having heard it said at Boulogne, among other hints, that the ladies did walk sometimes by night. He resolved to watch by the side of the path.

Night came, and Stephen still kept his place. But he was rewarded. From the point where he stood, he could see by the dim moonlight the front of the chateau, and two figures at length issued from the gate. They came towards the partially open spot near which Otway stood, and which he had chosen as the place where they would most probably make a halt. He had

not deceived himself. The ladies did stand still when they came thither, and one of them, after gazing for a time on the sky, uttered these words: "It is only since the snows have fallen, dear aunt, that this country reminds me of our own England—dear England! Would that I saw it again!" "And what should prevent you, Caroline, from going there to-morrow? Is this a life for one young, rich, and beautiful as you, formed to adorn the world, instead of pining in a solitude?" "You promised, dear aunt, not to speak thus again," replied the younger lady; "but my own foolish exclamation led you to it. Why should I wish for England again? Father, mother, brother, and sisters, all gone—all in the tomb! And my own dreadful irremediable mishap, but for which I might have tasted happiness like others, but for which I might have— But why think or speak of it! No one could love me; no, I must banish such ideas. Let me live alone with my griefs, and with the memory of those I have lost." "I meant not to vex you, dearest Caroline," said the aunt kindly; "but come—the snow is too chill for the feet. It has banished the young artist for some days from our park." "The snow chases away the birds," replied the niece, and Otway was sure she sighed as she spoke the words.

The two ladies turned, and walked away. But they had only gone a few yards, when the younger lady screamed loudly, and, as if instinctively, cried for "help." Stephen sprang from his hiding-place, and rushed to the spot. The aunt had gone a single step off the path while a cloud was on the moon, and had plunged through the snow and thin ice into a deep trench filled with water, by the way-side. Otway attempted to pull her out, but finding some difficulty, he at once stepped in himself, and raised her in his arms, and placed her on the path. As soon as he also was out, he took up the almost lifeless lady again, and saying to the niece, who hurriedly poured forth thanks, that "her friend must be immediately taken home," they set out hastily for the chateau. The old lady was instantly put to bed, and with the active exertions of the niece and the old servant, was restored to life and warmth. Otway, meanwhile, was left in a handsomely furnished apartment, where, after her aunt's recovery, Miss Blake, for such was indeed the lady's name, rejoined him. "Oh, Sir," cried she, while gratitude beamed on her lovely countenance, now for the first time rightly seen by Otway, "you have been our good angel. I owe to you a life as dear to me as my own. But, good heavens!" she continued, as she saw Stephen trembling in spite of himself with cold and wet, "I have been so ungrateful as to forget your condition." Otway would have said something, but the young lady did not wait to hear it, and in a few minutes the old servant came to conduct him to a bedroom, which her mistress insisted upon his immediately retiring to. Our hero, who felt himself really almost unable to stand, obeyed the order, and followed the servant.

A night's rest and good fire did not remove the effects of the adventure from Otway. He felt himself totally unable to rise. But what of that! The "sweetest voice in all the world," as he thought it, came to the door of his chamber, and made inquiries for him, mingled with many regrets that he could not be better accommodated. For two whole days Otway kept his room, and on the third evening he was enabled to rise, and was led by the attentive old servant to a parlour, where he was warmly welcomed by Miss Blake and her aunt. Here Stephen stammeringly and blushing attempted to say something about his love of "moonlight scenery," and also of "drawing," for the ladies had recognised him as the artist who daily visited the chateau. He moreover explained to them the circumstance of his having been on a tour, and having staid for a time at Boulogne on his way to England. Some how or other, Miss Blake blushed also during this explanation. But more easy conversation followed, and Miss Blake played and sang, to her visitor's great delight. He soon found, also, that she possessed a highly cultivated mind, in addition to grace of person and beauty of countenance.

For some days this intercourse continued, Otway's continued weakness forming the plea for his remaining at the chateau. Every time that he saw the young lady to whom he had been thus strangely introduced, he admired her more and more, and his wonder grew stronger as to the "misfortune" or mystery that hung around her—for there was mystery at the chateau. Otway never saw the ladies during the day. They took their meals alone, and it was only in the evening that they met him in the little parlour. Even there, something odd was to be observed; for only a single lamp was kept burning in it, rendering the apartment dusky and dim. The aunt, during her niece's absence, gave an explanation of these things by stating, that since the death of her parents Caroline had been unable to bear the light, through some nervous affection, or peculiarity of constitution. Stephen Otway was but half satisfied with this; yet when he looked on Miss Blake, he could not believe that aught of impropriety could attach to one like her. So modest seemed she, that when she met his eye, her own was ever cast on the ground. Still Otway could not help flattering himself with the hope that she liked him, as he felt that he loved her. Such were his feelings and meditations after he had spent a week at the chateau, and the time had come when he ought to take his leave. One evening at this period, when the aunt was for a short time absent, he ventured to express his surprise that one so fitted to adorn society should fly it. Miss Blake became evidently somewhat agitated, but only replied that the death of her parents had affected her much. Otway thought

such a heart must be a treasure, when enclosed in such a form, and in a few moments he had told her that he loved her, and entreated her to permit him to visit the chateau in future, and to hope that she would be his. Miss Blake showed great agitation. Averting her head, and trembling from head to foot, she faltered forth in broken accents, "Leave me, Mr Otway—leave me, for your peace and my own! I am an unhappy creature—a miserable, unhappy creature! Fly from me!"

The aunt's footsteps were heard at this moment, and soon after her entrance, Caroline retired. She did not appear again that evening, and on the morrow Otway left the chateau, as he had previously announced his intention of doing. He did not go, however, until he had sent a note requesting leave to inquire for the ladies at a future time, which permission he received in reply from the aunt. Stephen left the chateau with his thoughts brooding over one point—the mystery that seemed to surround Miss Blake. For several days did he ruminate on this in his solitary lodging, until the time came when he had to appear at Boulogne, to settle the matter of the bet. But though he had gained his point on becoming acquainted with these ladies, one of them had become far too dear to him, to permit him to make them the subject of further foolery, and he had long resolved to pay the bet, and mislead his Boulogne friends as to the issue. He was pretty sure that none of them would know what had passed at the chateau. So it indeed proved. Stephen gave the appointed dinner; and as some other nine-days' wonder had taken up the attention of the loungers, the ladies of the chateau, to Stephen's great satisfaction, were forgot after the first bumper to the entertainer, in honour of the occasion.

Before Otway left Boulogne again for the country, letters were brought to him from England. One of these was from an especial intimate, who, after giving him news of British matters, went on thus:—"I only learnt two days since of your having come to Boulogne, from our friend Woodley. He tells me of a bet—you didn't use to bet, Otway—which you have taken up, about two ladies who live in a retired manner near Boulogne. I think too well of you, my dear Stephen, to believe you capable of annoying or insulting any lady or ladies, but if I am right in my supposition respecting these persons, I think you would feel especial regret at giving them a moment's pain. Caroline Blake, I think, is one of these ladies, and she is one of the best girls that ever breathed, as well as one of the most lovely and most sensitive. Her sensitiveness, indeed, approaches almost to disease. Her parents, and in truth her whole family, died some time back, through a pestilential fever, and this girl almost killed herself by watching over their successive death-beds. She was left the sole inheritor of an ancient name and a handsome fortune, but, unhappily, in her attendance on the last of her family who died, she also caught the seeds of the infection. She recovered her health, however, and all her loveliness, but alas—" Otway read a few words farther, and the letter dropped from his grasp. He fell back in his chair, and struck his brow with his hand. "Dreadful!" he exclaimed to himself, "dreadful—irreparable loss! Poor Caroline! This then is thy unfortunate secret! And am I so poor a thing as shudder at and forsake thee for what thy very virtues have occasioned! Yet it is a horrid thing!" He shall give no more of the young gentleman's exclamations, but content ourselves with saying that they continued long, so long, that an old crusty fellow, who slept that night below Otway's room in the inn at Boulogne, declared that he could get no rest till morning, for a stamping madman above.

The issue is what we have to do with. On the evening after receiving this letter, Stephen Otway presented himself at the gate of the chateau. He was admitted, and was received by Miss Blake with a blush, which soon passed away, and left her countenance calm and pale. The minds of both the young people seemed to be internally occupied on this evening, and the aunt had the discourse chiefly to herself; but she left the room for a moment, and Otway seized the occasion to resume the subject of his love. "The night is beautiful," replied Miss Blake; "will you walk with me a short way! I was prepared for your recurrence to this subject, and would speak with you. But not here—let me have the free air." She spoke this with a sort of assumed calmness. "Noble girl," thought Otway, "she could, but will not deceive me." The pair were soon ready for the walk. Stephen would have spoken as soon as they left the gate, but Caroline checked him. "Not yet—not yet," she said; "it may be the last time I shall see you! Do not shorten our meeting!" She leant on his arm at the same time, as if she were afraid of their separation being accelerated. They reached the spot, however, where the aunt's misfortune had happened, and Miss Blake stopped short. She struggled in vain for a few moments to speak, but at last compelled herself, by a strong exertion, into calmness. "Otway!" said she, "you say you love me; but you will soon fly from me. I am an unhappy creature, and cannot blame you. See here, Otway! mark this irreparable blemish." As she spoke, she lifted his hand to her face, and placed his finger on one of her eyes. "It is cold, lifeless glass! Now, I know you cannot but feel dismay and horror at me," continued she, averting her head; "fly from me, fly, and seek a more happy mate." "Caroline!" replied Otway, "I knew it, and I knew its cause! I love you still—more fondly than ever, since I have seen this new test of your nobleness of mind!"

These unexpected words so overcame the young lady

that she would have fallen to the earth, had not her lover's arm sustained her. His endearing words soon recalled her to consciousness. And now our story is ended, but we cannot help saying that Otway had never reason to repent of the marriage which followed soon after the events related. We have met his lady often in society, and should never have remarked the blemish in her visage, had she not pointed it out herself on one occasion. Glass eyes are not hereditary. Her children have the most beautiful peepers in the world.

THE COCKERILLS.

THE name of "John Cockerill," as was lately remarked in the present work, comes frequently into notice in connection with the locomotive machines on the Belgian railways, and is otherwise frequently heard of in all parts of the Netherlands, as well as in France and Prussia. This eminent individual, who may be styled the Bonaparte of continental mechanism, is an Englishman by birth and parentage. He was not precisely the founder of his own fortune, though it is owing to his own singular genius that he has attained the rank he now holds. The first important man of his family, was his father, William Cockerill, of whose biography—although once sketched before in the Journal—a few particulars may be here stated.

William Cockerill was, at the outset of his career, a working blacksmith in England, but not one of that order, necessarily the most numerous, to whom limited gifts and limited wishes assign the not unhonoured lot of passing the whole of life in daily toil. Endowed with an understanding which could calculate great results from certain combinations of moving powers, he was constantly bent upon important mechanical designs, which he longed to have the means and opportunity of putting into execution. He was a fine specimen of those intelligent artisans who have been the improvers of machinery in England, and ultimately its principal employing manufacturers—the class to which it may perhaps be said that we owe all the distinction we possess as a manufacturing nation. As often happens, nevertheless, William Cockerill met with little encouragement in the scene of his early labours, and towards the close of the last century, when he had attained middle life, and surrounded himself with a family, he migrated to the continent. The immediate reason for this step has been variously stated, and it is not of material consequence. Along with some other skilful mechanics, he proceeded, by the permission of our government, to St Petersburg, with the view of following out certain plans of the Empress Catherine, for establishing manufactures in her dominions. The death of the empress, and the accession of the madman Paul, ruined his prospects in Russia, and after a time he was fain to make his escape to Sweden. Here, under the protection of the British envoy, William Cockerill was employed as engineer on some public works, which no native Swedes could undertake. Engineering, however, did not suit his genius, and hearing of the manufactures of Liege and Verviers in Belgium, which were flourishing in spite of defective mechanism, he imagined that, if he were in either of these places, he should be certain to succeed as a constructor of machines. Luckily, from his economical habits, he possessed the means of removing from Sweden. He proceeded, first, as we are told, to Hamburg, where he disclosed the plan of his proposed operations to Mr Crawford, the English consul—at the same time stating, "that if he could obtain a small pension from the British government, he would return to England, not wishing to do any injury to his country, by introducing machinery into a foreign one." From what appears as to this overture, we cannot deem it creditable to Cockerill; but it is probable that we do not know enough of the facts to be entitled to speak decisively on the subject. Mr Crawford, it appears, approved of the proposal, and communicated it to the ministry; but no answer being returned at the end of six months, Cockerill proceeded to the Netherlands, there to seek fortune with his own head and hands.

The settlement of this mechanical genius in the province of Liege, was perhaps the most important event in the social history of Belgium. Not only did the country possess abundant supplies of coal, iron, and other elements of manufactures, but the people were generally animated by a keen anxiety to bring all these resources into active service. Of the Liegeois, in particular, who have been for centuries a busy people, it might be said that they required nothing, in order to compete with the English, but a knowledge of the fabrication of those mighty mechanical agents which had been planted in Lancashire and other parts of England. In such circumstances, the arrival of William Cockerill was exactly the most auspicious event that could have happened. He made offers to some extensive woollen manufacturers of Verviers, a town within the province of Liege, to construct for them new machines of his own invention for the carding and spinning of wool, and for other purposes connected with the production of cloth fabrics. The offers were accepted, and William Cockerill forthwith brought his family from England, and settled with them in Belgium. At this time his stock of cash was very slender, and those who ordered machines from him, had to supply him with the necessary metal; but Cockerill's sons

were growing up, and, with the assistance of their hands and his own, he speedily executed all orders, and founded a thriving establishment. The workshop of the Cockerills at Liege became a famous one, and the quantity of machines made for various manufactures was soon very considerable.

In the year 1813, the elder Cockerill retired from business, with a handsome fortune, leaving his two sons, James and John Cockerill, to follow out his trade. They did so for several succeeding years, and at length James also retired with a competency. John, who was now left alone, and who is said to possess the most enlarged mind of them all, erected, in 1815, the first manufactory for steam-engines which had been seen, on a large scale at least, in Belgium. His machines were soon distributed over the whole continent; but this was done far more extensively afterwards, when he erected new iron-works of vast size at the village of Seraing on the Maese, distant a few miles from the city of Liege. The magnitude of this establishment may be conceived from the fact that it keeps in continual motion sixteen steam-engines, of the collective force of nine hundred horse-power, and employs three thousand workmen. This establishment was organised by John Cockerill between the years 1821 and 1823. Yet, immense as are the operations here conducted, numberless as are the railway projects here perfected, and the steam-engines and machines of all sizes and descriptions here constructed, the establishment of Seraing is but one of the many great concerns which John Cockerill superintends, and of which he is wholly or in part proprietor. He still keeps in action the extensive foundry, originally possessed by his father in Liege; holds large shares in mining and colliery establishments; and possesses large cotton-spinning factories, as well as linen-manufactories, where these stuffs are put into all forms, weaving and printing included. He is also the proprietor of a paper manufactory. All these establishments he in a measure superintends in person, but, at the same time, it is especially remarked of him that he takes care to have the best of servants and overseers, sparing no expense in bringing such persons from all countries of Europe to his various works.

Such are the concerns of John Cockerill, and such are the sources of capital and material which lately enabled him to come forward, unassisted and unrivalled, to offer himself as the contracting party with the French government for the laying down of a railroad between Paris and Brussels; perhaps the most stupendous enterprise of the kind ever undertaken by an individual. This remarkable man, if we may trust to the accounts given of him, is not stimulated in his career of enterprise merely by a desire of personal emolument or aggrandisement, but seemingly regards himself, and acts, as one who has a great mission to execute, that, namely, of peopling the world with machines for the spreading of wealth and comfort among its inhabitants. He is said to use his wealth most generously on private occasions. To a young man whose father had once done a service to the elder Cockerill, the present inheritor of that name made on one occasion an advance of machinery to the value of 15,000 francs, in order to establish the youth in the line of business to which he had devoted himself. For this liberal aid he refused all security or guarantee, willing to risk any thing for the gratification simply of his filial gratitude.

To English readers who may not have seen, or even heard described, any of the large iron-works in their own country, the following account, given by a lively French writer of his visit to Mr Cockerill's establishment at Seraing, cannot fail to be acceptable:—

"I had the honour (he proceeded:) to be conducted over the works by one of the principal managers, M. Mauninger, a young German of great merit, grave and laconic in speech, like his principal, but expressing himself with perfect clearness. He was kind enough not to suppose that I knew any thing of practical science, although he knew I was from Paris, where, in my capacity of journalist, I had sometimes been able to guide governments and assemblies. He led me back to the elements of things, and explained to me even matters that were clear, by which proceeding, in my opinion, he showed me a more real mark of esteem than if he had left me in my ignorance, that he might not appear to doubt my knowledge.

In the magnificent establishment at Seraing, one's attention, naturally, is most attracted and captivated by the workshops where the machines are finished. There are three principal ones, each of immense extent; the first for boilers or cauldrons, the second for locomotive-engines, and the third for steam-engines, properly so called.

In the boiler workshop, it is necessary to renounce the pleasure and utility of explanations on the spot. The sharp and piercing noise rends the ear; the hammer strikes incessantly on these vast hollow vessels of wrought iron, till their sides groan and resound like those of the Trojan horse. They are of all forms, not made so at the command of taste or fancy, but to suit the place and purpose for which they may be destined. If circumstances may require that it should be placed in a spot full of angles and recesses, the vessel is so shaped as to fit into these as if cast in a mould. Clay is not more pliable in the hands of the potter than these thick sheets of iron under the intelligent hammer of the workman of Seraing.

I saw the way in which they pierce thick iron-plates, and join two or more of them by means of large-headed rivet-nails, which run in a string along the joints of the

boiler, as thick as the gilded knobs on an antique easy-chair. The piercing is effected by a punchon, fixed in some measure as in a printing-press. Two workmen are employed in the task; whilst one loosens the screw to which is fixed the sort of wimble that bores the hole, the other arranges the iron-plate below the screw at the exact spot where it is to be cut; then both of them take hold of a strap passed around a wheel that gives motion to the screw, and, with a forcible pull, insert the wimble, which immediately cuts out a small circle, like a coin, from the plate. When all the requisite holes are thus formed, and two plates are to be joined together, the nails, or pieces of metal to form the rivets, are heated red-hot in the forge, and placed in this condition in the holes, when two workmen commence to strike on both sides, and continue until the heads of the rivets are flattened and levelled.* No known force could start them from their places, when the operation is thus closed.

But that which astonished me most about Seraing, was the workshop for steam-engines, with its vast dependent compartments, where all the separate pieces are made, which enter into the construction of these machines. One's head turns round in the midst of so many thousand wheels, great, little, and least, which go at all rates and degrees of speed, and which move and intermove by means the most divers. Machines are there as multitudinous and varied as the ends they serve; there is one for every object, or, rather, it is the same object which has a thousand ministers; one saws, another splits, a third cuts, and a fourth planes; there is one to rough-hew the work, another to give it the exact shape, another to smooth, and another to polish it. The chisel, the lathe, the plane, the punchon, the pincers, the hammer, all the instruments of the joiner, the turner, and the smith, operate upon the iron as upon the softest wood, and this without the agency of joiner, turner, or smith; the hand which moves them is a machine; that hand, always sure, always firm, delicate, and nimble, without inequality in its action, and dependent on no passing caprice, never growing dull, weary, or old! Some of these machines fly faster than the eye can follow; others seem not to stir at all, yet move with a pace regular though unappreciable. Come to-morrow, and, sluggish as it seems, it will have finished its task, or be commencing a new one. Certain machines are placed simply on the floor, like moveables that may be transposed at will; others are lodged in hollows more or less deep, or are sunk only half-way down, in order that they may have the exact height necessary to bring them within the compass of the hand. Large alleys between the different ranges of machines, and sufficient separating spaces between each, permit the workman to move about freely, and give him scope to relax his limbs without danger of being entangled by the wheels.

From the top of each main piece of apparatus, through the whole of the work-rooms, straps of leather fly in incessant motion, conducting the power to the parent machine, whence it is distributed to the others. One might say that the whole of these irresistible forces was distributed by ribbons.

It was here that I saw the boldest and most notable application that has ever been made, of a machine whose results are extremely nice and important. The use of this machine is to give such a polish to the inside of cylinders, that, while the piston fits and fills the cavity almost hermetically, it may also glide up and down with the least possible friction, so as doubly to economise the moving power, first, by allowing none of the steam to escape, and, secondly, by opposing the minimum of resistance. The machine mentioned receives the cylinder in a rough state, newly taken from the mould, and presenting those asperities, and that sort of grain, which make cast-iron appear like granite. Nothing can be more simple than the action of the machine: by a combination of wheels, there is pushed forward into the interior of the cylinder a revolving instrument, composed of four or five chisels, of the finest tempered steel, projecting from a strong centre, like the spokes of a wheel; every revolution of this instrument takes a circular chip from the cylinder, and by pushing it forward regularly, the whole interior is made as equal, smooth, and polished, as the blade of a sword. The cylinder which was polished thus at the time of our visit was of immense size, being for an engine of five hundred horse-power. The enormous receptacle destined for a piston twenty feet high, lay immovable upon a piece of mason-work, whilst the wheel, armed with its chisels, coursed its way internally, slicing the cylinder's sides, without noise, without visible motion, alone, without spectator or guide; for this machine has no need of superintendence; give it its task one day, and provided no portion of the moving power be withdrawn, it will end that task by the fixed time; it will deliver the work to you, like a living workman; and should you arrive beyond the period necessary for the completion of its labour, you will find it revolving in air, waiting for a new occupation.

Other machines have more or less need of surveil-

* This, as is well known, is a very noisy process: it may already, however, be considered among the things which are past, or are soon to be so. The ingenious Mr Fairbairn, of Manchester, has recently invented a piece of mechanism, which fixes the nails in perfect silence, with great expedition, infinitely greater certainty of making all tight, and at very much less expense, in consequence of the saving of human labour. It is not unworthy of remark, that this admirable invention for the saving of labour is one of those which might be enumerated as brought about in consequence of difficulties experienced in dealing with workmen.—*Ed. C. J.*

lance and aid. By the side of each stands a workman ready to advance or withdraw the article in course of manufacture, as occasion may require, and to remove from or replace upon the principal wheel the conducting strap, which continues to turn in air by the side of the wheel when not called into action; a disposable force, which a finger applies or takes away. Many of these workmen have their pipes in their mouths, and stand, with folded arms, eyeing with constant attention the progress of the machines, those dear companions of their toil, which relieve them from the weight of the menial labour, and leave to them, as it should be, the parts requiring reflection and intelligence. The men are very diligent, and look on with a keen watchful eye. Most of the work done here requires great delicacy and niceness of finish, and without extreme attention the machine would soon devour the piece which it received only to polish. Man's share in the labour is therefore at once more easy and more worthy of him; to the machine belong the great physical efforts, the indefatigable force, and the toil which would exhaust man; to man are left the conception, the responsibility of foresight, and the surmounting of difficulties. In quitting his work, the workman has those powers spared to him which he can employ usefully at home, in improving his dwelling, and in making repairs which would demand the hand of another, and would cost a part of his wages if he returned from work wearied and exhausted. What is it, besides, that raises in operatives the accursed desire of stimulating liquor, but the crushing weight of physical toil? He who comes from work lively and active, escapes more easily the temptations of the tavern; he loves his house better, from entering it less fatigued; he is the better husband, the better father; he has none of those evil dispositions which an operative brings to his home after exhausting, and more than exhausting, every muscular energy for a master, and which lead him, with something of a pardonable selfishness, to begrudge his family the ample share which they must necessarily have of the means which he has so painfully earned.

Besides that general improvement in the condition of the workman who is employed in connection with machines—an improvement not peculiar to the establishment of John Cockerill—there are other internal meliorations that are peculiar to these works, and solely due to his sagacity and genius, at once inventive, bold, and benevolent. I do not allude to the roominess of the workshops, to their cleanliness, and to the purity of the air, but to other benefits conferred on the operatives, and which were not called for, like these things, or the score of obvious necessity. I allude to such exertions as the robing or clothing-rooms, where the workmen hang up their out-of-door clothes when they come, and their working ones when they go away. Every workman has his place marked by a certain number, and a placard with his name. This is transplanting the habits of the business-office into the workshop. But what struck me most of all, was a large hall in the centre of the works, with a stove in the middle of it, neatly ornamented like most of the Belgian stoves; and upon this stove, morn, noon, and eve, there hangs a kettle filled with warm coffee. It is in this hall that all the workmen meet at certain hours of the day, in the intervals of labour, and take their coffee, men and foremen together, the latter holding a certain moral presidency, which the others willingly acknowledge. They here chat without noise or quarrelling, until the sound of the clock calls every man to his duties again."

FORMATION OF THE VOLCANO OF JORULLO.

ABOUT eighty years ago, the plains of Jorullo, in Mexico, were the scene of one of the most extraordinary and tremendous catastrophes that ever wrought a change upon the face of the globe. The southern portion of North America, from about the twenty-fourth degree of north latitude, across the isthmus of Panama, to the second degree of south latitude, is a tract of country which deserves to be entitled, *par excellence*, the region of volcanos. One great chain of volcanic mountains, with but little interruption, extends over these twenty-six degrees of latitude; but if we include the bendings and curves which the chain or cordillera makes, we cannot estimate the space over which it passes at much less than two thousand miles in length. Many of the craters, which open like enormous cups on the summits of these mountains, remain in a state of constant activity, emitting vapour, and sometimes flames and ashes; others are subject to periodical convulsions; and a third class appear to be altogether exhausted, as no eruption of them has been known to take place. Several of the lofty peaks penetrate far into the region of perpetual congelation; and from their inaccessible summits, mantled with the snows of unnumbered ages, smoke is seen continually to issue—a striking spectacle, rendered still more remarkable by the volcanos occasionally giving forth luminous exhalations. Not a few terrific and disastrous eruptions are on record, but none in its astounding effects is to be compared with that by which Jorullo was formed, and of which the celebrated Humboldt was the first to present an account to Europeans.

Until the year 1759, the present site of the volcano was a fertile plain, well cultivated, and producing abund-

dance of indigo and sugar. It appears to have been a place to which the inhabitants were particularly partial, for the fields were abundantly watered by artificial means, and a plantation was here formed, reckoned one of the largest and richest in the country. In the month of June of the above year, subterranean noises of the most appalling description were heard, accompanied by frequent earthquakes, which, for nearly sixty days, continued to terrify the inhabitants. A short period of tranquillity then intervened, and every thing appeared to be subsiding into its wonted tranquillity, when, on the night of the 28th September, the horrible subterranean peals were renewed, and a tract of ground four miles square swelled up like an enormous bladder to the height of five hundred feet. The affrighted Indians fled to a neighbouring mountain called Aguasarco, and those who witnessed the catastrophe informed Humboldt that flames were seen to issue forth for an extent of more than half a square league, that huge fragments of burning rocks were propelled upwards to an enormous height—whilst through the dense envelope of smoke and ashes, illumined by the lurid blaze of the volcano, the softened surface of the earth was seen to rise and fall like a tempestuous sea. Several rivers had their currents "turned awry," and were precipitated into the fiery gulf, thereby invigorating the flames, probably from the water being decomposed by the intense heat. Thousands of small cones, varying from six to nine feet in height, issued forth from the softened and inflated surface of the ground. In the midst of these ovens, as the natives expressively called them, six large masses sprang up from the bosom of the burning chasm, into an elevation of from thirteen to seventeen hundred feet each. The highest of these hills is the great volcano of Jorullo, which burns continually, and has thrown up upon one side an immense quantity of ashes and scorificious lava. These great eruptions of the central volcano continued without intermission till the month of February 1760, but in the following years they became gradually less frequent. Great numbers of these small cones or ovens still continue to pour forth steam, and emit a subterranean noise, which appears to announce the proximity of a fluid in ebullition. According to the testimony of the Indians who were present at the catastrophe, the heat of these volcanic ovens has suffered a gradual diminution, but Humboldt still found their temperature near that of boiling water. The surrounding atmosphere, too, was heated to such a degree, that, at a great distance from the surface, and in the shade, the thermometer rose as high as 109 degrees of Fahrenheit. "This fact," our traveller remarks, "appears to prove that there is no exaggeration in the accounts of several old Indians, who affirm, that for many years after the eruption, the plains of Jorullo, even at a great distance from the scene of the explosion, were uninhabitable from the excessive heat which prevailed in them." The ashes of this eruption were scattered to the distance of 160 miles. "The traveller is still shown, near the Cerro de Santa Ines, the rivers of Custamba and San Pedro, of which the limpid waters formerly irrigated the sugar plantation of Don André Pimentel. These streams disappeared in the night of the 29th of September 1759; but at a distance of 6560 feet farther west, in the tract which was the theatre of the convulsion, two rivers are now seen bursting through the argillaceous vault of the hornitos (ovens), of the appearance of mineral waters, in which the thermometer rises to 126 degrees Fahrenheit." The Indians continue to call these streams San Pedro, and Custamba, because in several parts of the volcanic ground great masses of water are heard to run in a direction from east to west. We have here, then, a double phenomenon, the formation of the volcano itself, and that of a subterranean river; such, however, have been found in other regions of the globe.

On this catastrophe Humboldt justly remarks, that an event "by which so considerable a tract of country entirely changed its appearance, is perhaps one of the most remarkable physical revolutions in the annals of our globe. Geology indicates parts of the ocean where, within the last two thousand years, several small volcanic islands have been formed; but it gives no other example of the formation from the centre of a thousand burning cones, of a mountain of scorificious and ashes 1695 feet above the level of the adjoining plain, upwards of thirty-six leagues from the sea, and forty-two leagues from every other active volcano." It is remarkable that this new volcano was formed in a direction parallel with the line, running east and west, in which all the elevated summits of the old volcanos are found. And in connection with this curious fact, it is mentioned, that from the lake of Cuicaco in the same quarter of Mexico, which is impregnated with muriate of soda (common salt), and exhales sulphuretted hydrogen, to the city of Valladolid, an extent of forty square leagues, there are a great number of hot wells. From these indications of volcanic action in this particular region, Humboldt infers, that there probably exists here, at a great depth in the heart of the earth, a chasm, in a direction from east to west, and for a length of 137 leagues, along which

the volcanic fire, bursting through the interior crust of the porphyritic rocks, has at different epochs made its appearance. The theory is plausible enough, but as yet the subject of volcanos is involved in much obscurity.

POKINGS IN ETYMOLOGY.

SECOND ARTICLE.

To the examples we have already given of words whose origin appears so obscure that any attempt to trace it will be viewed with scepticism, may be added that of *dust*. The results of Macadamization, as developed in a windy day after a continuance of scorching weather, naturally lead us to consider the origin of the dense cloud produced, and hence to discover the source of its appellation. The Latin verb *aduro* indicates the intense action of the heat in comminuting the particles of the surface so as to render them easily and copiously borne on the wings of the wind. Each particle or mass of particles is manifestly *adustum*, or "scorched," from which participle of *aduro* the word *dust* may be supposed to have proceeded. From the primitive of this verb, namely, *uro*, "to burn," is also plainly derived the *urn* that contained the ashes of the dead.

The verb *atone* has an elegant and truly English parentage, implying that the offending and offended parties are now at one, or reconciled.

The endearing epithet *darling* is of that interesting class of diminutives terminating in *ling*, such as *nursling*, *fountling*, &c., being in fact merely a corruption of *dearling*, or "little dear."

The expressive word *atom*, though appropriated to the ultimate particles or elements into which matter is supposed resolvable, is not itself an elementary word, but beautifully portrays the theory involved in that supposition, namely, that there is an extreme limit beyond which there is no possibility of further division, from the Greek *a*, the privative particle, and *τομή* (*tomē*), "section."

The verb to *curtail*, of French extraction, is remarkably expressive, being an inverted contraction of *tailleur court*, "to cut short."

In the word *journal*, the legitimate offspring of the Latin *dies*, "a day," we have another striking instance of all family resemblance disappearing, since these words have not one letter in common. From *dies* proceeds *diurnus*, "daily," from which, by softening the sound of *di* before *u*, come the French words *jour*, "day," and *journal*. An example of this softening we have in the vulgar pronunciation of *duty* as *joody*. From the same source proceed *journey* (or *journee* in French), which formerly implied the amount of travelling, or indeed of any other labour performed in the course of one day; whence also *journeyman*. Talking of *travel*, and of labour (in old English *travail*), it is obvious they spring from the same French parent *travailler*, thus conjuring up a striking contrast between the pain of ancient, and the pleasure of modern, locomotion.

Who would ever imagine any affinity of descent between the words *torch*, and *torment*, *torture*? Yet it is undeniable that they flow from the Latin *torqueo*, *torri*, *torium*, to *twist*—the former word indicating the convoluted form of the ancient flambeau, and the two latter having a graphic reference to the mental or bodily writhings of their victim.

Few words can boast of a more graphic composition than *effrontery*, from *ex*, "out of," and *frons*, "the forehead." To raise the forehead, and present it fair and open to observation, is the natural language of the feeling of confidence. Any one who, when accused, or under suspicion, can do this, and stand unabashed and unblushing, must either be really innocent, or gifted with a vast amount of hypocrisy, self-command, and assurance. Perhaps, amongst our forefathers, the act might be rendered more expressive if the hair, usually worn over the forehead, were set aside or parted, so as to bring that rarely seen feature into sudden and conspicuous view. It would then be natural to regard the forehead as speaking for the accused—as if an actual pleading proceeded *ex fronte*, out of the brow. Such might be the process of ideas which gave rise to the word *effrontery*.

Often can an elegant illustration of the national character be elicited from the modification of structure which a foreign word experiences on its adoption into the language. It may be thought extravagant to view the expansion of the Latin *cor*, "the heart," into the Spanish *corazon*, as referable to the greatness of heart, and, on the other hand, the contraction of *comedere*, "to eat," into *comer*, as referable to the moderation in eating of the Spaniards; but, even allowing this instance to be overstrained, the principle itself is unquestionable.

The familiar word *ditto*, by which much repetition is saved to many a worthy book-keeper, remains an imperishable testimony to the glory of modern Italy in having taken the lead in the revival of commerce amidst the surrounding barbarism of feudal ascendancy. It is nothing more or less than the Italian for "said," but has now acquired a technical appropriation to mercantile language, which is indebted to the same origin for many other words of equal convenience.

That caricature of humanity, ycleped a *monkey*, can

boast of a dignified ancestry to its name, which is manifestly an abbreviation of *monnikin*, or *mannikin*, "a little man." It is to be hoped that no rational *homunculus*, or miniature of manhood, will grudge it this aspiring cognomen.

The verb to *revolt*, compounded of *re*, "again," and *volvo*, "to turn," is beautifully illustrated by that passage of Scripture which recommends pearls not to be thrown before swine, "lest they turn again and rend you."

Though the origin of *husband* must be known to many, yet to some of our readers it may perhaps be both interesting and instructive to know that the domestic chief is thus dubbed from his being, or at least from his obligation to be, the *band* that unites the *house* together—the bond of union among the family. How desirable that all *husbands* were *house-bands* in reality as well as in name!

The peculiar characteristic of that prince of the finny tribe, the *salmon*, is well indicated by the etymology of its name, which undoubtedly proceeds from the Latin verb *salio*, "to leap," and stupendous are the leaps which this fish occasionally performs.

The word *person* has a singular origin, having, in its Latin form *persona*, implied at first merely the mask invariably worn by the actors of antiquity, through (*per*) which their voices sounded (*sonare*). In process of time the word extended its meaning from a thing to speak through, or mask, to the performer that wore it, and, by an easy transition, since "all the world's a stage," came finally to be applied to "all the men and women" who "are but actors" thereon.

One is tempted to trace the origin of *insult*, coming, as it obviously does, from the Latin verb *insilio*, "to jump upon," to the first recorded case of insult in Roman history, where Remus, to show his contempt for the limited boundaries of infant Rome, leaped over them, thus giving mortal offence to his brother Romulus. At this day, when an Irishman has exhausted all his expedients in the way of picking a quarrel, he spreads his upper garment on the street in the hope of some *insult*, and therefore *insulting*, movement thereon by some other amateur of the shillelah.

The word *surgeon* has deviated remarkably from its parent orthography, namely, the Greek *χειρουργος* (*chei-rourgos*), from *cheir*, "the hand," and *ergon*, "work." It came to us from the French form *chirurgien*, which word, from the peculiar tendency to abbreviation so remarkable in our language, has at last subsided into *surgeon*, leaving the single letter *s* as the representative of *cheir*.

Assiduous has an extraction strikingly descriptive of its meaning, being from *ad*, "to," and *sedeo*, "to sit," and consequently implying the fixity of purpose which urges an individual to sit to his undertaking.

The verb to *prevent* is a striking illustration of the widely divergent and even apparently contrary meanings which the same word may exhibit, when not viewed in reference to its etymology. To *prevent* is the Latin *prevēnio*, and implies literally the action of "coming before." Keeping this origin in view, we shall easily explain the seeming contradiction which is involved in the following and similar expressions which are now obsolete in the language. Thus, in one of the beautiful prayers of the English church, we implore the Lord "to *prevent* us in our humble supplications." And in the 119th Psalm, at verses 147 and 148, we read, "I *prevented* the dawning of the morning, and cried: I hoped in thy word. Mine eyes *prevent* the night-watches, that I might meditate in thy word."

The word *ink* presents, in its formation, not only a historical memento of the original inventors and almost sole users of that fluid, but also another vivid example of the abbreviating power of our language. Its Italian cognomen *inchiostro* (pronounced *inkyostro*), means literally *in a cloister*, and recalls to memory the deep obligations which literature owes to those ecclesiastical retreats in which its vestal fire was so long piously guarded.

The words *edify* and *edifice*, except to the Latin scholar, betray no marks, beyond the mere orthography, of a common origin. The primitives from which they both issue, are *ades* and *facio*, denoting the *making of a house*. The comparison of mental or moral improvement to that process, which commences by laying a secure foundation, and then rearing an upright and durable structure, is, though trite and obvious, of surpassing beauty. There must, nevertheless, be many who use the words daily without knowing their literal meaning, and who would be *edified* to a certain extent if informed that these terms imply a building up or fortification of their minds against evil and for good. A quaint combination of the literal and allegorical meanings may be seen on the doorway of a parsonage near Edinburgh, "Edificamus ut edificemur," "We [the heritors or land-owners of the parish, of course] *edify* (build the manse) that we may be *edified*."

The seemingly coarse and homely name of *kickshaw*, which is recognised by Johnson, and defined by him "a fantastical dish of meat," expresses, in its French original, a mere "*something*." Its plural form *kickshaws*, which is the more legitimate form, is but an Anglicanisation of *quelques choses* (some things), which, from the allowable silence of the *l* in this word, sounds, in English orthography, *kick shoes*. Johnson's definition of the word agrees admirably with its import in that Scottish song in honour of kail brose, where, speaking of our ancient banquets, it is recorded that

"Nae *kickshaws*, nor puddins, nor tairts were seen there,
But a cog o' gude brose was the favourite fare."

Speaking of *brose*, it may not be generally known that this "favourite fare" of our ancestors derives its name from a more learned source than might be expected. It is really the Greek word *βρωσις* (*bro-sis*), "food" (the rejected syllable is being merely the postfix of gender), which again is from the verb *βρωω* (*broo*), "to eat." We may remark, by the way, that this verb is still to be recognised in the English one "to *browse*."

DRINKING USAGES OF ENGLAND.

A NEW and greatly extended edition of Mr Dunlop's work on the Drinking Usages of Great Britain and Ireland,* has just reached us; and the subject being one of great importance as respects the moral and intellectual advancement of the people, we propose bringing it under the notice of our readers.

Mr Dunlop is well known as the president of the Temperance Union of Scotland, and has rendered himself conspicuous by his zealous yet discreet advocacy of a general abstinence from intoxicating liquors. Enthusiastic in the cause he has espoused, he has taken the trouble to collect into the volume now before us, a large array of facts respecting the drinking usages prevalent in all classes of society, and among every order of tradesmen; his object, as it may be presumed, being to shame men out of their intemperate and frequently very silly customs. A few years ago, when the idea of abstinence from all kinds of intoxicating fluids was first announced, it was necessary to explain, by way of preliminary to assaults upon drinking usages, that there were really no nourishing properties in alcoholic beverages—or at least that any slight benefit they conferred, was united to so much that was positively vicious, that they might with great propriety be altogether set aside and rejected. This important truth is now so generally recognised, that few have the temerity to dispute it. The question of abstinence from intoxicating drinks, has therefore, by a sort of tacit consent, been narrowed to the point of mere usage and habit. Wines, spirits, porter, ales—all less or more alcoholic—are drunk "because it is the custom of the country," "because it is the practice, and people would think it strange if you did not offer them the liquor usually given on such occasions," or "because habit has confirmed a love and inclination for them," or some other equally sufficient reason. It is against these sham arguments and dangerous practices that our author has directed his ridicule and censure. The drinking usages of the Scotch, English, and Irish, are each treated in turn, and with no small degree of quiet humour. We pass over the usages of the Scotch working-classes, and also the usages connected with baptisms, marriages, funerals, fairs, markets, &c., as we alluded to these on a former occasion. In one town, we suppose Greenock, he estimates that £26,830 are spent annually by mechanics in seven drinking usages, such as apprentice entries, fines, and bets, pay-night customs, launch bowls, and so forth. Only a very slight reform, as it appears, has taken place with respect to usages of this nature, notwithstanding the establishment of Mechanics' Institutions, and an increasing taste for reading; nevertheless, the case is not utterly hopeless, and we feel assured that firmness on the part of a few steady and intelligent workmen in their respective professions, aided by the countenance of masters to the cause of temperance, would speedily work a surprising change for the better. Mr Dunlop calculates that the sums spent weekly by mechanics alone on intoxicating liquors, chiefly whisky, would soon furnish in every town in the kingdom commodious lecturing-halls, libraries, public walks, and many other means of elegant and necessary recreation, which at present do not exist except on the most limited scale. If it be true, as has been frequently stated, that upwards of half a million of pounds sterling are spent annually in Glasgow in vicious liquors, we cannot doubt that if this single evil were extirpated, the whole aspect and condition of society would be altered.

The drinking usages among the handicraftsmen and tradesmen of England are fully more virulent, and we fear will be more difficult to unsettle, than those of their brethren in Scotland. Some of them are as ludicrous as they are mischievous.

Shipwrights.—The apprentice footing amounts in general to two guineas. The penalty for non-payment is flogging with a handsaw from time to time; and this and other mal-treatment is pursued till the usage money is paid. In some building yards, it is only about a dozen of the oldest apprentices that enjoy this treat: it frequently is the occasion of two or three days' idleness and drunkenness. At launching there is from five to ten pounds given by the owners of the new ship. Besides this, in some cases the apprentices are in use to wait upon and receive drink-money from dealers who furnish articles for the vessel; such as the block-maker, painter, plumber, glazier, joiner, and others. The whole is expended in a supper and drink by the older apprentices, each bringing his sweetheart, or a friend. Disgraceful scenes of drunkenness often occur in consequence of this usage, which frequently end in jail or bridewell. Such methods of amusement and recreation must further have a very deteriorating effect on the female friends of this class of workmen.

A shipwright's apprentice is expected to pay 2s. 6d. for drink-money at his first caulking. The penalties

for non-payment of usage money are various: sometimes the jacket is nailed to the board with large nails, or the clothes or hat mopped with tar. When the foreman, or others connected with the building-yard, keep a public-house, it has frequently been stated to me by operatives that it is ruinous to the men, and contrary to the interests of the master. "In the eyes of such a foreman," say they, "he who drinks most is the best man."

Foundries.—Among engineers the apprentice footing ranges from £1 to £2, 2s. At expiration, or 'loosing,' there is £3 to £4 for a supper and drink to the men; the employer sometimes gives towards this also. To the apprentice footing each man adds 6d., which makes the usage comprehend the whole of the parties, and thus ramifies its power. A journeyman's footing is 5s., to which the other men add 6d. a-piece. This practice is sometimes called 'backing.' Shifting vice or lathe, moving to a better situation in the work, draws 1s. for drink-money; the others 'back' with 3d. each. Coming on Monday with dirty shirt, or unshaved, incurs 1s., backed by the rest at 3d. each. Marriage is 10s. 6d., backed by the rest with 6d. each. A birth 1s. to 1s. 6d., backed with 3d. each. If not of the trade club (in some places), a man pays 10s. for drink, in order to be free of the particular shop. At Liverpool it is usual to fine workmen in the sum of 1s. for drink, who have been, for the first time, a pleasure sail round the black rock in the Mersey.

With some pleasing exceptions, wages are generally paid in this trade on Saturday night, in a public-house; or the men are clubbed together (it is sometimes called 'linked'), and sent to obtain change where they may; which, of course, leads direct to the public-house. If the day of a man's birth can be discovered, he will be pestered continually to give drink. On national saints' days in England, the following drink regulations have place in this and other trades:—On St George's day each Englishman pays 1s., and each Scotch, Irish, and Welshman, 6d. On St Andrew's day, the Scotch pay double; on St Patrick's, the Irish; and the Welsh on St David's. The employer gives what is denominated a way-goose at lighting of candles; the men 'back' this gift, and hold a supper. Brass-money is claimed at Whitsuntide from the brass merchant, and at new year's day from the iron, coal, timber, and tin merchants.

The usages among whitesmiths, blacksmiths, chain-cable manufacturers, and curriers, are equally ridiculous. The following are customary among joiners and carpenters:—"The apprentice footing is £1 to 30s., backed with 6d. each; journeyman's footing, 2s. 6d. to 4s., backed with 6d. or 1s. each. In some cases the 'loosing' is signalled with drink. On the building of a house, the claim upon the owner for 'rearing money' varies from £1 to £5. All the men who have been employed previous to putting on the roof, enjoy this festive occasion, but not those whose work comes afterwards, such as plasterers. Each man backs the rearing pot with 1s. The men next claim certain sums, varying according to local custom, from the lath-render who has furnished for the house, and from the stone-mason, brick-merchant, and lime-merchant. These last sums are obtained in the manner above stated, denominated in some places 'kicking'; and they are drunk the day after the rearing pot has been disposed of, in order that the parties may enjoy 'a hair of the dog that bit them.' Those who happen to spoil work, called in cant language 'buttoning,' will be informed upon by the others, unless they bribe with drink (mug the witnesses). On obtaining a new bench or station in the work, 4s. for drink must be paid; this is given to benchmen exclusively. Unless an apprentice pays something for drink at making his first window sash, or other difficult operation, he will not be assisted in his work, and no explanations regarding business will be given to him. In the same way drink is demanded in the wheel-wright trade, at the first fastening of spokes in the centre of a wheel. If fines be delayed to be paid, they will be added to according to the period of delay. At marriage, and at birth of a child, 6s. to 10s. is demanded for drink, with backing from each. Wages are generally, though not universally, paid on Saturday night; many do not receive their own net wages, but are 'linked with others.' Sometimes, according to one informant, ten to twenty men are clubbed together, with bank-notes to obtain change where they may: nothing can exceed the tyranny and folly of masters in this respect. On non-compliance with drink fines, or footings, the clothes or tools of the individual will be pawned (put up the spout); he will be 'sent to Coventry'; and otherwise maltreated. New tools and clothes must be 'wetted.'

Besides what is above stated in building houses there are also, in general business, Christmas-boxes demanded from the nail-maker, timber-merchant, and ironmonger. National saints' days are the period of a drinking bout, according to rule. If any man inform on another to the master (called 'sucking' the master), the case is brought before the trade club and decided; if any penalty ensue, it is generally a drink fine. If an apprentice neglects to watch the fire properly, he incurs a drink fine. When a man is made foreman, he must pay 6s. for drink. One leaving a candle in the workshop, without asking some other to take charge of it, incurs a drink fine of 1s. In many cases, the smaller fines are not drunk till they amount to £1, when a 'spree' takes place. Dirty shirt and long beard on Monday, incur drink fines. One informant had not only to pay fines, but was struck and

* London, Houlston and Stoneman, 1 vol. 1838.

maltreated for not partaking of the liquor. If fines and footings are not paid, tools are hid; particularly the special tools required at the time. This is called 'making an old woman of one.' If the recusant acquaints the master, the fine is doubled. There is an occasional way-goose, but it is not universal. The same informant mentions, that if fines and footings were not paid, after all other schemes fail, a strike would ensue, and the employer be forced to dismiss the operative. As we before had occasion to state, with regard to the regulations of various trades in Ireland and Scotland, there is here a tribunal for the purpose of trying all questions which infer drink fines. A man is said, under these circumstances, to be tried under the strong beer act. Sometimes the court is formed of men in the same workshop, at other times of persons selected from various shops. One informant has seen a man fined in four gallons of ale, and a foreman in eight gallons, on such an occasion."

The author next describes the usages among coopers, sawyers, tailors, coachmakers, watchmakers, and some other classes of artisans. Among tailors, "the penalties for non-compliance with drinking usage are various. One is being 'sent to Coventry,' sometimes called being 'made a dog.' This is a most uncomfortable state for a tailor to be in. All manner of jeering and ill treatment is considered justifiable, nay, a matter of duty to the trade, in this case. The culprit has broken a law of the business; he has aimed a blow at the social indulgences of all the tailors in the queen's dominions. It is therefore obligatory on every man to resent this as an injury done to his individual self. No maltreatment is too severe for such a case. In the language of the shop, 'waste meat and bones are thrown to dogs.' This is such a pitiable state of debasement and excommunication from every good office, that, besides paying up all fines and footings, there is sometimes 5s. imposed as a special amercement, before the convict can be reinstated into 'pitcher law.' And, seriously speaking, it is perhaps difficult in modern times to point out a more grievous state of persecution than a man is hereby subjected to. The sleeve lining of a 'dog' is twisted and sewed up; triangular holes are cut in the rim of the hat; the man's clothes are sewed up in different forms, to look like a bundle of rags; candles are put out quickly at dismissal of the shop, and he cannot put himself to rights till he arrive at home. The seams of clothes and pockets are ripped open—an informant has known money thus lost—clothes are secreted and 'put up the spout' (pawncd). The master, in all these cases, can give no relief. The unfortunate non-conformist, wearied out with a series of insult and injury, must at length yield to the influence of drinking usage; the young are led to consider drinking as a necessary business and duty of life, and are soon as inexorable as their neighbours in exactness to support the system; while the wretched men whom this wretched tyranny has compelled into habits of inebriation, find it impossible to retrieve their character, or alter their conduct, amid the unconquerable craving of a vitiated appetite, seconded by the invincible pressure of perpetual and systematic compulsion."

The custom among printers of holding "chapels," which has been often described, still exists in most parts of England, greatly to the demoralisation of the trade and the injury of the master. Mr Dunlop alludes to the chapel usages of printers, but appears to be unacquainted with the heights to which they are sometimes carried. We have been informed by a respectable London printer that he dares not buy ink to be used in his establishment, unless his workmen are on good terms with the ink-manufacturer. For every new cargo of ink, the men expect a present of money from the maker, which is spent in drink. If the maker do not give enough, or should refuse to give any thing, complaints are immediately raised that there is sand in the ink, and that it will not work. In other words, the property of the master is sacrificed in revenge for the ink-maker's refusal to accommodate himself to the usages of the trade. We are not aware that this odious practice prevails generally among the printing trade in England, but that it exists to a certain extent, is placed beyond a doubt by what has been mentioned to us, as above.

A glance at the widely-spread drinking usages of England, of which the foregoing are a mere scantling, cannot fail to impress the conviction that all the ordinary means of social improvement now in operation, must prove next to unavailing, unless these usages be in the first place attacked, resisted, and utterly extirpated. It is a positive disgrace to the section of temperate and intelligent individuals who are to be found in every branch of trade, that they should thus submit to the tyranny imposed upon them by their fellow-workmen—a tyranny more iniquitous than that ever attempted to be established by any civil power on the face of the earth.

We shall return to this subject.

THE ALPINE HORN.

Amongst the lofty mountains and elevated mountain valleys of Switzerland, the Alpine horn has another use besides that of sounding the far-famed Ranz des Vaches, or Cow Song, and this is of a very solemn and impressive nature. When the sun has set in the valley, and only the snowy summits of the mountains gleam with golden light, the herdsman who dwells upon the highest habitable spot, takes his horn and pronounces audibly and loudly through it as through a speaking-trumpet, "Praise

Lord God!" As soon as this sound is heard by the neighbouring huntsmen, they issue from their huts, take their Alpine horns, and repeat the same words. This frequently lasts a quarter of an hour, and the name of the Creator resounds from all the mountains and rocky cliffs around. Silence at length settles over the scene. All the huntsmen kneel and pray with uncovered heads. In the meanwhile, it has become quite dark. "Good night!" calls the highest herdsman again through his horn. "Good night," again resounds from all the mountains, the horns of the huntsmen, and the rocky cliffs. The mountaineers then retire to their dwellings, and to rest.

FIRST GRIEF.

[BY JAMES HEDDERWICK.]

They tell me, first and early love
Outlives all after-dreams;
But the memory of a first great grief
To me more lasting seems;
The grief that marks our dawning youth
To memory ever clings,
And o'er the path of future years
A lengthen'd shadow flings.
Oh, oft my mind recalls the hour,
When to my father's home
Death came—an uninvited guest—
From his dwelling in the tomb!
I had not seen his face before—
I shudder'd at the sight;
And I shudder still to think upon
The anguish of that night!
A youthful brow and ruddy cheek
Became all cold and wan—
An eye grew dim in which the light
Of radiant fancy shone.
Cold was the cheek, and cold the brow—
The eye was fix'd and dim;
And one there mourn'd a brother dead,
Who would have died for him!
I know not if 'twas summer then,
I know not if 'twas spring,
But if the birds sang on the trees,
I did not hear them sing;
If flowers came forth to deck the earth,
Their bloom I did not see—
I looked upon one wither'd flower,
And none else bloom'd for me!
A sad and silent time it was
Within that house of woe,
All eyes were dull and overcast,
And every voice was low!—
And from each cheek at intervals
The blood appear'd to start,
As if recall'd in sudden haste,
To aid the sinking heart!
Softly we trode, as if afraid
To mar the sleeper's sleep,
And stole last looks of his pale face,
For memory to keep.
With him the agony was o'er,
And now the pain was ours,
As thoughts of his sweet childhood rose
Like odour from dead flowers!
And when at last he was borne afar
From the world's weary strife,
How oft in thought did we again
Live o'er his little life!
His every look—his every word—
His very voice's tone—
Came back to us like things whose worth
Is only prized when gone!
The grief has pass'd with years away,
And joy has been my lot;
But the one is oft remember'd,
And the other soon forgot.
The gayest hours trip lightest by,
And leave the faintest trace;
But the deep, deep track that sorrow wears,
No time can e'er efface!

—Scotsman newspaper.

INCLEDON AND THE LOIN OF PORK.

In the course of travelling together, Mr Incledon and my husband differed in few things more than in their tastes in eating. Mr Mathews liked the simplest fare; Mr Incledon was always in search of an appetite, and therefore was very fastidious about the wherewithal to tempt it. On one occasion, at some town where they stopped only to change horses, Incledon, according to a habit in which he indulged, sought out the larder, and seeing a small undressed loin of pork displayed through a glass window with other delicacies, he fell deeply in love with it, and immediately applied coaxingly to the landlord (a portly independent sort of person, with his hands in his waistcoat pockets), to be allowed to purchase it to carry onwards. Mine host abruptly refused; "he could not sell it—he should want it for his dinner customers," &c.; but in proportion as the landlord seemed unrelenting, Incledon's anxiety became stronger. He asked what the joint would be charged to his dinner customers, and then held out the sum with an addition; but the sulky landlord was inexorable. The epicure increased his temptation, until at last he offered double the worth of it; and Mr Mathews, ashamed of the childish behaviour of his *chum*, left him with the landlord to settle the important matter as they might, and walked on, telling the servant to wait for Mr Incledon with the carriage, and overtake him on the road. In a short time he saw it approaching with Mr Incledon, who, after my husband had seated himself, and the horses were proceeding, took out a handkerchief from a pocket of the carriage with

some appearance of mystery, and deliberately placing it upon his knees with evident satisfaction, opened it, and revealed the coveted little loin of pork! "Well," said his friend coldly, "what, you prevailed at last; how did you manage to coax that surly fellow out of it?" Incledon twinkled his eyes: "Charles Mathews," said he, with something of solemnity, "I did not prevail. My dear boy, the man was a brute. I offered him all the silver in my pocket. I had set my heart upon the thing, my dear Charles Mathews. I couldn't have ate any thing else, my dear boy; so what do you think I did? Don't be angry, Charles (and here he looked like a child who knew he had done wrong, and dreaded the punishment for his fault), don't be angry; a man like yourself can have no idea what I feel, who want little delicacies to keep up my stamina. My dear Charles, the man was unfeeling." In this way did Incledon prepare his companion for the truth, and deprecate his wrath. The fact was, he had watched the landlord's absence, entered the larder unperceived, and bore away the tempting prize, leaving the already proffered double its value in its place. —*Life of Charles Mathews, by his widow.*

PROGRESS OF NATIONS IN AMERICA.

In the newer American states it is customary to celebrate the day on which the settlement of the district or town, or whatever it may be, took place. The fiftieth anniversary of the settlement of Cincinnati was lately celebrated, this being now a town of 50,000 inhabitants, exporting annually seven or eight millions of dollars' worth of agricultural produce, and having often forty or fifty steam-vessels lying at one time at the wharves. The whole territory was purchased at the beginning for forty-nine dollars. One old man attended the celebration, who had himself made the roof of the first house shingled in the place. A Mr Tappan, whose age is about sixty, and who was lately chosen one of the Federal Senators for the state of Ohio, resides in a large town called Ravenna, where he was the first man to cut down a tree. This state, in forty years, has acquired a population of a million. Florida is now about to apply for admission as a state into the Union. For this she must show a population of 50,000, which it is expected she will be able to do next year. Next year, also, two more territories, called Iowa and Wisconsin, which began to be heard of in America last year, and are as yet totally unknown in Britain, are expected to be in a similar condition, and to make the same application. The United States will then be twenty-nine in number, instead of thirteen, as in 1775; and the stars on the national banner must be numbered accordingly. An additional illustration of the mushroom progress of all things in America, is obtained from the fact that the steamers on the western waters of the States have increased from 234 to 600 in the short space of five years. The States have now 800 steamers in all, of 155,000 aggregate tonnage, the largest being a vessel of 860 tons (!) which runs between New York and Natchez. —*Collected from a letter in the Athenæum, dated "Boston, January 16, 1839."*

RATIONALE OF PROPERTY.

Why, it has been asked, should man be allowed to appropriate more than is necessary for his support? We ask, what support is meant? The momentary satisfying of his hunger by shooting a deer or plucking a fruit? Is he allowed to shoot several deer and dry the meat for the winter? Is he not allowed to cultivate a tree which shall give him fruit for certainty, so that he may not be exposed again to hunger, the pain of which he knows already? May he not cultivate a patch of land to have corn for his children? If he has slain a buck to satisfy his hunger, is he allowed to appropriate the skin to himself and call it his own? If the industrious fisherman sails to the bank of Newfoundland to appropriate to himself the unappropriated codfish, has he no right to catch as many as he thinks he and his children shall want for the whole year? But they cannot live upon codfish alone: may he not take so many codfish as to exchange part of them for other food, for clothing? Does supporting his family not include the sending of his children to school? May he not catch some more to save the money he may obtain for it, that, should he perish at sea, his wife and children may not suffer from want or become a burden to others? Where does the meaning of support stop? Why should it apply to the satisfying of physical wants only? There are wants far higher than these, the wants of civilisation. We want accumulated property; without it, no ease; without ease, no leisure; without leisure, no earnest and persevering pursuit of knowledge, no high degree of national civilisation. Aristotle already lays it down as the basis of high civilisation to be free and have leisure. —*Lieber's Manual of Political Ethics.*

THE TURNSPIT.

Louis XI. of France once took it into his head to visit the kitchen, and see what was going forward. He there found a little fellow about fourteen years of age, busily engaged in turning the spit, with pork meat. The youth was handsomely formed, and of so engaging an appearance, that the king thought him entitled to some better office than the humble one which he then filled. Addressing him, Louis asked whence he came, who he was, and what he earned by his occupation. The turnspit did not know the king, and replied to his interrogatory without the least embarrassment, "I am from Berny, my name is Stephen, and I earn as much as the king." "What then does the king earn?" rejoined Louis. "His expenses," replied Stephen, "and I mine." By this bold and ingenious answer he won the good graces of the monarch, who afterwards promoted him to the situation of groom of the chamber.

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STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
St PAUL.

THE LANDLORD AT HOME.

IN the prosperous county of Wexford—my own dear county—there is to be seen much that will rejoice the hearts of all who desire the improvement and happiness of Ireland. It has but little natural beauty to boast of. We have certainly one or two fine rivers, and, besides a number of hills, one mountain—a genuine mountain—"the Mountain of Forth," the great magician of my youthful imaginings. I remember when I used to climb the flowery ascent at the back of my home, turn my eyes towards that time-honoured mountain, and, with childish sagacity, foretell, by the clouds either hanging above or resting on its summit, whether or not the day would be fair.

No sea to me ever looked so beautiful as that which bounds the county Wexford, particularly that portion of it which extends from the long thin tower of Hook to the capacious harbour, where the shifting sands are as variable as a lady's humour. The Saltee and Keerogue Islands are set like emeralds in its crystal waters, which chafe and fret against the dark rocks that in winter frown to scorn the mariner's craft, and send his treasures "full fathom five" to mingle with the silver sands of their creeks and foaming bays. The fine sea scenery is beheld to great advantage from the mountain I have mentioned—that dark rocky mountain, behind whose crags, and in whose crevices, shelter scores of hardy mountaineers; fine specimens of the animal creation, but rather fond of having their own way, and not inclined to render obedience to any code of laws that would at all interfere with "their own sweet will." Still they are brave, honest, and hospitable, and look quite as picturesque to my fancy on that noble mountain as brigands on the finest Italian crags that ever were painted. I remember once having achieved the highest peak of Forth, and I do not think I ever beheld a landscape that delighted me so much as on that day. In the immediate valley to the right, the fertile barony of Bargo, as remarkable for its agricultural as its antiquarian riches, spreads its corn-fields and verdant meadows, and innumerable castles in various stages of decay, showing that it must have been both valuable and debateable ground in the "good old times," and giving the scene an air of feudal grandeur and magnificence that filled me with dreams of the past. The park, superb woods, and turrets of Johnstown Castle, told their true and happy tale of present good, for the flag streamed gaily from the highest tower, giving token that the landlord was—where a patriot ought to be—AT HOME, dwelling on his own land—the fountain of blessings to his people. Many other abodes, of small extent in comparison to Johnstown, are also inhabited by the landlords of the soil, and to this I attribute the county's prosperity and peace. The silver sea that bounded the land on the right was speckled with fishing-boats: occasionally the broad sails of a stately merchant ship would float along like a sea-queen, and the soft, white, cloud-like streak of an arriving or departing steamer tell of that rapid commerce which the good folk of the barony know how to turn to advantage. I was enchanted with the scene, and expressed my admiration warmly; when suddenly a bold, brown, ragged fellow, with the frame of a Hercules and the grace of an Apollo, came up to us, and, evidently delighting in my delight at the glorious expanse of land and water, flung off his coat at my feet, and said, "The rock is damp and could, my lady; ah, thin, stand upon that; sure it would be bad manners of the mountain to do ye any harm, and you so played with the fine ould craythur."

I vowed in my heart of hearts never to say a word against the mountaineers, and all for the sake of Dan'el Devereux, who, with many others, had built

his hut of the mountain's granite, and paid no rent for that or his mountain garden to any one; thanks to his gallantry, I would not, even if the law gave me the right, ask either Dan'el or any of Dan'el's people for rent or tithe. I should very much like to transport certain of my friends to the peak of the mountain of Forth, where I lingered from noon till evening; and after admiring the glory of the sea, and the fertility of the land-view, descend with me into the valley, and there behold, on the estate of one particular LANDLORD AT HOME, as much peace, safety, and comfort, as are to be met with in any part of England.

I hear dozens of persons exclaiming against Irish dirt! Irish mismanagement! Irish this and that! and I exclaim against these things myself. I know they exist to a frightful degree, and to a frightful extent; but my heart beats high and proudly at the knowledge of what good and patient management can effect with the Irish peasant. I say patient management; without patience and temper no system of improvement will work well in Ireland. Paddy would worry the angels with his prejudices, and unless you laugh with him, he is apt to become muleish; but, *get at his heart*; convince him by deeds, not words, that you seek his good, and he will show his gratitude by trying to please you. Here is my proof:—An estate unencumbered, bringing in to the possessor several thousands a-year, spent by himself in the country, the money as it were returned to the tenant, with the rich interest of protection and kindness. Three hundred labourers constantly employed on this estate. A school-house, beautiful to look at, and useful in its construction, built and supported without any regard to expense, at the gate leading to the princely domain; the master, a man qualified in every respect for his occupation; no religious distinction made, and none thought of, either by the learned or the learner. Cottages built in the midst of flourishing gardens; roses and woodbines clustering round their windows; the landlord doubling the amount of whatever prize his tenants may receive from agricultural societies, as encouragements to good conduct. No wild pigs, no beggars, no dunghills, no fear, few whisky-shops, little quarrelling, very little idleness; clean, healthy, well-dressed children; the prettiest girls and "neatest boys" in Ireland. You ask of the landlord's and landlady's religion: both are members of the church of England; some of their servants are Catholics, some Protestants. I never heard the sound of religious difference in their household, where I have spent some of the happiest days of my life; the Catholic priest seconds all their plans for the improvement of the country, and by night and by day their house is open to relieve either sorrow or sickness; there are no traces of extravagance in their arrangements, though the park is full of deer, and the merry horn frequently calls forth the stag-hounds to the chase; but little is spent in vain entertainment, though great is the outlay of actual benevolence; every new improvement is tried at home before it is adapted to cottage use, and Paddy sees the good with his own eyes before he is called on to adopt it: this is especially necessary, for my countrymen love "ould ways," and I doubt much if my beneficent friends would be as honoured as they are, were it not that the people know "that they are come of a good ould stock—none of yer musharoon gentry." This is not an Irish Utopia of my own creation; it is, to use an Irish phrase, "to the fore;" any one sceptical as to the possibility of Irish civilisation may go to Wexford, and drive in half an hour to Johnstown Castle, where he can see what I have described; and more—for the proprietors have introduced amongst the mechanics, as well as the agriculturists, a hitherto unknown taste, by fitting up certain rooms in the castle with oak carvings after the antique, which would do no discredit to our best artists in that way, and prove what can be done not only in the country, but by the countrymen themselves, when there is a kind and liberal spirit to draw

forth and foster their abilities. How trite is the observation that "Rome was not built in a day!" Neither are the Irish to be won round to neatness, and order, and comfort, and "all that sort of thing," in a day.

A few years ago, a *posse comitatus* of the peasantry were sitting and lounging and idling away some fine hours of a sunny Sunday round the door of a public house near one of the entrances to the deer-park in the neighbourhood I have mentioned; there was Michael Gabbett the smith; Jeremiah Mackay, his wife, and daughters; Gerald Murphy, Phil Dwyer, and a certain Anty O'Toole, the belle and beauty not only of the parish of Rathaspeck, but of a much larger district. Some were sitting on the stone fence, others were shouldering the old piers, that, truth to tell, looked as if they could not bear a great deal of rough usage, though they had stood many a storm. Abel Connor, a handsome, fine-looking fellow, half mason half farmer, was evidently bent on making himself agreeable to the pretty Anty, who, to do her justice, seldom flirted more than a very pretty cheerful-hearted girl might flirt in all propriety. She did not think there was a great deal of harm in teasing Aby, because Aby not only was handsome, but thought himself so—a piece of impertinence, which women are bound to punish as an encroachment on woman's prerogative. The truth was, he thought no girl in the county could or would refuse him—a delusion by no means confined to handsome men. Anty O'Toole had a great deal of good practical sense, and a taste and desire, not beyond her means, but beyond, or what was called beyond, her station; this taste had grown upon her, and had originated in one or two causes; the principal one being, that she had resided a good deal in the houses of the resident gentry, and had learnt to contrast the thoughtless and reckless extravagance of some, with the prudence and good conduct of others.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Michael Gabbett, who was a regular whisky-shop orator—and, by the way, as the greater number of my readers do not know what a whisky-shop orator is, I will pause a moment in my tale to describe him. Be it remembered, that while beer stupifies its inordinate consumers, whisky renders them emaciated; and, accordingly, our orator has a lean, yellow, haggard look; his lips are thin, his teeth discoloured; and even when he declaims coolly, which is seldom the case, there is a tremor and twitching about his mouth, that speaks of habitual intoxication, though the fever may not then be in its strength. His eye at such times has nothing in it; it is not sober, but dull and bleared; its natural fires have been long extinguished, and it is only after strong libations that those *spirit-lamps* blaze up, with a fierce and unearthly light, that renders the cadaverous aspect of his countenance still more fearful. His brows are shaggy and loose; his hair prematurely grey; his beard unshaven, for his hand is so unsteady that it cannot perform the necessary task; and as he has lost credit even with an Irish barber, he cannot always pay for the operation. His stockings sit loosely on his shrunk legs—for the grass is not yet green on the grave of his broken-hearted wife, and his little shoeless girl is unable to knit him new ones; his blue long-tailed coat hangs awkwardly from his shoulders, and one of the skirts bears the mark of having been nearly torn off; the tie of his faded neckerchief is never straight; his waistcoat has been green, but now it is grey, and the buttons are almost all departed; the strings at his knees are either knotted or vanished, and his hat leans more to one side than the other; the binding is worn off the edge, and the band has been replaced by a piece of cord, in which his pipe is stuck jauntily, and, it may be, one or two speeches he has cut from a worn-out newspaper are also folded under it. When he reads, he sits on the table of the shebeen shop, while his auditors lounge (an Irish peasant seldom stands erect) or crouch around him; his legs dangle

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from the table, though, sometimes, animated by his energy, he makes them emulate the action of his arms; and what he reads now, having often read before, he interpolates with various passages of his own. After this, he declaims much too long upon subjects which are forbidden in my pages, and which I think it would be better were less thought of elsewhere. Such was Michael Gabbett—such was not Abel Connor; and when Anty O'Toole looked at the contrast, she vowed in her heart of hearts, that, if there was any chance of Abel's ever being such a man, why—she'd die before she'd marry.

This particular evening Michael was not very tipsy; he was only half so, and was sitting on the step of a style leading into the park. He had just put up a tattered newspaper, and commenced—"I'll tell ye what it is: there has been what is called a long minority on this estate, and there is a noble, a very great fortune intirely; but, ye see, the master and the mistress have been to furrin parts; and though they staid away a very little while, yet it's very sartin they are full of new improvements; there's a fine flash-my-eye school-house building. I—don't—like—that."

"Why don't you like it?" inquired the pretty Anty with dancing eyes; "why don't you like it, Michael?"

"I've my reasons, Miss Anty O'Toole; miss, I've my reasons; and, having my reasons, Miss Anty, I'm reasonable; and, being reasonable, Miss Anty, I don't feel bound to talk rason to a woman who's always unreasonable. That's logic; aint it, boys?"

"It's a sin you warn't a schoolmaster instead of a smith," said old Molly Mackay, for Michael had a great reputation amongst the old people for wisdom.

"It was indeed, Mrs Molly Mackay, ma'am, a grate pity and a sin. I never took right to the smithy."

"That's the reason ye're so seldom in it, I suppose, Mister Gabbett," said the saucy Anty.

The lazy smith rolled his lack-lustre eyes on the bright girl.

"Why do ye say that hard word, Miss Anty?"

"Because it's talked of through the country that you might have had a chance of the work of an iron gate for the mistress's school, if you could be depended on; but you couldn't."

"The country talks folly; I wouldn't do the gates. I'm a patriot and an honest man, and I've my reasons for—not—liking—the—school."

"And what's in the reasons you have, sir, if a poor uninstruited girl like myself might make bould to ask, Mr Gabbett? What's in them? Sure the children are to be educated, and have tickets given them, which, at the end of the quarter, if they are well conducted, will gain them clothes; and learning is a fine thing. Why, I am told that even if the boys have a talent for *mathematicks*, they are to be let learn them." And Anty looked round triumphantly.

"And who's Matthew Matticks, to set up for a teacher?" inquired Michael Gabbett contemptuously.

"It's not a man, but a—learning," answered Anty; "a learning of great advantage to such as can get round it. A thing to make people think; and, for any thing I know to the contrary, get them both to, and through, and out, of the College of Dublin."

"Oh, ye get grate larning, ov course, at the big houses, miss; but I wonder what Father Sinnott will say to it? Do you go to your duty, Miss Anastasia?"

"Thank ye for nothing, Misther Michael. Ye're not my father confessor, any way; and I hope I'm not content with only GOING to my duty; I try to do my duty. And as to Father Sinnott, he's as glad of the school as ourselves."

Michael Gabbett made a very peculiarly ugly face, accompanied by an expressive twist of his mouth, and a comical blink of his eye, which always assisted his eloquence, because every one laughed at it. But Anty did not laugh; she grew angry.

"Father Sinnott is glad of it," she said with dignity; "and if you don't believe me, here he comes himself: ask him."

As soon as the priest appeared, every one arose; Michael Gabbett even stood up; the little children needed no bidding, but curtsied to "his reverence," and drawing near their mothers, looked at him with silent respect.

That good old priest is now in his grave, and I am sorry for it; though I hear his successor is a kind man also. If so, Rathaspeck has been greatly favoured—a good priest and a good landlord; good clergymen, too; a good school, and all manner of good examples. No wonder the people prosper! But to return to that good old man and his flock. After the usual interchange of prayers and blessings, Anty, curtsying and blushing, approached the priest.

"Well, Miss Anastasia, and when am I to say the words for you, eh? But it's Abel that ought to make the bargain, Anty, not you. I wont bargain with you; you'd be trying to come over the priest with your bright eyes and sweet smiles to get a bargain, you deluder!" The assembly laughed, and exclamations of "Long life to him; what a hearty* man he is! God bless him; he's a fine gay† old gentleman!" were heard among the crowd.

"It isn't that, yer reverence, at all," blushed Anty still more deeply; "only, if you please, I said that your reverence would be glad of the school our landlady's building on a corner of the park, and Michael Gabbett said you would not."

"Without wanting to fight Abel Connor, on account of contradicting his sweetheart," answered the orator, "that's not thrue, yer reverence; I appeal to the people!"

"If you did not say it, Michael, you made an ugly face," said Anty, "and that was worse. You made a face at his reverence."

"Oh fie, Anty! Oh! oh! oh! Anty!" echoed around and about.

"Never mind," laughed the good-natured priest, taking a huge pinch of snuff, one half of which settled itself in the folds of his ample waistcoat; "I appeal to all here if my friend Michael could make an uglier face than the one he's forced to put up with working-day and Sunday."

"But the school, father, if you please, sir," persisted Anty, like a cat or a woman, sticking to her point.

"My good people, I'm sure the school, in the hands it's in, will be a blessing to the country. The gentry that's doing it are of a good old stock."

"I beg yer reverence's pardon, but an ould stock doesn't like grafting," said young Mackay, who was following, at a humble distance, in the steps of the public-house orator.

"Oh, then, look at his manners," exclaimed the ready Anty, "to interrupt a priest!"

"Where would he get manners," answered Father Sinnott, "or grace! I haven't seen him at my foot for many a day; and I'll tell you what, my nate boy, you'd be the better for grafting, that you would; only, Peter, I'm afraid what would be in the old stock would poison the graft." This raised a laugh at Mackay's expense, who shrunk behind the group; but Connor, who was exceedingly out of temper at something Anty had whispered him, exclaimed, "Aint we to complain at not being allowed to till the ground our own way! I do think it's cruel hard that we're obliged to pay for the land, and yet must farm it exactly in the way that the master or mistress pleases."

"And cows stall-fed, and supervisors appointed to see what we have, and do, in our own houses, reporting every thing at the castle!" exclaimed the orator.

"As to the land, Abel," answered Father Sinnott, "throw up the bit you have when you please; you knew the conditions when you took it, and there's scores will be glad to get it. I don't understand the house-feeding or the green crops, Michael, but you'll find them spoken of in Mister Martin Doyle's books; and as to the gentlemen employed by the mistress to look at the cabins, you know that where misery exists, it is relieved; and where industry and cleanliness are found, they are rewarded. I'm glad," added the priest laughing, "they have not visited me; no one would think there was a smith in the neighbourhood, and the priest's gate wanting a latch; no one would think, Abel Connor, there was a mason nearer than Wexford, and the step to the priest's door rooted into marbles by the pigs." After these, and a few more priestly admonishments, mingled with excellent advice, the venerable man intimated to his sleek fat mare that she was to proceed, which she did at a pace something between a shuffle and a walk.

Anty O'Toole knew that the priest's words would make their impression, and, wishing a kindly good evening to "the neighbours," she set out by a short cut across the park on her way home. Abel Connor had walked a little way down the road with young Mackay, and the first intimation he received of her flight was from seeing her crossing the hill in the distance with a swiftness which emulated that of the fawn. Abel sprang over the fence, and was soon out of hearing of the laughter of his companion. He did not overtake the runaway until she was by the bank of one of those enchanting streams where the water is so pure, the grass so soft and green, the trees so luxuriant, that it might be imagined the chosen spot for the fairies' revels that haunt the sylvan spring. It was bewildering in its extreme of loveliness; the most beautiful spot in this most beautiful park—the most beautiful at all events, but one, towards which Anty was hastening.

"Is it going up to the ould church of St Kevin you are, Anty? Well, it's I that am glad of it, for I'll be the longer in yer company. Oh, you will dear, to run me such a race!" said the hunting lover.

"I never asked you either to come or run," replied Anty; "and, indeed, maybe you had better not come, for you will hear what will not please you. God be good to us! but the ancient ruin does look beautiful! and the shine and glitter of the setting sun, how bright it is, coming through the trees upon the ivy and the grey ould stones, and turning it all into fairy gold and silver, just the way youth, and hope, and all that, shines every thing to their own colour for a while, until it turns! It is doing it now; you see the colour is fading while I speak; there—there—and now the ivy is green, and the stones are grey, and the brightness of the gold and silver is gone; and by and bye the moon will rise, and then that will be like the ease, and silence, and quiet of the sleeping graves."

"What's over ye, Anty?" exclaimed Connor, seizing her hand. "I never heard you talk this way before. Sure ye're not angry with me for the thrife of temper I showed above there. I did not mean it, only your people are all for improvements, and that like, and the Connors stick to the old ways."

"I'm not angry with you, Abel, but I'm sorry for you, that's all. I wonder a knowledgeable boy like you would set the back of yer hand* against improvements, and ye seeing the good of it. There isn't a thing the

master or mistress proposes, that has not been tried and known to prosper in their own place; but that you should turn against me with a set of such poor cray-thurs, ignorant both of the laws of God and man! Oh, Abel, I did not expect it from you, and you that know so much better!"

"Anty!"

"Now, don't talk so fast, Aby; you always have the talk to yourself; but it's no use now, none in the wide world. I've made up my mind—"

"Darlin', Anty—"

"It's no use, Abel; none in the world—I'll never be tied to a boy that won't be convinced; nor I wont be tied to a boy that consorts or *oomrades* with Michael Gabbett, or any of those lounging people that we left there below. Leave me now, for I'm going to say a prayer at my poor mother's grave, and tell her I haven't forgot the promise I made her."

"And what was that, Anty?"

"To see what a man was made of before I married him. And now, once for all, Abel, let every thing be over betwixt us, or make up yer mind to wait two years."

"What!"

"Two years, Abel—no less; by that time maybe I might have some chance of seeing what you are made of; by that time we shall know whether the changes are improving or not; they've been going on some time already; if we come together now, we'd do nothing but quarrel about them. Be easy, now; there's no use in running into contention or poverty. I'll see what you are by that time, any way, and you'll see what I am; and as to living with a man, and not agreeing with him, like Poll Shea and her husband, I'll never do it—so that's enough. Ye're free of yer promise from this moment; as to me, I never gave you one."

Abel stormed and prayed, and I suppose swore; but Anty was determined, and the lovers parted, not exactly understanding whether or not they were lovers any longer.

It was evident to all who wished the improvements in progress to prosper, that the peace, comfort, and prosperity of the neighbourhood, were greatly increased by the fact of Michael Gabbett's having been suffocated in a pool of stagnant water outside his own door. He had wound up an oration that very Sunday evening touching the advantages of old times and old customs, until, owing to the combined influences of strong whisky and weak reasoning, the company, at first admiring, became uproarious, then very tipsy, and, finally, so really intoxicated, that he, after blinking home in the moonlight that shone so peaceably on the ruined church, stumbled over some stones, and his face sank in the stagnant pool. It is worthy of record, as connected with this unfortunate man, that the last words he said when leaving his companions were, "I'll have my own way; I'll have no new improvements; I'll—never let—an improvement near me—or mine!" He had resisted all advice to remove the pool, that, like a treacherous and unworthy friend, destroyed him at the last. What rendered it still more remarkable was, that the typhus fever broke out amongst the poor parentless children of this bad man, and spread only in those cottages which had withstood all attempts at purification in the way of whitewashing and cleanliness. This was so practical an evidence of the effects of neglect and its consequent ruin, that the greatest murmurers were silenced; and the excellent agent, who had ever gone hand in hand with his excellent friends in improvement, seized upon every little occurrence to work out the great object of showing the peasants not only how they could be benefited, but how they could benefit themselves. Instead of shrinking from the "inspection" of the state of their cottages, and its subsequent report, when rewards of merit were bestowed by the hands of their "own" mistress, if the report was favourable, they learnt gradually, some of them so gradually that it would try the patience of a saint, but still they *did* learn to look forward to these rewards with pride and pleasure, and to feel the approbation of "the landlord at home" a reward of almost as much value as the "shining siller," or sometimes "gold," which they received. Mrs Mackay herself was heard to confess "that it was a fine thing to see her bits of grandsons getting genteel learning and purty bits of clothes now and again out of the school, and to have the master on the spot, without any pride in him, to ask a favour of, which was sure to be granted, God bless him! And the mistress, so active, and kind, and good, only mighty fond of having every thing done regular; but, somehow, when things war done as she ordered, they turned out best." This was a great deal from Mrs Mackay, who was a professed grumbler.

But still the way was by no means clear for our perseveringly domestic landlord. One morning the lady visited one of those pretty cottages, whose building she had herself planned, and whose flowers and culinary plants had been supplied from her own garden; the cottage consisted of four rooms,* two below and two above, the floor of the lower rooms composed of strong lime cement. Now, it had occurred to the sapient occupier of the cottage that he would rather thrash his corn in that room than in the shed; and as the ceiling interfered with the action of the flail, and Paddy could

* My friends have, however, found that the peasants are more comfortable in two-roomed cottages, with sheds, &c. at the back, than in four-roomed ones, which seem almost too much for them to attend to.

* Cheerful.

† Happy.

* Anglice—set your face against.

not conveniently remove it, why, according to ancient practice, he scratched a wise thought out of his "coolan," and dug a deep hole in the floor; and in this hole was he thrashing away right merrily to the tune of "the Rakes of Mallow," when his fair young landlady entered! This is only one of scores of similar little annoyances which landlords, bent on *home Irish improvements*, meet with—the Irish are so fond of making a thing serve any purpose but the one it was intended for; fond of giving their pigs, poultry, and cattle, abundance of air and exercise at their neighbour's expense; an almost unconquerable aversion to plant trees, though the landlord offers to register them in the planter's name, by which means they become his property. Fortunately for the Johnstown peasantry, their bad habits are firmly resisted, but resisted with the most inconceivably good temper, which certainly is as a halo round the inhabitants of that fine old castle: the reward to such benevolent hearts, even now, is great.

"We know," said an old farmer to me one day, "that it's for our good; for sure they're in it themselves, to see and understand the difference."

To return to Abel Connor: he declared loudly and strongly his determination not to be put upon by any woman; and for what?—just that he would not farm according to other people's fancies, and liked a bit of fun: that was the worst any one could say of him. And this was certainly true: he made love to half a dozen girls at least, and all at the same time. This was very shocking, at least so all the girls said, except the particular one to whom he chanced to be making love at the time when it was declared "shocking" by the others; but, somehow, though he talked every fine Sunday evening as much nonsense to the fair sex as an Irishman can talk, and that truly is a great deal, still he made no direct offer of his hand and heart to any. Anty continued to improve and earn money—earn money and improve; and many said they believed, after all, that Abel Connor would do more at the new farming than at his trade. Despite his gaiety and self-confidence, the death of the orator had made a great impression on him, although the mortification occasioned by Anty's conduct rendered him for a time susceptible of little else than what he called her injustice; but frequently the fact stared him in the face, that Michael Gabbett had scorned improvement, and lost his life in consequence of his attachment to the stagnant pool at his own door. Whenever he felt himself inclined to grumble at the new change, the vision of the suffocated whisky-shop orator would rise before him, and, somehow or other, he had so sobered down before the expiration of eighteen months, that he felt half inclined to forsake all others, and return to his first affection; but pride prevented him. Anty's good conduct had recommended her to the favour of the lady of the castle; and though he longed most ardently for one of the pretty new houses he was assisting in building, and had saved enough to stock and plough, being moreover convinced that plans which worked so well for others must work well for him, still he was obstinate.

Now, I confess that my friend Anty was to the full as obstinate as her old lover; and so they went on, she peeping at him through the pearl edge of her straw bonnet whenever she saw him at mass, and he peeping at her through the great trees of the park, or through the battlements of the new old castle that flank the beautiful lake; and there and every where did Abel wander to see if Anty "would speak first;" his heart, poor fellow, had returned to its first affection; it was asserted that he flirted less than any other young tradesman or farmer in the neighbourhood, and very likely that was true, for they flirt a great deal; but still, though the two years were expired within a day or two, the "first word" had not been spoken. Abel was hardly called upon to give up idle acquaintances, for the very idle were no longer tolerated by the peasants, who were now able to enjoy the sweets of industry, and certainly every thing that had been fairly tried had fairly succeeded.

It was again a fine sunny Sunday evening; and a young woman, after decking a grave in the old park churchyard with the sweet tribute of flowers, and having said the necessary number of prayers, was sitting upon the green mound, her head rested against the grey gravestone, and her tearful eyes were bent upon the simple inscription and rude cross engraved thereon.

"I have tried him, that is, he has tried me, mother dear," she said, holding that soothing though imaginary converse with the dead, which is so sweet a consolation to the living. "I have tried to see what he was made of, and sure he's mighty like the rest of the boys, only may be better, and turned to your heart's content to the improvements; and sure I thought the heart would burst in my bosom when my mistress asked me only on Thursday last if I had any thoughts of marrying; for if I had, there was a new house ready for me."

"And what did you answer, Anty?" inquired a voice seldom heard, but well remembered.

Abel and Anty did not separate that night in anger; they knelt together, and exchanged promises, and walked lovingly by the mill-pond stream towards the domain.

"I'd rather," said the lover, as, after much explanation and love-talk, they paused to look at the noble pile to which wings and towers in admirable taste have been added; "I'd rather that castle was on the top of the Mountain of Forth, as an example to the country, than sink down in a valley."

"Sure it is as well where it is; has as fine a moral influence—the people, I mean, that's in it," answered Anty, who, with all her goodness, if she had been "a lady," was fond enough of hard words to merit the distinction of a "blue stocking."

"MORAL INFLUENCE!" repeated Abel; "I dare say that's the right sort of thing; but I'd have the advantage of every sort of influence given to such people. The castle, I tell you, should be on the top of the mountain in its glory."

"The glory of their good deeds will go higher than that," said Anty.

"I know—to heaven!" replied the young man.

"But, for all that, I'd have him a lord on earth."

"They'll be saints in heaven," said the girl.

"I tell you, Anty, *avoureen*, I know nothing can make them holier nor happier, barring it was seeing the whole country as prosperous as their own estates; but for the sake of the example, you know—the example, don't you see?"

"The example—that converted you; it wasn't love of me you know, Aby—there's Judy —"

"Now hush, Anty! By the powers, I'll go to the priest to-night to get the blessed words said at once; I've passed my vocation, and —"

"You ought to go the first six months over again; you behaved badly at first, Abel."

"Ah, whisht, *cora machree*! sure I knew the obstinacy was in you, and that you would not give in. Now, Anty, I see the good of every thing you used to say; and if you'll only, in a humble way, take pattern of the mistress —"

"Oh, Abel! but I'll try, in a humble way, as the wren said, when she tried to fly after the eagle, if you will take pattern by the 'Landlord at Home.'"

Note.

It has been often and truly said, that the best feelings are the most difficult to express, and I believe I must confess myself more at home with fiction than with facts: perhaps this is the reason why these stories have cost me more time and more anxiety than all my others put together. The cause has kept my heart beating as long as the pen was in my hand. In this story I have failed the most; failed to express the deep and earnest sense I entertain of my friends' virtues—failed to depict their usefulness—failed to do justice to their *practical patriotism*. I would, with Abel, that they enjoyed all earthly distinction, not because it would gratify them—they are above such wants and wishes—but because of the example which, the more it is known, the more it will be imitated. In the story I refrained from mentioning their name, lest I should wound that sensitive delicacy which confines them almost too closely within their own domain; but I saw only this morning that other travellers have named Mr and Mrs Grogan Morgan as examples of all that could be desired in *landlords at home*. I have often looked on the grim old portrait of one of their ancestors, and could almost fancy the stern features smiled in approbation of their good deeds. Hamilton Knox Grogan Morgan is a lineal descendant of the great Scottish Reformer.

A. M. H.

MR. A. FORBES'S NEW WORK ON THE CALIFORNIAS.

At a time when all the more recently discovered portions of the globe are attracting the deepest attention in Britain and other countries of the Old World which require free outlets for their redundant population, the Californias, or California, an extensive region on the Pacific shores of North America, appears not undeserving of a share of notice from the patrons of emigration and enterprise. The Californias, as the country is usually termed, from its internal division into Upper and Lower California, have hitherto been but imperfectly known in Britain, but ample information on the subject has recently been supplied by a work from the pen of Alexander Forbes, Esq., a gentleman who has obviously enjoyed the most liberal opportunities of acquiring a knowledge of the matters of which he treats.* Being still abroad, or having been so recently at least, the author has had the assistance of his brother, Dr John Forbes, in putting the work into a fitting shape for publication, and to the same editor's care the volume is indebted for some additions that increase its value and completeness.

The name of California was originally given to a tract of country extremely well marked in its boundaries by nature. It consisted of a long, narrow, peninsular neck of land, running parallel with the North American mainland, and separated from it by a narrow gulf, which received the name of the Gulf of California. At the top or northern extremity of the gulf, the neck of land is united to the continent. When an additional tract of country came to be included under the same general name, the title of Old or Lower California was given to the territory described. New or Upper California is continuous with, and stretches northwards from, the Lower country, to which it bears

precisely the same relation, in point of position, that the wide part of a funnel does to the narrow neck or pipe; that is to say, from the point where the peninsula joins the mainland, the Californias extend their bounds, and embrace a large part of the coast and continent. The whole of the Californias, thus shaped, lie between 23 and 32 degrees of north latitude. The Pacific Ocean is the boundary of the whole on the west, the Gulf of California and the Mexican or Indian territory on the east, and on the north the natives or Indians occupy the boundary lands.

Mr Forbes devotes much, perhaps too much, of his work to an account of the discovery, early history, and colonisation of these countries. It is sufficient here to say, that a squadron sent out by Cortes in 1534, discovered Lower California, and that about thirty years afterwards the coast of Upper California was explored also by the Spaniards. The two regions became nominally provinces of Mexico, and numerous expeditions were fitted out by the Mexicans to colonise Lower California, and to procure from it some of the gold and pearls in which its coasts were believed to abound. But all these expeditions failed in their object; not through the opposition of the natives, but through the insuperable barrenness of the country, which would not sustain settlers, at least at the outset. It was only in the beginning of the eighteenth century that the peninsula was really colonised, and on that occasion the feat was accomplished by a body of Jesuit friars, who established various missions in the country, converted and baptised the natives, got the whole of the lands under their management, and became rulers of all, secularly as well as religiously. The Jesuits were expelled in 1767, but other friars succeeded them, and the system they established remains in full force up to this hour. In like manner, so late as the year 1768, Upper California was colonised by missionary priests, and the same system established there.

So much for the general history of the Californias, and for the circumstances which have made them what they are. Mr Forbes gives but a limited space in his pages to Lower California, admitting it to be a land afflicted with "indomitable barrenness," and to have scarcely a redeeming point about it but its pearl fisheries. Even these fisheries, when the experiment was tried under the very ablest management, and with the advantage of a diving-bell and apparatus of the most perfect kind, proved aught but a profitable concern to the London Company which in 1825 laid out large sums on an attempt to fish the gulf. Upper California, however, is a country of a totally different natural character. It is much larger than Old California, "presenting a superficies equal to many of the most extensive and powerful kingdoms of Europe. That part of it which is at present occupied by the missions and settlers, is about five hundred miles in length, and the breadth from the sea to the first range of hills may be stated at an average of forty miles, which will give an area of twenty thousand square miles, and about thirteen millions of English statute acres." The surface of the country is very generally diversified by hill and plain, covered in parts by fine old forest oaks and other kinds of woods, and the soil is in some places of a light sandy character, yet far from sterile; in others, of the richest loam. All travellers in this country have been struck with its fertility and beauty, but especially with its fertility. Vancouver was alike struck with the quality, quantity, and variety of its vegetable productions, including "apples, pears, plums, figs, oranges, grapes, peaches, and pomegranates, together with the plantain, banana, cocoa-nut, sugar-cane, indigo, and a great variety of the necessary and useful kitchen herbs, plants, and roots." In addition to these valuable recommendations, Upper California, having its situation between the tropical and northern zones, possesses one of those temperatures removed from extremes, such as mankind have always found most suitable and agreeable. Streams and springs are not sufficiently abundant, but, by digging, water can be got in most places. The farther from the Pacific, the finer the land and its capabilities are said to become.

This rich country, capable (among other advantages) of becoming, Mr Forbes thinks, one of the most productive of wine-countries, is at present inhabited, at least towards the coast, by missionaries, by a scanty Creele or Spanish population, and by converted Indians (mixed and unmixed), to the very small number, in all, of 23,000 persons. Of these, the proportion of the Indian population amounts to above 18,600. The whole population are in a measure dependent upon,

* California: a History of Upper and Lower California, &c. By Alexander Forbes, Esq. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

and reside in and around, the mission-stations, with the exception, only, of those dwelling at three towns or villages, which exist independently of the missions, and which owe their origin to old soldiers retired from service with grants of land. Besides these free towns, there are four forts or *Presidios*, placed along the coast, and dividing the country ostensibly into so many military districts, though the force at these forts has ever been contemptible, and though all the use the soldiers ever were put to, was to pursue and to bring back to the missions such of the Indians as chose to run away after conversion. The missions, and the missions alone, have all the good and evil of this country at their door, to use a familiar expression. They are now twenty-one in number (says Mr Forbes, whose statements we are at present following, though our space, unfortunately, will not permit of the use of his own words), and about 19,000 of the whole population are connected with them. These missions being all on the same plan, a description of one of them will give a complete idea of the whole social economy of California.

The average number of residents at each mission amounts to about 900 persons, consisting of a few Franciscan friars, several Creole families, and Indians. Sometimes the houses of the missions are in regular rows, and built of brick, but, generally, the majority of the population, or Indians, live in rude huts of their own making, constructed of rough poles, set up in a conical form, and covered with dry grass. To each mission, a tract of land, of about fifteen miles square, is attached for the purposes of husbandry, and there are granaries and store-houses at the mission for the reception of the produce. "The church (says Mr Forbes) is of course the main object of attraction at all the missions, and is often gaudily decorated. In some of the missions where there is good building-stone in the vicinity, the external appearance of the sacred building is not unseemly: in other missions the exterior is very rude. In all of them the interior is richer than the outside promises." The character of the race for whose ostensible benefit these missions were established, has not yet been adverted to, but a few words may fill up the deficiency. The Californian Indians have ever shown themselves to be a weak race, physically as well as mentally, low in the scale of being and civilisation, unconquerably slothful and filthy, and, in short, a people as different from the Red men of the opposite coast, as one race can be from another. Captain Beechey thus describes the first instruction of a band of natives by a blind Indian, chosen for the task. The tutor made his blanketed pupils kneel, and told them to repeat each word he said. "The speaker then began: 'Santissima Trinidad, Dios, Jesu Christo, Espiritu Santo'—pausing between each name, to listen if the simple Indians, who had never spoken a Spanish word before, pronounced it correctly, or any thing near the mark. When they had repeated these names satisfactorily, their blind tutor, after a pause, added 'Santos'—and recapitulated the names of a great many saints, which finished the morning's tuition."

To the end, these poor beings may be said to know nothing more of their new faith than a few names and forms, and even these are with them things of rote. As for any change in their moral nature, that is out of the question. But, once baptised, they have an undefined impression that a spell has been laid upon them, and that it would be fatal to retract or fly; and, moreover, to speak the truth, the life which they lead at the missions suits their lazy habits but too well. The course of life at the missions is thus described. "The Indians, as well as the missionaries, rise with the sun and go to mass. While this is in progress, the breakfast is prepared, the favourite *atole* or pottage, which consists of barley-flour, the grain being roasted previously to grinding. It is cooked in large kettles, and every cottage sends for the allowance for all its inmates, which is carried home in one of the bark baskets. Any overplus that remains is distributed among the children, as a reward for good behaviour, particularly for good lessons in the catechism [in which all education lies, or nearly so]. After breakfast, which lasts about three-quarters of an hour, they proceed to their labours, either out of doors or within. At noon the dinner is announced by a bell, and the Indians, quitting their work, go and receive their rations as at breakfast-time. The mess now served is somewhat of the same kind as the former, only varied by the addition of maize, peas, and beans; it is named *pozzioli*. After dinner they return to their work, from two to four or five; afterwards they attend evening mass, which lasts nearly an hour, and the day is finished by another supply of *atole*, as at breakfast." Agricultural labours, in-doors and out-of-doors, wool-combing, manufacturing a coarse clothing for the Indians, carpentry-work, and other employments in rude forms, are those which occupy the natives. "All the girls and widows are kept in separate houses during the day while at work, being only permitted to go out occasionally, like boys at school. The unmarried of both sexes, *adults* as well as children, are carefully *locked up* at night in separate houses, the keys being left in the keeping of the Fathers; and when any breach of this rule is detected, the culprits of both sexes are severely punished by whipping, the men in public, the women privately."

Alluding to these restraints, and to the severe penalties attending any attempt to escape, Mr Forbes says, "it is obvious from all this, that these poor people are in fact slaves under another name," and

that "the mission system tends most powerfully to keep up and to aggravate the natural defects in their character, and to frustrate all prospect of true civilisation, and all rational improvement." Mr Forbes's further observations on this subject, at the close of his chapter on Missionary Establishments, are convincing, and well worthy of an attentive perusal.

Hides and tallow are the principal articles of export, though the country might richly supply a thousand others. But the system of pasturage is one productive of the least possible toil to man, and of course it is here the favourite system. Much might be made, nevertheless, out of a trade even in the two articles mentioned, as, in 1831, Upper California contained, exclusive of animals running wild, 216,727 black cattle, 32,201 horses, 153,455 sheep, with inferior quantities of goats, mules, asses, and swine. Wheat, also, of which the country produced 7557½ quarters in the same year, is also, to a very small extent, an article of export. Barley, maize, beans, and peas, are also cultivated over the land. Such are the sources of income in Upper California, but how miserably limited and scanty these are, according to our author's clear statements, in comparison of the sources that might be drawn upon! Wine, brandy, olives, hemp, flax, with a numerous train of valuable vegetables which have been proved to be most congenial to the soil, and all the manufactures for which the herds of domestic cattle present the material, might be forthcoming at the will of man. Nature has done her part, and man's care and skill are alone wanting. And how lamentably these are wanting in the present state of things, may be still more forcibly shown by a single anecdote. *Sea-otters*, creatures with most valuable skins, abound on the coasts, and in the rivers of Upper California, and at one time the Indians, when unmissionised, hunted these creatures actively. Even in the time of Perouse, ten thousand skins were got in a year at one port, Monterey. But growing indolence had in 1824 reduced the whole national produce in this article to two thousand skins, and Captain Beechey relates that, at the same period, when he visited the country, "the inhabitants were actually buying other skins of the Russians at twenty dollars a-piece, while the animals were swimming about unmolested in their own harbours!" Beavers, also, are numerous in California, and might be the source of much revenue. The interior lands contain, also, many wild animals, among which the lion, tiger, and bear, are the most formidable, though they do not seem to be so numerous as to molest the wild Indian tribes. Buffaloes, stags, roes, foxes, hares, rabbits, wild-cats, &c., are likewise found. The coasts and rivers swarm with varieties of fish.

We have been thus particular in describing this country and its capabilities, for various reasons. The simple communication of novel information, a motive always in operation with us, and which Mr Forbes's book has fortunately turned up to gratify, is one reason; but a more particular one rests on the fact, that "there have been some thoughts of proposing to the Mexican government that it should endeavour to cancel its debt to England—which now exceeds fifty millions of dollars—by transferring California to the creditors." It is true, that, in 1836, the inhabitants of Upper California rose in arms, put down the Mexican soldiery in the presidios or forts, and declared the country independent. Mexico stormed and threatened great things, but the matter ended in smoke, and California has ever since gone on as it pleased. In reality, it cannot be said to have a government at all, and, from the mission system, where each village is an independent place, it does as well without as with one. But, in spite of this seeming emancipation, the transfer by Mexico to such a power as Britain would be alike unopposed and unopposable, unless some point of etiquette with regard to Old Spain stood in the way. Such a transfer, however, at this time of day, is not likely to take place after all, although hard cash might be considered by all men a fair enough equivalent, and although nothing but good would probably follow to the Californians. But Russia, which has a settlement (Bodega) in dangerous proximity to California, and the United States, whose mighty tide of population is perpetually rolling inward and southward, may not be so scrupulous, and may take the land without any trouble about transfers. These are Mr Forbes's sentiments, and he seems to think that such a sovereignty as that of the East India Company in Hindostan, might be established in California with the highest prospect of good to all parties. Were this to take place, the country would indeed become an object of deep interest to Britain and its shifting population. But there are circumstances, independently of this purchase, and the considerations attached to it, which render California worthy of serious attention at the present time. If the proposed railroad be carried across the Isthmus of Panama, and steam navigation be established on the Pacific coasts of the Americas, California will come in for its share in the new commercial enterprises that must result therefrom, and British mercantile settlements may dispel the deep lethargy in which it at present rests. Fortunately, there are good harbours on the Californian coasts, and Captain John Hall describes that of San Francisco, in particular, as being "one of the best and most interesting in the world, from its security and magnificence." Those of San Pedro, Santa Barbara, San Juan, and San Diego, are also good.

Such are the natural characteristics, and such the

natural capabilities, of a country which circumstances may yet make of importance to British commerce and enterprise. We gladly recommend the work of Mr Forbes to our readers, as presenting a most complete view of the subject under the author's consideration. Nor would it be just to omit notice of the Appendix, where the editor has introduced some interesting papers regarding the Californian harbours and steam navigation in the Pacific.

OCCASIONAL NOTES. NEWSPAPERS.

In every newspaper, weekly, daily, or of whatever period, there are two or three columns at the end, devoted to matters so completely destitute of general interest, that many persons, we seriously believe, who have been in the way of reading the news all their days, never once looked attentively at a single line of that portion of any one sheet that ever came into their hands. If any gentleman, struck by a momentary feeling of curiosity, were to cast his eyes to this quarter of any particular print which he might chance to be reading, just to learn what kind of stuff it is, in such small type and of such intensely arithmetical aspect, which is always put into these last columns, and which he has so long contrived to avoid even glancing at, he would discover that the matter in question consists of a great variety of short and crabbed allusions to vessels seen in the Cattegat—to the prices of barley and beans—to the briskness of cotton and the flatness of flax—to the deadness of heifers in Smithfield, and the vivacity of pearl-shells at Quebec—and to many other things expressed in a most mysterious way, as "Riga P.T.R. 45.10.46.0," and "Lard. firk. 62.0. a.66.0." There are people writing in a most decisive way from Archangel about tallow, and gentlemen of Jamaica as much as saying that it is all up with sugar for the ensuing season, not only in that island, but also in Trinidad. Of course there must be parties, such as merchants and farmers, to whom these matters are interesting; but the number of such persons must be small. To the great bulk of the public, who purchase or look into newspapers solely for general information, the intrusion of such special kinds of intelligence, designed only for some one-hundredth part of the community, is a piece of impertinence. It is making the mass pay for what only the few want, and taking up room which might be filled with much greater satisfaction to the many. Let the people, we say, who wish to know about the state of markets and the sailing of vessels, have their own papers filled with those matters alone; but do not let every body's newspaper be crowded with what only one or two in a thousand care for. All that families, and the public at large, wish for in the form of prices current, are the weekly charges for bread, flour, coal, butcher meat, &c., by retail; because these they can understand and apply to their own particular cases; yet, strange to say, these they rarely obtain on a methodic comprehensive plan in the newspapers.

The heaviest item, however, of cumbersome matter in most newspapers, is the advertisements. It is not unusual to find two out of four pages of a newspaper filled with advertisements, one-third of which consists of announcements of quack medicines. Striking off, therefore, two pages for advertisements, and half a page for market tables, we have only a page and a half of readable matter, and sometimes the quantity is much less. Now, we take leave to say that this is too bad. Advertisements are very well in their way, and often serve a useful purpose, but the cost of their circulation ought in fairness to be borne by those who seek to profit by them, not by those who buy papers for the sake of general intelligence. Newspaper proprietors seem to be of a different opinion; at least they always seem more anxious to make their papers pay by means of an increase of advertisements, than by an extended circulation through literary merits. We should like to see a newspaper attempt to support itself solely by that for which it is bought by its customers, namely, general public intelligence. Such a paper, if started in a proper field of publication, and otherwise well conducted, could scarcely, we think, fail to secure a large share of success.

It is unnecessary to point out the impropriety of admitting quack-medicine advertisements on any terms into the columns of a newspaper, for on that point the public are long ago agreed, and the continuance of the practice (let it be abolished by general consent) reflects extremely little credit on the taste or moral feelings of the publishers. Scarcely less objectionable is the too frequent practice of admitting paid puffs of articles of merchandise. As regards puffs of books—generally

trashy novels—this practice has become a vile blot on the face of some of our otherwise most respectable newspapers, and for the sake of common honesty should be relinquished. Being calculated to mislead—indeed the design is to deceive—it is paltry in the extreme, and admits of no species of excuse.

In North America, where the press is less hampered by fiscal regulations, and where there is a more venturesome originality than with us, there are many newspapers and periodicals devoted to distinct sections or orders of persons, and also to the discussion of particular questions. Thus, there are papers for clergymen, papers for schoolmasters, papers for men of science, papers for merchants, papers for lawyers, papers for agriculturists, &c., together with hosts of papers of a miscellaneous character. Latterly, we have seen symptoms of this kind of division of labour in the English metropolitan press, which now affords distinct newspapers on military and naval subjects (*Naval & Military Gazette*), on gardening, on farming, on railroads, and some other topics. This is a signal improvement in the ordinary mode of conducting newspapers, to which it is gratifying to advert. But the field is large, and much remains to be done. If publishers, instead of wasting their energies in imitations, would cast about in their minds, they might with little difficulty perceive that there are important sections of people, and also particular professions, who have as yet no regular channels of peculiar intelligence, and have to depend entirely upon chance for information deeply affecting their interests. Perhaps these rough hints may be of use in stirring the inventive faculties of our friends in the publishing world.

GOLFING—THE COCK OF THE GREEN.

AMONGST the grotesque portraits engraved by John Kay of Edinburgh, there was one entitled "The Cock o' the Green," representing an old man, whose real name was Alexander McKellar, engaged in playing at golf on Burntsfield Links, in the neighbourhood of the Scottish capital. In the curious and amusing work in which Kay's engravings have been republished with illustrative letter-press,* we find a learned and at the same time droll account of the game of Golf, introductory to an equally whimsical notice of the said Alexander McKellar. The article is here, with the obliging concurrence of the publisher, presented in a somewhat abridged form:—

The game of golf (*Scottice, goff*), is a pastime,† although not entirely unknown in England, more peculiar to Scotland, and has long been a favourite with the citizens of Edinburgh. In the Teutonic, or German, *kolbe* signifies a club; and, in Holland, the same word, pronounced *kolf*, describes a game—of which the Dutch are very fond—in some respects akin to the Scottish pastime of golf.

At what period this amusement came to be practised in Scotland, is not precisely known; but from the circumstance of *foot-ball* being prohibited by a statute in 1424, in which no mention is made of *golf*, while it is specially noticed in a later enactment, 1457, the presumption is, that the game was unknown at the former period, and, consequently, that its introduction must have been about the middle of the fifteenth century.

Early in the reign of James VI. the business of club-making had become one of some importance. By "ane letter" of his majesty, dated Holyrood House, 4th April 1603, "William Mayne, bower, burgess of Edinburgh," is made and constituted, "during all the days of his lyf-time, master fledger, bower, club-maker, and speir-maker, to his Hieness, alsweill for game as for air," and in 1618 the game of golf appears to have been so generally in practice, that the manufacturing of balls was deemed worthy of special protection.

From this period the game of golf took firm hold as one of the national pastimes, practised by all ranks of the people, and occasionally countenanced by royalty itself. "Even kings themselves," says a writer in the *Scots Magazine* for 1792, "did not decline the princely sport; and it will not be displeasing to the Society of Edinburgh Golfers to be informed that the two last crowned heads that ever visited this country, used to practise the golf in the Links of Leith, now occupied by the society for the same purpose.

"King Charles I. was extremely fond of this exercise; and it is said that when he was engaged in a party at golf on the Links of Leith, a letter was delivered into his hands, which gave him the first account of the insurrection and rebellion in Ireland; on reading which, he suddenly called for his coach, and leaning on one of his attendants, and in great agitation, drove to the Palace of Holyrood House, from whence next day he set out for London."

"The Duke of York, afterwards James II., was not less attached to this elegant diversion. In the years 1681 and 1682, being then Commissioner from the King to Parliament, while the duke resided at Edinburgh, with his duchess, and his daughter the Princess Anne (afterwards queen), a splendid court was kept at the

Palace of Holyrood House, to which the principal nobility and gentry resorted. The duke, though a bigot in his principles, was no cynic in his manners and pleasures. At that time he seemed to have studied to make himself popular among all ranks of men. Balls, plays, masquerades, &c., were introduced for the entertainment of both sexes; and tea, for the first time heard of in Scotland, was given as a treat by the princesses to the Scottish ladies who visited at the Abbey. The duke, however, did not confine himself merely to diversions within doors. He was frequently seen in a party at golf on the Links of Leith, with some of the nobility and gentry. "I remember," says Mr Tytler of Woodhouselee, "in my youth to have often conversed with an old man, named Andrew Dickson, a golf club-maker, who said that, when a boy, he used to carry the duke's golf-clubs, and to run before him and announce where the balls fell." Dickson was then performing the duty of what is now commonly called a *fore-caddie*."

At this time Burntsfield Links, now a much frequented field, does not seem to have been used for golfing. It formed part of the Burrowmuir, and perhaps had not been cleared. The usual places of recreation were Leith and Musselburgh Links—the former more especially of the Edinburgh golfers. In a poem entitled "The Goff" (by Thomas Mathison, at one period a writer in Edinburgh, but subsequently minister of Brechin), first published in 1743, and again by Mr Peter Hill in 1793, the locality is thus alluded to:—

North from Edina, eight furlongs and more,
Lies that famed field on Forth's sounding shore;
Here Caledonian chiefs for health resort—
Confirm their sinews by the manly sport.

The author then goes on, in a lively strain, to describe some of the "chiefs"—the "cocks o' the green" at that period:—

Macdonald and unmatched Dalrymple ply
Their ponderous weapons, and the green defy:
Rattray for skill, and Corse for strength renowned,
Stewart and Lesly beat the sandy ground;
And Brown and Alston, chiefs well known in fame,
And numbers more the muse forbears to name.
Gigantic Biggar here full oft is seen,
Like huge Behemoth on an Indian green;
His bulk enormous scarce can 'scape the eyes;
Amazed spectators wonder how he plies.
Yea, here great Forbes,* patron of the just—
The dread of villains, and the good man's trust;
When spent with toils in serving human kind,
His body recreates and unbends his mind.

The oldest golfing associations, or clubs, are the "Edinburgh Burgess" and "Burntsfield Links" Golfing Societies, instituted in 1735. The "Edinburgh Company of Golfers," under the patronage of the city, originated in 1744. An act was passed by the Town Council, on the 7th of March, "appointing their treasurer to cause make a silver club, of L.15 value, to be played for on the Links of Leith, the first Monday of April annually. Except in the years 1746 and 1747, the club was regularly played for; and as a further encouragement, the society themselves gave two annual prizes—the one, a silver cup, value ten guineas, on which were engraved the winner's name and coat-of-arms, with a suitable inscription. The other prize was a gold medal, given to the best player at golf, and worn on the breast of the conqueror for a year, and as many years after as he might be able to maintain his superiority.

In 1768, about twenty-two members of the society having subscribed L.30 each, they built what is called the "Goff-House," at the south-west corner of Leith Links, wherein the company might hold their meetings, social as well as connected with business. The company not being a corporate body, this property, feued from the city of Edinburgh, was "vested in Mr St Clair of Roslin, Mr Keith of Ravelston, and Mr W. Hogg, junior, banker, for behoof of the whole subscribers."

In 1800, the "Honourable Company of Golfers" was incorporated by a charter from the magistrates; and for more than twenty years afterwards, the meetings of the club—which could boast of the most illustrious Scotsmen of the day amongst its members—continued to be regularly held at Leith. Latterly, some alterations having been made on the Links, and the play-ground ceasing to be attractive, the stated meetings of the club were given up about seven years ago; and it was ultimately deemed advisable, or rather became necessary, from the state of the funds, to dispose of the Goff-House and furniture. This was accordingly done; and it is much to be regretted that various pictures of old members, and other articles, connected, it may be said, with the history of the club, were not reserved. These were sold for trifling sums, and, in many instances, to parties unconnected with the society, from whom they cannot now be repurchased. About three years ago, however, through the activity of some of the old members, the stated meetings were revived on Musselburgh Links; and a great accession of young members having taken place, the Edinburgh Golfing Company is once more in a flourishing condition.

The Links, or Commons, being free to all, there are innumerable players unconnected with any of the golfing societies, and many who resort to Burntsfield Links occasionally for amusement and exercise, are accom-

modated with the loan of clubs by the maker, for a trifling remuneration.

The handle of the bat or club is straight, generally about four feet and a half in length, and usually made of ash, or hickory, which is allowed to be better. The curvature, made of thorn, is affixed to the bottom, faced with horn, and backed with lead:—

Forth rush'd Castalia, and his daring foe,
Both arm'd with clubs, and eager for the blow.
Of finest ash Castalia's shaft was made;
Pond'rous with lead, and fac'd with horn the head;
The work of Dickson, who in Letha dwells,
And in the art of making clubs excels.

The ball is a little one, but exceedingly hard, being made of leather, and stuffed with feathers. There are generally two players, who have each of them his club and ball.* The game consists in driving the ball into certain holes made in the ground, and he who achieves this in the fewest strokes, obtains the victory. The golf lengths, or the spaces between the first and last holes, are sometimes extended—where the ground will permit, such as at St Andrew's—to the distance of two or three miles; the number of intervening holes appears to be optional, but the balls must be struck into the holes, and not beyond them: when four persons play, two of them are sometimes partners, and have but one ball, which they strike alternately.

It is no unusual thing for a player to have along with him eight or ten clubs, of different forms, adapted for striking the ball in whatever position it may be placed.† These are usually carried by a boy denominated a *caddie*; and the players are generally preceded by a runner, or *fore-caddie*, to observe the ball, so that no time may be lost in discovering it. Bets of a novel nature, which set the ordinary routine of the game entirely aside, are occasionally undertaken by the more athletic. An amusing and difficult feat, sometimes attempted from Burntsfield Links, is that of driving the ball to the top of Arthur's Seat! In this fatiguing undertaking, being a species of steeple chase, over hedges and ditches, the parties are usually followed by bottle-holders and other attendants, denoting the excessive exertion required.

When confined to its proper limits, the game of golf is one of moderate exercise, and excellently calculated for healthful recreation. In the west of Scotland it is comparatively unknown. One cause for this may be the want of commons, or links, sufficiently large for the pastime to be pursued to advantage. In Glasgow, a golf club was formed some time ago; but we understand the members were under the necessity of breaking up, in consequence of having been prohibited the use of the green, part of which is preserved with great care for the purposes of bleaching. In Stirling two or three golfers may occasionally be seen playing in the King's Park, but the game has evidently ceased to be popular there. An attempt was recently, very injudiciously, made to stop the players by the tacksman, but ineffectually. About Edinburgh, Musselburgh, Perth, St Andrew's, and other districts, where no restraints exist, golf maintains a decided superiority, and seems at the present time to be followed with new spirit. Indeed, the game was never more popular. In addition to the old clubs in the districts already mentioned, another has been recently established at New Berwick, the meetings of which are numerous attended. St Andrew's, however, has been denominated the *Doncaster* of golfing. A great many of the nobility and gentry of the neighbouring counties are members of the club, which bears the name of the tutelary saint, and the autumn meeting may be said to continue for a week, during which the crack players from all quarters of the country have an opportunity of pitting their strength and skill against each other. On these occasions, the Links, crowded with players and spectators, present a gay and animated scene. Two medals are played for—the one belonging to the club, and the other a recent gift of King William IV., which was competed for at last meeting (1837) for the first time, and attracted a very great assemblage of the best golfers. At the ordinaries in the evening, the parties "fight their battles o'er again," and new matches are entered into. The day on which the king's medal was played for, terminated with a ball, given by the club, which was numerous and fashionably attended. In London, a society of golfers still exists, principally composed, we believe, of Scotsmen, called the "Blackheath Golf Club," which was established prior to the year 1745.

ALEXANDER M'KELLAR, the "Cock o' the Green"—whom the print represents as about to strike the ball—was probably one of the most enthusiastic golf-players that ever handled a club. When the weather would at all permit, he generally spent the whole day on Burntsfield Links, and he was frequently to be found engaged at the "short-holes" by lamp-light. Even in winter, if the snow was sufficiently frozen, he might be seen enjoying his favourite exercise alone, or with any one he could persuade to join him in the pastime.‡ M'Kellar thus became well known in the neighbourhood of the green, and his almost insane devotion to golf was a matter of much amusement to his acquaintances. So

* It is almost indispensable for a player to have at least two clubs, a long one for driving, and a short one for putting near the hole; and on Links such as St Andrew's, where there are many sand-holes, or bunkers, as they are termed, a club with an iron head (differing in form from the heads of the wooden clubs) is required. Of these iron clubs there are various kinds, adapted to the different situations of the green.

† By the rules of the game (with certain exceptions) the ball must be struck where it lies.

‡ When snow happens to be on the ground, a red ball is used.

* Two volumes, quarto. Henry Paton, Edinburgh, 1838.

† A description of the implements—club and ball—used in golf, will be found in the middle of the article.—*Ed. C. E. J.*

* Duncan Forbes, Esq., Lord President of the Court of Session. It is reported of this great man that he was so fond of golf as to play on the sands of Leith when the Links were covered with snow.

thoroughly did he enter into the spirit of the game, that every other consideration seemed obliterated for the time. When victory chanced to crown his exertions, he used to give way to his joy for a second or two by dancing round the golf hole. M'Kellar, however, was not a member of any of the clubs; and, notwithstanding his incessant practice, he was by no means considered a dexterous player. This is accounted for by the circumstance of his having been far advanced in years before he had an opportunity of gaining a knowledge of the game. The greater part of his life had been passed as a butler, but in what family is unknown, nor indeed does it matter much. He had contrived to save a little money; and his wife, on their coming to Edinburgh, opened a small tavern in the New Town. M'Kellar had thus ample leisure for the indulgence of his fancy, without greatly abridging his income, and golf may be said to have virtually become his occupation; yet no perseverance could entirely compensate for the want of practice in his younger years.

His all-absorbing predilection for golf was a source of much vexation to his partner in life, on whom devolved the whole duty of attending to the affairs of the tavern. It was not because she regretted his want of attention to business, for probably he would have been allowed to appropriate a very small portion of authority in matters which she could attend to much better herself, but she felt scandalised at the notoriety he had acquired, and was not altogether satisfied with the occasional outlay to which he was subjected, though he never speculated to any great amount.

No sooner was breakfast over than M'Kellar daily set off to the green, and ten to one he did not find his way home until dusk; and not even then, if the sport chanced to be good. As a practical jest on the folly of his procedure, it occurred to his "better half" that she would one day put him to the blush, by carrying his dinner, along with his nightcap, to the Links. At the moment of her arrival, M'Kellar happened to be hotly engaged; and, apparently, without feeling the weight of the satire, he good-naturedly observed, that she might wait, if she chose, till the game was decided, for at present he had no time for dinner!

So provoked at length was the good dame, that she abhorred the very name of golf, as well as all who practised it; and to her customers, if they were her husband's associates on the green, even a regard for her own interest could scarcely induce her to extend to them the common civilities of the tavern.

What betwixt respect for his wife, and his fondness of golf, M'Kellar must have been placed in a rather delicate situation; but great as the struggle might be, all opposition was eventually overcome, and he determined to enjoy his game, and be happy in spite of frowns, lectures, or entreaties. One thing alone annoyed him, and that was the little countenance he was enabled to give his friends when they happened to visit him. At length an opportunity occurred, apparently highly favourable for an honourable *amende* to his long-neglected acquaintances. Having resolved on a trip to the kingdom of Fife, where she calculated on remaining for at least one night, his "worthy rib" took her departure, leaving him for once, after many cautions, with the management of affairs in her absence. Now was the time, thought M'Kellar. A select party of friends were invited to his house in the evening: the hour had arrived, and the company were assembled in the best parlour—golf the theme, and deep the libations—when (alas! what short-sighted mortals are we!) who should appear to mar the mirth of the revellers, but the golf-hating Mrs M'Kellar herself! Both winds and waves had conspired to interrupt the festivity; the ferry had been found impassable, and the hostess was compelled to return. What ensued may be imagined. The contemplated journey was postponed *sine die*; and M'Kellar internally resolved to make sure, before giving a second invitation, that his spouse had actually crossed the ferry!

Happening to be at Leith one day, where his fame as a golfer was not unknown, M'Kellar got into conversation, in the club-maker's shop, with a number of glass-blowers, who were blowing very much about their science in the game of golf. After bantering him for some time to engage in a trial of skill, a young man from Burntsfield Links opportunely made his appearance. "By gracious, gentlemen!" exclaimed M'Kellar, whose spirit was roused, "here's a boy and I will play you for a guinea!" No sooner said than a match of three games was begun, in all of which the glass-blowers were defeated. The "Cock o' the Green" was triumphant; and, not waiting till the bet had been forthcoming, he ran to the shop of the club-maker, announcing the joyful intelligence—"By gracious, gentlemen, the old man and the boy have beat them off the green!"

By way of occupying his time profitably on the *seventh*—the only day in the week he could think of employing otherwise than in his favourite amusement—M'Kellar was in the habit of acting as door-keeper to an Episcopal chapel. On entering one day, old Mr Douglas Gourlay, club and ball maker at Burntsfield, jocularly placed a golf ball in the plate, in lieu of his usual donation of coppers. As anticipated, the prize was instantaneously secured by M'Kellar, who was not more astonished than gratified by the novelty of the deposit.

It was at the suggestion of the late Mr M'Ewan and Mr Gourlay that Kay produced the etching of the "Cock o' the Green." Going out purposely to the Links, the artist found him engaged at his usual pastime, and succeeded in taking an accurate and characteristic likeness. When informed what Kay had been doing,

M'Kellar seemed highly pleased. "What a pity," said he; "by gracious, had I known, I would have shown him some of my capers!"

In 1803, although pretty far advanced in life, M'Kellar continued to maintain his title of the "Cock o' the Green" for a considerable time. He died about twenty-five years ago.

SKETCHES IN NATURAL HISTORY.

CATTLE, TAME AND WILD.

SECOND ARTICLE.

AN extraordinary degree of attention has lately been directed to what are called the WILD CATTLE of Britain. During the past session, 1837-8, a paper was read upon the wild ox of Scotland, to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, by a celebrated anatomist, which was printed in the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture of the Highland Society of Scotland, for the month of December last; and another communication on the same subject appeared in the last number (March 1839) of the same periodical, from the pen of Mr Patrick, a clergyman resident at Hamilton. At the last meeting of the British Scientific Association, again, Mr Hindmarsh read a communication "On the Wild Cattle of Chillingham Park," including an account of these animals drawn up by their present proprietor, the Earl of Tankerville, which communication has been published in a late number (December 1838) of the "Annals of Natural History," and was ably noticed in our valuable contemporaries the *Athenæum* and *Penny Magazine*: whilst the recent works on this fascinating study—Mr Bell in his "British Quadrupeds," the *Naturalist's Library* on the "Ruminants," and Mr Swainson in *Lardner's Cyclopædia* (vol. 72), not to name other and older works, have given them a marked and ample consideration. Nor is the cause of all this attention of difficult discovery. So long as oxen supply our daily food, and an important portion of our habitual dress, so long will every thing connected with them possess the highest agricultural and commercial interest. Besides, the study of these wild cattle creates a kind of antiquarian and chivalrous, not less than a literary excitement, and the scientific questions involved, connected with the intermixture of different species—the propagation of hereditary peculiarities, and many others—yield not in importance to the grounds of interest already specified. For the entertainment of our readers, we shall, in this article, supply a description of the animals as they occur at Cadzow in Lanarkshire, usually called the *Hamilton breed*, and at Chillingham Park, near Wooler in Northumberland; and shall, in another, consider how far their appearance and habits, together with the light thrown upon them by history, enable us to come to any satisfactory conclusion concerning their origin and true character. The accounts, though not altogether such as naturalists might desiderate, are yet tolerably ample.

The *Chase*, as it is called, of Cadzow, where the Hamilton cattle (from belonging to the Duke of Hamilton) are confined, was formerly a park or forest attached to the royal castle of Cadzow, where the ancient British kings of Strathclyde, and subsequently the kings of Scotland, used frequently to reside, and hold their courts. The oaks with which the Park is studded over, are evidently very ancient, some of them being supposed to have been planted by David first Earl of Huntingdon, about the year 1140, and many of them are of enormous size. The Chase is altogether of princely dimensions, amounting to between 1500 and 1600 Scottish acres, and presenting a prospect never witnessed by a stranger without mingled feelings of admiration and delight.

The number of cattle at present kept in the Park is upwards of sixty; a number regulated by the supply of food which their appointed range naturally supplies. They are usually denominated the *white cattle*, and are described as being of a dun-white colour; the inside of the ears, the muzzle, tongue, and hoofs alone, being black, the fore part of the leg, from the knee downwards, being mottled with black: the cows seldom have horns. Their bodies are thick and short, their heads round, and their limbs stout. The number of ribs is thirteen, though fourteen is stated occasionally to have occurred. When the calves are off the markings above described, they are either entirely black, or entirely white, or black and white, but never red or brown. Having been from time immemorial exposed without any covering to the rigours of the climate, they are exceedingly hardy; and having never been caught or subjected to the sway of man, they are remarked to be peculiarly wild and intractable. Their affection for their young is excessive; when dropt, they carefully conceal them in long grass or weeds, among some brushwood or thickets, and approach them cautiously twice or thrice a-day for the purpose of suckling them. On these occasions it is not a little dangerous to approach their place of retreat, the parent cow being seldom at a great distance, and always attacking any person or animal that comes near it with the utmost resolution and fury. The young calves, when unexpectedly approached, betray great trepidation, by throwing their ears back close upon their necks, and lying squat down upon the ground. The young, consequently, are withdrawn from the flock by stealth, when only a day or two old; they are approached when slumbering; their mouths are instantly stopped, otherwise their cry would attract the dam, and she, by loud

bellowing, would bring the whole flock to the spot, which would furiously attack the intruder.

The cattle are seldom seen scattering themselves indiscriminately over the pasture like other breeds of cattle, but they are generally observed to feed in a compact flock. The method with which they gather their daily food is not a little remarkable. It is no random occupation, but seems conducted by a rare instinct, which appears greatly blunted, if not lost, in domesticated animals. At different periods of the year their range is different, but they are always found about the same part of the forest at the same hour of the day. In the height of summer they always bivouac for the night near the northern extremity of the forest: from this point they start in the morning, and browse to the southern extremity, and return at sunset to their rendezvous. They are very chary of being approached by strangers, and seem to have a power of smelling them at a great distance. When any one comes near them unexpectedly, they generally scamper off at a little distance to leeward, and then turn round in a body to smell him. In these gambols they invariably affect circles, and when they do make an attack—which is seldom the case—should they miss the object of their aim, they never return upon it, but run straight forward, without venturing to look back. The bulls are seldom ill-natured; but when they are so, they display a disposition more than ordinarily savage, cunning, pertinacious, and revengeful. "A poor bird-catcher," says Mr Patrick, "when exercising his vocation among the 'old oaks,' as the Park is familiarly called, was attacked by a savage bull. By great exertion he gained a tree before his antagonist made up to him, where he had an opportunity of observing its habits. It did not roar nor bellow, but merely grunted; the whole body quivered with passion and savage rage; and it frequently attacked the tree with its head and hoofs. Finding all to no purpose, it left off the vain attempt, began to browse, and removed to some distance from the tree. The bird-catcher tried to descend, but his watchful Cerberus was again instantly at his post, and it was not till after six hours' imprisonment that the unfortunate man was relieved by some shepherds with their dogs." On another occasion, "a writer's apprentice," who had been at the village of Quarter on business, and who returned by the "oaks" as a near cut, was also sadly beleaguered by one of these brutes. He was attacked in a summer evening near the northern extremity of the forest, was fortunate, however, in getting into a tree, but was watched by the bull, and kept in durance throughout the whole night, and till near two o'clock of the afternoon of next day.

The only method of slaughtering these animals is by shooting them. When the keepers approach them for this purpose, they seem perfectly aware of their danger, and gallop away with great speed in a dense mass, so that a carpet might cover them, preserving a profound silence, and generally keeping by the sides of the fields and fences. The cows which have young, in the mean time, forsake the flock, and repair to the places where their calves are concealed, where, with flaming eyes, they seem resolved to maintain their ground at all hazards. These retreats are, of course, always avoided. When the object of pursuit is one of the larger bulls, it becomes a very hazardous employment, some of them receiving a great many bullets before they are killed. When thus fretted, they usually become furious, and, owing to their great swiftness and prodigious strength, they are then objects of more than ordinary dread.

We turn now to the Northumberland breed, and will take our account (as of the foregoing animals) strictly from those who were original observers.

Chillingham Park, in the words of Lord Tankerville, is undoubtedly a very ancient one. From a copy of the Endowment of the Vicarage, extracted from the Records of Durham, and referring to a period as early as the reign of King John, about the year 1220, the vicar, it would appear, was to be allowed "as much timber as he wanted for repairs, of the best oak, out of the great wood of Chillingham," the remains of which wood, Lord Tankerville adds, were extant in the time of his grandfather. The most ancient part of the castle appears to have been built in the next reign, that of Henry III., since which time it has been held without interruption by the family of Grey. At what time, or by what process, the Park became enclosed, it is impossible now to determine; but it is reasonable to suppose that in order to secure the cattle, wild and tame, recourse was had to the enclosure, "probably at an early period." The Park includes between fifteen hundred and eighteen hundred acres; combining, besides good pasture, a range of wild and rocky moor, interspersed with abundant wood and cover for shelter, approximating it, as near as any enclosure can do, to the wild nature of their original habitation. The herd at present amounts to about eighty, consisting of twenty-five bulls, forty cows, and fifteen steers, and no sight can be more beautiful than to see them retreating, in regular order, into their forest sanctuary. In form they are beautifully shaped; their back is straight, their legs short, their horns of a very fine texture; their skin is thin, so that some of the bulls appear to be cream-coloured. The eye and eyelashes, and tips of the horns, alone, are black; the muzzle is brown, the inside of the ears red or brown, and all the rest of the animal white. Even the bulls have no manes, but only a little coarse hair upon the neck. Their cry is peculiar, more like that of a wild beast than that of ordinary cattle. They fight for supremacy, until a few of the more powerful subdue the others, who afterwards sub-

mit to the rule of superior physical strength. If by accident a bull get separated from the herd for a day or two, his restless relation seems to be forgotten, for on his rejoining it a fight ensues, and the conflict continues until the previous amicable understanding is re-established.

The following particulars concerning the habits of this breed are supplied by the noble proprietor. They have pre-eminently all the characters of wild animals. They hide their young, feed in the night, basking or sleeping during the day; they are fierce when pressed; but, generally speaking, very timorous, moving off on the appearance of any one, even to the greatest distance. Yet this varies very much in different seasons of the year, and according to the manner in which they are approached. "In summer," says his lordship, "I have for several weeks at a time not got a sight of them, retiring on the slightest appearance of any one, into a wood which serves them as a sanctuary. On the other hand, in winter, when coming down for food into the inner park, and being in contact with people, they will let you almost come amongst them, particularly if on horseback. But then they have also a thousand peculiarities. They will be feeding sometimes quietly, when, if any one appears suddenly near them, particularly coming down the wind, they will be struck with a sudden panic, and will gallop off, running one after another, and never stopping till they get into their sanctuary. It is observable of them, as of red-deer, that they have a peculiar faculty of taking advantage of the irregularities of the ground, so that on being disturbed they may traverse the whole park, and yet you hardly get a sight of them. Their usual mode of retreat is, to get up slowly, set off in a walk, then a trot, and they seldom begin to gallop till they have put the ground between you and them in the manner described. When they come down into the lower part of the park, which they do at stated hours, they move like a regiment of cavalry, in single files, the bulls leading the van, as in retreat they take the rear. Lord Ossulston was witness of a curious way in which they took possession of some new pasture recently laid open to them. It was in the evening about sunset. They began by lining the front of a small wood, which seemed quite alive with them, and of a sudden they made a dart forward altogether in a line, and charging close by him across the plain, they spread out, and after a little time began feeding."

The following anecdote, also supplied by Lord Tankerville, is illustrative of their noble, though savage bearing. "A bull being doomed to death, one of the keepers proceeded to separate it from the rest of the herd: this the bull resented, and having been frustrated in several attempts to join the others, by the keeper interposing, the bull made a rush at him, and got him down; it then tossed him three several times, and afterwards knelt down upon him, and broke several of his ribs. No person being present but a boy, the only assistance at hand was a deer-hound, which immediately attacked the bull, and by biting its heels, withdrew it from the man, and eventually saved his life. The bull, however, never left the keeper, but continually watched him, returning from time to time afresh to toss him. In the mean while, information reached the castle, when all the gentlemen sallied forth with their rifles. One good marksman, being planted behind a fence, at the distance of twenty-five yards, fired repeatedly at the animal, but it was not till six or seven balls had actually entered the head, and one of them the eye, that the bull at last fell. During the whole time it never flinched, nor changed its ground, merely shaking its head as it received the several shots. On another occasion, Lord Ossulston had a narrow escape from a bull which had been wounded and separated from the herd. It attacked him on horseback, and at the first onset overthrew and gored the horse to death."

Another incident, which is often quoted as illustrative of their native wildness, is thus stated by Mr Bailey. "The writer of this narrative found a hidden calf, two days old, very lean and very weak; on stroking its head, it got up, pawed two or three times like an old bull, bellowed very loud, retired a few steps, and bolted at his legs with all its force; it then began to paw again, bellowed, stepped back, and bolted as before; but knowing its intention, and stepping aside, it missed me, fell, and was so very weak, that it could not rise, though it made several efforts. But it had done enough; the whole herd were alarmed, and coming to its rescue, obliged me to retire; for the dams will allow no one to touch their calves, without attacking them with impetuous ferocity."* Mr Bailey adds, "The mode of killing (lately practised) them, was perhaps the only modern remains of the grandeur of ancient hunting. On notice being given that a wild bull would be killed upon a certain day, the inhabitants of the neighbourhood came mounted, and armed with guns, &c., sometimes to the number of one hundred horse, and four or five hundred foot, who stood upon walls, or got into trees, while the horsemen rode off the bull from the rest of the herd, until he stood at bay, when a marksman dismounted and shot. At some of these huntings, twenty or thirty

shots have been fired before he was subdued. On such occasions, the bleeding victim grew desperately furious, from the smarting of his wounds, and the shouts of savage joy which were echoing from every side. From the number of accidents which happened, this mode has seldom been practised lately."

It has been stated of the Chillingham cattle, "that the calves are occasionally taken from the cow, and brought up with the domestic herd of the neighbouring farmers, and that they grow up quite gentle, and precisely like other cattle;"† and again, in the Naturalist's Library, that a few years ago a fine ox of this herd was fed to a large size, and was quite tame and gentle; and it is added, that the present keeper of the Park at one time possessed a cow, which he had taken when a calf, in consequence of the death of its mother: it was gentle, and was milked like the other cows, and bred freely with the common bull. Precisely the same report has been made of the Cadzow breed; in the words of the Quarterly Journal, "they may be easily domesticated."

One circumstance should by no means be omitted in our consideration of both these herds, namely, that there is a certain tendency in the young to be "off the markings," as it is called, that is, to differ more or less in appearance from their parents; and all such are in both localities destroyed. This, of course, maintains them in an artificial state, preventing any thing like the true type from appearing, and effectually contributes to preserve but one uniform appearance.

Upon a careful review of the several accounts of these two breeds, the naturalist cannot, we think, but demur to the conclusion, often so decidedly drawn, that they are very distinct and different from each other. The anxiety of the partisans of these several herds to maintain their exclusiveness, is quite amusing. Thus the noble author states that the breed at Hamilton "in no degree resembles those at Chillingham;" while Mr Brown, chamberlain to the Duke of Hamilton, says, "the Hamilton breed of wild cattle differs in many respects from any other known breed." Mr Patrick is quite indignant that this should be regarded as a degenerate breed, and Dr Knox, backed by Mr Plummer, comes forward as their champion, declaring they have maintained their weight and other good qualities. Notwithstanding this apparent anxiety to reach an opposite conclusion, we venture humbly to assert that there can be little or no doubt that they are one and the same breed. It is true there are some differences. Those at Cadzow, compared with the Chillingham herd, are stated to be more robust in the form of their bodies; their colour is dun-white, with black ears, muzzle, and hoofs; whilst the others are said to have marks of higher breeding, being, at the same time, of the same general colour, sometimes cream-coloured, with black muzzle, and the whole of the inside, and about a third of the outside, red. Without at all insisting upon a fact stated by Mr Bewick, "that about forty years ago some of the Chillingham cattle had black ears, and that the keeper accordingly destroyed them," and on another mentioned by Major H. Smith, that the breed at Burton Constable in Yorkshire (destroyed by a murrain at the middle of last century) had the ears and tip of the tail black, we affirm that these differences sink into nothingness in comparison of the diversities seen in domestic breeds, which are yet regarded as one species, and upon the whole are so insignificant, that, far from establishing a distinct species, they cannot with propriety, in our apprehension, be considered as sufficient to constitute even a variety.

Besides Cadzow and Chillingham, it would appear that this breed is likewise maintained in some other localities in England, as formerly in Scotland. That of Chartley Park in Staffordshire, belonging to Lord Ferres, is best known; and here the breed is acknowledged closely to resemble that in Northumberland. This park is a very ancient one, which formerly belonged to Devereux, Earl of Essex; and the belief is, that the cattle have been there from time immemorial. Lynn Park, in the neighbouring county of Cheshire, has been named as another retreat; but no additional facts are to be gleaned from the scanty information which has been supplied from these sources.

THE ORIGINAL OF PAUL AND VIRGINIA.

It often happens that an insignificant circumstance, an obscure fact, an unexpected occurrence, gives birth to the most happy conceptions. Fables and other fictions are in general the reflection of truth, a little heightened in colour, indeed, from the prismatic medium through which they have been transmitted. Imagination even of the wildest description must, like a bird, touch earth before it commence its flight. It is a natural and useful curiosity which prompts men to investigate the point from which genius sets out, for the purpose of measuring its flight, and of judging the height to which it has soared. Sometimes it condescends to admit us to its confidence, convinced that it can lose nothing by the disclosure, and this has very frequently been the case of late years—witness Scott and others. But much oftener genius only presents us with the finished edifice, carefully removing every trace of the scaffolding and other materials by which it had been reared; much oftener does it designedly efface its steps, and hide from us the path which it has taken from the real to the ideal world. Rousseau has left us in ignorance whether

his *Héloïse* was a pure fiction, and Saint Pierre, his friend and disciple, has designedly cast a mysterious veil over the historical parts of his beautiful pastoral. Time, however, which discovers most things, has at length lifted that veil. It is now more than a century ago that one of the French East India Company's ships was lost off the Isle of France, now called the Mauritius. Of the numerous crew on board, only nine men were saved, and they gave an account of the shipwreck before the tribunal of the island. The papers containing their depositions, after being buried amongst the local records for nearly a hundred years, were brought to light by the commandant of the island whilst it was under the dominion of France. The wrecked vessel was called the *St Geran*, and it was on board the *St Geran* that Saint Pierre has placed the sublime and touching circumstance of the death of Virginia. It is interesting to observe how the tradition, which was preserved in the Isle of France, has become, in the hands of a great writer, the foundation of so admirable a work. A young lady was, in fact, on board the *St Geran*, and perished there, together with a young naval officer, who resolved to share her fate. The ridiculous scruple of the captain of the vessel, who refused to strip off his clothes, saying that it was not consistent with his rank to reach the shore without his uniform, and that he had papers in his pocket, the possession of which he could not part with, has been transferred by the author to the heroine of the shipwreck, and has furnished one of the most forcible and original situations of his prose poem. By substituting the enthusiasm of a female for the susceptibility of a seaman, he has rendered the fiction more morally true than the truth itself—he has certainly made it much more consistent with every-day human nature. This is a striking example of the power which a superior mind possesses of transferring the events of the world to the dominion of imagination, and of becoming as much a creator as is compatible with nature and vraisemblance.

THE QUESTION OF IRON OR WOOD STEAMERS.

THE remarkable success which has attended the steam navigation of the Atlantic, has had the effect of raising the most sanguine anticipations regarding the future powers of steam-vessels. For one thing, much is expected from the employment of iron instead of wooden vessels. The introduction of iron steam-ships is, however, a thing of a very critical nature, and must be maturely considered. The public should be made fully acquainted with the result of practical experiments in the sailing of iron vessels, and particularly in their endurance of tumultuous seas, before giving its confidence to any project of this nature. Scientific and practical men, through the public press, should likewise canvass the subject in all its important bearings. A writer in the *Athenæum* (Jan. 5, 1839) has opened the question with the ability usually displayed in that print. A few of his observations are well worthy of attention.

"What (he asks) are the peculiarities of iron as a material for steam-ships, that give it a preference over timber? Timber has, first, its principal strength only in one direction. From the reedy, fibrous, vesicular structure of the vegetable, it resists a distending force with great strength along the fibres, but offers a very slender opposition to any force that would tear the vegetable fibres asunder, so as to split or splinter it. To remedy this evil, there must always be two sets of timber in transverse directions. The planks of a ship are laid with their fibres in one direction, and the timbers are laid with their fibres at right angles, for the purpose of giving strength laterally, and binding them together. But iron plates are nearly equally strong in both directions, so that if we conceive a plank of wood obtained of strength equal to iron lengthways, and a second plank procured of the same size, with fibres in the lateral direction, the one plate of iron would have nearly the same tensile strength as both united. If, therefore, we substitute for the planking of the vessel a shell of iron, the cross-timbers become unnecessary, their place being supplied by the lateral strength of the metal.

The next peculiarity of iron is the perfection and strength of its joinings. To make a wooden ship water tight, its parts are severely strained—in caulking its planking, a very acute wedge-shaped tool struck by a mallet forces the oakum between the planks, which only retain it by a strain; and from the disunion of the planks a vessel begins to leak whenever she encounters a heavy gale. The rivetting of the iron plates effects a thorough union of them of such a nature as to render the joints closer than those of the newest ship, and instead of remaining detached, like planks, they become integral parts of one homogeneous whole, equally strong in every direction. A well-built iron vessel is almost bottle-tight.

The facility with which iron can be formed into any shape, and made of any size, is its next recommendation. Timber must be selected with much care and at great expense, in order to suit those parts of the vessel where it is to be placed, and the form of the vessel is in some measure trammelled by the shape of timber that can be readily obtained for the purpose. It is also out at great expense, rendering what remains of comparatively little value. On the other hand, every scrap of iron can be wrought up to any required form, and not a pound be lost, but be made available to any purpose, while all the plates, and knees, and bolts, and straps, have that form given to them by which they are kept in their place. Facility, economy, strength of construction, appear then to favour the iron.

Diminution of danger from fire may perhaps be regarded as not one of the least advantages of iron ships.

From the great tensile strength of iron, from the perfection of its joinings, and from the absence of transverse timbers, it follows that the hull of an iron vessel will both be abundantly strong and tight, although only of half

* It ought to be added, to Lord Tankerville's credit, that he has recently requested several public bodies (the British Museum, and Royal College of Surgeons, Edinburgh, as we have heard) to accept of the carcass of an animal of this breed for scientific investigation; an offer which, we understand, has been gladly accepted.

† Agricultural Report of Northumberland, by J. Bailey and G. Culley. Major H. Smith attaches this anecdote to Dr Fuller, and so precisely in the same words, that its true origin is not doubtful. To the same author we owe the succeeding particulars, sometimes ascribed to Mr Bewick.

* General View of the Agriculture of Northumberland, &c., p. 124.

† Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, ix. 376.

the weight of a timber vessel; hence the difference may be supplied in cargo, engines, and fuel, or a great saving of space effected.

Finally, if surface condensation be adopted, the cold surface of the vessel exposed to the water may be used for a condenser, by having an inner lining or jacket over the part so used, sufficiently stayed asunder at small and frequent intervals.

All, however, that we have said as likely to follow from the extensive introduction of iron vessels, must be received with great caution; and if very great precautions are not adopted in anticipating the many peculiarities of the metallic ships, serious evils will be the consequence.

For example, an iron vessel once met with the following accident:—Going along at full speed, something gave way about the engine—the piston-rod and piston went right down through the bottom of the cylinder and the bottom of the boat, into the sea, leaving its place of exit for the entrance of water: by an extraordinary coincidence, another steam-vessel was alongside at that instant, and all were saved! Such an occurrence as this in the middle of the Atlantic or the Bay of Biscay would be rather awkward. Again, an iron vessel touched by accident a stone of considerable size, which perforated her bottom, and she went down instantly—this is rather quick work. These facts are sufficient to point out the necessity of extreme caution in suddenly adopting the metallic ships on the large scale, and lead us to direct our attention to their structure, so as to avoid those dangers to which they may be peculiarly liable. Further, the rapidity with which iron ships are corroded by the action of salt water, is a point of interesting research. On this subject the experiments of the British Association, carried on under the direction of Mr Mallet, of Dublin, may be advantageously consulted.

With the view of preventing danger from accidental and local injury to the shell of the vessel, the system of water-tight compartments, already partially adopted, must be carried out to its greatest extent. The subdivision of the hold must be carried to a greater extent than any thing we have yet heard of; so that if by any chance water do find its way into the hold, it shall only fill a small part of the vessel. To do this will be most difficult about the engines. These partitions will, however, have another very great advantage, in the strength and stiffness they will give to the hull of the vessel; it will become like the shell of the nautilus, capable of resisting an enormous external force. We have seen an iron vessel, whose length was ten times her beam, hung on two blocks at her extremities, without sensible flexure in the middle, and without any further means of internal support than her frequent partitions of iron plate.

But there is another point of primary importance, which will give much trouble, if not properly provided for, and it is this—the great weight of engines and boilers placed about the centre of the length of the vessel. These produce a depression at the centre, which is resisted sufficiently in a timber vessel, by the great depth of the keelsons, and of the bottom of the vessel, but which the thinness of the iron plate will not enable it to withstand. Further, the small quantity of matter in the hull renders it very subject to motion from the action and reaction of the steam and piston in the cylinder. We have noticed the centre of one of the finest iron steam-ships rising and falling and twisting under the action of the engine, in a manner both unpleasant to the passenger, and very injurious to the shell of the vessel. These and similar evils are only to be guarded against by such a system of framing and tying as the Americans adopt in the very slender hulls of their river boats, and whereby the strain of the machinery becomes 'self-contained,' that is to say, is wholly counteracted by the strength of its own framing, and whereby the whole buoyant part of the vessel is made to contribute its own portion to the support of those strains which necessarily result from driving a vessel, from a single point within it, with great force against a resisting medium."

Since the above was put in types, we learn that an iron steam-vessel, the Ironsides of Liverpool, 262 tons, has made a transatlantic voyage from that port, and returned. She sailed from Liverpool to Pernambuco, which lies in latitude 8 degrees south, in forty-seven days, mostly in very tempestuous weather, and the voyage back was made in thirty-six. This looks well; but we are of opinion that, until vessels for goods have experienced an ample trial, it would be rash to start any for passengers.

EMPLOYMENT FOR THE UNHAPPY.

THE unhappy are indisposed to employment: all active occupations are wearisome and disgusting in prospect, at a time when every thing, life itself, is full of weariness and disgust. Yet the unhappy must be employed, or they will go mad. Comparatively blessed are they, if they are set in families where claims and duties abound and cannot be escaped. In the pressure of business there is present safety and ultimate relief. Harder is the lot of those who have few necessary occupations, enforced by other claims than their own harmlessness and profitability. Reading often fails. Now and then it may beguile; but much oftener the attention is languid, the thoughts wander, and associations with the subject of grief are awakened. Women who find that reading will not do, will obtain no relief from sewing. Sewing is pleasant enough in moderation to those whose minds are at ease the while; but it is an employment which is trying to the nerves when long continued, at the best; and nothing can be worse for the harassed, and for those who want to escape from themselves. Writing is bad. The pen hangs idly suspended over the paper, or the sad thoughts that are alive within write themselves down. The safest and best of all occupations for such sufferers as are fit for it, is intercourse with young children. An infant might beguile Satan and his peers the day after they were couched on the lake of fire, if the love of children chanced to linger amidst the ruins of their angelic nature. Next to this comes honest, genuine acquaintanceship among the poor; not mere charity-visiting, grounded on soup

tickets and blankets, but intercourse of mind, with real mutual interest between the parties. Gardening is excellent, because it unites bodily exertion with a sufficient engagement of the faculties, while sweet, compassionate Nature is ministering cure in every sprouting leaf and scented blossom, and beckoning sleep to draw nigh, and be ready to follow up her benignant work. Walking is good: not stepping from shop to shop, or from neighbour to neighbour, but stretching out far into the country to the freshest fields and highest ridges, and the quietest lanes. However sullen the imagination may have been among its griefs at home, here it cheers up and smiles. However listless the limbs may have been when sustaining a too heavy heart, here they are braced, and the lagging gait becomes buoyant again. However perverse the memory may have been in presenting all that was agonising, and insisting only on what cannot be retrieved, here it is first disregarded, and then it sleeps; and the sleep of the memory is the day in paradise to the unhappy. The mere breathing of the cool wind on the face in the commonest highway, is rest and comfort, which must be felt at such times to be believed. It is disbelieved in the shortest intervals between its seasons of enjoyment; and every time the sufferer has resolution to go forth to meet it, it penetrates to the very heart in glad surprise. The fields are better still; for there is the lark to fill up the hours with mirthful music; or, at worst, the robin and the flocks of fieldfares, to show that the hardest day has its life and hilarity. But the calmest region is the upland, where human life is spread out beneath the bodily eye; where the mind roves from the peasant's nest to the spire town, from the schoolhouse to the churchyard, from the diminished team in the patch of fallow, or the fisherman's boat in the cove, to the viaduct that spans the valley, or the fleet that glides, ghost-like, on the horizon. This is the perch where the spirit plumes its ruffled and drooping wings, and makes ready to let itself down any wind that heaven may send.—*Miss Martineau's Deerbrook.*

POINTS WHERE A PATIENT MAY JUDGE FOR HIMSELF.

FIRST, the patient may almost always safely choose a temperature for himself; and inconvenience in most cases, positive harm in many, will be the effect of opposing that which he desires. His feeling here is rarely, if ever, that of theory, although too often contradicted by what is merely such. It represents in him a definite state of the body, in which the alteration of temperature desired is that best adapted for relief, and the test of its fitness usually found in the advantage resulting from the change. This rule may be taken as applicable to all fevers, even to those of the exanthematous kind; where, with an eruption of the skin, the balance between the outer and inner surfaces of the body, and the risk of repression, might seem, and actually are, of greatest importance. In whatever stage the eruption be, if the patient expressly seeks for a cooler atmosphere or cooling applications, they may be fully conceded to him without fear of ill result, and under the guidance chiefly of his feelings as to the time during which their use may be continued. Except in some cases of vitiated sensation from nervous disease, I have scarcely ever known the judgment of a patient practically wrong on these points; and in this case of exception the error itself is of very little consequence.

Secondly, in the majority of instances of actual illness, provided the real feelings of the patient can be ascertained, his desires as to food and drink may safely be complied with. Whatever be the physical causes of the relation (and they are yet beyond our research), the stomach itself is the best expounder of the general and more urgent wants of the system in this particular. But undoubtedly much care is needful that we be not deceived as to the state of the appetites, by what is merely habit or wrong impression on the part of the patient, or the effect of the solicitation of others. This class of sensations is much more nurtured out of the course of nature than are those which relate to the temperature of the body. The mind too becomes much more deeply engaged with them; and though in acute illness they are generally submitted again to the natural law, there are many lesser cases where enough remains of the leaven of habit to render every precaution needful. With such precautions, however, which every physician who can take schooling from experience will employ, the stomach of the patient becomes a valuable guide—whether it dictate abstinence from or recurrence to food—whether much or little in quantity—whether what is solid or liquid—whether much drink or little—whether things warm or cold—whether sweet, acid, or saline—whether bland or stimulating to the taste.

As respects limitation of food, indeed, the "tempestiva abstinencia" is often with the patient himself an urgent suggestion of nature, especially in cases where fever is present. It is a part of the provision for cure which we hold in our hands; and if not sufficiently regarded, all other remedies lose greatly of their value. Here, then, we are called upon to maintain the cause of the patient, for such it truly is, against the mistaken importunities which surround him, and which it sometimes requires much firmness to put aside.

It is not wholly paradoxical to say that we are authorised to give greatest heed to the stomach when it suggests some seeming extravagance of diet. It may be that this is a mere deprivation of the sense of taste; but frequently it expresses an actual need of the stomach, either in aid of its own functions, or indirectly, under the mysterious law just referred to, for the effecting of changes in the whole mass of blood. It is a good practical rule in such cases to withhold assent, till we find, after a certain lapse of time, that the same desire continues or strongly recurs; in which case it may generally be taken as an index of the fitness of the thing desired for the actual state of the organs. In the early stage of recovery from long gastric fevers, I recollect many curious instances of such contrariety to all rule being acquiesced in, with manifest good to the patient. Dietetics must become a much more exact branch of knowledge, before we can be

justified in opposing its maxims to the natural and repeated suggestions of the stomach, in a state either of health or disease.

Thirdly, as regards exertion of body, posture, continuance in bed or otherwise, the sick may generally be allowed their own judgment, provided it is seen to be one dependent on bodily feelings alone. And so equally with respect to fresh air, methods of exercise, and times of repose. In these things, as on points of diet, suggestions, founded on careful notice of the feelings of the patient, and watchfulness as to the effect of the first trials, are all that is required from the physician; and more than this often does mischief. I have often witnessed the ill effects of minute interference in such matters; whether arising from excess of caution, or from the mischievous spirit of governing every thing by medical rule and authority; without appeal to the feelings of the patient, even where these may securely be taken in evidence.

The most important exception to this rule is in certain nervous and dyspeptic disorders of a chronic kind, where it is needful to urge bodily exertion upon the patient, in contradiction to his own sensations, and sometimes even where the first trials are seemingly unsuccessful. With moderate care in observation, the tests of fitness here are so sensible, that there can be little chance of any error leading to injurious consequences.

As respects mental exertion during illness or convalescence, much more caution is needful. Here the patient is usually less able to estimate his own power, and is more entirely at the discretion of those around him. The present condition of life among the higher classes produces as much of evil from excesses of moral and intellectual excitement, as from those of the stomach; and it is equally difficult to place watch and reasonable restraint upon them. In these instances, and they are of constant occurrence, the judgment of the physician, as well as firmness in his manner of interference, are urgently required. But in ordinary cases, and under more tranquil modes of life, he may leave much to the discretion and feeling of power in the patient himself: with the simple injunction that this feeling should be duly consulted before any change is made.—*Dr Holland's Medical Notes and Reflections.*

THE THREE SONS.

I have a son, a little son, a boy just five years old, With eyes of thoughtful earnestness, and mind of gentle mould. They tell me that unusual grace in all his ways appears, That my child is grave and wise of heart beyond his childish years.

I cannot say how this may be, I know his face is fair, And yet his chiefest comeliness is his grave and serious air: I know his heart is kind and fond, I know he loveth me, But loveth yet his mother more with grateful ferrency. But that which others most admire, is the thought that fills his mind;

The food for grave inquiring speech he every where doth find. Strange questions doth he ask of me, when we together walk; He scarcely thinks as children think, or talks as children talk, Nor cares he much for childish sports, doats not on bat or ball, But looks on manhood's ways and works, and aptly mimics all; His little heart is busy still, and oftentimes perplex With thoughts about this world of ours, and thoughts about the next.

He kneels at his dear mother's knee, she teacheth him to pray, And strange, and sweet, and solemn, are the words which he will say.

Oh! should my gentle child be spared to manhood's years, like me, A bolder and a wiser man I trust that he will be; And when I look into his eyes, and stroke his thoughtful brow, I dare not think what I should feel, were I to lose him now.

I have a son, a second son, a simple child of three; I'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be; How silver sweet those tones of his when he prattles on my knee; I do not think his light-blue eye is like his brother's, keen, Nor his brow so full of childish thought as his hath ever been; But his little heart's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling, And his every look's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing. When he walks with me, the country folks, who pass us in the street,

Will shout for joy, and bless my boy, he looks so mild and sweet. A playfellow is he to all, and yet, with cheerful tone, Will sing his little song of love, when left to sport alone. His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home the earth, To comfort us in all our griefs, and sweeten all our mirth. Should he grow up to riper years, God grant his heart may prove As sweet a home for heavenly grace as now for earthly love; And if, beside his grave, the tears our aching hearts must dim, God comfort us for all the love which we shall lose in him.

I have a son, a third sweet son, his age I cannot tell, For they reckon not by years and months where he has gone to dwell.

To us, for fourteen anxious months, his infant smiles were given, And then he bade farewell to earth, and went to live in heaven. I cannot tell what form is his, what looks he weareth now, Nor guess how bright a glory crowns his shining seraph brow. The thoughts that fill his sinless soul, the bliss which he doth feel, Are numbered with the secret things which God will not reveal. But I know, for God hath told me this, that he is now at rest, Where other blessed infants be, on their Saviour's loving breast. Whate'er befalls his brethren twain, his bliss can never cease; Their lot may here be grief and fear, but his is certain peace. It may be that the tempter's wiles their souls from bliss may sever,

But if our own poor faith fall not, he must be ours for ever. When we think of what our darling is, and what we still must be; When we muse on that world's perfect bliss, and this world's misery:

When we groan beneath this load of sin, and feel this grief and pain, Oh, we'd rather lose the other two, than have him here again.

Fugitive.] REV. J. MOULTRIE.

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FACTS ON FEASTS.

THE extravagant niceties of the great in the days of the Roman empire, are universally familiar—as, for instance, the killing of six hundred ostriches by Helio-gabalus for the sake of their brains to make a single dish—the laying up of ninety thousand sesterces by Apicius to be expended in feasting, and his killing himself for fear of want when the sum was reduced to ten thousand—and many others to the like effect. It were desirable, while we exclaim against these deifiers of the palate, that we took some thought as to particular and general revivals of the same worship in our own day. As to particular revivals, hear the following passage from Meg Dods's amusing cookery book, respecting a Mr Rogerson, "an enthusiast," she says, "and a martyr." "He, as may be presumed," says the sage Mrs Margaret, though we should like to see fact instead of presumption, "was educated at that university where the rudiments of palatic science are the most thoroughly impressed on the ductile organs of youth. His father, a gentleman of Gloucestershire, sent him abroad to make the grand tour; upon which journey he attended to nothing but the various modes of cookery, and methods of eating and drinking luxuriously. Before his return his father died, and he entered into the possession of a very large monied fortune, and a small landed estate. He was now able to look over his notes of epicurism, and to discover where the most exquisite dishes and the best cooks were to be procured. He had no other servants in his house than cooks: his butler, footman, housekeeper, coachman, and grooms, were all cooks. He had three Italian cooks, one from Florence, another from Sienna, and a third from Viterbo, for dressing one dish, the *doce piccante* of Florence. He had a messenger constantly on the road between Brittany and London, to bring him the eggs of a certain sort of plover, found near St Maloes. He has eaten a single dinner at the expense of fifty-eight pounds, though himself only eat down to it, and there were but two dishes. He counted the minutes between meals, and seemed totally absorbed in the idea, or in the action of eating; yet his stomach was very small—it was the exquisite flavour alone that he sought. In nine years he found his table dreadfully abridged by the ruin of his fortune, and himself hastening to poverty. This made him melancholy, and brought on disease. When totally ruined (having spent £150,000), a friend gave him a guinea to keep him from starving; and he was found in a garret soon after, roasting an ortolan with his own hands. We regret to add, that a few days afterwards this extraordinary youth shot himself."

Though we may hope that few carry gastronomy to the degree of phrenzy shown by ill-fated Mr Rogerson, we know only too well how much more than a rational portion of time, thought, and income, is devoted by many of the wealthy amongst us to the affairs of the stomach. Through the fostering patronage of this part of our community, the profession of a cook has risen to a degree of importance which those of medicine, law, and divinity, scarcely rival. A doctor does well if he clears five hundred a-year in the country, or eight hundred in a town. Out of six hundred highly educated advocates at the Scottish bar, one makes above three thousand a-year, two make between two and three thousand, six will make above one thousand, other twenty will make something, and the rest will either have joined the ranks of the gentlemen who are not anxious for business, or be vainly endeavouring to get a guinea case for once and away. Honest assiduous country curates and Scotch ministers are thought well off with their two hundred a-year; and the average income of the whole of the clergy of Great Britain is not three hundred a-piece. What, under these circumstances, are we to think of head cooks whom nobles hire at a thousand, yea, even fifteen hundred a-year!—a set of gentlemen who only, moreover, direct the procedure of the kitchen, or at most

cook one or two of the principal dishes—after which they retire from business for the day. What are we to think of the individual who makes a thousand a-year in London by preparing salads—calling in his coach, at one house after another, to dress that one dish, and pocketing his guinea for each cast of his art! Every one has heard of the cook who declined an offered engagement in Dublin, not from the inadequacy of the salary, for that was ample, not from any dislike to the gentleman offering the engagement, for he was all that even a cook could wish in the way of master, but—because there was no opera in Dublin! This and similar stories may seem only good jokes to many simple people; but they are real, every one of them. Even in our own poor northern soil, we could point out, within twenty miles of the spot where we are inditing these lines, a nobleman who gives his cook five hundred a-year, a house in his park, and the use of a gig! There is not a preceptor to the children of a noble or landed family in the country, who would not think himself paid like a prince with a third of the money, leaving the gig entirely out of the question.

If luxury were carried to a great height only amongst men who can afford to give these enormous fees to their cooks, we might pass it over amongst the many other extravagances naturally flowing from needlessly large fortunes. But luxury is not confined to such men. There are many of the middle ranks, possessing incomes not exceeding those enjoyed by some cooks, who entertain their friends occasionally in a style of almost overpowering splendour. Indeed, amongst all who are in the least above pecuniary difficulties in this country, and, we fear, many besides who are not so, DINNER now amounts to something of a truly formidable nature. General allegations are fruitless and rapid: let us come to particulars. It is not uncommon, then, for an individual realising perhaps a thousand a-year by trade, to present his small parties of friends with a dinner of the following nature. First, the table exhibits a particular kind of soup at each side, and a particular kind of fish at each end. These being partaken of, and removed, the board is spread anew. A roast of beef is placed at one end, and a joint of lamb or mutton at the other; at one side is a turkey or pair of fowls; at the other a ham or tongue. Four smaller dishes of nameless things, that nobody ever looks at or tastes, occupy symmetrical situations on other parts of the table. This is the high noon of the dinner. When all have eaten of one or more dishes, a new shifting of the scenes takes place, and, lo! the board is spread once more with novelties. Pastry, puddings, and game, now solicit the fading appetite of the guests; and one or all of these are partaken of by most. In the meanwhile, during each pause in eating throughout the evening, gentlemen have been asking ladies to drink wine with them; and a great quantity of sherry, hock, or some light product of the French vintage, has been swallowed. Champagne, also, insinuated by attentive waiters at proper intervals, has, with its provokingly hasty effervescence, called upon the guests for its quick dispatch. After the third course has been removed, a fourth makes its appearance, consisting of cheese, salads, and other trifles; the cloth is now withdrawn, or one cloth is withdrawn, leaving another fresh and clean underneath, whereon speedily appears a range of new dishes, containing fruits, creams, ices, and so forth, all duly attended by the proper wines. Even after all this, fruits are left on the table, to be partaken of during the two or three hours of wine-drinking, which at a moderate computation must follow every formal dinner, wherever British manners prevail. The solemnity, for so it may well be called, concludes with tea and coffee in the drawing-room. We acquire a forcible view of the immense luxury of this mode of satisfying the taste of a few friends, when we take into consideration the duties which the preparation of such a dinner imposes upon the lady of the

house. In the first place, the feast is to be schemed or mapped out in her labouring imagination. The various foods and pastries and fruits are to be bought or ordered. A cook under her direction works first one day at the soups and some of the dessert articles, then another at the remaining dishes. The articles of crockery, crystal, cutlery, and napery, required for the table, are to be taken from their receptacles, scrupulously cleaned, and then laid down in the order in which they are to be used. The great number of these articles required for a dinner party is in itself sufficient to give a startling idea of our progress in luxury. It was lately computed by a friend of ours, who attended a dinner where the guests were twenty-four in number, that, of dishes, plates, glasses, knives, forks, spoons, and other articles of the like nature, required to make up the whole artillery of the feast, or what in theatrical phrase might be styled the *properties*, there were no fewer than TWO THOUSAND—all of which had to be previously cleaned and marshalled under the eye of the silk-decked dame who sat, to all appearance so unconscious of drudgery, at the head of the table. Add to all, the anxiety of mind which this poor lady must undergo as to the exact performance of all their proper duties by cooks and servitors, and the not-breaking-down of any of her finely adjusted arrangements, and we shall scarcely refrain from pitying those who take so laborious a way to make themselves and a few friends happy for a few hours.

When from a private dinner party we transfer our view to one of a public nature, the luxury of our manners takes a still more striking form. We do not allude to those alimentary preparatives to long set speeches which Englishmen are most apt to recognise under the name of a public dinner, where no man gets above two things, and neither of them what he wants, and where even the things he gets are the most execrable of their kind, and totally out of season. We refer to entertainments such as the London trading corporations give annually, or such as gentlemen occasionally give in taverns when wishing to make a particularly handsome acknowledgment to some people for something—in short, downright, deliberately designed treats. Dazzling splendour and almost bewildering variety mark all such affairs. First there are the usual courses of soups and of various kinds of fish—next a course of what the French style *entrées et ros*, consisting (we shall suppose a company of thirty) of a dozen different dishes, most of them dressed with the nicest care, and disguised beyond the recognition of all common palates. Next may come a course of *ros et entremets*, comprehending game, lamb (if new and expensive), and such light matters. Then, again, is the dessert of ices and fruits—the whole being relieved by libations from at least half a dozen kinds of wine. The natural effect of such a variety of tempting viands and liquors, is, that the greater number of guests eat and drink much more than nature requires or will well admit of, and are ill, or at least uneasy, in consequence. The excess, when coolly viewed, appears quite startling. We wish to think and speak with delicacy; yet we cannot help adverting, and we cannot advert without some degree of loathing, to the foul confusion of edibles and potables which each of the guests at such a feast must carry away with him at its close, so much in contrast with the elegance and order in which the same articles were presented at the beginning, and so utterly inconsistent with that simplicity of living which nature calls upon us to observe.

Perhaps the whole subject could not be better summed up than in the words of William Bellenden, Archdean of Moray, who, about three hundred years ago, wrote a history of his native country in his native language, and in that work took occasion to remark upon the new manner of living of *Scottis and the auld*, giving the case against the moderns hollow. William's ideas are broad, plain, and downright, and his style of expressing them is richly quaint beyond almost all we

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know of in old native literature. He certainly describes something more approaching to gluttony than any thing we have experience of now-a-days; yet as a general diatribe against the excesses of the table, it is invaluable for its force and spirit, while neither is it altogether inapplicable to a portion of the presently existing society.

He commences with a beautiful picture of the simplicity of living which prevailed among "our elders," who, he says, "howbeit they wer richt virtewis baith in weir and peace, wer maist exercit with temperance; for it is the *fontane of all virtue*. They wer of temperat sleip, meit, and drink, and sic refectionis as wes preparit with litill laubour or cost. Their breid wes maid of sic stuf as grew maist easlie on the ground. Their vittallis wer nocht sifit, as we do now, to mak thaim delicius to the mouth, bot wer all ground togedder under ane forme. The flesche maist frequent among thame, wes othir wild flesche, won on the fellis be thair hunting, quhillk maid thaim of incredible strenth; or ellis it wes of thair awin tame bestial, especially beif, as we do yit in our dayis. * * The common meit of our elders was flesche; nocht for the plente of it, bot erar* because thair landis lay oftymes waist, throw continewal exercition of chevalry, and for that caus thay leiffit maist of flesche. Thay disjunit airly in the morning with *small refection*, and sustenit thair lifis thairwith quhill the time of sowper; throw quhillk thair stomok was *nevir surfeitly chargit, to empesche thaim of uthir besines*. At the sowper thay war mair large; howbeit they had bot ane cours. Quhen they kest thaimself to be mery, thay usit maist aqua vite; nocht maid of costlie spices, bot of sic naturall herbis as grew in thair awin gardis. The common drink that thay usit was aill; and in time of weir, quhen they lay in thair tentis, thay usit bot water. * * Attoure thay had ay with thaim ane gret vessell, wrocht full of butter, cheis, mele, milk, and vinacre, temperit togidder; be quhillk thay saiffit thair lifis mony dayis fra extreme hunger, soukand the jus and humours thair of, quhen na vittallis, throw incursionis of ennimes, might be found."

This picture appears to us quite beautiful: now observe the opposite character of the men of the author's own day. "Bot now," says he, "I belief nane has sic eloquence, nor fouth of langage, that can sufficiently declare, how far we, in thir present dayis, ar different fra the virtue and temperance of our elders. For quhare our elders had sobriete, we have ebriete and dronkinnes; quhare thay had plente with suffeience, we have immoderat cursis with superfluite; as he war maist noble and honest, that culd devore and swelly maist: and, be extreme diligence, serchis sa mony *de-figat cours*, that thay provoke the stomok to ressave mair than it may sufficiently degest; throw quhillk we ingorge and fillis our self, day and nicht, sa full of metis and drinkis, that we can nocht abstene quhill our wambe be sa swon, that it is unabil to ony virtewis occupation. And nocht allanerly† may surfet dennar and sowper suffice us, above the temperance of our elders, bot als to continew our schamefull and immoderit voracite with duple dennaris and sowparis; throw quhillk the body is involtit with sic clowdis of fatnes, that, howbeit it be of gud complexion be nature, it is sa opprest with superflew metis and drinkis, that it may nother weild, nor yit ouir‡ the self; bot, confessand the self vincust, gevis place to all infirmities, quhill it be miserably distroyit, as apperis be sindry experience. For mony of our pepill, in remot and maist cauld region, are strikin oftymes with maist vehement fever, thair inwart bowellis blesand as thay war in ane ithand fire; quhillkis cumis of sic spicery and uncouth droggis, brocht out of remot cuntreis in this region. Utheris of thaim ar sa swolfin, and growin full of humours, that thay ar strikin hastily deid in the poplexy; and, howbeit thay recover for ane schort time efter, thay ar bot ane deid pepill; levand, and buryit in sepulture, havand bot ane shadow of life. The young pepill and barins, following thair unhappy customis of thair faderis, gevis thaimself to lust and insolence, havand all virtuous occupation and craftis in contemptioun; and, because thay ar lang customit and hanit thairwith, quhen time occurs of weir to defend the cuntre, thay ar sa effeminat and soft, thay pas on hors as hevvy martis;§ and ar sa fat and growin, that thay may do na thing in compare of the soverane manheid of thair elders."

With such a portraiture of gluttony before his eyes, the reader will be almost prepared to sanction a revival of the treatment with which inordinate eaters and drinkers were visited in the days when the generality were temperate. According to Belleden, "All dronkatis, glutonis, and consumers of vittallis, mair than was necessar to the sustentation of men, wer tane, and first commandit to swelly their fowth of quhat drink thay pleist, and incontinent thairafter was drownit in ane fresche river (!)"

The subject is worthy of a few concluding words from ourselves; but these must be of a serious nature. To speak the plain truth, we think with pain of the selfishness implied by such over-indulgences as those described, even where there is ample wealth to command them; for how many that starve could be succoured from the very superfluities of a modern banquet! It may be said that the luxuries of the rich do good to the poor, by creating employment. They certainly have this beneficial effect; but those who use the argument do not recollect that the amount of benefit produced by any distribution of money depends expressly on the nature of the employment on which it is spent.

* Rather.

‡ Overseas, or superintend.

† Only.

§ Dead cattle.

Funds expended in calling into existence some rare delicacy for the palate, or in inducing a farmer to part with his lambs before they are a month old, do little for the good of the poor, compared with what might be effected by the distribution of the same sums amongst tradesmen whose industry tends largely to the comfort of mankind. But, even passing from this question, it seems to us as if there were an impious disregard of the well-being of our fellow-creatures, in enjoying so large a proportion of the good things of the world, and making so merry over that inordinate share, by however fair means it may have fallen to us, when we well know how full the world is of want, and every pain and woe, which the very part that hurts ourselves might help to relieve, or which we at least should not mock if we lived more nearly by the golden rule of moderation. To a right feeling, it would appear, we think, but a sad enjoyment, which we knew, if under public observation, would be beheld with envy, longing, and howlings of indignation, by half-fed and half-cold thousands. Our philosophy on this point will probably appear absurd; and yet, strange to say, it is in perfect accordance with the whole strain of a Book much professedly revered, though we suspect seldom read aright.

WALKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

EGYPTIAN ROOM.

Third Notice.

It has been mentioned that convenient knives, for domestic and peaceable purposes, were a class of articles in which ancient Egypt was comparatively deficient. The people used no such instruments at table, and forks were equally unknown to them. The custom of eating with the fingers alone, however, it is well known, continues almost universal in the East up to this day, and we have seen an amusing account given of the distress of a high-bred European lady, whom the existing ruler of the very country under consideration had invited to dinner, and whose plate, in his desire to do her particular honour, he heaped with *pilau*, elegantly clutched from the main dish by his own vice-regal fingers. But we find ample proof, in the relics to be seen on the shelves of the Egyptian room, that the ancient dwellers on the Nile were by no means ill supplied with other table conveniences. In case R and others, there occur great varieties of spoons, the most of them found or recovered by the indefatigable Salt. Wood and metal are the most common materials of which these articles are composed. As to the forms of the spoons, we have here again a striking indication of that insuperable taste of the Egyptians for the fanciful and grotesque, which must have made their houses perfect museums of oddities, combining the elegant and the ludicrous almost in equal degrees. The bowls of the spoons are mostly of a circular and oval shape, but others are angular or nearly triangular, while others, again, stretch out into long narrow points. The handles, however, are the remarkable portions of these instruments, being carved into all sorts of animal shapes, real and imaginary, snakes and fishes, sphinxes and mortal men. It is to be feared that the taste of the Egyptians was too irregular to permit them to use uniform sets of these articles, otherwise we might have had some hopes of the discovery of a complete dozen, which would be invaluable. The handles of the Egyptian spoons are generally long in proportion to the size of the bowls, as our own are.

Beside these spoons are various cups, bowls, and saucers, of the kind used for drinking and other such purposes. The common material of these is earthenware, but many are formed of metal, alabaster, marble, and other substances of a finer kind. Their forms differ considerably with regard to depth and other peculiarities, and, no doubt, they were intended for and applied to uses corresponding to these different shapes. Spoons of polished ivory or burnished metal, and bowls or cups of alabaster or marble, would make a most respectable figure on a convivial board; and in looking at some of these articles, we are again necessitated to come to the conclusion, that, enlightened and domestically comfortable as we think ourselves, there have been tolerably enlightened and domestically comfortable people in the world long before us.

Turning for variety's sake from the side cases of the Egyptian room to the upright stands in the centre, which have top-cases secured by glass-plates, we find in these an immense collection of all kinds of jewellery, used for the adornment of the person. The enduring nature of the material has tended to the preservation of these relics in such quantities; and, really, rating it at the mere value of the bullion interspersed through it, the collection is of great worth. Finger-rings, earrings, necklaces, chains, and similar ornaments, are here in profusion, the component material being usually either the precious metals or the precious stones. To describe the forms of these articles is scarcely possible. The rings are mostly of gold, and vary in shape from the smooth plain hoop to the winding serpent, or to the circle with a broad signet, covered with hieroglyphics. In few instances, indeed, is any ring devoid of some fantastic animal figure, or without hieroglyphics. Of the ear-rings, which are commonly formed so as to hook together, nearly the same thing may be said. There are examples, also, of rings of silver, as well as of ivory and variously-coloured artificial substances, seemingly porcelain and glass; which articles appear to have been the adornments of the

poorer orders. The necklaces are exceedingly curious, consisting in some cases of continuous links of wrought gold, and in others of gold intermixed with precious stones or imitations of them, of a great variety of hues. Some of these necklaces are both massive and long, and once decorated, we may be sure, no mean persons. Other necklaces are chiefly of glass beads, closely resembling modern things of the same order. Of course, all sorts of shapes, known and unknown, appear on and about these necklaces and rings. But of all such figures, by far the most predominant is that of the venerable idol of Egypt, the *scarabæus* or *beetle*. There are actually whole cases of these beetles, or of gold and stones wrought into their forms, and these articles seem to have been suspended by chains, or otherwise worn about the person. A modern taste is utterly at a loss to conceive how any feeling but disgust could have been excited by having these crawling creatures or their resemblances stuck about one. At the same time, many a beau and belle of our day would be glad to display some of these rings and necklaces about their bodily frames, grotesque as are the disposition and invention of the figures thereon.

Numbers of the glass or artificial beads, and similar relics of Egyptian art, display such perfect imitations of precious stones, such as the amethyst, that excellent judges have declared our modern artists to be decidedly inferior, in this respect, to those of antiquity. The ingenuity of the Egyptian artists discovered the art of carrying colours, lines, or devices, laid on the exterior of glass, through the whole body and substance of it. This operation, on which the power of imitating precious stones in glass may be said to depend, was accomplished only through consummate patience, and the utmost nicety of handling; for it was by forming the imitative glass in parts, and uniting or cementing them together, that the desired object was attained of making an exterior streak or figure of any hue run through the body of the article. Suppose, for example, it was desired to make a coloured eagle appear equally on the exterior, interior, and in the very heart of the substance. The eagle, or the properly coloured glass representing it, being separately formed at first, required to be put into the substance of the article in layers or laminae, and these were fixed in their place by means of some flux. By breaking beads thus formed, these facts have been distinctly ascertained. The delicacy of workmanship requisite in such operations, must have been beyond conception. But on this point we have now said enough, although the subject is far from being an uninteresting one, particularly when we consider that this appears to be one of the points on which the world has made a retrograde movement.

The general subject of painting naturally occurs after such remarks on glass-painting, and we turn to case W of the Egyptian Room, where we find some small withered-looking slips of reed and wood, with a few small pots and coloured articles, known to be paints and painting implements. Several long, pointed, pencil-looking pieces of wood (without any thing, if we remember aright, like a brush among them), together with the aforesaid pots, which were not unlike modern articles for the same use, and several dull-hued pieces of blue, green, red, yellow, black, and white matter, are almost all that we have before us in connection with the art of painting among the Egyptians. The paints alluded to, or at least those used by the Egyptians generally, have been chemically examined in this country, and the green has been found to derive its origin mainly from oxidised copper; the blue from a species of pulverulent glass; the red to be an earthy bole; the black to be bone-black; the white a species of chalk; and the yellow an iron ochre. Alas! however, if we had reason to triumph for our friends of antiquity in the matter of the imitative glass, certain it is that the art of painting, considering that art as nature's imitress, was not one of the departments in which the Egyptians had attained to real excellence, although this arose, most certainly, from inveterate national prejudices rather than want of capacity. In outline-drawing they often excelled, but as for perspective, light and shade, or any harmonious blending of colours, these were things unknown to them, or never aimed at. Hence every painted relic of the country—and the number of such relics, exclusive of the fixtures in the tombs, is immense—presents the broad and glaring primitive colours unmixed and unsoftened on all occasions. The tops of the mummy-cases in the Egyptian Room will show this partly to the visitor, and if he examines copies of the Theban paintings, he will be more fully satisfied. Before leaving the subject of painting, it ought to be noticed that there is in the room of antiquities a small terra-cotta bottle or jar, very narrow in proportion to its length, and having a handle so formed, as seemingly to be intended for carrying on the thumb. This is understood to be a painter's water or gum-water bottle, from which he diluted his paints in the pot, as they required it. When we remember the carriage by modern painters of the palette upon the thumb, there seems a coincidence between the two applications of the little member, that shows how early and readily men in all

* There are in this part of the room two small paintings on wood, called portraits, which are from Egypt, but are held to be of the later or Grecian era. They cannot be regarded, therefore, as specimens of Egyptian art, but if they were, they are such odd-looking chalky affairs, and the faces so little flattering to mortality, that no nation could be adjudged portrait-painters on their account. But, after all, age must be taken into consideration.

situations hit upon the plans most convenient and suitable for their purposes.

Relics of writing implements occupy the same shelf with the preceding articles. We find among these one or two rather long, but slender and pointed reeds, which constituted the pens of three thousand years ago. The tablet or inkstand, also, is a sort of box with divisions, the ink being probably held in a bottle or little earthenware article. What was the exact nature of the ink commonly employed, it might be difficult to say. Diluted black paints might be used, or possibly some dye manufactured much like ours, for other circumstances prove that the people of Egypt were not unacquainted with the properties of the acids, and of the metallic oxides, in changing and producing colours. The paper of Egypt is no matter of conjecture. Visitors to the Museum are not usually allowed to examine the papyri, which are things too delicate for the handling of the uninitiated. But it is right, nevertheless, to give some account of these papyri, which, with the exception of the sculptured and painted records, are the only written memorials which have descended to us from that distant age. These papyri are composed of the heart of the stalks of a marsh-plant called the papyrus, which grows to the height of fifteen feet, and is two or three inches in circumference. The heart of the plant is cut into longitudinal slices, which are laid on a board together, glued at the edges, and well pressed. When dry, this substance is polished, and forms, or formed, Egyptian paper. On it were delineated hieroglyphics and other varieties of writing; and of those papyri that have come down to us, most have been found in the mummy-cases beside the preserved bodies. When found, they are in the shape of rolls, or rolled-up sheets, of a withered dusky hue. From time to time, great numbers have been brought to Europe, and much has been expected from them, but this expectation has scarcely been fulfilled. As might have been anticipated from their age and other circumstances, many of them prove illegible, through their brittleness, and of those that have been deciphered, the contents have turned out of little historical interest. We may wind up this notice of the mummy-papyri by mentioning that the writers of them, namely, the regular scribes who went here and there in a professional capacity, like notaries to a deathbed, had a custom worthy of being noticed among other evidences that nothing is new under the sun. It might have been presumed that some slender clerk of no distant date was the first to hit upon the ingenious expedient of disposing of his pen, at leisure moments, by sticking it behind his ear. Alas, for novelty! a scribe in one of the Theban paintings is to be seen in the same elegant circumstances.

There are many specimens of baskets, as has been already mentioned, among these Egyptian relics. The majority of these are understood to be made of the twisted and interlaced date-tree leaves; others, again, seem constructed of the same portions of the Theban palm. In many instances, whatever be their material, these baskets are so neatly and firmly wrought, and altogether so handsome, that it is with difficulty one can admit the idea of their being some 2000 or 3000 years old. The tiniest and most finical of serving-dauncels would be proud to visit the family-grocer's with some of these receptacles on her arm. Several are provided with handles, formed of the same plants as the main article. From these specimens, we may readily conceive that the handsomest reticules were at the service of the Egyptian ladies, if they chose to use them, of a woven or interlaced fashion. But, after all, basket-weaving is at best a manufacture of simple or savage life, and the very blind can attain to great, if not to the greatest perfection in it. Therefore, pretty as these baskets are, one cannot found upon them as any striking proofs of the high advancement of Egyptian art.

THE EVENING BEFORE THE MARRIAGE. FROM THE GERMAN OF ZSCHOKKE.

"We shall be so happy with one another!" said Louisa Mowbray to her aunt the evening before her marriage, and, as she spoke, the colour mounted to her cheek, and her eyes beamed with inward rapture. It is not hard to guess when a bride says so, who it is she means. "I have not a doubt of it, my dear Louisa," replied her aunt; "only take care that you continue so." "Oh, who could doubt it for a moment? I know myself, and if I am not good, my love for him will make me better. We love each other; and so long as we do that, we cannot be unhappy. Our love will never grow old."

"Ah," sighed her aunt, "you speak like a girl of nineteen the day before her marriage, with the flush of wishes fulfilled, and of fair hopes and anticipations strong upon her. My dear child, mark my words: even the heart grows old. The day is sure to come when the magic of the senses dies away; and when that spell is broken, then for the first time does it appear whether we are really worthy of being loved or no. When custom has made the brightest charms common, when youthful bloom has faded, when the shadows of life have gathered thickly over the light of home, then, and not till then, can the wife say of her husband that he deserves to be loved, or the husband of the wife that hers are no transitory graces. Indeed, there is something ridiculous to my ears in protestations of this sort on a wedding-day."

"I understand you, aunt. You mean to say that it is only our mutual virtues, that in after-years can give us worth in each other's eyes. But is not my Alfred—for I can't lay claim to any thing for myself, but the

wish to do right—is not my Alfred the worthiest, the noblest of all the young men in the whole town? Are there not in him the germs of every noble quality that can lead to happiness?"

"I agree with you entirely, child. You have the germs of good qualities, too, as well as he—I may say that much without flattery. But, my dear, they are no more than germs, and require much rain and sunshine to ripen them into maturity. No blossoms are more deceitful to the hope than these. We never know what soil they are rooted in. Who knows the mystery of the heart?"

"Why, aunt, you quite frighten me."

"So much the better, Louisa. A little trepidation the day before marriage will do no harm. I have a sincere love for you, and will therefore tell you my mind frankly. I am none of your frumpish old aunts. At seven-and-twenty, one is not apt to have turned a puritan, but still looks out upon life with a tolerably cheerful eye. I have a model of a husband, and I am happy. Therefore I have some right to speak to you in this way, and to put you up to a secret, which most probably you are ignorant of, which indeed a pretty young girl runs little chance of being told, and most young men care little to hear; and yet, for all that, it is the one great requisite at every fireside, for from it alone can spring enduring affection and indestructible happiness."

Louisa grasped her aunt's hand in both of hers. "Dear aunt, you must be right; I believe every word you say. What you mean is, that lasting happiness and love can never be secured by any merely casual or transitory charms, but only by those virtues of disposition which we carry into the married state. They are our best dowry; they never grow old."

"Not exactly, Louisa. Even virtues may grow old, and with old age become displeasing, quite as much as personal attractions."

"Why, aunt, how can that be? Tell me one virtue that could become displeasing with the lapse of years."

"When it has become displeasing, we call it a virtue no longer, just as we call a pretty girl no longer pretty, when time has changed her into the sober mother of a household."

"But, aunt, virtues are not mere things of earth."

"Why, not exactly."

"How can meekness or gentleness ever become displeasing?"

"Whenever years make them appear effeminate weakness."

"And manly firmness?"

"Becomes offensive coarseness."

"And modesty?"

"Sheepishness."

"And noble pride?"

"Simple conceit."

"And readiness to oblige?"

"Fawning and servility."

"Why, aunt, you almost make me angry with you. My future husband never can degenerate in this way. One virtue he has, which must always keep him right—his high-toned sentiment, his ineradicable feeling for every thing which is great, and good, and beautiful. And this fine sensibility for every thing noble lives within my bosom, as well as in his. It is to us an in-born hostage for our happiness."

"And if it should happen to grow old with you, it would become nauseous sentimentality; and sentimentality is the very mischief. Not that I would have you without sensibility, but heaven keep this Grace from changing into a squabbling old woman. Do you know the Countess Hofingen?"

"She who was separated from her husband last year?"

"Do you know the real cause why they parted?"

"Every body has some different story about it."

"You shall hear how the thing happened. I had it from herself. The story is at once laughable and instructive, and comes quite pat to what we were talking of."

"Hofingen and his wife were looked upon by every body as the most affectionate and enviable of couples. Their marriage was the result of a passion which had been the growth of years. Their love was a perfect mania. They were formed for each other, beautiful, and good, and ardent, with the most admirable harmony in all their views and wishes. The whole world was agog about the scene that occurred, after they had been formally betrothed, when some quarrel between their parents knocked the marriage arrangements entirely on the head. The lady pined to a shadow, and her passionate lover threatened to blow his brains out, or swallow a bottle of prussic acid at the least. Suffice it, that to save the young countess's life, and prevent him from committing some such act of desperation, the old folk had nothing for it but to make up their quarrel, or seem to do so, whether they did or not. This restored the lovers to their senses; but no sooner was the lady out of danger, than the old folk split again, and were for putting off the match for a couple of years more. The result may be guessed. One night the devoted pair packed up their travelling gear, and, borne on the wings of love, in the shape of a chaise and four, crossed the borders, got married; came back as man and wife; and from that moment a whole heaven of rapture seemed to have come down upon the earth."

Henceforth nothing could have gone more smoothly than did the union of this devoted pair. It was peace and concord in the abstract. From morn till noon, from noon till dewy eve, the young people seemed to

think of nothing but how to please one another. The first year found them inditing poems to each other, the sweetest, the most passionate things in the world; winter and summer bloomed alike in perpetual flowerage; not a stick or stool about the house but was endeared to them by some delightful association. The second year, indeed, these enthusiastic outbursts of feeling had softened down a degree; but still, in ball or fête, at tea-drinking or conversazione, they saw, they sought, they lived but for each other. The third year, this amiable weakness was dropped in company, but at home they were still the same. The fourth, they appeared to have got rid of the first all-absorbing thrall of love, so far at least as to be able to go out into society of an evening alone, she one way, he another, with tolerable comfort to themselves. But the joy of meeting was only so much the more entrancing. The fifth, the count felt himself able to go from home for a week or two, without having his heart shattered to fragments, or his wife going into fits at parting. But the letters that passed in the meantime! Why, Eloise with the pen of Alexander Pope wrote not more movingly, nor with a warmer passion. The sixth, they had at last become sufficiently rational to allow a separation of some weeks to pass over, merely with the interchange of one or two friendly letters. In the seventh year, they became conscious that people could really love each other, without the necessity of renewing protestations of attachment in words or writing from morning till night. Their bliss had reached its summit, because they now felt towards each other the quiet confidence of considerate friendship. In the eighth, they had so far shaken off the egotism of love, that they had some feeling to spare for the rest of the world, and did not live solely and simply for each other, as if they were the only folks living, and all the rest of mankind were but galvanised puppets upon the stage of life. In the ninth, they were the most amiable, the most beneficent, the most delightful, kind creatures you can imagine, abroad as well as at home. In the tenth, they were very much like what we other children of mankind, such honest souls, at least, as are among us, usually are, when we have had ten years' experience of each other in the wedded state.

True it is, they had now grown ten years older; but so had their love, and, alas! their virtues too. Both had become a proverb in the town for their sensibility of heart, and every body loved them for it.

Well, in the first year of the second decade of their marriage, they both made the remark, that their passion was no longer so violent as it used to be. This they thought quite natural. A person can be in love, without making a fuss about it. Next year they discovered in one another a number of little weaknesses, which the mantle of love had hitherto concealed. What of that! They forgave them, and each endured the faults of the other with amicable forbearance. In the third, they would be giving one another occasional hints of the most delicate kind—but these broke no bones between them. And then, indeed, if one felt in any way hurt at the untowardness of the other, there was not wanting the assurance that the offender would willingly do the most amiable penance. In the fourth, however, each was inclined to think that the penance-doing work fell rather too often to his or her share; and occasional suspicions crossed the minds of both, that one was disposed to forgive himself or herself every thing, and the other nothing. In the fifth, a great many little annoyances occurred, which were apt to be remembered. In the sixth, they began to measure their words towards one another, so as to keep clear of discord. In the seventh, there were a good many misunderstandings, and nothing more common than for one to be piqued at the expressions of the other. This, however, they explained into a proof of love and devotion; no enemy's sword cuts so deep as the frown of one that is dear to us. In the eighth, these little bickerings grew more frequent, but these nobody minded. In the best-assorted matches such things will happen. They would be sulky towards each other for a day or two, and then make it up again. In the ninth, their mutual sensibility brought them to a prudent resolution to tolerate extreme bursts of emotion in each other. 'You, my love,' said the count, 'are sensitive and irritable—so am I. This does not do. You may be violent, so very possibly might I. To avoid disputes, I will allow you to do just as you please; let me do the same. In this way, my love, we shall live pleasantly together, without annoyance to ourselves. We love each other, but, my dear, it will never do to worry each other to death with our love.' So, too, thought the countess. Henceforward they rarely met but at table. Neither inquired where have you been, or where are you going! Peace was restored, and on this courteous footing they lived in harmony and comfort. And if ever one was piqued at any thing the other said or did, something handsome and complimentary passed, and so they parted.

One night during the twentieth year—you have thus the history of twenty years—after their return from the theatre, they had supped together, and sat chatting agreeably by the fireside. They were still full of the emotions which a play of Iffland's had called up within their susceptible bosoms. The bliss of wedded and domestic life, the delineation of which upon the stage had enraptured them, seemed to be renewed with all its force in their own persons.

'Ah!' said the countess, 'all very good if one were to be always young!' 'Do not complain, dearest! Where is there a woman keeps her looks as you have

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done! I see no difference in you to-day and the night before our marriage. Some little caprices! Well, they are easily put up with. Our union is certainly one of the most enviable upon earth. If I were unmarried, and to see you, I would offer you my hand in preference to every body.' 'Vastly well turned,' replied the countess, with a sigh. 'But, my dear, just think—twenty long years! What am I now! what was I then?' 'A charming wife now, sweet—then a charming girl. I would not exchange the one for the other.' He rose, and pressed her to his bosom with a kiss. 'We should be happy, quite happy. But there is one thing wanting, dearest, to complete the felicity of our union.' 'I understand—a child, to inherit your grace and virtue. But,' added the count, while he kissed his lady's hand, 'you are only eight and thirty—I scarcely forty—who knows, perhaps —' 'Oh, how I should be delighted! It is very true that a single child gives quite as much sorrow and anxiety as pleasure. The slightest mishap may snatch him from us again. But, then, a couple of children.' 'You are right. And not two, but three. For with two, if one were to die, we should just be in the same state of anxiety as before. I feel that heaven will listen to our prayers. We shall yet see these charming little ones sporting about us.' 'My love,' said the lady, with a smile, 'that would be almost too much. It would only involve us in a fresh dilemma. For instance, if they should be sons?' 'Well, and if they were, we have an income of some twelve thousand pounds; enough surely both for ourselves and them. The oldest should have a commission—the second a diplomatic appointment. These would both cost a trifle—very true—but then they would be sure to rise. We have connections, rank, and influence.' 'But you forget the youngest, love!' 'The youngest! not a bit. He shall be bred for the church, and cannot fail of falling into a prebend.' 'What! a son of mine a priest! No, indeed; no good would come of that.' 'No good! And may I ask, why not! He may become an abbot, bishop, archbishop, madam.' 'He may do no such thing! I may prove the mother of a monk, and see my son with a shaven crown and cloister frock. I wonder such a thought could ever enter your head. If I had a hundred sons, I would not permit it.' 'You are in a strange humour for once, wife dear. But for all your spleen against the church, I know you will give in to what is both for his happiness and ours.' 'I tell you, and tell you again, I will never do any such thing. Call it a whim, an humour, what you like. You have an humour to be lord supreme; but you will please to remember that a mother may be allowed to put in a word in such a case.' 'Indeed, she may not. It is entirely the father's look-out. And I shall let it be seen, whenever the occasion requires it, that my will, and mine alone, shall have the whole disposal of the matter.' 'Good heavens! I am quite aware, sir, that you are my lord and husband; but, sir, I have not the honour to be your maid-servant.' 'Nor I your page, my Lady Countess. I have given way to you in every thing, perhaps more than I ought. But cheerfully as I submit to your caprices, remember there are such things as whimsies, that may be too absurd.' 'I am much indebted to you for the lesson, of which you have just given me a plain practical illustration. I think I know, sir, who has given way most. For years I have put up with the improprieties of your conduct, and magnanimously forgiven them, more as the faults of intellect and education than as errors of the heart. But the patience of heaven wears out at last.' 'There you are perfectly correct. Mine has been preciously tried, madam, for many a day, by your whims and fancies; and you may thank your stars, madam, that I did not shake off the yoke before the year and day was out; for, sooth to say, there is nothing very creditable in being the obedient slave of your thousand and one absurdities. I must give you a piece of my mind, madam, for once.' 'And if I had wished to give you a piece of my mind, sir, you should have known many a day ago that you are a proud, self-seeking egotist, whom it is impossible to put up with; a heartless puppet, that is always talking about feelings, for the same reason that people make the greatest vaunt of what they do not possess.' 'Indeed! that is the way, I presume, you make such a fuss about your acuteness, and your seeing farther than your neighbours. You may impose upon others, madam; thank heaven, I have long been undeceived. Virtue with you is nothing at bottom but womanish grimace. Your mawkish parade of intellect is more and more distasteful to me, the more I know what you really are. But that I did not like to wound your feelings, the fact is, I would have sent you back to your family long ago, as the only chance for peace left me.' 'You have just anticipated my wishes. A stiff tiresome egotist like you is not the sort of person to make any woman of intellect happy. And after such a declaration, I would have you to know that nothing could afford me greater pleasure than to be rid of you at once.' 'Thank goodness! the murder is out at last. I take you at your word, and could not wish myself better off. Adieu! and pleasant dreams attend you. To-morrow shall see the business concluded.' 'The sooner the better, my lord!'

And so they parted. Next day a notary and witnesses were sent for; the deed of separation was drawn up, and subscribed by both parties, in spite of the remonstrances of friends and relations, male and female, nay, even persons of the first quality. Since then, they have lived apart. Thus was a connection of long standing, and to all appearance a happy one, sud-

denly broken. The ridiculous dispute about the future destiny of three sons, who had not even an existence, snapped the thread that looked as though it would have bound them for ever. And you will remark, that, for all that, the count as well as countess are both of them very pleasant persons. You can charge them with no bad quality, but only with certain foibles, such as we all of us have."

"Do you call this story laughable, aunt?" said Louisa, with tears standing in her eyes. "It has made me quite melancholy. I now comprehend how it is that the marriage of even excellent people may by little and little become very unhappy. Give me some consolation, for, unless you do, you will have made me miserable to no end. I never would venture to look upon my future husband without alarm for what might happen. Think of the horror of such a fate!"

"Well, girl, how would you propose to avoid it?" inquired her aunt.

"Oh, aunt, if I were never to grow old!—then I might be certain of binding my husband to me for ever."

"You are greatly mistaken, my dear child. Though you were always to be as fair and beautiful as you are this day, yet would the familiarity of years render your charms in the long-run a matter of indifference in your husband's eyes. *Habit* is the mightiest magician in the world, and one of the most beneficent of the household fairies. She makes the most beautiful and the most repulsive object alike common: say we are young and grow old, habit prevents the husband from noticing the change. Reverse the case, and suppose that we were to continue young, and he to grow old, mischief might be the result, from the natural jealousy of our time-stricken lord. Things are better as they are. Think of your becoming an aged grandam, and your husband a blooming youth; how would you reconcile yourself to that?"

Louisa was puzzled. "Really I do not know."

"But," continued her aunt, "I will communicate a secret to you, which —"

"What! that," interrupted Louisa, "that which I have been dying to hear!"

Her aunt continued. "Give me your best attention. What I am about to tell you I have myself tried and found to succeed. It consists of two parts. The first part of my plan for making marriage happy is in itself an infallible preventive against the very possibility of dissension, and could not fail ultimately to make even the spider and the fly the best of friends. The other part is the best and surest means for the preservation of womanly grace."

"Ah!" cried Louisa.

"For the first part of my plan, then. Take your bridegroom, the first hour after your marriage that you are alone, and require from him a vow, and give him one in exchange. Promise each other solemnly, not even in the merest jest to wrangle with one another, or to interchange words of raillery or reproach. Never! I tell you, never! Squabbling even in jest, words of the merest banter, by repetition become downright earnest. Mark that! Further, promise with all the seriousness your heart is capable of, never to have a secret from one another, under no pretext, under no excuse whatever. Continually, yea, every moment, you ought to see clearly into each other's breasts. If one of you have done wrong, let not a moment be lost till it is frankly confessed; though it be with tears, confessed let it be. And so as you have both of you no secrets from each other, all that concerns your home, your mutual intercourse, your own hearts, is and may be kept a secret from father, mother, sister, brother, aunt, and all the world. Yourselves two, under God, fashion henceforth your own calm world. Every third and fourth person you introduce there, would but make division, and stand between you and your love! This may not be. Promise that. Renew the vow upon every temptation. You will find your account in it. So will your souls grow as it were together, so will you two become but one. Ah, if many a young couple had but known this little piece of worldly wisdom, and made a proper use of it, how many a marriage would be happier, than, alas, it is!"

Louisa kissed her aunt's hand fervently. "I feel this must be done. Where it is not, married people, although united, are still two strangers, who know nothing of each other. It ought to be—without it there can be no happiness. And now, aunt, the best means for the preservation of womanly grace!"

Her aunt smiled, and went on. "We cannot disguise from ourselves the fact, that a handsome man pleases us a hundred times better than a plain one; and men feel just the same way towards us. But what we call handsome, what properly pleases us in men, and men in us, is not merely head and hair, symmetry or complexion, as in a picture or a statue: it is the characteristic expression, the soul breathing outwards, which charms in word and look, in earnestness, in sorrow, and in joy. Men idolise us, in proportion as they discover in us those virtues of the mind which our look gives promise of; and we find an evilly disposed man repulsive, be he never so handsome or good looking. Thus, then, a young girl, who would preserve her beauty, must look to the graces of her mental nature, those qualities of disposition, those virtues, in short, by which she fascinated her lover. And the best of all means for preserving virtue, so that it never alters, but remains for ever young, is a religious habit of thought and action, a walking in the sight of heaven, with a mind pure, peaceful, and kindly, towards all mankind."

Look you, dear," she continued, "there are virtues which are begotten of mere worldly prudence. These grow old with time, and they change, because, with the vicissitude of circumstances and inclinations, prudence changes her modes of action, and because prudence does not always grow with the growth of years and passions. But religious virtues cannot change, because our God is evermore the same, and because that eternity is evermore the same, whither we and those we love are journeying. Maintain an innocent, pious frame of mind, and that soul-inspired beauty will always be yours for which your bridegroom worships you to-day. I am no Puritan, but simply your own aunt of seven-and-twenty, that loves you dearly. I am fond of dancing; I like to look smart; I love a joke; but for that very reason I say to you, be an affectionate, gentle-hearted, Christian woman, and you will be beautiful as mother and as grandam!"

Louisa threw her arms about her aunt's neck, and testified her thanks by an emotion too deep for utterance.

THE POETRY OF SIR WILLIAM JONES.

THE accomplished scholar and jurist, Sir William Jones, has already found a place in the biographical columns of the present work. From the brevity, however, indispensable to such sketches of personal history, it was impossible to enter on that occasion into any detailed account of the particular works on which his reputation is founded, or to do more, in truth, than give a mere enumeration of their titles. His acquisitions as a linguist, from the period of boyhood till his death, were so rapid and numerous, and the displays resulting from each new accession of knowledge followed so closely upon one another, that a minute account of his productions would of itself occupy a very large space. We do not propose to enter on such a task here, but simply to consider Sir William Jones in his character of a poet, as well as of a translator of poetry.

Sir William evinced a taste for poetry at a very early age. His widowed mother fortunately possessed the means of educating him respectfully, and in 1753, when arrived at the age of seven, he was placed at Harrow School. In his ninth year, the juvenile poems of Pope excited in him the spirit of emulation, and he began to exercise his poetical talent in imitations of that author, and of Dryden, his two chief favourites. Subsequently, when studying the classics, he produced translations of some of the best known minor pieces of the ancient poets. A verse or two from an imitation of the Fourteenth Ode of Horace (Book Second), may be presented as a specimen of the skill and ease in composition which he had attained at the age of fourteen:—

How quickly fades the vital flower!
Alas! my friend, each silent hour
Steals unperceived away:
The early joys of blooming youth,
Meek innocence and dove-eyed truth,
Are destined to decay.
Can zeal dearer Plato's wrath restrain?
No! though an hourly victim stain
His hallowed shrine with blood,
Fate will recall her doom for none;
The sceptred king must leave his throne,
To pass the Stygian flood.
Our house, our land, our shadowy grove,
The very mistress of our love,
Ah me, we soon must leave!
Of all our trees, the hated boughs
Of cypress shall alone diffuse
Their fragrance o'er our grave.

This is composition of no ordinary kind for a boy of fourteen, though not otherwise very remarkable. Two years later, Jones wrote the principal portion of a poem of some length, published afterwards under the title of *Arcadia*, and distinguished by the tasteful elegance of its style. From this time forward the subject of our notice continued at intervals to cultivate his poetical powers, by rendering into English different pieces from Greek and Roman writers, until his acquisition of the Arabic and Persian tongues gave a new direction to his talents. He was only twenty when he had made such proficiency in Oriental literature as to receive an offer (which he declined) of the post of state-interpreter for Eastern languages. When master of these tongues, he began to translate freely from them, both in prose and verse: The poetry of the East certainly presented to him a far more congenial field for the display of his powers than the writings of Greece or Rome. His own style, perhaps from his great philological knowledge, was flowery, verbose, and epithetical in the highest degree, and the Orientals were distinguished by the like characteristics. This similarity led to his unbounded admiration of the Eastern poets, and rendered him also a fit expositor of their beauties. For example, never did poet find apter translator, than Hafiz, the Persian, has met with in the case of the following song.

A PERSIAN SONG OF HAFIZ.

Sweet maid, if thou would'st charm my sight,
And bid these arms thy neck enfold,
Teat rosy cheek, that illy hand,
Would give thy poet more delight
Than all Baccara's vaunted gold,
Than all the gems of Samarcand.
Boy! let yon liquid ruby flow,
And bid thy pensive heart be glad,
Whate'er the frowning senolds may:—
Tell them their Eden cannot show
A stream so clear as Roonabad,
A bower so sweet as Meccelay.

O! when these fair, perfidious maids,
Whose eyes our secret haunts infect,
Their dear destructive charms display,
Each glance my tender breast invades,
And robs my wounded soul of rest,
As Tartars seize their destined prey.
In vain with love our bosoms glow:
Can all our tears, can all our sighs,
New lustre to those charms impart?
Can cheeks, where living roses blow,
Where nature spreads her richest dyes,
Require the borrowed gloss of art?

But ah! sweet maid, my counsel here—
(Youth should attend when those advise
Whom long experience renders sage)
While music charms the ravished ear,
While sparkling cups delight our eyes,
Be gay, and scorn the frowns of age.

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,
Whose accents flow with artless ease,
Like orient pearls at random strung.
Thy notes are sweet, the damsel says:
But oh! far sweeter, if they please
The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

Paraphrasing, to which his choice of Pope as a model, and still more his own consummate command of language, made Jones especially liable, has not been avoided in this version from Hafiz, but the expansion has been executed so much in the spirit of the original, that the blemish is almost obliterated. But the effect of this same paraphrastic propensity was most destructive when Jones attempted to handle the poems of the Greeks, so remarkable for their nervous simplicity. The same was the result of his attempts to translate such writers as Petrarch, as any one may see by comparing Jones's version of one of that writer's canzoni with the exquisite translation of a late writer, Leigh Hunt. The canzone is that beginning "*Chiare, fresche, e dolçe acque*." But while Sir William failed in rendering into his native tongue those compositions of which the strength lay in simplicity, we repeat that he was admirably fitted for the translation of oriental verse. His own taste seems to have told him so, for the greater part of his poetical works consists of versions or imitations of the Eastern bards, such as hymns to Durga, Indra, Narayana, Laeshmi, and other Indian divinities, with allegorical tales, as the Seven Fountains, the Enchanted Fruit, and others. The imagery of these is most sparkling, and the language polished and harmonious, though the whole, it must be admitted, is nearly a dead level, like a garden in the old clipped Dutch taste. The following lines from the Seven Fountains may serve as a specimen:—

The wondering youth beheld an opening glade
Where in the midst a crystal fountain play'd;
The silver sands, that on its bottom grew,
Were strewn with pearls and gems of varied hue;
The diamonds sparkled like the star of day,
And the soft topaz shed a golden ray;
Clear amethysts combined their purple gleam
With the mild emerald's sight-refreshing beam;
The sapphire smiled like yon blue plain above,
And rubies spread the blushing tint of love.

As a fair example of Jones's original poetry of the graver cast, the reader may be presented with an ode after the manner of Alcæus the Greek.

What constitutes a state?
Not high-raised battlement or lofty mound,
Thick wall or moated gate;
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned,
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride,
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low-browed baseness waits perfume to pride.
No:—MAN, high-minded MAN,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued,
In forest, brake, or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude;
MAN, who their duties know,
But know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain,
Prevent the long-armed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain.
These constitute a state,
And sovereign LAW, that state's collected will,
O'er thrones and globes elate
Sits Empress, crowning good, repressing ill.
Smitten by her sacred frown,
The fiend, *Dissension*, like a vapour sinks,
And e'en th' all-dazzling crown
Hides his faint rays, and at her bidding shrinks.
Such was this heav'n-loved isle,
Than Lesbos fairer and the Cretan shore.
No more shall Freedom smile?
Shall Britons languish, and be men no more?
Since all must life resign,
Those sweet rewards, which decorate the brave,
'Tis folly to decline,
And steal inglorious to the silent grave.

Upon the whole, although the verses of Sir William Jones must ever form agreeable and intellectual reading, both on account of the beauty of the language, and of the virtuous sentiments conveyed in them, yet they certainly are not of the stamp to entitle their author to a place among the true poets of his country. What might be the exact quality necessary for this end, in which his most accomplished mind was deficient, is a thing not easily determined. His genius, obviously, was not intended, and to this defect some weight must be ascribed. Be this as it may, that essential element in the poetical constitution, which appeared so vividly (to quote a striking example) in the youthful Keats, and which cannot be defined better, perhaps, than by calling it a power, unpossessed by common men, of instantaneously finding a new similitude in nature for every imaginable thing, does not seem to

have entered into the composition of Sir William Jones's mind. The arrangement of old images and old expressions in novel and pleasing forms, constituted the extent of his poetical abilities. He appears, in truth, to have had no higher aim, and this was doubtless attributable in part to the vitiated poetical taste of his times.

Sir William died in India at the age of forty-seven, while engaged in the laborious task of preparing a Digest of the Laws of Hindostan—a task that would have conferred on him a nobler immortality than even that which poetry can bestow.

THE NATURAL RESULTS OF STRIKES.

It never seems to occur to the promoters of violent combinations for higher wages among the working-classes, that the employers have any reasons for not yielding to their demands, beyond a mere desire of getting work done as cheaply as possible, in order that they may have the greater profit to themselves. A more liberal consideration shows the case of the employers to be very different. In all departments of trade, they are exposed to rivalry both at home and abroad. They are pressed upon, in various respects, to meet the demand for low-priced goods, and to compete with each other in the common market of the world. Each, therefore, is under what we may call an imperative law of his condition, to try to get his articles produced at the lowest possible rate. Such a rivalry is very apt to depreciate the intrinsic value of goods (in fact, it is injuring the character of our manufactures), and is constantly acting on the wage standard. *If there were only a limited number of persons born or belonging to the working class, in all parts of the world, then it would be impossible for this rivalry to undermine the standard of wages; but this is not the case.* In most countries, there are hosts of persons who are anxious for employment, and they always find some one to pay them wages proportionate to his means, and to their numbers. Others are compelled, in self-defence, to follow his example, and thus wages are reduced.

Passing over the extreme tyranny which all combinations bear in their very front, it is of importance to show that they are calculated to prove injurious to the actual promoters of them in the long run. Violations of the natural order of things rarely, if ever, go unpunished; and we have not here any exception to the rule. Whenever an employer feels that he is placed at a disadvantage by the constrained payment of an over-high rate of wages, or when he feels that his property and his person are unsafe, he is, of course, uneasy, and resorts to various remedies for his relief. He proceeds with his concern to some other place, where he can be more secure, and work to advantage—or he endeavours to supersede manual labour by the introduction of inanimate machinery into his works—or he ceases to labour altogether, and lives on the fruits of his former industry. If he do none of these things, but, with his fellow employers, submits to the exactions of the unionists, then the chances are that the trade falls off, and ultimately leaves the country. These are not chimerical results. They are at this instant in active operation. The populous towns of Manchester, Ashton, &c., in Lancashire, owe a great portion of their prosperity to the early destruction of machinery at Blackburn and other places. Norwich, once a great seat of the camlet-manufacture, has been in a great measure crippled of that branch of trade by certain towns in Yorkshire, where the manufacturers were better protected from violence; indeed, if it had not been for "strikes," Norwich would at this day have been one of the largest manufacturing towns in the kingdom. Similar injuries have been done to many other towns. When, however, a branch of manufacture is removed only from one town to another, the unionists may follow it. True, they sometimes, from the wretched state of our general police, are able to pursue and molest their victims in whatever locality they may settle. In such cases, the effectual remedy lies in removal to some foreign country, where the unionists cannot possibly exert any influence.

As this paper meets the eyes of thousands of working men in all parts of Britain, we are anxious to put before them a plain statement of what is now the obvious result of the annoyances which trade has experienced from combinations and combinations during the last ten or twelve years. It is most important for the interests of working men that they should be aware that various branches of manufacture (not, it is true, entirely, but in a great measure, from this cause) are rapidly departing from the united kingdom. Every traveller in France, Belgium, Germany, and Switzerland, concurs in representing manufactures as rapidly increasing in these countries, and thus taking bread from the mouths of the labouring classes in England. Mr E. Tuffnell confirms these representations by the following statement of facts which had come to his knowledge, in the course of his inquiries as one of the Factory Commissioners—a statement which we derive from the first report (just published) of the Constabulary Force Commission, and which cannot be too earnestly read and reflected on by the working men of this country.

"An evil of far more serious import to the nation, is when the manufacture, instead of changing from one part of the country to another, leaves it altogether, and takes refuge in foreign parts. This has actually taken place in some instances, and the rapid increase of continental rivalry, by teaching foreigners to adopt

our habits of industry, and our improved machinery, daily renders it easier for them to supplant us in the market. It is obvious, indeed, that if this effect has not more generally followed, every additional attack on the profits of the home manufacturer must have this tendency, and augment the chances of foreign products successfully competing with British. In 1820, a Glasgow cotton manufacturer emigrated from that city, and established a factory at New York, that he might conduct his business free from those interruptions to which he was subjected in this country from the strikes among his men. The conduct of the Sheffield workmen already threatens the extinction of the trade of that town, and it is passing over to our French and German rivals. At present the same labour in the manufacture of saws which cost 15s. or 20s. at Sheffield, can be done for 1s. 3d. at Molsheim, in the neighbourhood of Strasburg. The consequence is, the exportation of this article to the Continent, which was considerable some years ago, has almost wholly ceased: many other of the Sheffield productions have shared the same fate; and America is almost the only market that is left for the sale of the manufactures of that town. The condition of a large proportion of the Sheffield operatives is far worse with respect to comfort than at any preceding period, and the town exhibits the extraordinary spectacle—the inevitable result of successful combinations—of high wages, a decaying trade, and a destitute population. The business that remains is now dependent on our friendly relations with the United States; war or the policy of a tariff may equally extinguish it; and should that happen, the Sheffield workmen may perhaps at length learn, amidst unavailing regrets, that the question has not been whether they shall get high or moderate wages, but moderate wages or none at all. An instance of transference of a manufacture to the Continent, in consequence of strikes, has lately occurred in the woollen trade. The workmen in a large cloth-dyeing establishment in Yorkshire turned out for an advance of wages. It happened that the firm were large exporters of finished cloth to Germany, where they possessed a small dyeing factory, of which, however, little use was made. The proprietors, on the stoppage of their business in England, were induced to try the experiment of sending the greater part of their cloth, in a white state, to Germany, and dyeing it there, where they could be free from the dictation of trades' unions. It is but fair to add, that other causes may have contributed in inducing the firm to try this new speculation; among others, the high duty on drugs in England, and the low duties on the importation of undyed cloth, as compared with dyed cloth, into Germany. The experiment not only answered expectation, but many other unlooked-for advantages resulted from the change. A saving was made in the expense of insurance, as the article was less valuable when in course of transit: there was also less risk of its being spoiled by sea-water, as the subsequent dyeing remedied any damage it might sustain from this cause. Consequently, the proprietors in question have been transferring their dyeing business to Germany, carrying their skill and experience with them; large additions have been made to their foreign factory; and whereas, before the strike, they did not export above 500 pieces of undyed cloth weekly, they now send from 1000 to 1200 in the same time. As increased profit has attended this change in the locality of their dyeing trade, it is clear that this firm will never bring back its business to England; on the contrary, it is to be feared that the example will be imitated by other firms, and the eventual result may be, that the profit of dyeing all the cloth that is sent to Germany, amounting to nearly 20,000 pieces annually, may be lost to this country.

The strike of the frame-work knitters, in 1817 and 1818, had an effect on our export trade of hosiery articles which is felt to this day. In those years the foreign buyers of these goods, being unable to obtain their usual supplies from the English manufacturers, in consequence of the turn-out, went to Germany to make their purchases. From that period the Germans got a hold on the export trade of hosiery, which they have been yearly increasing, assisted as they have been by numerous strikes of the workmen in this country. Great part of the hosiery articles which our ships export from England, is in fact not made here, but at Chemnitz, in Saxony; and it only comes to London to be exported to America, and other quarters of the world, a duty of 20 per cent. preventing its consumption in this country. Now, we will suppose the Derby and Leicester workmen to succeed in a strike, and to raise their wages to such a degree that the price of the articles they make is increased 20 per cent. The foreign hosiery which is now in the king's warehouses under lock and key, would instantly have the duty of 20 per cent. paid on it, be brought into our market, and the triumphant workmen and their masters be ruined directly. As it is, the strikes have done irreparable damage to this trade, and the flourishing German town of Chemnitz owes great part of its prosperity to the trades' unions of this country. It cannot be a pleasing sight to see the large population of Chemnitz happy, contented, and employed, while what must be the feelings of an Englishman, looking on that smiling scene of peaceful industry, and reflecting on the pleasure with which he regards it, mingled with some feelings of sorrow, that should strike him that that prosperity might have been English—that that employment, that

* Instead of *Dissension*, the ordinary editions of Jones's poems say *Discord*; but it would surely be absolute nonsense to call this respectable quality a *fiend*.

happiness and contentment, is so much torn from England by the folly of the Derby and Leicester workmen. A century and a half ago the King of France drove great part of the silk trade from that country to this by his tyrannical edicts: our workmen are in a fair way to do the same with respect to England by their trades' unions."

These facts, if there be no fallacy in them, and we can see or suspect none, are surely of a most instructive nature. They recall to our minds an observation which we have long been accustomed to make, when the great prosperity and civilisation of Britain were alluded to, and when it was argued that, as with all ancient nations, ours, now that it had reached to all appearance its height, must begin to decline. We have been accustomed, in reference to this prognostication, to point out that a modern civilised nation differs from those of antiquity, in as far as it neither has barbarous neighbours to break in upon and overwhelm it, nor an uninstructed populace to overthrow the government of an enlightened few, such as ancient governments usually were. And we consequently felt assured that, the circumstances being thus different, the result would be different too. We now, however, have some fear that the circumstances are not so far different as we once imagined. *The great bulk of our people are not an instructed people.* They are not the totally unlettered populace of the states of antiquity, but neither are they sufficiently enlightened to know the principles on which their happiness depends, nor are they under sufficient moral regulation to control their instinctive impulses of whatever kind. Hence the violence which a large portion of them are at present manifesting, to the certain defeat of all their professed aims, and the great endangerment of their most important interests. If Britain shall henceforward sink from its manufacturing pre-eminence, while other nations, taking advantage of its ingenuity and its resources, rise on its ruins, the case will certainly form a striking proof of the eternity of all great causes, and that stability and permanence are mere ideas of man's mind, not laws of universal nature.

KIDNAPPING SYSTEM OF THE LAST CENTURY.

[The following curious account of the kidnapping practised at Aberdeen about the middle of the last century, is from a small work of extraordinary research for its class, and a great deal of humour and point, to which we lately alluded as being just published—"the Book of Bon Accord, or a Guide to the City of Aberdeen." The details of the traffic will appear to many as scarcely credible; yet we have no doubt that the whole are true, seeing that they are supported, in the work from which we quote, by evidence taken in a court of law.]

BETWEEN the years 1740 and 1746, Aberdeen, in common with some other towns in Scotland, was disgraced by a barbarous traffic, which consisted in kidnapping persons of both sexes, and transporting them to the American plantations, where they were sold as slaves for a limited period. The extent, the misery, and the horrors of this ignominious trade, and the reckless manner in which it was pursued, might surpass belief, were they not too clearly established by testimony which it is impossible to doubt. Copartners were openly formed for carrying it on, and ships yearly left the port loaded with crowds of unhappy beings, of whom hardly one ever returned to his native land. The individuals engaged in this guilty commerce were men of note, of fortune, and in public office; among them were Bailie William Fordyce of Aquhorthies, Walter Cochran, town-clerk-depute, Alexander Mitchell of Colpna, and several others. The methods which they used to entrap their victims were as varied as they were infamous. Every art of deceit and seduction was employed; agents, drummers, pipers, and recruiting sergeants, were dispersed throughout the town and shire to assail the unwary with bribes, alluring promises, intoxication, and still more disgraceful temptations. Parties of men patrolled the streets of the burgh like press-gangs, and by open violence seized on such boys as seemed fit for their purpose. The inhabitants of the neighbourhood dared not send their children into the town, and even trembled lest they should be snatched away from their homes; for in all parts of the county emissaries were abroad. In the dead of night children were taken by force from the beds where they slept; and the remote valleys of the Highlands, fifty miles distant from the city, were infested by ruffians, who hunted their prey as beasts of the chase. A still darker feature remains to be noticed: such was the scarcity of provisions at that time, that the poor were tempted to sell their own offspring; and in the account-books of one of the kidnapping companies which have been preserved, such entries occur, as, "To Robert Ross, for listing his son, one shilling;" and, "To Maclean, for listing his brother Donald, one shilling and sixpence." For the honour of humanity, it is to be hoped that such cases of depravity were very rare; and, indeed, there are recorded too many instances of the heart-rending sufferings of parents in the loss of their children.

The persons thus kidnapped were of every character, sex, and age—men and women, half-grown lads, and boys not more than six years old. Once in the possession of their oppressors, they were driven in flocks through the town, like herds of sheep, under the care of a keeper armed with a whip; or they were shut up in a barn in the Green, where a piper was hired to play to them, while they were freely supplied with cards in

order to divert their thoughts from any attempt to escape. Nay, so unblushingly was this infamous commerce practised, that, when other receptacles overflowed, the public work-house was used as a place of incarceration; and when this too failed, the tolbooth, or common prison, was appropriated, and numbers of individuals were detained in it for weeks together. "During their confinement," to borrow the language of Mr MacLaurin, afterwards Lord Dregburn, who was of counsel in the cause by which this traffic was exposed, "the parents, and other relatives of those who had been enticed or forced away, flocked to Aberdeen in hopes of effectuating their release—hopes which they would never have entertained, had they reflected that the town-clerk and one of the bailies were deeply interested to thwart them. Accordingly, no solicitations or entreaties availed, and those who seemed too importunate were threatened themselves with banishment, imprisonment, and other distress. It will readily occur that it is much easier to imagine than describe the scenes which it is in proof ensued; for nothing more piteous and moving can well be figured than to see fathers and mothers running frantic through the streets, crowding to the doors and windows of the houses where their children were incarcerated, and there giving them their blessing, taking farewell of them for ever, and departing in anguish and despair, imprecating curses upon those who were the authors of their misery."

There are no means of ascertaining the exact number of the individuals thus kidnapped. One of two vessels which sailed from the harbour in 1743, contained no fewer than sixty-nine persons; and when it is considered that the trade was carried on to an equal extent for nearly six years, it is impossible to estimate the number of unhappy beings carried off at less than SIX HUNDRED. Their condition in the land to which they were conveyed was truly miserable. They were sold to planters for a term of years, varying from five to seven. During this period of slavery they were treated with harshness and cruelty; they were whipped at the pleasure of their masters; if they deserted for thirty days, twelve months were added to their slavery. In a word, such was their wretchedness, says one, who was an eye-witness to their sufferings, "that they were often forced to desperate measures, and to make away with themselves."

At the present day, when the authority of the law is severely vindicated, and its protection interposed in behalf of the poorest subject, it may be matter of surprise to some, that, for such grievous wrongs as have been narrated, no redress was sought or obtained. But in those times it should be recollected that Scotland was but half civilised, and that the lower orders, upon whom these injuries were inflicted, were as ignorant of their rights as they were powerless to assert them.* It is in evidence that many of those who endeavoured to procure the restoration of their children were menaced with imprisonment and banishment, and were so terrified at these impotent threats, that they abandoned their attempts. And, as an instance of the manner in which the persons who conducted this disgraceful traffic had fenced themselves against punishment, it may be mentioned that when a father, who had been robbed of his son, instituted an action for redress before the Lords of Session, no officer in Aberdeen could be prevailed on to cite the parties to appear in court.

It is consolatory to know that, although these traffickers in human blood succeeded in evading the vengeance of the law for a period of nearly twenty years, the arm of justice was at length raised to smite them. Among the youths whom they carried off was one named Peter Williamson, "a rough, ragged, bullet-pated, clever boy." After many strange reverses of fortune, and many romantic adventures by sea and land, in peace and war, in April 1757 this individual was at Plymouth, discharged (on account of a wound) from a regiment into which he had been drafted. With the sum of six shillings, with which he had been furnished to carry him home, he set out on his journey, and reached York, when he published a tract, entitled "French and Indian Cruelty, exemplified in the Life and various Vicissitudes of Fortune of Peter Williamson, who was carried off from Aberdeen in his Infancy, and sold as a Slave in Pennsylvania." Such, it appears, was the sale of this work, that the author "began to think himself happy in having endured these misfortunes, a recital of which promised to put him in a more prosperous situation than he had ever hoped for; and having thus procured a considerable subsistence, the desire of hearing some account of his parents induced him to travel to Aberdeen." Here he arrived in June 1753, and exhibiting himself in the dress and arms of the American savages, his representations of their gestures and war-whoop were applauded by crowded houses, while his pamphlet met with a rapid and extensive circulation. His exposure of the system

of kidnapping, however, having incurred the wrath of the magistrates, he was dragged before their august tribunal, on the accusation of having issued "a scurrilous and infamous libel on the corporation of the city of Aberdeen, and whole members thereof." Of this charge he was at once convicted; the obnoxious pages of his tract were ordered to be torn out, and "publicly burnt at the market-cross, by the hands of the common hangman, the town-officers attending, and publishing the cause of the burning;" he was ordained to be incarcerated till he should sign a denial of the truth of his statements; he was subjected to a fine of ten shillings, and banished from the city. Williamson brought an action against the corporation for these proceedings, and on the 5th of February 1762, the court unanimously awarded to him damages to the amount of £100, besides the expense of the litigation, about £80, "for which the lords declare the defenders to be personally liable, and that the same shall be no burden upon the town of Aberdeen." It was the intention of the officers of the crown to institute a criminal prosecution against the parties engaged in the trade of kidnapping, but it unfortunately happened that the wretches were secured from punishment by a certain Act of Indemnity. They were, however, still responsible to Williamson, and in an action which he raised against Bailie Fordyce and others, on the 3d of December 1768, he obtained a sum of £200 in name of damages, in addition to the costs of his litigation, which were modified to one hundred guineas.*

POKINGS IN ETYMOLOGY.

THIRD AND CONCLUDING ARTICLE.

THE "spacious firmament on high" derives its expressive name from the verb "to *heave*," as *heaven* is nothing more than the old form of the participle *heaved* (raised). The same idea is conveyed in the Scottish name *lift*, by which the star-spangled canopy is also denoted.

The origin of *pagan* was explained in a former article. The word *heathen* springs from a very similar consideration, and, strange to say, has an intimate connection with *heath*. The latter word, though now restricted to a particular class of plants, was applied in the old Saxon to all plants and shrubs, particularly those of a wild description. As civilisation, including the better cultivation of the ground, followed in the wake of Christianity, we can easily perceive how those less favoured nations, who enjoyed neither of these advantages, should be classed under this universal epithet.

When we brand an individual with the character of "an *egregious* fool," it not unfrequently happens that our opinion of his deserving the appellation proceeds from our observing him to deviate *à grege*, "out of the flock," forgetting that he may, all the while, be conscientiously endeavouring "not to follow the multitude to do evil."

Some words are merely the proper names of persons or objects remarkable for the exhibition of the idea or quality intended to be conveyed, or at least suggesting it readily to the mind. Thus *romeria*, in Spanish, originally denoted a pilgrimage to Rome, but is now extended to the annual visits of the people to any adjacent or favourite shrine, the said visits being now only remarkable for the feasting, dancing, and merriment, that form the order of the day. On the same principle, our verb "to *roam*" unquestionably took its rise from the frequent practice of journeying to the capital of Christendom, and sometimes enduring penance from every footstep, although now the idea of *roaming* suggests rather more pleasurable anticipations. Again, a river is said to *meander* when its course is serpentine, like that of the *Meander* in Asia Minor; a mineral spring is called a *spa*, from the remarkable waters at a German town of that name; and so on in a multitude of similar instances.

We have already alluded to the etymology of the word *husband*, and its conveying a moral remembrance to the wearers of that honourable though too often inappropriate title. A similar remark applies to *spouse*, and the lesson conveyed by the Latin origin of this word is still more important, as it applies to both the

* This second action furnishes a striking proof of the scoundrelism of Bailie Fordyce and his associates. Having obtained the temporary withdrawal of the process from the court, in order that it might be submitted to friendly arbitration, the worthy defenders entered into a conspiracy to intoxicate the arbiter, and procure his signature to a decision in their favour. In this laudable design they were successful, but the judgment was set aside by the supreme court, 27th February 1766. The arbiter was the sheriff-substitute of the county. On the day preceding that on which he gave his interlocutor, he "was busy at hot punch about eleven o'clock forenoon;" having become "very drunk," at two o'clock he sat down to dinner, after which he "sat close drinking, as is the phrase in that part of the country, *heller-skeller*, that is, copiously and alternately, of different liquors, till eleven o'clock at night, when, being dead drunk, he was conveyed home by his two maid-servants." On the morrow, shortly after nine o'clock, "a large dose of spirits, white wine, and punch, was administered to him, with cooling draughts of porter from time to time." After dinner, he and two others "sat down to ombre, drinking at the same time, *heller-skeller*, a bottle and a half of malaga, a mug of porter, two bottles of claret, a mutchkin and a half of rum made into punch." After these potations, the learned sheriff gravely pronounced judgment, and retired to bed, where he lay all the next day (being Sunday) "dead drunk and speechless!" One of the witnesses speaks of having seen this sober judge "upon the bench, when he appeared to be *aw*, and as if he had been drunk the night before." It is remarked, in one of the pleadings, that the sheriff's "mother died about the 4th of November, and there can be no doubt that he would get a hearty dose at her burial!"—*Author's note.*

* As a small auxiliary proof of how little regard was paid in our country at that time to the liberty of the subject, we may mention a fact which we some time ago chanced to observe in the Scots Magazine of the day—namely, that, in May 1756, when men were much in request for the navy, on account of the commencement of what afterwards came to be called the Seven Years' War, a man, having been put into the guard-house in Edinburgh for swearing on the streets, was next day sent on board the tender in Leith Roads as a seaman, a proceeding for which there was not the slightest warrant in law. His friends, it is added, presented earnest petitions for his liberation to the Court of Session—the chief civil court of the country—but the lords refused to interfere.—*Ed.*

"high contracting parties." *Sponse* is from *spondeo*, "to promise," and were its meaning generally known and well impressed on the promising party, it might lead to more accurate performance than the marriage vow, in many an unhappy instance, experiences.

The word *soldier*, though exciting high and chivalrous ideas, becomes unfortunately lowered in our estimation when we consider its origin from *solidum*, the pay or wages received for service, as there is the painful reference to mercenary motives which may influence the choice of this profession even in the individual that would limit such views to those that fight under a foreign banner. The French are so aware of the unpleasant etymology of this word, that even a common sentinel would consider it an affront to be addressed or pointed out as *un soldat*, claiming his right to be denominated by the more sonorous and less equivocal title of *un militaire*.

Familiar though *biscuit* be in the catalogue of "household words," the majority of our readers may not be aware of its name being a brief explanation of its mode of manufacture. It is, in fact, merely the junction of the two French words *bis cuit*, "twice baked." The French have but few compound words of native or vernacular origin, and the most expressive one we at present remember is *lieux*, "a halter," from *lier* and *cou*, which in English might be rendered "bindneck" or "neckband." In such compound words our language is immensely superior, but is again, one might say, infinitely surpassed by the German, which, from the unlimited power it exerts in such formations, derives its singularly picturesque expressiveness in portraying the subtle combinations of thought. Many compounds in this last language are, at the same time, interesting from their extreme simplicity, for instance *handschuh*, "a hand-shoe or glove," &c. Before leaving this digression on compound words, we may allude to the elegant facility with which these combinations are formed in Greek, to which language we are indebted for an almost unbounded supply of terms, not only to denote but to define every new invention or discovery. Not to speak of *thermometer*, "heat-measurer," *barometer*, "weight (of air) measurer," *telescope*, "far-looker," and innumerable other words of science, there is scarcely a mechanical trade that does not now coin epithets in this exhaustless mint to keep pace with the march of improvement. That prince of humorous satire, Swift, proposed the application of a quadrant to the angular measurement of the human body, as the most accurate preliminary to a "true fit;" but how would he be astonished to hear of that "unparalleled invention," the *andrometer*, or "man-measurer," by which his jocular hint has been reduced, though not quite in his style, to a practical reality! Apologising for this unintentional transition from biscuit to a suit of clothes, we resume our desultory anecdotes.

This very word *desultory*, which we have accidentally stumbled on, is of very expressive formation, being derived from the Latin *de*, "off," and *salio*, "to leap or jump," and finely describes the irregular and unsteady procedure of him who leaps off one subject to another.

In a former article, the depreciation of meaning which the word *villain* has gradually undergone, was explained. An exact parallel to its unfortunate downfall is to be found in the corresponding case of *clown*. This epithet, which now comprehends every defaulter against the laws of genteel deportment in all ranks and stations of life, is but a corruption of the Latin *colonus*, "a husbandman," from the verb *colo*, "to till or cultivate," and the transition of its meaning so as to indicate not the men of that occupation, but the awkwardness of their undisciplined manners, is obvious and natural. To the same origin is to be traced that name, now of such engrossing interest, *colony*, from the nature of the pursuits that are of primary importance in an infant settlement, which must always commence by being a colony of husbandmen, though certainly its progress would not be accelerated by its being a colony of clowns.

How important were it that all jurymen should have impressed on their minds the solemn import of that important and often death-giving word *verdict*, as it ought always to be, what the etymology declares, *vere dictum*, "truly spoken."

That class of our readers who have not studied French, may not be displeased at our telling them that *vinegar* is *vin aigre*, "sour wine," indicating the original source from whence that article was procured. In French, the two words are combined without change into one.

The origin of the English word *beaker* for a peculiar sort of drinking cup (which is evidently the twin-brother of our Scottish *bicker*), has been generally, though erroneously, ascribed to the supposed resemblance of its spout to the beak of a bird. Both words are manifestly corruptions of the Italian *bicchiere* (pronounced *beeky-ay*), meaning a glass or cup to drink from.

We have already pointed out how the verb *to prevent* came to acquire two meanings apparently contradictory, though each of them was easily traced up to the same radical signification. A similar catastrophe, which has sometimes led to laughable perplexity of interpretation, has befallen the two words *condescend* and *mortification*, in their adoption as terms of Scottish law. The former, in its radical meaning, implies descending with, the *con* (or *with*) implying here, as in several other words to which it is prefixed, *frankly or fully*. Thus *conceive* supposes a fulness of hollowiness, *confess* (*con* and *fateor* "to speak") means "to speak frankly and fully," *confide*, to trust frankly and fully, *contain* (*con* and *teneo*,

"to hold") to hold fully, &c. Hence we easily understand the meaning of a Scottish man of business, who should write to his English correspondent, "I hope you will condescend, in your next letter, upon all the particulars of the case;" and we can also imagine the amazement and offended feeling of the Southron at being indirectly accused of want of condescension in his former communications, more especially seeing that these related to his own personal interests, and that he had expressed himself with all manner of politeness and even affection to his friend in the north. Again, *mortification*, from its component words *mors*, "death," or *mortuus*, "dead," and *facio*, "to do or make," is hence susceptible of two meanings. It may imply "the being made, or becoming, dead," and, in this sense, may express the loss of vitality in any part of the body, or the deadness of feeling produced by any event that has converted the lively sentiment of hope into the dreariness of disappointment. But it may also imply the making or doing of something at death, or with reference to its approach, and, in this case, it always signifies a disposal of property. We can easily, therefore, imagine the happy legatee exulting over his comfortable mortification, and his disappointed relative, with equal justice and sincerity, deploring his "most uncomfortable" one. The mortification of the former is the fulfilment of hope, or, it may be, the possession of unexpected enjoyment; while the mortification of the other is the bitterness of frustrated expectation.

SCENE IN A FRENCH POLICE OFFICE.*

Two city officers entered the presence of the police magistrates, supporting a poor old woman, bent down and tottering under the weight of years. Her dress and other features in her appearance bespoke her to be a peasant, from some place in the environs of Paris. When seated on the bench in front of the judges, she declared her name to be Margaret Bouvier, though in a voice almost inaudible. Her age, she said, was seventy-eight years.

The presiding magistrate spoke some kind and sympathising words to the old woman, and when she seemed recovered, he said, "You have been found sleeping or lying in the street at an early hour this morning. What is the reason of this? Have you no home?" The old woman answered, "My time for a house is past, your worship. I slept in a bed whilst I could gain sufficient to pay for it. Now I can work none, and must just make my house where it costs nothing." "Cannot you get admission," said the judge, "into some poor-house or place of refuge?" "Oh!" cried old Margaret eagerly, "if your worship could get me admitted into one of these places, you would make me perfectly happy!" "These things do not depend upon this court," returned the judge; "but, good woman, you are now in a condition of vagrancy. That is a state of things which the law does not permit, but punishes severely." "Ah, well," said the woman, "since you cannot get me into an hospital, put me into prison. It is all the same; and I hope you will keep me there always, if you can."

The judge was at a loss what to do with this contented vagrant. "Have you no friends," said he, "who would reclaim you, and take charge of you?" "The poor," replied the old woman, "have no friends but the poor, and all of them have enough of difficulty in making their own living." "But have you no relations, no children?" asked the magistrate. The old woman showed much emotion as she answered, "No, your worship; do not speak to me about this, but put me in prison quickly, if you please." "The mention of children seems to agitate you," observed the judge; "you are then a mother, doubtless?" The aged female was now weeping, and she only answered, "Do not speak to me of it; allow me to forget it." It now struck the interrogator that the children had behaved cruelly to her, and turned her into the streets. He made a remark to this effect, but the old woman instantly exclaimed, "Oh, heaven! if one could tell all! my children turn me to the door, and refuse bread to their aged mother! Oh, good sir, who could think of crimes like these against my children, against my poor Julianne!" She then added in a decided tone, "I wish for the prison, your worship. I have done that which ought to place me there, and it would not be right to liberate me." "Do you then prefer to end your days in a prison or hospital, rather than among the children whom you love so much?" "That is nothing, your worship," said the female; "but do not speak more about it. Send me quickly to prison, if you have any pity for poor old Margaret."

At this moment a voice from the side of the court exclaimed, "Ah, it is old dame Margaret, living and in the body. You headstrong old woman, what have you been about?" The surprised judge immediately ordered the owner of the voice to stand forward, and he at once appeared, in the shape of a country waggoner, with blue frock and large buttons. Being questioned, this person stated that he knew dame Margaret well, and that she was the mother of Julianne Colas, who, with her husband and family, had been thrown into the deepest distress by the old woman's disappearance, fifteen days before, from their house, where she had long staid. The waggoner moreover stated, that he had brought Julianne Colas and her husband to town, and that they were then but a short way off, having come for the express purpose of lodging information about the old dame before the police. The judge ordered them to be sent for immediately.

When the old woman's son-in-law and daughter entered, the latter was so much affected by the sight of her lost parent, that she would have sunk to the ground but for her husband's support. When she recovered, she exclaimed, "Ah, mother, cruel mother, what sufferings have you not caused to us! To quit us, to disappear without a word!" The old woman, meanwhile, was endeavouring by the language of gestures to keep her friends

quiet, and to persuade them not to interfere, but to go away and leave her by herself. "My children, my children," she whispered, "do not interfere here. Leave me to manage for myself." But the daughter cried, "What! leave you here alone—leave you to go to prison—you, our old mother! To go to prison at your age! You would have me to permit this!" The judge stopped the daughter's exclamations, by saying, "She need not go to prison if you promise to lodge, to nourish, and to take care of her." "And has this been her demand here?" cried the daughter somewhat reproachfully; while the husband said, "She knows that she will always have food, clothing, and lodging—ay, and the best we have."

Old Margaret remained sorrowfully silent for a minute or two, and then addressed the magistrates with tears in her eyes: "Ah, my good judges, what is it you have done? It was that I might be no longer a charge to them that I wished myself arrested. I know well that they will take me back; I know that they would ruin themselves for me; I know their hearts. But if you knew how poor they are! All that he can earn will barely feed them and their children. So when I saw Julianne place another little one in her husband's arms, fifteen days ago, I said to myself, 'Come, old woman, it is needful that you should go and make room for this poor little one. You are old, useless, and take all without giving any thing; for their good you must go.' I went away, and wandered till I was arrested. I wished to go to prison." "You shall not go, mother!" cried the daughter. "Come away home, mother," said the husband.

This scene, together with old Margaret's extraordinary motives, moved every spectator. The aged dame at length left the court, leaning on her daughter and son-in-law, but she still continued to repeat to them with tears, "Wicked, cruel children, why would you not let me go!"

UTILITY OF THE EARTH-WORM.

THE worm-casts which so much annoy the gardener by deforming his smooth-shaven lawns, are of no small importance to the agriculturist; and this despised creature is not only of great service in loosening the earth, and rendering it permeable by air and water, but is also a most active and powerful agent in adding to the depth of the soil, and in covering comparatively barren tracts with a superficial layer of wholesome mould. In a paper "On the Formation of Mould," read before the Geological Society of London, by Charles Darwin, Esq. F.G.S., now one of the secretaries, the author commenced by remarking on two of the most striking characters by which the superficial layer of earth, or, as it is commonly called, vegetable mould, is distinguished. These are its nearly homogeneous nature, although overlying different kinds of subsoil, and the uniform fineness of its particles. The latter fact may be well observed in any gravelly country, where, although in a ploughed field a large proportion of the soil consists of small stones, yet in old pasture-land not a single pebble will be found within some inches of the surface. The author's attention was called to this subject by Mr Wedgewood, of Maer Hall, in Staffordshire, who showed him several fields, some of which, a few years before, had been covered with lime, and others with burnt marl and cinders. These substances, in every case, are now buried to the depth of some inches beneath the turf. Three fields were examined with care; the first consisted of good pasture-land, which had been limed, without having been ploughed, about twelve years and a half before; the turf was about half an inch thick; and two inches and a half beneath it was a layer or row of small aggregated lumps of the lime, forming, at an equal depth, a well-marked white line. The soil beneath this was of a gravelly nature, and differed very considerably from the mould nearer the surface. About three years since, cinders were likewise spread on this field: these are now buried at the depth of one inch, forming a line of black spots parallel to and above the white layer of lime. Some other cinders, which had been scattered in another part of the same field, were either still lying on the surface, or entangled in the roots of the grass. The second field examined was remarkable only from the cinders being now buried in a layer, nearly an inch thick, three inches beneath the surface. This layer was in parts so continuous, that the superficial mould was only attached to the subsoil of red clay by the longer roots of the grass.

The history of the third field is more complete. Previously to fifteen years since, it was waste land; but at that time it was drained, harrowed, ploughed, and well covered with burnt marl and cinders. It has not since been disturbed, and now supports a tolerably good pasture. The section here was—turf half an inch, mould two inches and a half; a layer one and a half inch thick, composed of fragments of burnt marl (conspicuous from their bright red colour, and some of considerable size, namely, one inch by half an inch broad, and a quarter thick), of cinders, and a few quartz pebbles mingled with earth; lastly, about four inches and a half beneath the surface was the original black peaty soil. Thus beneath a layer (nearly four inches thick) of fine particles of earth, mixed with some vegetable matter, those substances now occurred, which, fifteen years before, had been spread on the surface. Mr Darwin stated that the appearance in all cases was as if the fragments had, as the farmers believed, worked themselves down. It does not, however, appear at all possible that either the powdered lime, or the fragments of burnt marl, and the pebbles, could sink through compact earth to some inches beneath the surface, and still remain in a continuous layer; nor is it probable that the decay of the grass, although adding

* From a Parisian newspaper of the past year.

to the surface some of the constituent parts of the mould, should separate in so short a time the fine from the coarse earth, and accumulate the former on those objects which so lately were strewn on the surface. Mr Darwin also remarked, that near towns, in fields which did not appear to have been ploughed, he had often been surprised by finding pieces of pottery and bones some inches below the turf. On the mountains of Chile he had been perplexed by noticing elevated marine shells, covered by earth, in situations where rain could not have washed it on them.

The explanation of these circumstances which occurred to Mr Wedgewood, although it may at first appear trivial, the author does not doubt is the correct one, namely, that the whole is due to the digestive process by which the common earth-worm is supported. On carefully examining between the blades of grass in the fields above described, the author found that there was scarcely a space of two inches square without a little heap of the cylindrical castings of worms. It is well known that worms swallow earthy matter, and that, having separated the serviceable portion, they eject at the mouth of their burrows the remainder in little intestine-shaped heaps. The worm is unable to swallow coarse particles; and as it would naturally avoid pure lime, the fine earth lying beneath either the cinders and burnt marl, or the powdered lime, would, by a slow process, be removed and thrown up to the surface. This supposition is not imaginary; for in the field in which cinders had been spread out only half a year before, Mr Darwin actually saw the castings of the worms heaped on the smaller fragments. Nor is the agency so trivial as it at first might be thought, the great number of earth-worms (as every one must be aware who has ever dug in a grass field) making up for the insignificant quantity of work which each performs.

On the above hypothesis, the great advantage of old pasture-land, which farmers are always particularly averse from breaking up, is explained; for the worms must require a considerable length of time to prepare a thick stratum of mould, by thoroughly mingling the original constituent parts of the soil, as well as the manures added by man. In the peaty field, in fifteen years, about three inches and a half had been well digested. It is probable, however, that the process is continued, though at a slow rate, to a much greater depth; for as often as a worm is compelled by dry weather, or any other cause, to descend deep, it must bring to the surface, when it empties the contents of its body, a few particles of earth. The author concluded by remarking, that it is probable that every particle of earth in old pasture-land has passed through the intestines of worms, and hence, that in some senses the term "animal mould" would be more appropriate than "vegetable mould." The agriculturist, in ploughing the ground, follows a method strictly natural; and he only imitates, in a rude manner, without being able either to bury the pebbles or to sift the fine from the coarse soil, the work which nature is daily performing by the agency of the earth-worm.

Since this paper was read, Mr Darwin has received from Staffordshire the two following statements:—1. In the spring of 1835, a boggy field was so thickly covered with sand, that the surface appeared of a red colour, but the sand is now overlaid by three quarters of an inch of soil. 2. About eighty years ago, a field was manured with marl, and it has been since ploughed, but it is not known at what exact period. An imperfect layer of the marl now exists at a depth, very carefully measured from the surface, of twelve inches in some places and fourteen in others, the difference corresponding to the top and hollows of the ridges or butts. It is certain that the marl was buried before the field was ploughed, because the fragments are not scattered through the soil, but constitute a layer which is horizontal, and therefore not parallel to the undulations of the ploughed surface. No plough, moreover, could reach the marl in its present position, as the furrows in this neighbourhood are never more than eight inches in depth. In the above paper it is shown that three inches and a half of mould had been accumulated in fifteen years; and in this case, within eighty years (that is, on the supposition, rendered probable from the agricultural state of this part of the country, that the field had never before been marled), the earth-worms have covered the marl with a bed of earth averaging thirteen inches in thickness.—*Penny Cyclopædia*.

THE INGENIOUS PROOF.

A Spaniard once met an Indian in one of the vast forests of South America; both travellers were on horseback. The Spaniard, however, was badly mounted, and the horse of the Indian being young and strong, he asked its possessor to make an exchange—a very modest request certainly. The Indian of course refused, but the Spaniard being well armed, forcibly dispossessed him of his steed, and continued his journey. However, the Indian was not to be thus treated with impunity; he followed the aggressor to the next town, and immediately laid his complaint before the judge. The Spaniard was obliged to make his appearance, and to bring the horse along with him. He treated the plaintiff in a most contemptuous manner, branding him as a knave, and asserting that the horse was not only his property, but that he had reared it from a foal. There was no evidence to the contrary and the judge was about to pronounce decision against the Indian, when the latter suddenly exclaimed, "The horse is mine, and I will prove it!" He immediately took off his cloak, and throwing it over the horse's head so as to cover its face, said, "Since this man has asserted that he brought up this horse, let him tell us of which eye he

is blind." The Spaniard, afraid to appear embarrassed, or in the slightest doubt, instantly answered, "of the right eye." The Indian withdrew his mantle from the horse's head, and exultingly exclaimed, "He is neither blind of the right nor of the left eye!" The case was now perfectly clear. The judge restored the animal to its proper owner, and ordered the Spaniard to be suitably punished.

THE WARRIOR.

A gallant form is passing by;
The plume bends o'er his lordly brow;
A thousand tongues have raised on high
His song of triumph now:
Young knees are bending round his way,
And age makes bare his locks of gray.
Fair forms have lent their gladdest smile,
White hands have waved the conqueror on,
And flowers have decked his path the while,
By gentle fingers strown.
Soft tones have cheered him, and the brow
Of beauty beams uncovered now.
The bard has waked the song for him,
And poured his boldest numbers forth;
The wine-cup, sparkling to the brim,
Adds phrensy to the mirth;
And every tongue, and every eye,
Does homage to the passer by.
The gallant steed treads proudly on;
His foot falls firmly now, as when,
In strife, that iron heel went down,
Upon the hearts of men,
And, foremost in the ranks of strife,
Trode out the last dim spark of life.
Dream they of these, the glad and gay,
That bend around the conqueror's path?—
The horrors of the conflict day,
The gloomy field of death,
The ghastly stain, the severed head,
The raven stooping o'er the dead!
Dark thoughts, and fearful! yet they bring
No terrors to the triumph hour,
Nor stay the reckless worshipping
Of blended crime and power.
The fair of form, the mild of mood,
Do honour to the man of blood.
Men, Christians, pause! The air ye breathe
Is poisoned by your idol now;
And will you turn to him, and wreathe
Your chaplets round his brow?
Nay, call his darkest deeds sublime,
And smile assent to giant crime?
Forbid it, Heaven!—A voice hath gone
In mildness and in meekness forth,
Hushing, before its silvery tone,
The stormy things of earth,
And whispering sweetly through the gloom
An earnest of the peace to come.
Fugitive.

CAUSE OF THE SOUND PRODUCED BY INSECTS IN FLYING.

It is an opinion generally entertained not only by common people but by natural philosophers, that the noise produced by insects such as the gaffly and bee during their flight, arises from the vibration or rapid motion of their wings. Such a supposition is extremely plausible at first sight. We see the animal moving through the air; we know that the wings are in a state of rapid motion; and we also know that it is natural for a body rapidly vibrating in the atmosphere to cause a sound. We put all these facts together, and we conclude that the phenomenon is explained when we attribute the sound to the rapid waving of the wings. But, like many other hypotheses which owe their origin to the evidence of the senses alone, this appears to be erroneous. Dr Hermann Burmeister, of the University of Berlin, an entomologist of great distinction, has investigated the subject with much ingenuity, and arrived at a very different result from the common belief. His remarks have appeared in a German journal of science, and have attracted attention in France and England, as well as in his own country. We shall present a brief outline of his researches. They are not only interesting in themselves, but afford a good example of the manner in which scientific investigations ought to be pursued.

"I soon found," says he, "that the wings have no part in the formation of the sound, for the hum of the insect continues even when its wings are entirely cut away. I perceived, however, a different pitch of the sound, and remarked that the more of the wing that was taken away the higher this became." He ascertained that the sound which the insect emits is susceptible of considerable variations. "It may be that it maintains an equality of pitch and strength during a uniform motion of the wings, for so in fact it appears; but every change in the velocity of the flight, every disturbance of the ordinary motion, generally causes also an alteration in the tone. An idea of the origin of the tone is, however, only to be obtained when the insect is held by the legs, and excited by pressure or other means to go through all its motions of the wing, and thus to produce a sound." The professor found in this manner that the tone of the common gaffly varied from E to B flat (bass clef), as the effort to extricate itself from his hands was put forth with greater or less energy. Such a difference might be explained, it is true, upon the supposition that the agitation of the wing produces the tone by the varying rapidity with which the vibrations are made; but this explanation is untenable, as the phenomenon continues when the wings are entirely cut away; an operation which produces only a variation of the tone, but does not render its formation impossible.

The doctor then elaborately anatomises that part of the insect which is necessarily employed in producing the sound, and illustrates the whole by a plate and numerous drawings. From his inquiries we learn that that part of the insect by which alone the sound is produced, is the breast or thorax. In two-winged insects, this consists simply of a cavity covered by a thin membrane, which exhibits on its surface various elevations and depressions, but is, nevertheless, perfectly continuous. To this hollow case are attached different sets of muscles, which serve for the motions of the legs and wings, and are capable of contracting the cavity in various directions; just, for instance, as one may contract the length of a bladder by pressing the two ends between the hands, or the breadth by squeezing the two sides in like manner. In this cavity of the insect's thorax there are two very small holes, which let air out or in by the following process. When the wings rise and fall, as in flying, the cavity is alternately contracted or expanded, the result of a peculiar mechanism on which the motion is dependent. Now, it is clear that the contraction must drive out a part of the air, just as a piper expels the air from the bag of his instrument by pressing his arm against it. On the other hand, when the cavity of the insect is expanded by an opposite motion of the wing, an equal quantity of air rushes through the air-holes. There is, therefore, connected with the motion of the wings, a constant proportionally rapid and intense breathing, and this breathing is the true cause of the sound. It is the efflux and influx of the air which produces the buzz or hum which we hear, just as the current of air draws music from the Æolian harp when forced at short intervals through the small holes of the sound-board, or, to take a more familiar example, by a mechanism similar to that of the mouth in whistling. The sound of the Æolian harp bears a remarkable resemblance to that of many insects.

Now, it is evident that this theory can be proved or disproved in a very simple and satisfactory manner—namely, by closing up the air-holes of the thorax of the insect, without injuring it in any other way. This was done by Professor Burmeister, and the flight of the gaffly was then found to be accompanied by no sound whatever—a result which we consider decisive of the point. It is true that the insect dies of suffocation soon after such an experiment, but not directly, because there are air-holes situated lower down, in the abdomen of the animal, and through these respiration is continued for a short time. But they emit no sound during the flight of the insect, for they are then totally inactive. The insect breathes through the air-holes of the abdominal part when it sits and crawls, but through the air-holes of the thorax when on the wing. According to this view, the hum of insects is in reality a whistle. The professor says, with regard to the alteration in the pitch of the sound, "The variation which the mutilation of the wings causes in the tone is easily to be accounted for, if we consider that by this action the moveable part becomes lighter, and also that the motion of the same, by the continued equal exertion, is quicker; but this causes a quicker current of air, which must produce a higher tone. On the contrary, a mutilation of the moveable apparatus produces a slower motion, a slower current of air a deeper tone. I believe that the foregoing facts and observations offer sufficient evidence, but the reader can satisfy himself as to the truth of the phenomenon, by performing the same simple experiments." We see no necessity for putting any more insects to death about a matter which seems so satisfactorily set at rest.

EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

The education of the working-classes abroad attracted much of my attention; and to the care afforded by foreign governments to its advancement do I attribute much of the greater contentment and lesser criminality which characterises the artisans of the continent, and which I particularly remarked in the manufacturing districts. Here education is left to the philanthropy of individuals, or to the accidental wisdom of parents. Abroad it is deemed an element of government, essential to the comprehension of and obedience to the laws, and requisite alike to the interest of the state and to the welfare of the recipient. In France the cost of education is provided for out of the municipal funds, which are by law authorised to support schools. In Belgium it is equally provided for by law. In Switzerland ignorance is punished; in Prussia and Bavaria education is compell. In Austria, in addition to scholastic establishments, certificates of attendance are made passports to employment. Even in Russia, Alexander is establishing throughout his dominions schools on the most approved system, and conducted by masters supplied from the normal schools of the civilised nations. In Egypt, under the superintendence of her singular pacha, schools and universities on the most liberal scale are every where arising; in England, enlightened literary England alone, does legislation reject education as an handmaid of government! and in point of the instruction of the population at large, she stands sixth among the nations of Europe!—*Symons's Arts and Artisans at Home and Abroad*.

THE OPINION OF THE WORLD.

Most men live in a world of their own, and in that limited circle alone are they ambitious for distinction and applause. Thus, cases of injustice, and oppression, and tyranny, and the most extravagant bigotry, are in constant occurrence among us every day. It is the custom to trumpet forth much wonder and astonishment at the chief actors therein setting at defiance so completely the opinion of the world; but there is no greater fallacy; it is precisely because they do consult the opinion of their own little world that such things take place at all, and strike the great world dumb with amazement.—*Nicholas Nickleby*.

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STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
ST PAUL.

"SURE IT WAS ALWAYS SO!"

THE incident and conversations I am about to relate occurred in a very picturesque but wild neighbourhood on the sea shore—not in my own more civilised district, but where I spent a fortnight of mingled pleasure and pain, where I saw misery it was out of my power to relieve, and found the people so fond of assuring us things *were always so*, that it was no easy matter to convince them things might be better than they were. The house where we were domiciled commanded a wild and extensive sea view. Miserable and neglected cottages clung to the crumbling walls of a domain once of princely extent, and no fashionable lady ever laboured to *kill time* more zealously than the amphibious occupants of those huts. Amphibious I may well call them; the men were fishers by profession, that is, they went to sea when compelled to do so by the want of that simple food which is all they desire. They were (the younger portions of the community especially) very independent of clothing. The women—what did they do? Why, they married and nursed children, and sat in the sun in summer, and over their turf or drift-wood fire in the winter, carried the fish their husbands caught to the farmers' houses, or the dwellings of the gentry; *made nets*, and knit stockings, although they seldom *mended* either the one or the other. The children (what healthy, ruddy-brown, handsome, young things they were!) ran about and over the rocks and sands at low water, gathered the pretty conical periwinkle, or knocked the green-striped limpets off the rocks, watched cunningly for the rising of the observant razor fish, or waded through the rippling waves to catch the springing shrimps. Women and men both gathered delisk, and what they call *sluck*, or *slucktown* (I cannot spell it, but so it sounds), here called *Laver*; they were indolent as the Neapolitan lazzaroni, and quite as picturesque; very sensible of kindness, as the Irish peasant always is; superstitious, as dwellers by the mighty waters commonly are; patient and cheerful, willing to do any thing in the world for "the quality," and as little as possible for themselves; honest as truth itself. There we were in the midst of what in England is branded with the degrading term of "*pauper population*," poor half-starved, half-dressed, ragged creatures, and yet neither lock nor bolt was ever used in the house. I tried once to turn the key in the great hall door. I shall never forget the amused countenance of the good old master of the mansion, when he found me with both hands endeavouring to accomplish my intent.

"God bless you, my dear! let it alone. I give you my honour" (his pet declaration) "that key has never been turned in that lock since the year of the rebellion; and though we had hardly any of it here, Pat Delaney and myself *fixed it for locking*, and the fishermen heard of it, and came up, women and all, roaring and crying to know what they had ever done to make me lock my doors."

There never was a more benevolent man than our host, but he *said* he had nothing left to give to the poor, except kind words, and had grown so accustomed to their misery, that he did not seem to mind it—it was a thing of course; in truth, he had deep sorrows of his own. One evening we were sitting in the ruined window of the grey old tower that overlooked a stony bridle-road, leading from the beach to a near mountain; the old gentleman had gone to the neighbouring town to consult his attorney about some five or six

lawsuits that were coming on, or hanging over, and his daughter and myself were chatting and systemising, she, alive to every plan of improvement, but lacking patience to carry them into execution, mourning over her lack of means, while I proved, at all events to my own satisfaction, that more improvement can be worked out in Ireland *without* money, than in any other country in the world *with* it. Nothing can be done in England without *capital*. Every hundred you possess is a step in public estimation; but there are many ways to an Irishman's heart, *wealth* being the last, the very last thing to raise you in his opinion. A person of small means, gifted with good temper, *patience*, and good sense, could work miracles in Ireland—*patience* being an indispensable requisite to every planner of Irish improvement.

Well, there we sat, and presently a woman, bearing in her hand a kettle, having lost its cover and the top of its nose, and balancing a pitcher in tolerably perfect condition, followed, of course, by a numerous progeny, strolled up the hill.

"Good evening to you, Molly," said my friend.

"God bless you, miss, and give the masher great glory over his enemies. We know he's away to the lawyer's; and, Miss Machree, if I war to send up to the big house, may be you wouldn't have a *bitteen* of plaster to take the sting out of little Sandy's foot—a burn the craytur got last night on his shin, while I was away for the water. Oh, thin, it's weary to think we've so far to go for a *dropeen* of water. Oh, wisha! wisha! I often pray to God to make the salt sea fresh, and then we'd have it ready to *bile* the paytees in, at our own door. My husband says it's a sin for me to be going that way against *nature*, 'for,' says he (he's a knowledgeable man), 'Molly,' says he, 'you ould fool, if the sea was *fresh* water, what would we do in the Lent for *salt herrings*? Any way, my heart's broke these *ten years*, *ever since I cum to the place*, for want of fresh water.'"

Having been assured that Sandy should have a plaster, Molly went toiling and grumbling up the hill; and I learned for the first time that the want of "fresh water" was a serious inconvenience to the fishers' village, as they had more than a mile to go for it.

Presently up came a party of young girls laughing, so that their white teeth glittered like pearl; balancing their pitchers on their heads with inimitable ease, while their bare feet passed over the stones without apparent annoyance, and their carriage so free and graceful as they placed their hands on the water-vessels, and dropt their curtesy beneath our window, would have made the fortune of a *dansusee*.

"Margaret," said my friend, "where's Norah?"

"Is it Norah, miss? She had a misfortune, miss, with Katty Maggs's can. The sharp rock at the edge of the stream above there knocked the side out of it, and she's hiding for fear of Katty Maggs; and sure that same stone has destroyed every thing, sticking up so sharp at the most convenient place to draw the water."

"Is it a big stone?"

"No, ma'am, but cruel sharp."

"Why isn't it removed?"

"Oh, ma'am, *sure it was always so*; we must mind better, or there wout be a pitcher in the town-land left alive with it!" And away tripped the maidens.

Many others, women, girls, and children, followed, all complaining of the want of water, all complaining of the distance, and all murmuring that they had nothing "fit" to bring home "a sup" of water in, which was perfectly true. Old women, and thirsty men, followed after a time, some pausing to lean against the

grey stones that formed the *ditches*, others ascending the hill half way, and then lying down on the road, to await the water-carriers' return; and they, too, bewailed the want of water.

"It's the ruin of the women and girls this going to the hill-spring, miss," said a crabbed-looking old sailor to my companion. "I can't get my Nelly to mend a net, or put a hand to the boat, for going for water, and half the time spent in gossiping. I'm sure I wish some one would see if there's any truth in what ould Grizzle Burn used to say, of a well her mother drew water from, where the white thorn hangs over the cliff. To be sure, the *tree in my memory was always so*."

"And is it possible," I exclaimed, "that there is the remotest chance of your obtaining water so near home, and yet you have never sought it?"

"*It was always so*," repeated the crabbed old sailor; "my mother, God be good to her, *broke her leg*, and *went a cripple to her grave*, through the manes of the sharp stone at the hill-spring's side; bad luck to it for a stone! *It was always so*."

The very stone, I suppose, that had completed the ruin of Katty Maggs's can!

My friend was not a bit too well pleased that I had received another hint as to the injurious effects of "we'll see about it;" the gentry are very apt to take offence if you notice an Irish fault; I am constantly obliged to remind them that

"I too am of Arodis."

and have an undoubted right to find fault with my own. God help them! if they loved the land with the affection I bear to every blade of its green grass, it would have a more peaceable and prosperous peasantry. Why have they not found out that an Irishman must be actively employed, to be either peaceable or happy? But to my story. Those who arrived first from the hill-spring had to return there again, for the thirsty waiters drank the water, with the certainty that it was cheerfully bestowed.

"Take another drink, Andy, poor man!" said one of the slight girls to the crabbed sailor. "Wisha! I wish it was potteen, or whisky itself, for your sake, if I have to go back every step of the way for more. God refresh you with it, and don't be cross to the wife, Andy. She has an *impression** about her heart with the wakeness, and I tould her not to hurry. I'll put the paytees down for you before she comes, if you like, for shrimping's hungry work."

"Granny, I brought your share and my own this time," exclaimed another, addressing an old woman, "and didn't feel it much; only I think I'll bring yours in the morning, and our own in the evening."

"Let us go," said my friend.

I paused to look one moment at the beautiful sunset, which steeped the roofs of the fishers' huts, as they lay crouching and crowded together—in molten gold; beyond lay the sea, as I have shown in Burnt Eagle's history, a liquid rolling living mine of wealth, and yet those poor creatures could hardly subsist; there was no one to teach *them* how to husband the treasures the mighty deep almost cast upon the shore; they possessed heart and feeling, the drink of water was given with a good will, that to *my fancy* converted it to nectar, and that girl had managed the crabbed sailor so well, that he positively smiled upon his wife, and offered to take her pitcher; and yet those *feeling* creatures could go day after day, year after year, to the hill-spring, and never take the trouble to discover if really the gushing waters of a well were buried beneath the thorn-tree.

Which is most necessary, I inquired of myself, to

* Oppression.

the well-doing of a community, reason or feeling? It cannot prosper without the exercise of both.

"It is the worst case," I said aloud at last. "This 'it was always so' is decidedly the worst case I have met with in Ireland. Why did not your father excavate this well?"

"Oh, my father has something else to think about — 'it was always so.'"

I could not help smiling at my friend's unconscious repetition of the to me obnoxious sentence, and sighed when I thought how much the character indicated by these four little words, ran through the country.

I slept and dreamed of bright bubbling springs, and awoke before sunrise. I looked out of the window, and saw two crows; every body in the world knows it is lucky to see two crows, particularly before sunrise; indeed, those who have a great deal to do will find it "lucky" to see any thing before sunrise, either a single crow or a single magpie; but having seen two crows, I felt bound as an Irishwoman to be exceedingly rejoiced at the good omen, and therefore summoned the only allies I could depend on, my own maid, and an old man, who, according to his own account, knew and respected "my people" before I was born. Having succeeded in rousing them from their slumbers, we proceeded to the old thorn-tree, but unfortunately there was only one fisherman on the beach, and my inquiries touching the well were not likely to be very successful.

"Did you never hear there was a well near that tree?"

"A well, is it?" "Yes, a well."

"Oh, sure they fetch every sup of water from the hill-spring."

"I know they do; but there is a well, or there was a well, somewhere herabouts."

"Myself don't know."

"Did you never hear that there was a well long ago under that thorn-tree?"

"Myself has no call to the tree; it's on Nancy Cahill's ground, and nobody meddles with Nance; the tree 'was always so.'"

I was not pushed from my purpose by this hint of Nance's quarrelsome propensities. There were a number of cottage gardens, or what should have been gardens, grown into one, for the divisions were not even perceptible, and the thorn-tree grew, or hung, at the bottom of the one that appertained to Nancy Cahill. My ally could give me no information; "sure my honour knew he came from another country." At last we discovered a very old white-headed man asleep on some lobster pots in an almost bottomless boat; the lobster pots ought to have been set the over night, but the old man and his son had a very successful "haul" two nights before; and why they should be at the trouble to set and haul the pots, except when they wanted, did not enter into their calculations. However, he half arose and set me at rest as to the spot; close to the left of the thorn-tree the well had certainly existed, at least so his aunt Biddy had said.

"Did no one ever endeavour to open the well?"

"Bedad I don't know; it had no luck."

"How no luck?—was the water bad?"

"Is it the water? Bedad I don't know, I never heard tell; but I believe the stones or something gave way, and thin the water was choked. 'Sure it was always so;' they fetch all the water from the hill-spring; many a good tide I've lost, waiting for the women to fetch it."

"We are going to try and find the well."

"A yarra wisha! Sure it's a long way down, and on Nancy Cahill's field."

"Will you come and help us to try!—we will provide you a pick-axe."

"Oh, God bless yer honour, I was never used to that sort of work; I'm a fisherman!" and he laid himself down with an air of such lazy determination, that I saw nothing more could be done with him. The sun had risen before my old man James got to work, and the brightness of the grass over the spot the fisherman had pointed out, would have convinced anyone in the habit of watching the indications of nature, that water was at no very great distance beneath.

I must say we worked very hard, and the signs and ejaculations of my English maid were not the least amusing part of the exhibition. We soon found the clay clammy, then positively wet; anon, and little unwashed, undressed children came running forth, to look and wonder. Presently Nancy herself, with drapery floating in the fresh sea-breeze, made her way over a heap of mingled shells of oyster, periwinkle, limpet, and all the shells of the sea, and then through a stagnant pool, of any thing but sweet savour, and stood before me with a very sour expression of countenance.

"Well, Mrs Cahill, what will you give me for finding a well on your estate?"

"Plase yer honour, I never get any thing; how can I give —"

"Don't say that; you'll have fresh water to give to all your neighbours."

"Oh, sure I knew it was in it."

"And why did not you get it out of it? How old are you, Mrs Cahill?" This was an unfortunate question; I ought to have known better than to have asked it; her lowering brow soon showed me my mistake. "Well, you are five-and-thirty, I suppose. Mrs Cahill smiled. She was certainly fifty; so on thirty and the odd five being named, she smiled, satisfied that I intended no discourtesy.

"How old were you when you began to draw water at the hill-spring?"

"Oh, yarra! maybe five, not more."

"And since then you have spent two hours every day drawing water?"

"Is it two hours? Yarra wisha! nearer upon three, or maybe four, of a time I'd have a bit of washing or cleaning to do. Not often—"

"Well, say two: two hours a-day are fourteen hours a-week; that is 56 hours a-month, 168 hours a-quarter, 672 hours a-year! See all the time you have wasted—no fewer than 840 days in the course of thirty years!"

"See that now!" she exclaimed, with an air of provoking wonder, which, if she had not been an Irish woman, I should have called stupid.

"Two hours a-day, properly managed, goes a long way towards making a house comfortable."

"Anan!" exclaimed Mrs Cahill, sitting down upon her heels to watch our progress; when seated, as she would call it, comfortably, she said, "Ye're kindly welcome, my lady, to divert yourself as long as ye please at the well (since it's a well ye'll have it), but take care of the *ould tree*. My great-grandfather planted it, I've heard tell, for a shelter to the well, and I'd be sorry it was hurt, out of respect to his memory!" Now, was it not provoking that this woman knew of the existence of that well, had its tradition from her great-grandfather, and yet had spent so many of the best hours of her life going to the hill-spring? I liked her, however, for reverencing the *ould tree*. In a little time the whole population of the village turned out to watch our operations; old James plied his axe and shovel right well; the English girl plucked away the roots and flung aside the stones; young and old men, young and old women, looked on—some listlessly, some with anxiety; none offered to assist. "Come, will you not help?" I said at last.

"Yes, my lady, only we must go now to the hill-spring, or the fathers'll have no paytees in time for breakfast. God send you good luck, my lady"—and three or four girls went off.

"But you—you young man—poor James is tired; take the pick or the spade; it is for the comfort of you and yours we are thinking and working."

"God save ye, my lady, ye have a tender heart, and we'll go from this to Jericho to serve you; but in regard of labouring work, I was never used to it, madam. I'm a fisherman, my lady."

"And do you think I'm used to it?" said the maid, petulantly.

"Oh no, bedad!" was the reply. "We never thought you war used to any useful thing. Why, it's a pity you should trouble yourself, miss!"

"To think," she muttered, "that they will not help themselves."

"We must teach them patiently."

Still it was very provoking to see them lounging and loitering about. At last the water began to ooze forth.

"See that now!" exclaimed Nancy. "Who'd ha' thought it, and it all so covered up!"

"Sure it was always so," observed another. "In rainy times the water would shine through the grass; only, Mrs Cahill, ma'am, as the well was on your land, it wasn't our business to look to it."

"That's thrue for ye," said the crabbed-faced sailor; "sure I know myself it's not pace and quietness meddling with Nancy Cahill."

"What's that you say, you —," and Nancy seized a stone, which she would certainly have hurled at the last speaker, but that her arm was held down, while all exclaimed, "Oh, Nancy, for shame!—before the quality! Oh, Nancy!"

"Look," said the termagant, rising, and standing with her arms akimbo, "I'm a quiet woman, and a God-fearing, peace-loving woman; but by all the books that ever war shut and opened, if ye don't every one, barring the lady and her helps, quit my bit o' land, see if I don't!" I never shall forget the fierce expression of her countenance, as men, women, and children withdrew, muttering, "Sure it was always so," and left her in undisturbed possession of her estate.

"It's only a bit of a breeze," muttered James; "when it blows over, there's worse-hearted women in the world than Nancy Cahill." She watched progress for another hour.

"There's water sure enough, and I suppose it was always so; but look at the trouble yer honour has had, and not sure that the earth wont fall in again as it did before; think of that now!"

"The earth will fall in, certainly, again, if it is not prevented," I replied; "but I hope you are convinced that if a thousandth part of the time and labour had been spent in excavating the well, that was expended in fetching water from the hill-spring, the well would have been useful to this day."

"That's thrue," said Nancy.

The sun was high and fervent, so I went to my home for the time being, proud of my achievement,

and amused at the observations of my English servant.

"I never saw such people spending an hour upon what could be done in a minute; I wonder will they do any thing to the well while we are away—it really would not be believed in England!"

"And there really is a well?" said my friend; "I have heard so, but I remember papa saying it must all be a story, because, if it was not, surely they would have found it out. There is some legend, too, about it, at least I think so; I almost forget what it is—something about the first person who pulled the grass up over its mouth dying before morning."

"Surely," I replied, laughing, "not if they saw two crows the first thing after sunrise."

"There was, there is such a legend," she repeated; "I suppose they would not like to tell it you, lest you should laugh at them; but I really think the superstition had a great deal to do in the way of strengthening the 'it was always so' that you complain of."

We agreed to go down in the evening, and see if any of the people had continued what was so pleasantly commenced.

When the evening came, we rambled there; it was a fine night. From some particular cause, the arrival, I believe, of visitors in the neighbourhood, there was a demand for fish, and the men had set forth in their cobbles, but there were many women and children round the well. I was in great hopes that they had triumphed over their evil habit; I forgot for a moment that the habits of years are not often overcome in a few hours. One point was achieved: they were convinced of the existence of water, for they had turned down saucers, little dishes, or whatever utensils of the kind they could collect, over the plashy soil, and were dipping up the water so collected, and filling their kettles as fast as they could. Nancy was in capital humour: if the well really turned out to be a well, she had become a person of importance; but I thought she looked rather sadly at me.

"I ax yer honour's pardon," she said, as, after talking and advising, we were going away; "but, lady dear, which of ye was it pulled up the first grass?"

"I did, Mrs Cahill. Why do you ask?"

"Just out o' curiosity, my lady—a way I have," she crossed her hands over her bosom, and added in a solemn tone, "God mark ye to grace!"

This question and observation confirmed me in the belief I had gathered from the kind and anxious looks they bent upon me, that the foolish superstition had in a great degree cramped their exertions, and that a fear, peculiarly Irish, of being laughed at, prevented their telling me the fact.

I did not rise so early the next morning; and when coming down stairs, I saw Nancy's head thrust in through the hall door, which had a great dislike to close, partly perhaps from a feeling of hospitality, which even Irish hall doors seem to participate in, and partly from a certain awkwardness about the hinges, which, owing to their advanced age, were unwilling to move rapidly, if at all.

"Well, Nancy," I said, "I hope the well gave you plenty of fresh water this morning?"

"Y'a, then, it's myself is glad to see yer face so cheerful-like this morning, lady dear, thanks be to the Almighty for his mercy. Amen!" And once more she crossed her hands over her bosom.

"And pray, Nancy, why should my face not be cheerful?" I inquired.

"Yarra! it's myself doesn't know, so I don't; only the gentry sometimes do be putting long faces on themselves for nothing. And are ye brave and hearty* this morning, plase yer honour?"

"That I am, Nancy, thank you—never was better. I am always better in Ireland than any where else in the world."

"Why, thin, my lady," answered Nancy, quaintly enough, "if that's the way, it's a pity ye should ever leave it. Myself thinks there's some *charraun*† about ye; but, may be, my lady, like the rest of the English *furriners*, you don't believe in the *charrauns*."

"Oh yes, Nancy, I believe in a great many charms." Nancy advanced fairly into the hall, and throwing her grey hair back from her eyes with both hands, looked steadily in my face, exclaiming, "See that now!"

"Yes, Nancy, there is a great charm in the kindness and good nature of my poor Irish friends."

Nancy looked disappointed and yet pleased.

"There is a great charm in industry, a great charm in patience, a great charm in perseverance. If we had not persevered with the well, you would have been journeying to the hill-spring to the end of your days, but I will see that trouble prevented before I leave you. And, Nancy, if you will find me a four-leaved shamrock, I will promise faithfully to exert all my powers of belief in its charms."

"God bless you, my lady; sure I never had the luck of finding sich a thing as that! I wish I had. Oh my! but I'm glad to see you well, ma'am; and sure we'll have heart now to go on with the well ourselves, and God's blessing on ye!"

"And why had you not heart to go on with it before?"

"Oh, ma'am, there's no good in telling you; maybe you'd be putting it in a book."

"Perhaps I might, Nancy."

"Ah, my lady, I and my people always kept out of disgrace."

* Very well.

† Spell.

"Well, but, Nancy, sure they put St Patrick and your own Daniel O'Connell in a book, and kings and queens, and they never consider it a disgrace. When there's nothing wrong done, what harm can there be in telling it?"

"Wisha! that's thrue; Morgan Regan has the Life of Saint Patrick."

"Well, and there is nothing disgraceful to the saint in it."

"Wisha, no! that's thrue!"

"Well, then, do you not see, what possible harm could there be in putting the well in a book?"

Nancy paused; and then, as if a sudden idea had struck her, she exclaimed, "Maybe, as I know the rights* of it myself, I may as well tell you, for others will. Ye see, ma'am, long ever ago, before I was born, and my mother nothing but a dawshy slip of a girl running about the rocks, like our own *chilre*, one of the fisher boys picked a very swarthy-coloured child off a wreck, and by the same token the mast of the vessel was to be seen at low water, off Greystone Point, for many a long sunny summer day, and many a bitter short winter one. Well, the very night Michael Grime (that was the boy's name) brought the child to the shore, the very same night the well fell in!"

"But it might have done so if the poor dark child had not been saved. I dare say it had been in a bad state."

"Sure it was always so in the memory of man; and what would ail it to keep so, as it had done for scores of years?"

"My good Nancy, is not that tower more likely to tumble down now than when it was built?"

Nancy was, however, too cunning to be trapped. She saw the analogy at a glance, and would not give in.

"Myself doesn't understand them things, but the well fell in any way," she said, with a twist of her shoulders, adding, "and the people said it wasn't for luck."

"That I believe. How can any thing be considered for luck that does harm?"

"Ay, indeed. Well, the swarthy child—it was a girl—delighted in sitting by where the well fell in, in the hot sun, or under the bames of the old pale-faced moon, it was all one, picking up bits of grass or stones, and throwing them among the plashing water that hissed up out of the ground; and the roll of her great black eyes wasn't pleasant—and—"

I interrupted the narration by the question of "How did she live?"

"Is it how did she live? Oh, thin, I suppose up and down just with the neighbours; only, to be sure, the best bit and sup was saved for her who had no one to look to her, God help us! Well, ma'am, the people observed, as I heard tell, that the well filled up wonderful; and at morning dawn and rising moon the swarthy child was there, nor would she suffer any to meddle with her or her doings, only sit and sing her song, like the sighing of a breaking heart, and would stay whispering about the houses even in the people's sleep. Nothing would she do but gather stones and grass to put in the well, and sing."

"Do you remember hearing what the words were she sang?"

"Yarra, no; not all out. She sang with a furrin tongue. Only this much I do mind hearing—a wise woman intarparted part of it, and the sense was this, that she would die on the grass planted by herself over the well, and leave her curse to the first hand that pulled the grass she sowed, and the curse she left was full and heavy—that the hand that did pull it might be could before morning."

I smiled and held out my hand to Nancy, and with the feeling of an Irishwoman, no matter how rude or untutored, she pressed it to her lips.

"It isn't could, God be praised," she said, "but it's not as warm as yer heart." I am free to confess that the pretty compliment softened the expression of Nancy's features wonderfully in my opinion.

"And what became of the girl?" I inquired.

"She pined, and pined, and pined, as a bird might that left too soon its mother's nest, and at last I heard tell she grew a shadow, and used to wrap the ould red shawl round her head, and her eyes would glare out from it like bonfires of a St John's night—and at last she was found dead by the well!"

"Poor thing! And you never heard who she was?"

"Yarra, no! how should we? Some said one thing, some another. Many thought she was something of a mermaid, others— But, any how, there was no doubt of her being—"

"What, Nancy?"

"Something not right," answered Nancy, turning away.

"Stay, Nancy; is it possible that this circumstance gave rise to the superstition which prevented your opening the well?"

"Shooperstition!" repeated Nancy, greatly offended. "Yarra, ma'am! how can you call it shooperstition? didn't my grandmother know the well to fall in?"

"Granted."

"And the swarthy craythur, whatever she was, to leave her skin an' bones over it?"

"Granted."

"And her curse, that the first hand that removed the grass might be could before morning?"

* The truth.

"Granted."

"Sure, then, that's not shooperstition; it's real truth."

"My hand is not cold, and I pulled away finely at the grass."

"God save us! sure ye did!"

"Believe me, the Almighty loves his creatures too well to permit the foolish words of sinful people to act against those who love and trust him."

"May be so," said Nancy; "but was it always so?"

"Indeed it was. When you are in a passion, you wish a great deal of harm to your neighbours, and yet it does not come to pass."

"God forbid!" she exclaimed, crossing herself.

"Amen to that, good Nancy; and now, as I hope you are satisfied that I am alive and well this morning, go down to your house, stir up those lazy men and boys; you know, Nancy, they will work if you order them! And bring me a pitcher of well water for my dinner."

"Yarra, ma'am, clear water is very could in the stomach."

"Now, Nancy, don't begin to undervalue the water the moment you have obtained it; but I will promise you all something stronger if you work hard. Good porter!"

We never suffered "it will do" to rest until we had achieved it is done! And the well was done, a comfort bestowed, and a superstition overcome, at a very small expense of time and trouble. Nancy to this day is quite lady patroness of the well, and, like all lady patronesses, a trifle capricious and tyrannical at times; but the pure fresh water is there with its thousand blessings, and the "neighbours are practically convinced that even if a thing has been 'always so,' there is no reason it should continue to be 'ALWAYS SO.'"

CAPTAIN COOK AT OWHYHEE.

In a new Encyclopædia of Useful Knowledge, recently published in numbers at Paris, we find an article from the pen of a noted French voyager, M. de Rienzi, in which some curious light is thrown on the circumstances attending the stay of Captain Cook at Owwhyhee, the place, as all know, where that famous navigator met his unhappy end. The details that follow seem to have been picked up by means of personal inquiries among the existing generation of islanders, who keep in remembrance the most minute particulars relative to the death of Cook, having received the story from their immediate progenitors, in whose time the event occurred. There were especial reasons, indeed, why this catastrophe should leave a deep impression on the minds of the natives of Owwhyhee.

On the 30th of November 1778, Captain Cook first came in sight of the island of Owwhyhee, or Haouai, as it has been named by later voyagers. From the period mentioned, up to the middle of January, the captain continued to cruise about the shores of the island, trafficking frequently with the natives, who brought fish, bread-fruit, plantains, and various other kinds of provisions, to the two British ships, the Resolution and the Discovery. On the 17th of January, Captain Cook cast anchor in the bay of Karakakooa, the shores of which are covered with habitations, where the principal people of the island reside. Here, accordingly, the voyagers came in contact for the first time with the chiefs of Owwhyhee, and here, in the course of their stay, a succession of scenes took place which were unintelligible alike to Cook himself and to those who had to record their unfortunate close. The inhabitants (according to the original narrative of the voyage) exhibited the utmost delight on observing the intention of anchoring in the bay. "They came off in astonishing numbers, expressing their joy by singing, shouting, and the most extravagant gestures." At the same time, two chiefs of high rank came on board, and were followed by one of the leading priests, named Koah. The conduct of Koah on being presented to Cook was remarkable. "Being conducted to the cabin, he approached the commodore with the greatest deference, threw a piece of red cloth over his shoulders, and, retreating a few paces, made an offering of a small pig, at the same time pronouncing a discourse of considerable length. Red cloth is an article with which their idols are arrayed, and a pig is their common offering to the *Eatoos*. In the evening, the commodore, Mr King, and Mr Bailey, accompanied Koah on shore. As soon as they landed on the beach, they were preceded by four men, bearing each a wand tipped with dog's hair, and pronouncing, with a loud voice, a short sentence, in which the word *Orono* was very distinguishable." In a foot-note in the original narrative, it is further mentioned that "*Orono* was Cook's general appellation among the natives of Owwhyhee. Sometimes it was applied by them to an invisible being inhabiting heaven." The true explanation of this title, and the cause of its

application to Captain Cook, may now be adverted to, before noticing the further homage bestowed on the commodore under the directions of Koah, and which the voyagers plainly saw to be of a religious nature, though they understood no more respecting the ceremonial.

Under any circumstances, a strong sensation would naturally have been caused among the natives of Owwhyhee, by the arrival of such objects as the British ships; but the sensation was increased ten-fold by a tradition of the island, with which the natives connected the advent of the voyagers. "Many years previously," says M. Rienzi, "a great chief, named Rono (or *Orono*, as it is set down in the original narrative) exiled himself voluntarily from Owwhyhee, but, ere he went, he announced prophetically to his countrymen that he would one day return upon a floating island, bearing (or large enough to bear) cocoa-trees, hogs, and dogs. His words were believed, and Rono, deified in his absence by the superstition of his countrymen, became annually the object of a great festival, held chiefly to perpetuate the remembrance of his promise to return. Wrestling, racing, and other similar exercises, accompanied the celebration of this fête, which gradually became a most important affair in the island. When the Resolution and Discovery appeared off their shores, it was not unnatural for the islanders to imagine that the floating isle of Rono had at length come. In truth, while the ships cruised around the coasts, the impression spread universally through the island that Cook was the long-expected god Rono, and hence the extravagant joy of the natives on his anchoring in the bay of Karakakooa, as well as the homage which the high-priest Koah caused to be bestowed on him."

With this explanation, the reader will easily understand the nature of the rites, which were meaningless in the eyes of Cook and his friends. The original narrative states, that after Koah and the commodore had landed, as already noticed, all the inhabitants either disappeared or prostrated themselves before the party as it marched onwards. Under the guidance of Koah, Cook and his friends reached what the narrative calls a *Morai*, or sacrificial temple. They were then conducted to the buildings or scaffolding on the top of this *Morai*, which "was a square solid pile of stones, of the length of four or five yards, the breadth of twenty, and the height of fourteen. Here Captain Cook was received by a tall young man, having a long beard, who chanted a kind of hymn, in which he was assisted by Koah." This hymn appears to have been a national one recording the history of Rono and the cause of his exile. M. Rienzi gives a translation of it, as still sung by the natives. It is in separate verses, as follows:—1st, Rono of Haouai, in former times, lived with his wife at Karakakooa. 2d, Kai-ki-rani-ari-oponna was the name of the divine object of his wedded love. A steep rock was their dwelling. 3d, A man ascended to the summit of the rock, and, when there, spoke thus to the wife of Rono:—4th, O Kai-ki-rani-ari-oponna! thy lover salutes thee; deign still to favour him, discard others, and he will remain thine for ever. 5th, Rono, overhearing this deceitful language, killed his wife in a moment of fury. 6th, Struck with remorse for his cruel act, he carried to a tomb the lifeless body of his wife, and wept long over her. 7th, Then, incited by a mad phrenzy, he ran over Haouai, fighting with all whom he met. 8th, And the astonished people said, 'Is Rono then mad?' and Rono replied, 'Yes; I am mad on account of Oponna, on account of my great love for her.' 9th, Having instituted games to honour the memory of his well beloved, Rono then embarked in a triangular canoe, and sailed towards far-away lands. 10th, But, before departing, Rono prophesied thus:—'I will return in future times, upon a floating isle, which shall carry cocoas, hogs, and dogs.'

To return to the original narrative. When the hymn of Rono was finished, "we were led to that side of the *Morai* where poles were erected; at the foot of which, twelve images were ranged in the form of a semicircle; the middle figure having a high table before it, on which we saw a putrid hog, and under it some cocoa-nuts, plantains, potatoes, bread-fruit, and pieces of sugar-cane. The commodore was conducted under this stand by Koah, who, taking down the hog, held it towards him; when, having again addressed him in a long and vehement speech, he suffered it to fall upon the ground, and ascended the (upper) scaffolding with him, though at the peril of their falling. We now beheld, advancing in solemn procession, and entering the top of the *Morai*, ten men bearing a live hog, and a piece of large red cloth of considerable dimensions. Advancing a few paces, they stopped and prostrated themselves; and Kaieekaea, the tall young man already mentioned, approaching them, received the cloth, and carried it to Koah, who wrapped it round the commodore, and made him an offering of the hog.

Captain Cook was now aloft, in a situation truly whimsical, swathed in red cloth, and scarcely able to keep his hold in the rotten scaffolding." After a long alternate chanting from Koah and Kaieekaea, the commodore was again brought down to where the images were. In his delight, apparently, at having

the real living Rono to adore, Koah "expressed himself in a sneering tone to each of them, snapping his fingers at them as he passed." But to the image in the centre, which was a higher idol than the rest, being the figure of Rono himself, Koah prostrated himself, and kissed it, which Captain Cook did also, at the priest's request. The ceremonies were concluded in another part of the Morai, where Captain Cook, seated between two idols, was chanted to as before by the two chief performers. But "their speeches and responses, we observed, grew gradually shorter and shorter, and towards the conclusion, Kaireckee's did not exceed three or four words, which were answered by the word *Orono*."

In this manner was Captain Cook formally deified, as the living incarnation of the god Rono, or rather as the returned chief in person. The original narrative of the voyage says respecting this scene, "Of the singularity and novelty of the various ceremonies performed on this occasion, we can only form conjectures; but they were certainly highly expressive of respect on the part of the inhabitants, and, as far as related to the commodore, they approached to adoration." On a future occasion, when the captain went on shore, he was conducted to *Harree-no-Orono*, the house of Orono, where the above rites were repeated. Indeed, "while we continued in the bay (says the narrative), whenever the commodore came on shore, he was preceded by one of the priests, who proclaimed the landing of the *Orono*, and ordered the inhabitants to prostrate themselves. He was constantly attended by the same person on the water, where he was stationed in the bow of the boat, having a wand in his hand to give notice of his approach to the natives who were in canoes, on which they instantly ceased paddling, and fell on their faces till he had passed." All showed awe and terror in his presence. But their adoration was not confined to empty homages. Canoes laden with hogs, vegetables, and every kind of provisions, "were regularly sent to the ships. Nothing was demanded in return, nor was the most distant hint ever given that any compensation was expected." On inquiring from whom came all these stores, it was answered that they were sent at the expense of Kaoo, the chief-priest, then absent on an excursion with the sovereign of the island, who was named Teareebou.

On the 24th of January, Teareebou returned, and like the others, he hastened to show his reverence for the living Rono. He had a formal state interview in a tent with Captain Cook, and bestowed on him various rich feathered-cloaks, as well as hogs and other presents in clothing and food. The king continued to show the same feelings towards the voyagers, and the narrative says, that "to relate all the instances of generosity and civility which they experienced, would require volumes." But, at length, the enormous consumption of hogs and other provisions by the crews began to alarm the monarch and people of Owhyhee, and considerable anxiety was shown as to the probable time of Rono's departure. That event was fixed for the 4th of February, and previously to its occurrence, the king bestowed large presents on the commodore. Every one of the natives testified regret at parting with the crews, and all was good-humour and kindness.

But the ships met with squally weather on their departure, and were obliged to put back, on the 11th of February, into the bay of Karakakooa. Here they did not find the same warmth of feeling displayed as on their previous stay. The undeniable fact seems to have been, that the natives were afraid of a famine falling upon the island, through the enormous wants of Rono and his followers. This cause, at least, made the king and the chiefs shy and timorous, although the former waited respectfully on Captain Cook next day. As if guided by their sovereign's conduct, the natives then began to "renew their usual friendly intercourse" with the strangers. But, on the 13th, certain untoward circumstances took place, which were attended with most lamentable consequences. Various repairs being required by the British ships, both carpenters and sail-makers had been sent on shore for the furtherance of their respective operations, and the position chosen for this purpose was the ground around the Morai, where the observatory also was erected, under the guard of a corporal and six marines. The ground around the Morai being *tabooed*, or rendered sacred from intrusion, by the priests, no disturbance at first occurred at this spot. It was a watering-party sent on shore from the *Discovery*, which first fell into collision, on the afternoon of the 13th, with the natives. No injury to either party resulted, however, as Lieutenant King got peace restored by an appeal to some of the chiefs. Amity had just been restored on shore, on this occasion, when Captain Cook landed in his pinnace, and, nearly at the same moment, all eyes were turned to sea, where a native canoe was seen flying to the shore, pursued by one of the *Discovery's* boats, and fired on repeatedly by musquetry from that vessel. Thinking this a case of theft, Captain Cook ran with an attendant or two to seize the depredators as they landed, but, being too late for this purpose, he sent some men into the country after the offending natives, who were hotly chased till it was dark. This was unfortunate, as the stolen articles had already been given up. Another mistake, and a much more unfortunate one, was committed by the officer who came in the small boat from the *Discovery*, in pursuit of the pilferers. This officer seized a canoe on the beach, and would not give it up to the owner, Pareea, a most influential

chief, who declared himself blameless in the matter of the theft. The officer was obstinate, and a scuffle ensued, in which Pareea was struck violently on the head with an oar. As this very chief had been one of the most ardent and generous friends of the British, all the natives within sight were roused to fury by the injury done to him, and attacked the strangers so fiercely that every man must have perished, had not Pareea himself timeously regained his senses, and interposed to save them. The belief in Cook's divine power was made strongly apparent by Pareea's conduct on this occasion. In place of feeling anger at the injury done to himself, "he expressed much concern at what had happened, and begged to know if the *Orono* would kill him?" Though the matter ended thus peaceably at the time, the attempt to seize Pareea's canoe, and the injury done to his person, were mainly instrumental in raising the cry of ingratitude against the British, and in preparing the minds of the natives for next day's scenes.

On the morning of the 14th, the *Discovery* communicated to Captain Cook the information that its cutter had been stolen in the night-time. This seemed to the resolute commodore an event of sufficient importance to call for decisive measures, and, accordingly, he resolved to get the king and his youthful sons on board, as hostages for the missing property. This plan Cook had frequently tried with success on previous occasions of the like nature. Between seven and eight o'clock A.M., Captain Cook proceeded on shore, accompanied by a lieutenant of marines and nine men. On entering the village where the king had his residence, the British leader was received with respectful prostrations as hitherto, and offerings of small pigs. As the king and his sons had been on board the *Resolution* almost every day, the captain hoped that his true design would not be suspected; and so it partly turned out, as the old king and his two sons consented at once to go on board. In truth, the two princes had reached the sea-side, and had set foot on board the commodore's pinnace, when affairs suddenly assumed a new aspect. Owing to the unwonted appearance of the armed boats of the ships, which had been stationed by Cook across the bay, a great crowd of natives had been drawn to the beach, and suspicions of latent treachery seemed to be spreading among them. It is probable, however, that no expression of this feeling would have appeared, had not one of the old king's favourite wives followed him towards the shore, and entreated him, with tears, not to go on board. She was joined in her request by several chiefs, and the king became dejected and irresolute. Captain Cook pressed him for some time to go, but finally gave up the attempt, seeing that the object could not be effected without much bloodshed. Having come to this conclusion, the commodore moved slowly from the king's side towards the pinnace with his party, but he was doomed never to reach it. Unfortunately, the armed boats in the bay, fulfilling their orders, had fired on some transgressing or straggling canoes, and had killed a chief of consequence. The tidings of this loss reached the natives as they were gazing on Cook's departing steps. Convinced now of the ingratitude and hostile intentions of the British, and irritated beyond measure, the natives seized their arms, and rushed on Cook and his marines. The commodore faced the first native who advanced, and ordered him to retire; but the savage repeated his menaces with stone and spear. Cook fired a load of small shot at him, but the war-mat of the islander rendered the discharge harmless, and the assailants became only the more daring. The captain again fired, and the ball with which the second barrel was charged brought down the savage. The whole of the marines now fired in self-defence, and the armed boats near the shore also fired. Amid the scene of bloodshed and confusion which ensued, Cook turned round to the boats, to order the firing to be stopped. Hitherto no man had struck the *Orono*; but when his countenance was turned away, the iron spear of a savage was driven into his back, and the great navigator fell to rise no more.

As the subject of Captain Cook's visit to Owhyhee has been adverted to here chiefly on account of the light thrown upon it in the French work mentioned, we shall merely notice in conclusion one or two passages in the original narrative, which corroborate the explanation given of the story of Rono or Orono. All that the survivors of Cook ever saw of his remains, eagerly as they sought for them, consisted of his disjointed bones, and a shapeless mass of flesh, about nine or ten pounds' weight. The rest, it was said, had been cut to pieces and burnt. This was the account given by a native who had been the commodore's attendant on all ceremonies, and who, when he brought off the fleshy relic just mentioned to the ships, "lamented, with abundance of tears, the loss of the *Orono*." He afterwards asked, "with great earnestness and apparent apprehension, 'when the *Orono* would come again, and what he would do to them on his return?'" The same inquiry was frequently made by others, and there can be no doubt, that, notwithstanding the rash violence which caused them to assail him, the natives were afterwards deeply afraid of an angry reappearance of the *Orono*. The probability is, however, that the repeated sight of similar "floating islands" to those of Cook, would greatly weaken the force of this superstition in the course of succeeding years, although neither the history nor the worship of Rono are yet forgotten in Haouai.

Unquestionably, the deplorable end of Captain Cook

was an event less to be ascribed to any evil passions on the part of the poor natives, than to the unfortunate accidents which aroused their anger momentarily against those whom they had loaded with kindness and favours. Had the voyagers understood the true nature and full extent of the feelings which led the natives to name and to treat Cook as they did, the pacific influence of the *Orono's* divinity might have been tried, and might have averted the fall of him, who, if not divine, was at least a great and good human being.

LE LOCLE AND THE LOCLEOIS.

[We lately presented some interesting particulars from Mr Symons's "Arts and Artizans at Home and Abroad" respecting the working-people of Switzerland, whom that writer represents as the most intelligent and contented in the world. We may here add, from the same work, a very remarkable fact illustrative of the comfortable state of these people. "A few months ago, during a high wind, the most windward house in the village of Herten (Appenzel) took fire; the houses were all of wood, and in a few hours the entire village was burnt to the ground. The loss of property was estimated at 400,000 florins (equal to £50,000); and as the place was occupied almost entirely by the labouring classes, a liberal subscription was immediately raised for the relief of the sufferers. When the distributors of the charity tendered the offered aid, to their great surprise they found but 140 individuals, not half the population, who required any relief, the rest having been received by their various relatives into their houses; an assistance which, added to the savings of the sufferers, enabled them to dispense wholly with the bounty of their neighbours." We venture to say that there is not a village in Great Britain, where the same independence of public bounty, under similar circumstances, would have been shown. As a proof of how much the contrary results might be expected amongst us, we can state as a positive fact, that, in a Scottish royal burgh of about 2000 inhabitants, 140 families (not much less than a *third* of the population) were found last winter ready to receive a portion of fifty pounds which a neighbouring gentleman sent to be distributed amongst the poor of the place, on acceding to his estates. The picture of sober industry, and consequent comfort and happiness, presented by the enlightened and universally productive Swiss, is so delightful to contemplate, that we feel much pleasure in laying before our readers the following letter, by an English gentleman resident in Le Locle, in the canton of Neuchâtel, descriptive of that village and its inhabitants.]

SWITZERLAND generally offers so few inducements as a winter residence to those of our country-people who seek a brighter sky, that I may very reasonably presume that our sojourn amid the snows of the Jura was the *premier coup-d'essai* [first attempt]; yet to true lovers of nature, a mountain country, at all seasons, affords so much of the sublime and magnificent, that, if tolerably robust in health, they cannot fail to derive enjoyment from the objects around them.

This elevated region, though tame when compared with the Oberland Alps, is not wanting in natural beauty, nor can it, in another point of view, be devoid of interest to the casual visitor. It includes the watch-making district of the canton of Neuchâtel, a scene of extraordinary industry, not often visited from curiosity. The monotony of our mode of life consequent to the season in this climate, will leave me but little to describe beyond the mere localities; but what we could glean of the habits of this people, who during a long winter were fully engaged in the various branches of an art which for many years past has been to them an increasing source of wealth, can scarcely fail to be acceptable to those who feel interest in the busy movements of the human hive.

The chief places of this district, which is included in the principality of Valengin, an hereditary possession of the king of Prussia, are Le Locle and La Chaux de Fonds, villages of six and seven thousand inhabitants. Le Locle, where we are now domiciliated, has been rising rapidly during the last eighteen months from the ashes of a dreadful devastating fire, which but for the intervention of two or three stone houses built some years ago from the first produce of the industry which now animates the whole range of these valleys, would have entirely erased the village. Lofty stone houses, with numberless windows and tall pyramidal roofs, each accommodating several families, even to as many as eight, the roof containing the necessary storerooms and lofts, now replace the ill-shaped wooden buildings of their forefathers, and though rather unsightly buildings, they are well suited to the climate and occupations of the inhabitants. The original village consists of one street nearly a mile in length, which is the principal thoroughfare; to this have been added a spacious market square, and several parallel and transverse streets. The old town-house is not in keeping with these alterations, nor is the church, though a large substantial edifice, sufficient for the increased and increasing population. Improvement in both these objects is expected to be brought under consideration when the ravages of the fire are recovered from.

On descending into Le Locle, after dark, a singular scene, resembling an illumination, presents itself; every window of the lofty houses is occupied by a workman with his lamp; even the cottages on the surrounding hills are seen glittering through the dark pine forests from the same cause, and afford to a stranger a striking proof of the industry of the inhabitants.

All summer-travellers in Switzerland have remarked the abundance of sparkling water with which its towns

and villages are supplied, and here indeed it does seem to run to waste from as many as twenty-four public fountains, some of which are of tasteful design.

The peculiarity of this narrow valley, which is three thousand and eighteen feet above the sea, is its enclosure on all sides, without any outlet, by precipitous green hills rising five and six hundred feet, backed by pine forests to double that height. Its length is somewhat more than two miles, and it varies from three hundred yards to a quarter of a mile and more in width. The Bied, a small rivulet, runs through its whole length, and loses itself in one of the natural caverns with which this limestone formation abounds; within its subterranean recesses are constructed mills for grinding and sawing, of rather primitive mechanism; but it is an effort of curiosity to explore this yawning abyss, where a false step would be fatal. The noise of the machinery and the rushing waters, combined with the darkness, which the twinkling lamp you are provided with seems only to render more apparent, are enough to appal an uninitiated visitor, and few strangers venture down its slippery ladders and dripping galleries.

I must give our own experience of the climate, which, from what I can learn, varies little from year to year. The winter may be said to have commenced with us early in October, and the spring brought little genial warmth until the month of May. Upon the arrival of the first fall of snow, sledges were taken into use, and continued their reign until the end of March, when the rains converted the streets into rivers of melting snow; during this long interval, every thing was effectually frost-bound, and the cold truly intense, the thermometer frequently showing ten degrees, and twice, during a dense fog which filled the valley, twenty degrees below the zero of Fahrenheit's scale. I must not forget, however, to mention that during the month of December we were favoured with twenty-four successive days of clear sunshine, and the calm which usually prevailed, rendered the extreme cold very bearable, and, unless it was attended by fog, there was no obstruction to daily exercise, and but little inconvenience was felt. Le Locle is in the latitude of forty-seven degrees, and the intensity of cold experienced there, is attributable to its elevated situation, and the want of circulation of air to relieve it from the occasional fogs which visit it. The substantial character of the houses, and the oven stoves with which each room is furnished, together with double glass windows, permit a very equal temperature to be kept up within doors. Open fire-places are not in favour, as they would not diffuse the same general warmth; nor is the peat, which is the common fuel, so applicable to them.

It is difficult to imagine so numerous a population as we are surrounded with, all fully employed upon one sole object, but the various branches of labour are almost as numerous as the separate parts of the machine to be made, thus occupying both sexes of all ages and degrees of talent and proficiency; for, as in Geneva, the trades and domestic arts are all provided for by strangers, mostly from Germany, or the German cantons of Switzerland, and a few Jews.

The watch-merchants, as they may justly be called, are but few; two or three houses carrying on the great export trade which provides for the disposal of not less than forty-five thousand watches annually; this prosperity has existed for several years, and seems yet on the increase, and, since all the tools are now made within the district, the imports are reduced to the necessary metals only, of which the quantities cannot be very large, and are drawn from France and England. This wholesale manufacture of watches excites a certain degree of interest. Once an article of luxury, the watch has now become a necessary, and in a moral point of view it would tend to show that the progress of education and refinement has at least taught the value of time, and, may we not equally hope, the advantageous use of it. Here they are made from the most inferior description, of ten francs' value, to the finest chronometer for purposes of science, selling at twelve hundred; but it is of the intermediate qualities for which the enormous demand exists, namely, flat watches of most exquisitely delicate and perfect workmanship, as well as other pocket watches and repeaters of less costly character. The whole business is conducted on the spot, or in the adjoining mountain hamlets, but always in private dwellings, where the females and children, in the intervals of domestic occupation, have each a separate department. Attempts have been made by greedy speculators to establish manufactories, but, happily for the health and morals of the young, they have hitherto failed. Grinding and polishing the chrysolites and rubies, which are so much in use for all fine watches, besides polishing, and in some cases finishing, the minuter parts, is the work of the women; the cutting out and forming in the rough, of much of the machine, is done by children, while the adapting and perfecting the whole belongs, comparatively, to a few, and they are the master workmen.

A vast number of the inferior articles just mentioned are annually spread, through German means, over the whole of Europe, while the two Americas and France swallow up almost all the better qualities. Indeed, it has been ascertained, upon the best authority, that the latter country is entirely supplied from Switzerland, including Geneva. We all know that comparatively few reach England, and that the few are generally smuggled in, the protecting duty of twenty-five per cent. ad valorem amounting nearly to

a prohibition; but as a proof that some few are speculated upon for the London market, I saw a small number in the maker's hands bearing the names of first-rate houses in our metropolis. The ingenious imitative Chinese are still indebted to Switzerland, but, for their independent taste, the watches must be made in pairs, and wholly of steel, or other white metal.

The temperate and industrious habits of this yet simple people would render any sumptuary laws unnecessary. They allow themselves but little time for amusement. Two clubs, where the men meet almost every evening in winter from six till nine o'clock, to read and discuss the news of the day, and play at cards or billiards, seem to occupy their only leisure. Gambling is totally unknown. At this season the women very rarely leave their homes. Many who are in easy circumstances have no servant (more than one is looked upon as an unpardonable advance in luxury among the most wealthy), and appear to be sufficiently occupied with their families and domestic duties. It is on Sunday, after the church-service, that family meetings take place, when they dine and sup together. Their hours are still very primitive; to dine at noon is the general custom, and this is little deviated from by the most luxurious.

For their charitable institutions and schools, the people of Le Locle deserve high encomium; they are supported entirely by voluntary contribution in the shapes of donation or subscription, and are managed by committees who meet weekly or oftener. We hear of no paupers but those who are provided for in the hospice or asylum, and they are all aged and infirm, and mostly widows. The orphan school generally contains about two hundred children, who are clothed, educated, and brought up to useful callings. These institutions are much beholden to the unremitting attention paid to them by the two amiable and worthy *pasteurs*, who are truly indefatigable in these and all their other duties; and it is pleasing to witness the respect and esteem which their characters and deportment have obtained for them from all ranks of their parishioners.

We are kept *au courant des nouvelles* by the daily arrival of a post from Neuchâtel and Pontarlier, and a diligence from Besançon, besides the communication twice a-day by an omnibus with the sister village of La Chaux de Fonds, all on sledges. In spite of the obstructions the diligence must meet with on the mountain passes they have to cross, they are seldom much retarded, and generally find their way without accident, travelling by day only. The number of travellers is but small during the inclement weather, and a journey over these heights is truly a work of suffering; the mail in winter being a small ill-closed vehicle, carrying a pair of wheels, which are applied whenever the sledge fails, necessarily the case in the lower grounds towards the end of the season, whilst the upper regions still continue many feet deep with snow.

Notwithstanding the extensive forests by which we are surrounded, there are exceedingly few wild animals in this district, no large game, neither bears, wolves, nor wild boars. Some of the keenest sportsmen of this place succeeded in bringing home a hare or two; but the native partridge is exterminated, and woodcocks do not visit in any number. During the month of January, some traces in the snow gave notice of the arrival of wolves, the freezing over of the river Doubs being their usual passport from Franche Comté. Two were soon after seen by some travellers, but, although watched, and a general battue made by the inhabitants of the neighbouring hamlets, who are all excellent marksmen, the marauders managed to escape back into France without molestation, and also without having done any mischief. They are at this season usually in a most ravenous state, and are much feared by the country people.

Our nearest neighbouring village, Les Breuils, another abode of watchmakers, on the frontier of the canton of Neuchâtel, towards France, is most pleasantly situated. The river Doubs flows at its foot; the road to it from hence (a distance of about four miles) is over an elevated pass through majestic pine forests, and is exceedingly picturesque. During the spring and summer it is much visited, both by natives and strangers, on account of the *Saut du Doubs*, a spot about two miles lower down the stream, where the river falls abruptly from a height of nearly a hundred feet, forming a magnificent cascade, with all the due accompaniments of spray and rainbow in profusion. The river Doubs, which is here enclosed by bold rocky cliffs, partially clothed with beech and pine, rising three and four hundred feet perpendicularly, forms a succession of basins or small lakes, which were frozen over early this winter, and parties have been made, from Le Locle, to skate and drive in sledges on these fine sheets of ice. A tolerable *auberge* near the waterfall, which is always well provided with fine fish, especially trout, does not fail to attract many visitors at all seasons.

La Chaux de Fonds is five miles from us, and resembles Le Locle in most respects. Its greater elevation renders its climate yet more severe, but it is at the same time freer from fog. It was rebuilt some years ago, having also been nearly totally destroyed by fire; it is about as many years in advance in luxury as have occurred since that catastrophe; the wealthy, who are numerous, keep carriages, balls are encouraged during the winter, and it is even proposed to build a theatre. In real refinement and information, I still

question whether they have much taken the lead of their less ostentatious neighbours at Le Locle. Their political sentiments are of the ultra-liberal cast, and they were the most active in a late endeavour of a party in the canton to shake off the connection with Prussia.

PROPOSED IMPROVEMENTS IN ENGLISH AGRICULTURE.

WE were happy to learn through the medium of the newspapers about twelve months ago, that a number of intelligent and patriotic noblemen and gentlemen of England had at length seriously entertained the subject of agricultural improvement in that country, and formed themselves into an association, in order to carry the great objects they had in view into immediate effect. The model upon which this English Agricultural Society is formed, is the Highland Society of Scotland, which has been in existence for about half a century, and has been of incalculable benefit to the northern part of the United Kingdom, both Highlands and Lowlands. The Highland Society now numbers among its members almost every nobleman and landed gentleman in Scotland, and also many farmers and persons engaged in professional and commercial pursuits. It has, in fact, become an overwhelmingly powerful association of influential individuals, all animated with one ruling wish—to improve the rural economy of the country. Large sums are annually dispensed by the Society in conferring rewards for the best practical essays on processes of husbandry—the construction of improved implements—experiments in the economy of feeding live stock—investigation of the diseases of cattle—improvements in breeds of sheep—modes of draining and fencing—and a thousand other objects connected with the business of the agriculturist. Premiums to a large amount are likewise awarded at great annual exhibitions in different parts of the country; one of the features of these exhibitions being, that they are liberally supported both by the personal attendance and pecuniary contributions of the local gentry. And, to crown all, the Prize Essays of the association are published quarterly in an accessible form, in connection with the Quarterly Journal of Agriculture, at Edinburgh.

We have heard doubts entertained with regard to the real benefits conferred by the Highland Society; it has been alleged that the improvements in Scotch agriculture are to be traced to the anxious and isolated efforts of individual farmers, more than to any patronage afforded by this great association. It is, however, needless to go deeply into this question. The Highland Society has undoubtedly created and nourished a powerful emulative spirit throughout the country in favour of agriculture; has enlisted the entire body of gentry in the cause; raised the business of the husbandman to the dignity of a liberal science or art; promoted the growth of local agricultural clubs, and ploughmen's competitions, so that now, from one cause and another, any thing like bad farming would be looked upon as a disgrace. At the public meeting which took place some time ago for the establishment of the English Agricultural Society, Earl Spencer, in his speech on taking the chair, adverted to the benefits which had been derived from the institution of the Highland Society in the following terms:—"He would shortly," he said, "state the reasons which had induced him to wish that a society should be formed for the promotion of the interests of agriculture. He had seen and heard of the great benefits which Scotland had derived from the establishment of the Highland Society in that country. He believed that fifty or sixty years ago the agriculture of Scotland was decidedly inferior to that of England, but he need not tell them that this was no longer the case; on the contrary, he believed it must in fairness be admitted, that though there might be found farms in England as well cultivated as any in Scotland, no extensive tract of country in England could be found, in which the system of cultivation was so perfect as it was in the northern division of the kingdom. Even in the county of Norfolk there were only a few farms which could bear the comparison. He believed that this great and beneficial change, as regarded the agriculture of Scotland, had been mainly owing to the institution and exertions of the Highland Society. Every one who had visited the different parts of the country in England, must have seen the capacity for improvement which every where existed. Different modes of cultivation were practised in similar soils, and those, too, almost similarly situated. Both could not be right. It could not be right that four horses should be used at the plough in one place, and only two horses in another, and those under precisely similar circumstances. He thought that, by establishing a powerful society, having the means of communicating information throughout the country, reckoning among its members persons from the north to the south, and from the east to the west, they would be able at last to diffuse among the farmers of England a knowledge of the best mode of cultivating their land. But he would say he was sanguine enough to expect more—he trusted they would be able, by the combination of science and practice, to improve even the best cultivation that at present existed. He would tell them what he thought the best mode of carrying that object into effect. They must have a society established in the metropolis as a central society. They must have the power of corresponding with persons in every part of the

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United Kingdom, as well as with foreign agricultural societies, and scientific men abroad, who had applied themselves to the study of this subject. He thought, then, the great object of the society should be the advancement of agricultural knowledge, and it was only by communicating with those who had attended to the subject, and by diffusing the knowledge so obtained to the farmers of England, that he expected the greatest benefits should be derived. But, besides this, it was imperatively necessary that they should have agricultural exhibitions in different parts of the country; for although agriculture should be the principal object, yet, to excite an interest in their favour, they must have meetings for this purpose. Now, he would beg to say, that to make this society effective, it must have powerful influence and co-operation; and it would be necessary that men of all parties should unite and act together."

The Duke of Richmond took a similar view of the subject, and in moving one of the resolutions "said he had ever felt that it was a matter of vital importance to the interests of agriculture that the improvements in science should be brought to bear upon it. Some person had mentioned that the farms of Norfolk were as good as those of Scotland; and if this were true, it only proved the necessity of establishing the proposed institution, for it was not contended that within a few miles of both those places the farms were cultivated at all. The Highland Society of Scotland was universally popular with the landholders in that country, and the reason was, because they never thought of discussing politics, but emulated each other in advancing the interests of agriculture. They had made the greatest improvements in it by irrigation, draining, and bringing waste lands into profitable cultivation, as well as by stimulating the industry of the labourers by the distribution of premiums. He was therefore justified in expecting that success would attend the present experiment, from the benefits which had been produced in another country from a measure of the same kind."

In conformity with resolutions adopted at the above meeting, the English Agricultural Society was formed, and is now in operation, with upwards of eleven hundred members. One of the most conspicuous evidences of its existence, has been the recent publication of certain papers and reports on a variety of agricultural topics, in the form of a Quarterly Journal; * and we observe that it has already issued a long list of subjects for prize essays, and for competition at annual shows, precisely on the plan of the Highland Society. A very considerable effort having thus been made towards the improvement of all branches of rural economy in England, it is anxiously to be wished that it may in due course of time be crowned with complete success. Whatever questions may be raised with respect to the policy of excluding foreign produce from our markets, it is clear that it would be highly for the advantage of England, if, at the expense of little else than additional skill and attention, a large increase in the quantity of human food could be annually extracted from the bosom of the soil. It is, for example, computed that on an average 26 bushels of wheat are raised from an acre of land; if, therefore, from a better selection of seed, or from a better mode of ploughing, this amount could be raised to 27 bushels, a total increase would be gained of 475,000 quarters, worth about £1,200,000. Far more surprising results have followed the improvements of Scotch husbandry; and we must never forget the startling truth, that Great Britain now supports 17,000,000 of inhabitants with the same ease that it supported 9,000,000 in 1780: the island has grown no larger in the interval, and there is no important variation in the importations of grain at the two periods. The increased means of subsistence is entirely attributable to agricultural improvement.

In a paper contributed to the Journal of the English Agricultural Society, by Mr John Dudgeon of Skilaw, near Kelso, we are furnished with a view of the progressive improvements in Scotch agriculture within the last fifty or sixty years, and also some details respecting the comparative reproductive powers of the soil now and formerly. The following is worth quoting:

"The reproductive powers of the improved system of agriculture, in comparison with that effected by the method of treatment pursued at the beginning of this inquiry, is no less conspicuous, and is also worthy of notice. Take, for example, the case of a farm of 100 acres, after the fashion of 1784, under its rotation of, 1st, fallow; 2d, wheat; 3d, barley; 4th, oats; 5th, peas; and similar land, now under a system of, 1st, turnips; 2d, barley or wheat; 3d, clover (hay); 4th, pasture; 5th, oats; and, estimating the weight of straw of the crops of both periods alike at 3 cwt. per qr., according to the estimated produce stated above, we appear to be justified in adopting the following result:—

	Tons.	Tons.
Crop of 1784. 80 acres grain, 4 qrs. per acre } 320 qrs. at 3 cwt. per qr.	48	
Crop of 1837. 40 acres grain, 54 qrs. per acre } 220 qrs. at 3 cwt. per qr.	33	
20 acres hay, 30 cwt. per acre } 20 do. turnips, 20 tons, do.	30	400
		463

Difference in materials for manure . . . 415

Thus, without taking into account the greatly less quantity of straw disposable for manure in the former case, from the want of other fodder, we have an in-

crease of reproductive materials equal to nearly ten times the amount of the first period."

The direct causes of this amazing increase, are, as is well known, improved modes of husbandry, particularly in draining and manuring, and attention to proper rotation of cropping. Fortunately, the desire for agricultural improvement in Scotland has encountered no opposition of any kind from any class of the community. The farmers generally, with only so much education as is to be obtained at the parish school, have in almost every quarter entered warmly into the spirit of improvement, and, favoured by long leases and capital saved from industry, have pushed cultivation to an extent which could not have been dreamt of fifty years ago. The farm-labourers, likewise, throughout the trying period of change, have in no case manifested either turbulence or veneful feelings, and hence the whole economy of rural affairs has advanced profitably and securely to its present comparatively finished condition. On Scotch farms, such as are common in East Lothian, Berwickshire, or Mid-Lothian, all processes of culture, and the entire preparation of produce for market, are conducted on an enlarged economic principle, so as to yield the largest possible quantity of material at the lowest possible charge—the profit of such a system being of course ultimately favourable to the consumer. A Scotch farmer of the new school, therefore, is, in point of fact, a manufacturer. His farm is a large grain factory, in which cheap automatic processes, as in the cotton factory, take the place of cumbersome manual labour. In the southern and other districts of England, you still hear the noisy din of the flail; but that venerable instrument has been long since banished from modern Scotch farming. The flail! Reader, think of the flail being still in use in England! The other day we visited the farm of Mr Allan at Pilton, within a couple of miles of Edinburgh, to inspect the operations of a rotary steam-engine, which had been lately applied to a thrashing machine. This machine, at the most insignificant cost for fuel and attendance, can thrash, winnow, and completely dress for market, a stack of wheat of thirty bushels in five hours.* According to the wretched practice in the south, this quantity of grain could not be thrashed with the flail in a less period than a month, at the expense of the wages of two men during that period. Facts such as this could be multiplied to any extent, in illustration of the extraordinary contrast between the improved Scotch and the English farming. We have little doubt that the English Agricultural Society will endeavour to introduce the various improvements which have proved so eminently successful in the north; and in doing so, they well deserve the support of every lover of his country, of whatever condition in life he may be. Our only fear is, that the great host of ignorant small farmers and peasantry will perseveringly oppose every attempt to advance, and, for some time at least, resolutely hold to the usages of a bygone age. But neither pains nor expense must be spared by the Society to obviate this external difficulty, the very existence of which reflects discredit on the whole country. It need hardly be hinted, that if primary education had been generally established in England twenty or thirty years ago, no such difficulty could now have been started; and hence the general education of the hitherto neglected portion of the people becomes a preliminary and necessary step to that agricultural advancement which is now felt to be desirable.

As this subject is one of much national importance, we shall from time to time recur to it, in connection with the appearances of the Journal of the English Agricultural Society.

DUEL FOR THE HONOUR OF ABERDEEN BUTTER.

Sir Walter Scott has alluded to the laird of Culrossie. "who fought a duel for the honour of Aberdeen butter" (Croker's Boswell, vol. iii. p. 38). Would that he had told the story! It goes that an English gentleman supping in a Glasgow coffee-room, ordered the waiter to remove the butter on the table and bring him better. The servant replied that his master had no better, for that was Aberdeen butter; and the Englishman was proceeding to growl in very audible terms at Scottish butter in general, and particularly Aberdeen butter, when a gentleman from a neighbouring box addressed him with "That's nae true; Aberdeen butter is as gude butter as e'er gaed down your ha'se!" The consequence may be imagined; a challenge was promptly given and as promptly accepted, and the parties met. In the combat, which was with the small-sword, Culrossie was worsted; but, after thanking his adversary for his life, he added, "I'll say yet, that better butter than Aberdeen butter ne'er gaed down a Southron's thrapple."—*Book of Bon Accord.*

ANTIQUITY OF SMOKING.

Small tobacco-pipes of an ancient form are frequently found in Ireland on digging or ploughing up the ground, particularly in the vicinity of those circular encroachments called Danish forts, which were most probably the villages or settlements of the native Irish. In the first volume of the "Anthologia Hibernica," there is a print of one which was found at Bannockstown, county Kildare, sticking between the teeth of a human skull; and it is accompanied by a paper, which, on the authority of Herodotus, Strabo, Pomponius, Mela, and Solinus, goes to prove that the northern nations of Europe were acquainted with tobacco, or an herb of similar properties, and that they smoked it through small tubes—of course

long before the existence of America was known. The arguments in favour of the antiquity of smoking receive additional support from the discovery of several small clay pipes in the hull of a ship found some years since, when excavating a new sluice-way, at the upper end of the Fairwater at Dantzic. The ship was discovered buried in the ground at the depth of about twenty feet; she measured, from stem to stern, in the inside, fifty-four feet, and in breadth twenty feet. A box of tobacco-pipes was found, all whole, with heads about the size of a thimble, and tubes from four to six inches in length. It is supposed the vessel had been lost in some convulsion of nature previous to the foundation of the city, which had been built over the spot at least five hundred years since.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

BARRING OUT.

MISS EDGEWORTH has founded one of her instructive stories for youth upon the custom of Barring Out, and those who remember that tale will be aware of the origin of the term. It arose from a practice, prevalent not very long ago in many parts of England, of barring out the masters of schools from the scene of their educational labours and of their birchen supremacy. The agents in this feat, of course, were the pupils of the seminary, and the deed was commonly done at a definite annual time, at Christmas in some places, and at Fasten's Eve in others. The master was usually kept out for the space of three days, if the boys, who barricaded every avenue to the place, and defended it like a besieged city, could maintain their ground so long. But the duration of the barring out was liable to variation, as well from the occasional defeat of the insurgents, as from the operation of other causes. The barring out was not a mere frolic, having fun only in view. If the boys could keep their teacher on the outside of the academy door for the full term of three days, the deposed dignity was bound by custom to enter into a capitulation with the youngsters, and to grant to them certain demands relating to the number of holidays for the ensuing year, to the allotment of the hours of study and recreation, and to other important points connected with the economy of the establishment. On the other hand, if the pupils failed in holding out the school-house against their assailants for the period of three days, the master admittedly had a right to dictate his own terms in all those matters which have been mentioned. He obtained also the momentous right of castigating at will the actors in the rebellion—a labour (of love, perhaps) which they always took care to save him in cases where they were successful, by making that point the subject of a very explicit condition in the act of capitulation. This document, it may be observed, was commonly drawn up in a formal and most diplomatic style, securities for the fulfilment of all its stipulations being provided on both sides, and signatures affixed by the master and the scholars, or by plenipotentiaries appointed by the latter for the purpose. The "high contracting parties" were then at peace for the year.

Being assured by many veracious authorities that barring out was a custom very general in England, particularly in the ancient burgh towns and large villages, and considering the practice to have been of frequent if not yearly recurrence, one cannot help wondering what notions of discipline the masters of such schools must have entertained sixty or seventy years ago, when the custom, we are informed, was still extensively prevalent, though not so common as at an earlier date. We are told, that, after the rebellion had fairly commenced, the teacher always made the most vigorous attempts to enter his school-house and subdue his insurgent vassals; but really the affair must have been half a joke, if not wholly so, and the gravity of his siege must have been of a mock cast, otherwise he would certainly have taken effectual precautionary measures against the occurrence of the business at all. The worthy gentleman's quiet submission in the first instance to a periodical rising of this kind, seems to us just such a piece of behaviour as if he had intentionally sat down in his easy-chair and pretended to be asleep, until the urchins in his train crept in, bound him hand and foot, and then picked his pocket of the school key; and as if, after these events, he had made mighty efforts to cast off his bonds and regain his lost authority. After all, the inexplicabilities of this practice of barring out must be set down mainly to the score of that "second nature, habit," which makes men and communities patiently tolerate gross abuses for immense periods of time, being blinded by the very familiarity of such abuses to their pernicious influence and consequences.

The grave and moral Joseph Addison is described by his biographers as having been the leader of a barring out at the grammar-school of Litchfield, and as having on that occasion displayed a degree of disorderly daring, scarcely to have been expected from one who afterwards displayed so well-regulated a temperament. This exploit was performed about the year 1684 or 1685. As the custom decreased in frequency, a barring out became naturally a more serious matter

* The Journal of English Agriculture, vol. I. part I. Murray, London.

* We propose, at an early opportunity, to describe Mr Allan's thrashing machinery.

than when it was an event that came round pretty regularly with Christmas or Fasten's Eve. The master's ire at his exclusion from the arena of his greatness became more real and sincere in its nature, and, on the other hand, the insurgent boys, knowing what they would draw down upon themselves, took all possible means to render their resistance effectual. Besides the usual steps of stealing the door-key, and of barricading the windows with benches, &c., they were wont to arm themselves with all sorts of missiles, and even to get pistols and other fire-arms into their hands, not for the purpose of killing their besiegers, certainly, but in order to keep them at a proper distance—the spectacle of a pistol muzzle having usually a powerful tendency to effect this object, as boys and men know. The master, in particular, would be likely to retreat at such a sight, being so totally unaccustomed to this mode of seeing the young ideas shoot. Provisions the young rebels always laid in. In place, however, of thus recounting the ways and means of a barring out, we had better present an account of a pretty recent one, communicated by a living actor in the scene to the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1828, to which excellent periodical we acknowledge our obligations on this as on many other occasions. The date of the affair is not given, but it probably occurred about the commencement of the present century, when straggling instances of this strange practice were still turning up now and then, and here and there. The grammar-school of Ormakirk in Lancashire was the place where this barring out took place.

"It was a few days before the usual period of the Christmas holidays arrived, when the leading scholars of the head form determined on reviving the ancient but almost obsolete custom of barring out the master of the school. Many years had elapsed since the attempt had succeeded, and many times since that period had it been made in vain. The scholars had heard of the glorious feats of their forefathers in their boyish years, when they set the lash of the master at defiance for days together. Now, alas! all was changed; the master, in the opinion of the boys, reigned a despot absolute and uncontrolled. The merciless cruelty of his rod, and the heaviness of his tasks, were insupportable. The accustomed holidays had been rescinded; the usual Christmas feast reduced to a nonentity, and the chartered rights of the scholars were continually violated. These grievances were discussed one by one; and we all were unanimously of opinion that our wrongs should, if possible, be redressed.

At the head of the Greek class there was one whose very soul seemed formed for the most daring attempts. He communicated his intentions to a chosen few, of whom the writer was one, and offered to be the leader of the undertaking, if we would promise him our support. We hesitated; but he represented the certainty of success with such feeling eloquence, that he entirely subdued our opposition. He stated that Addison had acquired immortal fame by a similar enterprise. He told us that almost every effort in the sacred cause of freedom had succeeded. He appealed to our classical recollections; Epaminondas and Leonidas were worthy of our example; Tarquin and Cæsar, as tyrants, had fallen before the united efforts of freedom; we had only to be unanimous, and the rod of this scholastic despot would be for ever broken. We then entered enthusiastically into his views. He observed that delays were dangerous; the 'barring out,' he said, 'should take place the very next morning, to prevent the possibility of being betrayed.' On a previous occasion, he said, some officious little urchin had told the master the whole plot—several days having been allowed to intervene between the planning of the project and its execution; and to the astonishment of the boys, it appeared they found the master at his desk two hours before his usual time, and had the mortification of being congratulated on their early attendance, with an order to be there every morning at the same hour!

To prevent the recurrence of such a defeat, we determined on organising our plans that very night. The boys were accordingly told to assemble after school hours at a well-known tombstone, in the neighbouring churchyard, as something of importance was under consideration. Our leader took his stand at one end of the stone, with the head boys who were in the secret on each side of him. 'My boys (he laconically observed), to-morrow morning we are to bar out the flogging parson, and to make him promise that he will not flog us hereafter without a cause, or set us long tasks, or deprive us of our holidays. The boys of the Greek form will be your captains, and I am to be your captain-general. Those who are cowards had better retire, and be satisfied with future floggings; but you who have courage, and know what it is to have been flogged for nothing, come here and sign your names.' He immediately pulled out a pen and a sheet of paper; and having tied some bits of thread round the finger ends of two or three boys, with a pin he drew blood to answer for ink; and to give more solemnity to the act, he signed the first, the captains next, and the rest in succession. Many of the lesser boys slunk away during the ceremony, but on counting the names, we found we mustered upwards of forty—sufficient, it was imagined, even to carry the school by storm. The captain-general then addressed us:—'I have the key of the school, and shall be there at seven o'clock. The old parson will arrive at nine, and every one of you must be there before eight, to allow us one hour for barricading the doors and windows. Bring

with you as much provision as you can, and tell your parents that you have to take your dinners in school. Let every one of you have some weapon of defence; you who cannot obtain a sword, pistol, or poker, must bring a stick or cudgel. Now, all go home directly, and be sure to arrive early in the morning.'

Perhaps a more restless and anxious night was never passed by young recruits on the eve of a general battle. Many of us rose some hours before the time; and at seven o'clock, when the school-door was opened, there was a tolerably numerous muster. Our captain immediately ordered candles to be lighted, and a rousing fire to be made (for it was a dark December morning). He then began to examine the store of provisions, and the arms which each had brought. In the mean time, the arrival of every boy with additional material was announced by tremendous cheers.

At length the church clock struck eight. 'Proceed to barricade the doors and windows (exclaimed the captain), or the old lion will be upon us before we are prepared to meet him.' In an instant the old oaken door rang on its heavy hinges. Some, with hammers, gimlets, and nails, were eagerly securing the windows, while others were dragging along the ponderous desks, forms, and every thing portable, to blockade every place which might admit of ingress. This operation being completed, the captain mounted the master's rostrum, and called over the list of names, when he found only two or three missing. He then proceeded to classify them into divisions or companies of six, and assigned to each its respective captain, and its respective duties.

We next commenced an examination of the various weapons, and found them to consist of one old blunderbuss, one pistol, two old swords, a few rusty pokers, and sticks, stones, squibs, and gunpowder in abundance. The fire-arms were immediately loaded with blank powder, the swords were sharpened, and the pokers heated in the fire. These weapons were assigned to the most daring company, who had to protect the principal window. The missiles were for the light infantry, and all the rest were armed with sticks.

We now began to manœuvre our companies, by marching them into line and column, so that every one might know his own situation. In the midst of this preparation, the sentinel whom we had placed at the window loudly vociferated, 'The parson! the parson's coming!'

In an instant all was confusion. Every one ran he knew not where, as if eager to fly, or screen himself from observation. Our captain instantly mounted a form, and called to the captains of the two leading companies to take their stations. They immediately obeyed, and the other companies followed their example, though they found it much more difficult to manœuvre when danger approached, than they had a few minutes before. The well-known footstep which had often struck on our ears with terror, was now heard to advance along the portico. The master tried to lift the latch again and again in vain. The muttering of his stern voice sounded on our ears like the lion's growl. A death-like silence prevailed. We scarcely dared to breathe. He approached close to the window, and with an astonished countenance stood gazing upon us, while we were ranged in battle array, motionless as statues, and silent as the tomb. 'What is the meaning of this?' he impatiently exclaimed. But no answer could he obtain; for who would then have dared to render himself conspicuous by a reply? Pallid countenances and livid lips betrayed our fears. The courage which one hour before was ready to brave every danger, appeared to be fled. Every one seemed anxious to conceal himself from view; and there would certainly have been a general flight through the back windows, had it not been for the prudent regulation of a corps-de-reserve, armed with cudgels, to prevent it.

'You young scoundrels, open the door instantly,' he again exclaimed; and what added to our indescribable horror, in a fit of rage he dashed his hand through the window, which consisted of small diamond-shaped panes, and appeared as if determined to force his way in.

Fear and trepidation, attended by an increasing commotion, now possessed us all. At this critical moment every eye turned to our captain, as if to reproach him for having brought us into this terrible dilemma. He alone stood unmoved; but he saw that none would have courage to obey his commands. Some exciting stimulus was necessary. Suddenly waving his hand, he exclaimed aloud, 'Three cheers for the barring out, and success to our cause! hurra! hurra! hurra! hurra!' The cheers were tremendous. Our courage revived; the blood flushed in our cheeks; the parson was breaking in; the moment was critical. Our captain, undaunted, sprang to the fire-place—seized a heated poker in one hand, and a blazing torch in the other. The latter he gave to the captain of the sharpshooters, and told him to prepare a volley; when with the red-hot poker he fearlessly advanced to the window seat, and daring his master to enter, he ordered an attack—and an attack indeed was made, sufficiently tremendous to have repelled a more powerful assailant. The missiles flew at the ill-fated window from every quarter. The blunderbuss and the pistol were fired; squibs and crackers, ink-stands and rulers, stones, and even burning coals, came in showers about the casement, and broke some of the panes into a thousand pieces; while blazing torches, heated pokers, and sticks, stood bristling under the window. The whole

was scarcely the work of a minute. The astonished master reeled back in dumb amazement. He had evidently been struck with a missile, or with the broken glass, and probably fancied he was wounded by the fire-arms. The school now rang with the shouts of 'victory,' and continued cheering. 'The enemy again approaches,' cries the captain; 'fire another volley; stay, he seeks a parley; hear him.' 'What is the meaning, I say, of this horrid tumult?' 'The barring out, the barring out!' a dozen voices instantly exclaimed. 'For shame,' says he, in a tone evidently subdued; 'what disgrace you are bringing upon yourselves and the school! What will the trustees—what will your parents say?' William, continued he, addressing the captain, 'open the door without further delay.' 'I will, sir,' he replied, 'on your promising to pardon us, and to give us our lawful holidays, of which we have lately been deprived, and not set us tasks during the holidays.' 'Yes, yes,' said several squealing voices, 'that is what we want; and not to be flogged for nothing.' 'You insolent scoundrels! you consummate young villains!' he exclaimed, choking with rage, and at the same time making a furious effort to break through the already shattered window, 'open the door instantly, or I'll break every bone in your hides.' 'Not on those conditions,' replied our captain, with provoking coolness; 'come on, my boys; another volley.' No sooner said than done, and even with more fury than before. Like men driven to despair, who expect no quarter on surrendering, the little urchins daringly mounted the window seat, which was a broad old-fashioned one, and pointed the fire-arms and heated poker at him, whilst others advanced with the squibs and missiles. 'Come on, my lads,' says the captain, 'let this be our Thermopylae, and I will be your Leonidas.' And indeed so daring were they, that each seemed ready to emulate the Spartans of old. The master, perceiving their determined obstinacy, turned round without further remonstrance, and indignantly walked away.

Relieved from our terrors, we now became intoxicated with joy. The walls rang with repeated hurrahs! In the madness of enthusiasm some of the boys began to tear up the forms, throw the books about, break the slates, locks, and cupboards, and act so outrageously that the captain called them to order; not, however, before the master's desk and drawers had been broken open, and every plaything which had been taken from the scholars restored to its owner.

We now began to think of provisions. They were all placed on one table, and dealt out in rations by the captains of each company. In the mean time we held a council of war, as we called it, to determine on what was to be done.

At this critical moment a shout was set up that the parson and a constable were coming. Down went the pokers, and, as if conscience-stricken, we were all seized with consternation. The casement window was so shattered, that it could easily be entered by any resolute fellow. In the desperation of the moment we seized the desks, forms, and stools, to block it up; but our courage in some degree had evaporated, and we felt reluctant to act on the offensive. The old gentleman and his attendant deliberately inspected the windows and fastenings; but without making any attempt to enter, they retreated, for the purpose, as we presumed, of obtaining additional assistance. What was now to be done? The master appeared obdurate, and we had gone too far to recede. Some proposed to drill a hole in the window seat, fill it with gunpowder, and explode it, if any one offered to enter. Others thought we had better prepare to set fire to the school sooner than surrender unconditionally. But the majority advised what was perhaps the most prudent resolution, to wait for another attack, and if we saw no hopes of sustaining a longer defence, to make the best retreat we could.

The affair of the barring out had now become known, and persons began to assemble round the windows, calling out that the master was coming with assistants, and saying every thing to intimidate us. Many of us were completely jaded with the over-excitement we had experienced since the previous evening. The school was hot, close, and full of smoke. Some were longing for liberty and fresh air, and most of us were now of opinion that we had engaged in an affair which it was impossible to accomplish. In this state of mind we received another visit from our dreaded master. With his stick he commenced a more furious attack than before; and observing us less turbulent, he appeared determined to force his way, in spite of the barricades. The younger boys thought of nothing but flight and self-preservation, and the rush to the back windows became general. In the midst of this consternation, our captain exclaims, 'Let us not fly like cowards; if we must surrender, let the gates of the citadel be thrown open; the day is against us, but let us bravely face the enemy, and march out with the honours of war.' Some few had already escaped, but the rest immediately ranged themselves on each side the school, in two extended lines, with their weapons in hand. The door was thrown open—the master instantly entered, and passed between the two lines, denouncing vengeance on us all. But as he marched in, we marched out in military order; and giving three cheers, we dispersed into the neighbouring fields.

We shortly met again, and after a little consultation it was determined that none of the leaders should come to school until sent for, and a free pardon given.

The defection, however, was so general, that no car-

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poreal punishments took place. Many of the boys did not return till after the holidays, and several of the elder ones never entered the school again."

We chanced lately to notice the manner in which the Dublin College journals narrate the fact of such and such pupils having been trained in that seminary. The words are, that such a person, at such and such a time, *educatus erat sub ferula*; that is to say, "was educated under the birch." This emphatic record tells a tale applicable to all the teaching of bygone days, and, perhaps, the custom of barring out originated in, or is in part attributable to, the natural desire of shaking off the burden of this ferulean tyranny. Better days have come, and better still are coming, for education, for the which blessing let boys and birch be duly grateful.

LONG ABSTINENCE FROM FOOD AND AIR.

In the *Asiatic Journal* for February 1837, is an article, copied from the *Indian Journal of Medical and Physical Science* of Calcutta, to which it was communicated by Mr H. M. Twedell of Bancoorah, respecting a Hindoo who practises what may be considered as a kind of trade, by allowing himself for a remuneration to be buried, or otherwise shut up, apart from not only food, but air, for a month at a time. The document which immediately follows, constituting the principal part of this article, is a letter written by Lieut. A. H. Boileau, of the Engineers, first assistant in the Great Trigonometrical Survey. The gentlemen whose names are mentioned in the letter are Captain Trevelyan of the Bombay Artillery, and Cornet, now Lieutenant, Macnaghten, of the 5th Regiment Light Cavalry.

"I have just witnessed a singular circumstance, of which I had heard during our stay at this place, but said nothing about it before, the time for its accomplishment not being completed; this morning, however, the full month was over, and a man who had been buried all that time, on the bank of a tank near our camp, was dug out alive, in the presence of Esur Lal, one of the ministers of the Muharawal of Jaisulmer, on whose account this singular individual was voluntarily interred a month ago. He is a youngish man, about thirty years of age, and his native village is within five kos of Kurnaul; but he generally travels about the country to Ajmeer, Kotah, Endor, &c., and allows himself to be buried for weeks, or months, by any person who will pay him handsomely for the same. In the present instance, the rawul put this singular body in requisition, under the hope of obtaining an heir to his throne; and whether the remedy is efficacious or not, it certainly deserves to be known.

The man is said, by long practice, to have acquired the art of holding his breath, and stopping the interior opening of the nostrils with his tongue; he also abstains from solid food for some days previous to his interment, so that he may not be inconvenienced by the contents of his stomach, while put up in his narrow grave; and, moreover, he is sewed up in a bag of cloth, and the cell is lined with masonry, and floored with cloth, that the white ants and other insects may not easily be able to molest him. The place in which he was buried at Jaisulmer, is a small building about twelve feet by eight feet, built of stone; and in the floor was a hole about three feet long, two and a half feet wide, and the same depth, or perhaps a yard deep, in which he was placed in a sitting posture, sewed up in his shroud, with his feet turned inwards towards the stomach, and his hands also pointed inwards towards the chest. Two heavy slabs of stone, three or six feet long, several inches thick, and broad enough to cover the mouth of the grave, so that he could not escape, were then placed over him, and I believe a little earth was plastered over the whole, so as to make the surface of the grave smooth and compact. The door of the house was also built up, and people placed outside, that no tricks might be played, nor deception practised. At the expiration of a full month, that is to say, this morning, the walling up of the door was broken, and the buried man dug out of the grave; Trevelyan's moonshee only running there in time to see the ripping open of the bag in which the man had been enclosed. He was taken out in a perfectly senseless state, his eyes closed, his hands cramped and powerless, his stomach shrunk very much, and his teeth jammed so fast together, that they were forced to open his mouth with an iron instrument, to pour a little water down his throat. He gradually recovered his senses, and the use of his limbs, and, when we went to see him, was sitting up, supported by two men, and conversed with us in a low, gentle tone of voice, saying, 'that we might bury him again for a twelvemonth if we pleased.' He told Major Spiers, at Ajmeer, of his powers, and was laughed at as an impostor; but Cornet Macnaghten put his abstinence to the test at Pokhur, by suspending him for thirteen days, shut up in a wooden chest, which, he says, is better than being buried under ground, because the box, when hung from the ceiling, is open to inspection on all sides, and the white ants, &c. can be easier prevented from getting at his body, while he thus remains in a state of insensibility. His powers of abstinence must be wonderful to enable him to do without food for so long a time, nor does his hair grow during the time he remains buried.

I really believe that there is no imposture in the case, and that the whole proceeding is actually conducted in the way mentioned above."

Mr Twedell adds—"Some other information I obtained, in the course of conversation with Lieut. Boileau, and which I noted down. Lieut. Boileau was unacquainted with the man's name or caste; he believed that he had taken up the life of a fakeer—he understood that the man had been buried six or seven times, but whether for any period longer than a month, he knew not—he did not hear how the man discovered his powers, or when he commenced to practise them. Lieut. Boileau arrived at Jaisulmer after the interment, and saw the place, described in his letter, in which the man was buried. There was a guard of four or five chuprases, in the employ of the muharawal, as he understood, who were on this watch to prevent any interference or imposition. The process of burying, and of disintering, was conducted in the presence of Esur Lal, one of the ministers of the muharawal. The day fixed for the disinterment was known to Lieut. Boileau, but not the exact hour. Capt. Trevelyan's moonshee, who had set forth to give intelligence when operations were to be commenced, arrived only in time to see the people ripping open the cloth, or shroud, in which he had been enclosed. The moonshee immediately started off a man to inform his master and Lieut. Boileau, who were in their tents, at a distance of about three furlongs.

They waited a few seconds to apprise Lieut. Macneson, of the 14th Regiment N. I., British Agent for the navigation of the Indus, who was disinclined to accompany them, and repaired to the spot as quickly as possible. Perhaps a quarter of an hour had elapsed since the opening of the grave, before they arrived. The people had thrown a clean cloth over the man; two of them supported him; he presented an appearance of extreme emaciation and debility; but, weak as he was, his spirit was good, and his confidence in his powers unabated, as in answer to Lieut. Boileau's and Capt. Trevelyan's inquiries, he said, 'that we might bury him again for a twelvemonth if we pleased.' Lieut. Boileau examined, and measured with his walking-stick, the grave in the floor of the chamber in which the man had been buried, and also the two slabs of stone which had been used to cover the mouth of the grave. For seven or eight days preceding the burial, the man lived entirely upon milk, regulating the quantity so as to sustain life, whilst nothing remained to give employment to the excretory organs. In that state he was buried. He confesses to have great dread of the white ants. Several folds of cloth were spread on the bottom of the grave, to protect him from their attacks. On taking nourishment after his release, he is said to be in a state of anxiety, until he has ascertained that the powers of his stomach and intestines are not impaired. Lieut. Boileau saw nothing more of the man; he understood that he regained his strength, and was for some time in attendance at the durbar of the muharawal, in the hope of receiving his promised reward; and that, tired of waiting until the purse-strings of his patron were loosened, he had stolen a camel, and decamped.

Until further information is obtained, it might be thought precipitate to theorise on the probable means by which this strange being maintains the mastery over the functions of life. Yet there is one paragraph in Lieut. Boileau's letters, bearing on this point, on which some remarks are admissible. The paragraph alluded to runs thus:—

"The man is said, by long practice, to have acquired the art of holding his breath by shutting the mouth, and stopping the interior opening of the nostrils with his tongue." If this be the case, it is supposed that he exerts this power as soon as he finds himself comfortably settled in his grave, before the small quantity of vital air with which he is surrounded, is deteriorated. To force the tongue into the pharynx, and to retain it there until respiration is suspended, it is requisite that the jaws should be closely united. In Lieut. Boileau's letter, it is mentioned that his teeth were jammed so fast together, that they were forced to open his mouth with an iron instrument. Of the state of his tongue, nothing was remarked. It is now well known that the slaves in South America exert this power of the tongue to obstruct respiration, and occasion death."

We presume, from the respectable testimonials thus adduced, that there can be little doubt of the reality of the above occurrences. For their explanation science is, we believe, scarcely yet prepared, although instances of long abstinence from at least food are not new to the philosophical world.

LADY CORK'S RAFFLE.

Lady Cork, having one day taken into her head to have a "raffle," or lottery, for a charitable purpose, mentioned her idea to Lewis, who entered into the project with great willingness, and under his direction the whole affair was managed. As it was arranged that every body was to win something, Lewis took care that the prizes should be of a nature that would create the most ludicrous perplexity to their owners. Accordingly (for the raffle took place at a *soirée*) the assembled guests were parading the brilliantly-lighted drawing-rooms, burdened with the most out-of-the-way articles the eccentric hostess could procure, while the inventor of this novel kind of *plaisanterie* was silently enjoying the joke of their distress. Gentlemen were seen in every direction running about with tea-pots in their hands, or trays under their arms, endeavouring to find some sly corner in which to deposit their prizes; while young ladies were sinking beneath the weight, or the shame, of carrying a coal-scuttle or a flat iron. Guinea-pigs, birds in cages, punch-bowls, watchmen's rattles, and Dutch ovens, were perplexing their fortunate, or as, perhaps, they considered them-

selves, unfortunate proprietors; and Lady Cork's raffle was long remembered by those who were present, as a scene of laughter and confusion.—*Mont Lewis's Life and Correspondence.*

THE WAR OF THE LEAGUE.

[BY T. B. MACAULAY, ESQ. M.P.]

[Henry IV., on his accession to the French crown, was opposed by a large part of his subjects, under the Duke of Mayenne, with the assistance of Spain and Savoy. "In March 1590, he gained a decisive victory over that party at Yvry. Before the battle, he addressed his troops. 'My children, if you lose sight of your colours, rally to my white plume—you will always find it in the path to honour and glory.' His conduct was answerable to his promise. Nothing could resist his impetuous valour, and the leagueurs underwent a total and bloody defeat. In the midst of the rout, Henry followed, crying, 'Save the French!' and his clemency added a number of the enemies to his own army."—*Aiken's Biographical Dictionary.*]

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,
Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant land of France!

And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters—
As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy.
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and King Henry of Navarre.

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array;
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land!
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand;
And, as we look'd on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for his own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He look'd upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He look'd upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high.
Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout, "God save our Lord the King."

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre."

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din,
Of fife, and steed, and trumpet, and drum, and roaring culverin!
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Gelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies now,—upon them with the lance!
A thousand spears are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest;

And in they burst, and on they rush'd, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turn'd
his rein.

D'Aumale hath cried for quarter. The Flemish Count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;
The field is heap'd with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail;

And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
"Remember St Bartholomew," was pass'd from man to man;
But out spake gentle Henry, "No Frenchman is my foe:
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go."
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

Ho! maidens of Vienna! Ho! matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.
Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls!

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be bright!
Ho! burghers of Saint Genevieve, keep watch and ward to-night!
For our God hath crush'd the tyrant, our God hath raised the slave,

And mock'd the counsel of the wise and the valour of the brave.
Then glory to his holy name, from whom all glories are;
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre.

—*Knight's Quarterly Magazine*, 1824.

THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

Take another story of this noble beast, which I know to be founded in fact:—A vessel was driven on the beach of Lydd, in Kent. The surf was rolling furiously—eight poor fellows were crying for help, but not a boat could be got off to their assistance. At length a gentleman came on the beach, accompanied by his Newfoundland dog. He directed the attention of the animal to the vessel, and put a short stick into his mouth. The intelligent and courageous fellow at once understood his meaning, and sprang into the sea, and fought his way through the waves. He could not, however, get close enough to the vessel to deliver that with which he was charged; but the crew joyfully made fast a rope to another piece of wood, and threw it towards him. He saw the whole business in an instant; he dropped his own piece, and immediately seized that which had been cast to him, and then, with a degree of strength and determination almost incredible, he dragged it through the surf, and delivered it to his master. A line of communication was thus formed, and every man on board was rescued from a watery grave.—*Youatt's Humanity to Brutes.*

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THE SCEPTICISM OF IGNORANCE.

THE readiness of the unlearned to give credit to any wonderful relation, and the tendency of knowledge to introduce doubt and unbelief into minds which formerly received every thing with implicit faith, are trite subjects of remark. We are less accustomed to consider a certain kind of scepticism which is appropriate to a condition of ignorance, or at most of semi-illumination, and which greater knowledge is apt to replace by belief. We often see this kind of scepticism exercised with regard to alleged truths in nature, of a kind which an unlearned mind does not readily apprehend. When such a truth, for instance, as the double motion of the earth, is presented to a thorough clown, he, struck by its inconsistency with his daily observations, and incapable of following the train of reasoning by which the thing is proved, rejects it at once. "My cottage," says he, "has stood, ever since I can remember, with its front to the south, and nothing will ever convince me that it moves." Accordingly, all endeavours to convince him are vain. His mind, employed since infancy upon a very limited field of observation, and accustomed to consider only the most obvious and commonplace things, is positively unfitted to receive the idea. It is like presenting a thirty-two pound shot to the muzzle of a fowling-piece. To make such a man fit for belief in the Copernican system, it would be necessary to work upon his mind for several years, in a process the reverse of that by which wire is made—presenting always a larger and a larger idea to it, till at length, perhaps, it might be expanded to the proper calibre for so large a conception.

The history of James Bruce and his Travels in Abyssinia supplies a remarkable illustration of this kind of scepticism. When the book came out in 1790, it was admired by a judicious few—and it is so far honourable to the understanding of George III., that he was of this number; but from the great mass one loud cry of contemptuous incredulity burst forth. The author stated that in Abyssinia fossil salt was used as money, a thing which had never before been heard of, and which therefore could not be true. He related how he had seen three soldiers, travelling with a cow, throw the animal down, and cut two slices of meat from her body, which they ate raw, closing up the wound at the same time with skewers—a statement in which there was too strong a combination of the ludicrous and horrible to allow of its being any thing but a fiction. He gave drawings of many plants of extraordinary appearance and properties, previously unknown in Britain—one, for instance, giving out milk when cut; likewise of many singular animals, particularly of a fly named *Zimb*, which had been known to destroy whole armies. These were evidently gross falsehoods. Accordingly, the book was scouted; the author even met with personal insult; and the last years of a life which had been devoted to the public service, were spent in morose solitude, instead of the enjoyment of those honours which his magnanimous hardihood and great sufferings, his industry, learning, and talent, had deserved. How has the question ultimately turned out? Several years after the grave had closed over the ill-used Bruce, Dr Clarke met at Cairo an Abyssinian clergyman, who, on being interrogated as to the above and many other points in the work, confirmed every thing which the author had stated, excepting a few trivial matters in which Bruce had evidently been mistaken, and which only served to show how entirely he had written in good faith. The investigation was conducted in circumstances of such caution, as to make deception impossible. Every

plant delineated in the book was named, as Bruce had named it, by the Abyssinian divine. "The result," says Dr Clarke, "left a conviction upon our minds not only of the general fidelity of that author, but that no other book of travels, published so long after the events took place which he has related, and exposed to a similar trial, would have met with equal testimony of its truth and accuracy."* If more proof of Bruce's fidelity had been wanting, it would have been supplied by Mr Henry Salt, who travelled in Abyssinia in 1809-10, and in whose work† every doubted statement of his illustrious predecessor is confirmed.

Now, what was it that caused the incredulity with which these particulars in Bruce's Travels were received? Obviously the low state of public intelligence at the time on topics connected with science. The critics of that day had never heard of a tree whose juice resembled milk: therefore they set down the Kol Quall as the fancy of an author anxious to amuse by exciting the feeling of wonder. They had never seen any insect more annoying than a gad-fly: consequently they could not believe in the existence of one whose sting could kill horses and cattle, and, when assembled in great hosts, destroy armies. They wanted steps by which to reach a conception of the possibility of such things; while to suppose an inclination on the part of the traveller to deceive, was so easy, that there was no avoiding it. It is an instructive circumstance with regard to this incredulity, that Mungo Park, in the account of his Travels in Africa, saw fit to suppress many remarkable adventures which had befallen him, from a sense that their marvellous nature would probably expose him to the same fate which had befallen Bruce.‡ If this principle were to be followed out, knowledge would be at a stand-still. No man would venture to announce any new discovery, or any new combination of moral circumstances, which in the least went beyond what was familiar before.

It is curious to see that the world, as it gets older, while constantly, from increased wisdom, detecting and rejecting proved errors, is at the same time supplying the place of those errors with truths which its ignorance once held as nought. The credit of many of the early historians and travellers has been steadily rising during the last fifty years. Herodotus, once scoffed at, is now very much in esteem, so many of his once disbelieved statements have latterly been proved true. This excellent old Greek relates that, about two hundred years before his own time—that is, between six and seven hundred before the commencement of our era—an Egyptian king sent some Phœnician mariners down the Red Sea, who, after an absence of two years, returned by the Straits of Gibraltar to Egypt. They must of course have sailed round the Cape of Good Hope, though he does not explicitly say so. He mentions that the sailors described themselves as sailing so far to the south, that at length they had the sun behind them—an allegation which does not seem credible to him. Yet this is just the best possible proof now-a-days that the sailors had passed to the south of the equatorial region. He says that it was found impossible to proceed far in Scythia, for the falling of immense quantities of feathers, which covered all the country—evidently a tale reported from some southern traveller who had never before seen snow. The fact is, that ancient writers were credulous; and when they trusted to reports which had come through many mouths, gathering new marvellousness as they

went along, they were generally wrong. But Sir Philip Sydney speaks of credulity as a misfortune peculiarly attending on *honesty*. These old gentlemen did not wish to deceive, and consequently all which came under their own observation is faithfully reported; and even when they wrote down hearsay wonders, they probably wrote them without a particle of further exaggeration. We may dismiss Herodotus, with a reference to the laborious work of Major Rennell for a full vindication of his good faith.* Dr Vincent, in his learned work on the Periplus of the Erythrean Sea, clears with equal success the reputation of three old writers, Megasthenes, Nearchus, and Onesicritus, who were once held as mere fabulists, but whose works are now found to contain "more truths than falsehoods, and many of whose imputed falsehoods are daily becoming truths, as our knowledge of the face of the earth is improved." Even the fable of the Argonautic expedition is found, by modern students of Indian geography, to have been not all fable. "Whatever difficulties may occur," says Dr Vincent, "in the return of the Argonauts, their passage to Colchis is consistent: it contains more real geography than has yet been discovered in any records of the Brahmins or the Zendevasta."

"Ferdinand Mendez Pinto was but a type of thee, thou liar of the first magnitude!"—so says some old English dramatist, quoted by Godwin on the front of his *St Leon*. Cervantes also has many a gibe at Ferdinand. He lived in the sixteenth century, and spent twenty-one years in travelling in Asia. Certainly his book is written in a manner calculated to excite suspicion, and does contain many fables. Yet some of the very things most hooted at in it have been since found true. For example, he speaks of beautiful gardens in the East, "in which the moon sheds such a kindly influence, that the roses bloom every month, instead of every summer." The monthly rose now grows all over southern and middle Europe. He speaks of "a wonderful beast with two legs, resembling a bird," and describes it as possessed of several other extraordinary peculiarities. His beast-bird was a subject of infinite mirth to his contemporaries; but, in very sober truth, he merely described the *casuari*. Let us not at this laugh too loud. The first describer of the duck-billed rat of Australia (*Ornithorynchus Paradoxus*) met, and it is not many years ago, with the same fate as Ferdinand Mendez Pinto.

About sixty years ago, the Portuguese who explored the interior of South America announced the extraordinary fact, that a natural connection exists between the great rivers Amazon and Orinoko. They spoke of a river Casiquiari, which, they said, extended like an artificial canal from a certain point on the Orinoko to the Rio Negro, a great tributary of the Amazon; so that two rivers, the mouths of which were at least a thousand miles apart, had a communion of waters in the upper part of their courses. The statements of the Portuguese on this subject were not believed, and systematic geographers showed with triumphant success that the thing was physically impossible. Nevertheless, it has been proved beyond all doubt that such a connection really exists. Humboldt sailed along it from the one river to the other, and gave a minute description of it to the public.† It has also been ascertained that similar curiosities exist elsewhere. A geologist, recollecting that hollows exist in the surface of the earth, of a different nature from

* The Geographical System of Herodotus, examined and explained, by a comparison with those of other ancient authors, and with modern geography. By James Rennell, F.R.S. 1800.
† A short account of this curious phenomenon is given in a subsequent part of the present number.

* Clarke's Travels, Part ii., Section II.

† See Salt's Travels in Abyssinia, 4to. 1814.

‡ Lockhart's Life of Scott, second edition, II. 194.

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those permeated by common rivers, and which he accounts for by supposing great floods to have worn them down in early ages, could readily imagine how such connections might exist between rivers flowing in the same direction. But the systematic geographers of fifty years ago knew nothing of these hollows. They only reflected on the ordinary valleys in which most rivers flow, and which certainly appear to preclude at least the likelihood of any such connections existing. They were therefore incredulous; whereas a little more knowledge might have given them confidence in the Portuguese discoverers, and induced them to receive respectfully a fact which subsequent observation has proved to be true. The history of science in all its departments is full of similar cases. That very science which has just been alluded to (Geology) is at this time undergoing the persecution which arises from the scepticism of ignorance. Its principal doctrines—the great age of the earth, and the existence of tribes of plants and animals many ages before the birth of the human race—are both met by every thing but open condemnation. Ignorant minds, and this description does not exclude many of the so-called educated classes, find it impossible to admit such things, while the enlightened see no difficulty in giving them at least a place as respectable and probable hypotheses.

The sciences enjoy very different degrees of good fortune with respect to probation. Some portions of nature appear to be almost beyond proof, so that possibly they may never take their place in established science. Others are capable of comparatively ready proof. Numbers and measurement are of the latter description; hence the early proficiency of mankind in these sciences. An Athenian, Sicilian, or Alexandrian philosopher of two thousand years ago, could go over nearly the whole bounds of these sciences by the mere exertion of his mind, with scarcely any aid from instruments. These sciences have accordingly forced their way. The merest simpleton could scarcely resist the conclusion that two and two make four, or that the two lesser angles of a right-angled triangle are equal to a right angle. The laws of matter and motion have also been too clearly proved to allow of a doubt remaining. Yet we cannot doubt that the ignorant would fain have disbelieved these things if they could. They show this by the extreme eagerness with which they resist and beat down any philosophical hypothesis, where the demonstration is not of the most direct kind. To this cause, we believe, we may in a great measure attribute the present almost exclusive attention to experimental science. Inquirers find no safety from the hosts of the ignorant and prejudiced, unless they can substantiate every announcement by such incontestible proofs that the howl which forms the natural salutation of every new truth is sure to be almost instantly put down. The least trespass from the experimental and numerical into the moral, is sure to be punished. The theory formed may be supported by many analogies and observations calculated to give something like conviction to the enlightened; but these will pass for mere folly with those who have no steps in their minds by which to attain to the same conclusions. If the least vagueness appear, or the slightest occasion be given to make error supposable, then instantly the inquirer is exclaimed against as a dreamer, and his theory snarled at and kicked out of all countenance. The great body of the ignorant seem to take a positive pleasure when they can catch a philosopher tripping, or see reason to suspect the soundness of any great discovery, though nothing can be more clear than that every new sentence added to the book of nature is a gain of a most important kind to the whole of mankind. Such conduct reminds one of the Irishman in the jest-book, who, when carried for a vagabond in the hod of his companion up a tall ladder set against a house, had hopes of being let fall about the third story. The position in which the sciences stand with the public at large, is altogether such as to recall to our mind a scene we once witnessed at a public spectacle. There was a railed space, jealously guarded, and into which the multitude were anxious to intrude. The guardians of the spot fought hard to exclude all who came; but, in spite of their efforts, a few hardy ragamuffins got in—very much scratched, and torn, and disordered, to be sure, but still there they were. "Very well," said the superintendent, "you fellows may stay, but not one of these (pointing to a number of decent applicants) shall be admitted." The hardy mechanical sciences have thus fought their way into the place of honour, while the moral sciences, timid, modest, but infinitely more valuable, shrink back from the threatening constable's baton of Ignorant Incredulity, and are trodden in the kennel.

Far be from us all intention, by these remarks, to insinuate the least censure of a philosophical caution in granting belief. We are only anxious, while the evils to the cause of truth from rashly admitted propositions are so prominently kept in view, to draw some attention on the other hand to the injury which the same great cause appears to us, in many instances, to suffer from propositions being too rashly denied and thrown aside. Times without number, in ordinary society, we have seen facts rejected through suspiciousness, or prejudice, or in a mere spirit of wanton scepticism, while we chanced to be assured of their truth; and we could not help lamenting that these facts went for nought, almost as much as we should have done for the admission of others upon manifestly insufficient

grounds. The world is thus daily and hourly losing the benefits of a vast amount of experience and observation, which, if received upon a fair authentication, could not fail to be of the greatest service to it. So liable are we to suspicion, that no fact whatever, if of an extraordinary nature, has the least value after passing through two mouths, or if it have happened at a considerable distance. Obscurity and doubt then rest upon it, and it is consigned to the limbo of all useless things. The scepticism invariably increases, in proportion as the alleged fact is remote from the common trains of ideas, or irrelative to the ordinary motives of action, of him to whom it is communicated. The sordid can believe nothing generous; the perverted and prejudiced mind can admit no straightforward truth. There is in all this, we seriously believe, a presumption of such an amount of insincerity and bad faith in all narrators, as, if it existed, would be totally incompatible with our most valued social relations. The ingenious Laputan philosopher who endeavoured to extract sunbeams from cucumbers, might very properly, we think, have had another task assigned to him—to store up and extract the good from the millions of truths every day coming into existence, but which, as things stand, become instant lumber, through the uncalculated-for suspiciousness and the prejudices of mankind.

THE RECLUSE LADIES OF LLANGOLLEN.

[Many imperfect accounts of these heroines have been published: they have been the subject of innumerable newspaper and magazine paragraphs, and are described by no small number of tourists. It has, nevertheless, occurred to us that a complete account of them, tracing their story from the beginning to its close, and affecting no kind of sentimentalism, might be worthy of a place in these pages. Such is the following account, which has been compiled from the most authentic sources, and may be, we believe, in all its parts, fully relied on.]

ELEANOR BUTLER was the third and youngest daughter of Walter Butler, Esq., by Eleanor, daughter of Nicholas Morris, Esq. of the Court, in Dublin county. This branch of the Butler family being lineally descended from the noble house of Ormonde, the honours of which were then dormant, John, only son of the Walter Butler now mentioned, claimed and obtained, in 1791, his ancestral earldom of Ormonde, on which occasion Eleanor and the two other sisters of the new peer took the rank of earl's daughters. John Earl of Ormonde was the father of the present marquis, who consequently stands in the relation of nephew to one of the subjects of this memoir. With this account of the family of Lady Eleanor Butler, as we shall call her, to avoid confusion, from beginning to end of the following narrative, we have to connect that of Miss Sarah Ponsonby, who was the daughter of Chambre Brabazon Ponsonby, nephew to the first Earl of Besborough. Miss Ponsonby's birth took place in 1756, being two or three years later than that of Lady Eleanor Butler.

On reaching womanhood, these two young ladies formed a strong mutual attachment. Connected so intimately with families both wealthy and distinguished, and endowed by nature with many agreeable personal qualities, it may be supposed that opportunities for favourable settlements in life would readily fall in their way; and this, indeed, appears to have been the case, as Lady Eleanor is said to have declined no less than five offers of marriage. It has been stated, however, that the lady's conduct in this respect did not arise from any objections to matrimony in general, but from her affections having been crossed in the only direction which they had ever voluntarily taken. Whatever may have been the cause of Lady Eleanor's aversion to the nuptial engagement, her feelings were fully participated by her friend Miss Ponsonby. Residing chiefly in the country, at the seat of the Butler family, the young ladies shunned all society, and nursed in retirement the peculiarities of taste which had sprung up in their minds. At length they resolved to fly to some sequestered spot, where they might live entirely for each other, unheard of by the world. But in putting this romantic resolve into execution, they did not use sufficient precautions, and were brought back by their friends, who separated them for a time, being extremely anxious for their proper establishment in life, and justly conceiving that the presence of the one only encouraged the other in those sentiments which it was desirable to eradicate. The parted friends, nevertheless, soon found means to correspond, and to renew their schemes of elopement. It was in the year 1778 that they finally effected their purpose. They made their way together to a seaport, where they found a Welsh trader just about to set sail, and on board of which they embarked. To prevent their course being readily traced, and also, we may suppose, to give at least a show of protection to the fugitives,

the example of Celia and Rosalind in *As You Like It* was followed on this occasion. And we can conceive Miss Ponsonby to have used Rosalind's very words to her friend—

"Were it not better,
Because that I am more than common tall,
That I did suit me all points like a man?"

Accordingly, to use the words of Sir Walter Scott, "Lady Eleanor arrived (in Wales) in her natural aspect of a pretty girl, while Miss Ponsonby condescended to accompany her in the garb of a smart footman with buckskin breeches." This selection of attire by Miss Ponsonby was the cause of considerable talking, and many "years elapsed (to continue Sir Walter's words), ere full justice was done to the character of their romance." The presence of a third person in the party ought in some measure to have prevented such invidious reflections. This was a faithful servant, Mary Carryl, a person more advanced in life than the ladies, whom she accompanied in their flight, and with whom she remained till her death.

North Wales was the region where Lady Eleanor, with her seeming footman and female attendant, was landed. Retirement being the object of the fugitives, they crossed the romantic mountains of North Wales, looking every where for some pretty little solitude, such as their fancy had conjured up to them as a fitting place of abode. But the country, particularly in its secluded parts, was desolate and dreary, and the ladies were almost in despair of accomplishing their object. They traversed Wales to its very border, and even when they reached Llangollen in Denbighshire, its dells and g'ns presented an aspect not more favourable than the districts already passed. "But while leaving this last hope with heavy hearts," said Miss Ponsonby to a visitor, long afterwards, "we turned round to take a last look at this land of our promise; the setting sun was then shining on the romantic ruins of Dinas Bran, and its sloping beams gave to the wooded sides of the glen so lovely an aspect, that it seemed to invite our return; so we determined to go back and again search for a residence in the shadow of the mountains." The only shelter they could find was in a mean cot on the naked side of a hill, and this same tenement, humble as it was, they purchased from its inmates next morning. They appear, also, to have become tenants of some two and a half acres of ground around their habitation.

The place of their retreat remained for some years unknown to their friends. At first Lady Eleanor and Miss Ponsonby were subjected to severe privations, the more severe because endured by beings whose nurture had been delicate and refined. Their garden and cow supplied them with food, and they themselves, aided by their faithful servant, performed the toil requisite to procure even these necessities. They soon made great improvements on their place of abode, but they were grievously alarmed, after they had staid a considerable time in the vale, by a notification from the proprietor of the ground that they must remove. While very disconsolate at this information, the "Ladies of the Vale," as they were called in the neighbourhood, were further grieved by the abrupt disappearance of Mary Carryl. They supposed she had become wearied at length of solitude, and had gone to her friends; but Mary returned after a few days' absence, and, laying a paper on the table, exclaimed, "Now, my dear children, you are settled for life." She had visited the proprietor in London, and, by means of all her earnings in service, had procured a lease of the cottage and grounds around it.* About the same time, the circumstances of the ladies were bettered in other respects. Their friends had discovered their retreat, and, perceiving their determination to be unchangeable, made fitting pecuniary provisions for their future comfort in the solitude they had chosen. It is probable, indeed, that the ladies could have claimed independent means, more or less, in their own right. However this may be, Lady Eleanor and Miss Ponsonby began to ornament their cot and its grounds in a most tasteful style, till, by degrees, they had made the place the fairy palace which Miss Seward describes it to have been when she visited the recluses. Reduces they were, it should be noticed, in the strictest sense of the term, for the greater part of twenty years. Though the romantic story of their friendship and seclusion spread through the kingdom, and though people of the highest rank endeavoured to gain an entrance to the paradise they had created, and to behold its inmates, Lady Eleanor and Miss Ponsonby remained firm to their purpose, and received no stranger within their gates. They first broke through their rules in favour of some distinguished foreigners, Madame Genlis being among the earliest admitted visitors. As time ran on, they became less reserved, and at length received visits without scruple. Miss Seward, who visited Llangollen ere time had obscured the personal graces of its inmates, thus speaks of them and their dwelling. "You

* This anecdote is given on the authority of a visitor to Llangollen, who professes to have received his information from the ladies themselves. The same visitor states that Mary Carryl did not attend the ladies in their flight, but sought and found them afterwards. This, however, appears to have been a mistake.

will expect that I should say something of the enchantresses themselves. Lady Eleanor is of middle height, and somewhat beyond the *enbonpoint* as to plumpness; her face round and fair, with the glow of luxuriant health. She has not fine features, but they are agreeable; enthusiasm in her eye, hilarity and benevolence in her smile. Exhaustless is her fund of historic and traditional knowledge, and of every thing passing in the present eventful period. She expresses all she feels with an ingenuous ardour, at which the cold-spirited beings stare. I am informed that both these ladies read and speak most of the modern languages. Of the Italian poets, especially of Dante, they are warm admirers.

Miss Ponsonby, somewhat taller than her friend, is neither slender nor otherwise, but very graceful. Easy, elegant, yet pensive, is her address and manner.

* Her voice, like lover's watched, is kind and low.*

A face rather long than round, a complexion clear but without bloom, with a countenance which, from its soft melancholy, has a peculiar interest. If her features are not beautiful, they are very sweet and feminine. Though the pensive spirit within permits not her lovely dimples to give mirth to her smile, they increase its sweetness, and, consequently, her power of engaging the affections. We see, through her veil of shading reserve, that all the talents and accomplishments which enrich the mind of Lady Eleanor, exist, with equal powers, in this her charming friend.* The dress of the ladies was always odd, to say the least of it. To the end of their days, as will be noticed afterwards, they wore a sort of half-masculine attire, consisting of men's hats, riding-habits, and other such articles.

Miss Seward describes Plasnewydd Cottage, the name given to the hermitage, as a "retreat which breathes all the witchery of genius, taste, and sentiment. You remember Mr Hayley's poetic compliment to the sweet miniature-painter, Miers :

* His magic pencil, in its narrow space,
Pours the full portion of uninjured nature.*

So may it be said of the talents and exertion which converted a cottage, in two acres and a half of turnip ground, to a fairy palace, amid the bowers of Calypso. It consists of four small apartments; the exquisite cleanness of the kitchen, its utensils, and its auxiliary offices, vieing with the lightsome elegance of the gay little dining-room, as that contrasts the gloomy yet superior grace of the library, into which it opens. This room is fitted up in the Gothic style, the door and windows being of that form, and the window of painted glass 'shedding a dim religious light.' Candles are seldom admitted into this apartment. The ingenious friends have invented a kind of prismatic lantern, which occupies the whole elliptic arch of the Gothic door. This lantern is of cut glass, variously coloured, enclosing two lamps with their reflectors. The light it imparts resembles that of a volcano, sanguine and solemn. It is assisted by two glow-worm lamps, that, in little marble reservoirs, stand on the opposite chimney-piece, and these supply the place of the here always chafed daylight, when the dusk of evening sables, or when night wholly involves, the thrice lovely solitude." After describing the contents of the library, consisting of finely bound editions of all the best authors, foreign and domestic, Miss Seward continues:—"The kitchen-garden is neatness itself. Neither there, nor in the whole precincts, can a single weed be discovered. The fruit-trees are of the rarest and finest sort, and luxuriant in their produce; the garden-house and its implements are arranged in the exactest order." The dairy is pictured as equally perfect, and we have the following account of the whole circumjacent grounds. "The way shaded gravel-walk which encircles this Elysium, is enriched with curious shrubs and flowers. It is nothing in extent, and every thing in grace and beauty, and in variety of foliage; its gravel smooth as marble. In one part of it we turn upon a small knoll, which overhangs a deep hollow glen. In its tangled bottom, a frothing brook leaps and clamours over the rough stones in its channel. A large spreading beech canopies the knoll, and a semi-lunar seat, beneath its boughs, admits four people. Cypress, yew, laurel, and lilac, growing luxuriantly in the shrubberies, complete the embowered and tranquil beauty of the scene."

The friendship of these remarkable ladies for each other, which had led them to despise and to sacrifice all the allurements of refined society, and had drawn them, in the bloom of youth, into solitude, never suffered an hour's diminution in the course of their lives. But they had still feelings and affections to spare for others of their fellow-creatures. In the neighbouring hamlet, and in all the cots around Llangollen, the "Ladies of the Vale" were almost idolised for their kindness and attention in ministering to the wants of the poor. Their extraordinary career, therefore, was no useless one. In the district which they adorned, their memory will long be held in reverence. It is not unworthy of notice that one of our recluses was a Catholic, and the other a Protestant. Lady Eleanor Butler had her little chapel, and her Madonna to kneel before, while her friend, after their rigid seclusion had been somewhat relaxed, was visited by the parish clergyman, and attended his church. The friendship of the pair, however, was proof even against this potent cause of dissension—potent, above all, in the land where these ladies were born and educated.

Time wrought its usual changes on the ladies of

Llangollen, both mentally and physically. As their early charms of person faded gradually away, much of their original enthusiasm of character, also, wore off, and, by conversing more and more freely with visitors, they became more like beings of the ordinary world than they once were, and took more interest in its every-day proceedings. From an early period of their seclusion, they had never ceased to keep up, by means of newspapers and books, their knowledge of passing events, but, latterly, they accustomed themselves much more to think of little sublunary matters. The following letter of Sir Walter Scott, written in August 1823, during a tour in Wales, gives rather an unromantic view of them; but as the writer professedly desired to make his family merry by the epistle, which his biographer justly calls a gossiping one, we must make allowance for a little exaggeration. "At Llangollen," says Scott, "your papa was waylaid by the celebrated 'Ladies.' We proceeded up the hill, and found every thing about them and their habitation odd and extravagant beyond report. Imagine two women, one apparently seventy, the other sixty-five, dressed in heavy blue riding-habits, enormous shoes, and men's hats, with their petticoats so tucked up, that at the first glance of them, fussing and tottering about their porch in all the agony of expectation, we took them for a couple of hazy or crazy old sailors. On nearer inspection, they both wear a world of brooches, rings, &c., and Lady Eleanor positively orders—several stars and crosses, and a red ribbon, exactly like a K.C.B. To crown all, they have crop heads, shaggy, rough, bushy, and as white as snow, the one with age alone, the other assisted by a sprinkling of powder. The elder lady is almost blind, and every way much decayed; the other, the co-dervant groom, is in good preservation. But who could paint the prints, the dogs, the cats, the miniatures, the cram of cabinets, clocks, glass-cases, books, bijouterie, dragon-china, nodding mandarins, and whirligigs of every shape and hue—the whole house outside and in (for we must see every thing to the dressing-closets) covered with carved oak, very rich and fine some of it—and the illustrated copies of Sir Walter's poems, and the joking sinpering compliments about Waverley, and the anxiety to know who MacIvor really was, and the absolute devouring of the poor Unknown, who had to carry off, besides all the rest, one small bit of literal butter dug up in a Milesian stone jar lately from the bottom of some Irish bog. Great romance—that is, absurd innocence of character—one must have looked for; but it was confounding to find this mixed up with such eager curiosity and enormous knowledge of the tattle and scandal of the world they had so long left. Their tables were piled with newspapers from every corner of the kingdom, and they seemed to have the deaths and marriages of the antipodes at their finger-ends. Their albums and autographs, from Louis XVIII. and George IV. down to magazine-poets and quack-doctors, are a perfect museum. I shall never see the spirit of blue-stockings again in such perfect incarnation. Peveril (a nickname for himself) won't get over their final kissing for a week. Yet it is too bad to laugh at these good old girls; they have long been the guardian angels of the village, and are worshipped by man, woman, and child about them."

There is a very wise Scriptural saying about ocular beams and notes, which is somewhat applicable here. If any body should have refrained from laughing at the establishment of the Llangollen ladies on account of the dogs, cats, cram of cabinets, clocks, bijouterie, and whirligigs of every kind which it contained, or on account of the estimation in which the excavated pot of butter was held, all will allow that honest Sir Walter ought to have been that indulgent personage, seeing that his own house was notoriously chokefull of similar knick-knackeries, and seeing, also, that on much less interesting relics of antiquity than pots of Milesian butter, he himself expended large sums annually for the better part of his life—a fact, by the bye, which seems never to have been taken into consideration amid all the calculations respecting his expenditure which have been recently laid before the world. But Sir Walter did not seriously desire to "lichtlie" the Llangollen ladies, and therefore we will not go on arguing as if he did. We were and are desirous, however, that the two remarkable personages who have now been brought before the reader, should leave the stage in possession of his respect, and we cannot effect this object better than by describing the conduct of Miss Ponsonby to Lady Eleanor, when the sight of the latter failed utterly. "It was now (says a visitor of this period) that the friend of her youth and age, whose faculties God had spared, exerted them for the use of both, and performed all the offices of love and duty for her blind companion. She watched over her with maternal tenderness, read for her, worked for her, and did every thing which would not be so grateful from any other's service. When I paid my visit, I found Miss Ponsonby leading her friend round the lawn, as a fond mother leads a child; and it would have stopped an angel, on his errand of mercy, to have seen them walking hand in hand through the shrubs and trees, while the friend who could see was explaining to the friend who could not see, all the budding beauties of the spring, in which they were both wont to take such pure delight."

Mary Carryl lived to an advanced age with the friends, but she was the first of the household who departed. She was laid in Llangollen churchyard, and

the ladies erected near her a pyramidal monument with three sides, on one of which an inscription was placed descriptive of her merits. The other two sides of the same monument were intended for the record of their own names, and the intention was in due time fulfilled. Lady Eleanor Butler died on the 2d of June 1829, at the age of seventy-six or seventy-seven. Her friend Miss Ponsonby survived her but a short period. On the 8th of December 1831, this lady also died, and the records on the triangular tombstone were completed.

Few remarks need be made on the history of the Recluses of Llangollen. Their early choice of solitude, and preference of one another's society to that of the world, might have been ascribed to the common enthusiasm and romanticism of youth, but for the steadiness with which they adhered to their purpose in spite of all obstacles, and the enduring nature of their friendship—circumstances which showed unusual strength of character, and proved their resolves to be of a different kind from the many fleeting ones of a similar order, formed by other romantic pairs at the same period of life. With many oddities of temperament, Lady Eleanor Butler and Miss Ponsonby were assuredly very much superior, both in intellect and feeling, to the ordinary herd of mortals.

A FEW STATISTICS OF CRIME IN ENGLAND.

CRIME IN TOWNS AND RURAL DISTRICTS.

THE "First Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire as to the best means of establishing an efficient Constabulary Force in the Counties of England and Wales," discloses a variety of remarkable facts concerning the lawless habits and barbarism of certain sections of the urban, rural, and sea-coast population of the country. It appears from the evidence produced that there are 100,000 commitments annually to the jails, of the able-bodied population, for criminal offences—that there are at all times from 11,000 to 20,000 persons in the criminal jails—and at least 40,000 men, women, and children, who are habitual vagrants, and live entirely by public depredation; this is exclusive of several thousands of common thieves in London. In every town throughout the kingdom there are houses for the harbouring of vagrants, and for purchasing their stolen property. Chester has from 150 to 200 of these houses, and Chelmsford, which is likewise a great centering point for tramps, has also a considerable number.

Thieving united with begging, forms, we are told, one great criminal profession, the members of which constantly migrate from place to place, to escape detection and seizure; those towns and parts of the country destitute of any regular police force being their principal resort. The more clever of the order are well acquainted with all the chief towns, fairs, and races in the kingdom, and make periodical rounds in quest of plunder, with as much regularity as a mercantile traveller pursues his ordinary business. They also, in these excursions, assume all sorts of disguises. One day they are almost destitute of clothing, shivering in the wind as poor shipwrecked sailors, their trousers daubed with a "ha'porth of tar;" the next they are dressed in finery as members of the swell mob; and the next again, perhaps, to escape detection, they are in a long coat with a basket over their arm, dealing in small wares and goods purchased from a depot of shop-lifted articles. Thus, town after town is visited, and an immense deal of property purloined. Beginning at Wrexham fair in March, they perform a circuit of crime, going to races, fairs, and wakes, in regular order through the midland counties, until Sheffield fair in November, which usually closes the "beat" for the season.

Both from the confessions of individuals who have run their career of crime, and from other sources of information, it is learned that the plunder realised in a course of habitual depredation averages from 10s. to £5 weekly for each person; the greater part make about £2 weekly each, it being only boys or beginners who pilfer on a small scale that realise so little as 10s. Not a single instance, however, can be produced of one of these plunderers being permanently benefited by his gains—all is spent in the vilest manner as soon as earned. Some, by a lucky chance, and the comparative want of an efficient constabulary, run a course of ten or twelve years, but by far the greater proportion finish their career in five years. At the end of that period they are either hanged or banished, neither punishment, be it remarked, being of the smallest efficacy in intimidating or suppressing the great fraternity of criminals spread over the country. During the currency of the five years of lawless depredation, there are few who are not from thirty to forty times

in the hands of justice; but this only increases their ingenuity in their nefarious profession, for at each confinement in jail they come in contact with companions skilled in criminal practices, and go forth to the world with a higher qualification for wickedness.

Nothing is so hateful to the members of the criminal profession as a regular police force. The metropolis, which used to contain some thirty or forty thousand thieves, has been pretty well cleared of the more formidable members of this mighty gang, who now go upon the regular beats in the provinces. In consequence, also, of the consolidation of an effective police force in Liverpool, one thousand notorious thieves have left that city, but to the serious injury of the surrounding towns and villages. It appears, from a report drawn up by a sub-committee of the municipal council of Liverpool in 1836 (which we presume to have been previous to the above expatriation of the thousand thieves), that the estimated loss to the public annually in that town and port alone, from lawless plundering of one kind and another, was £734,240.

Besides the losses sustained from the casual depredations of the vagrant tribes of thieves, the country parts of England suffer in an incalculable degree from the pilferings of a section of the settled population. The crimes committed by residents are very various, from the stealing of a turnip to that of a sheep or a horse. Sheep-stealing in certain districts, Essex for example, is very prevalent. The animal is slaughtered in the night; the skin, head, and entrails, being hidden or left in some sequestered spot; scarcely a week passes but a theft of this kind occurs. The petty robberies are such as stealing wood, lopping off branches of trees, cutting up hurdles, gates, &c., carrying off turnips, poultry, portions of ricks, bee-hives with their honey, fruit when in season, and any loose article worth taking. A gentleman in Essex, in his examination for evidence, states that, since 1835, more than twenty sheep have been separately slaughtered and stolen within two miles of his house, without detection. In the parish of Corley, near Clebury Mortimer, forty sheep have been killed and stolen in one year. Horse and cattle stealing also forms a heavy item in the catalogue of these rural depredations, though these crimes should probably be charged more against the nomadic tribes, than the settled peasantry. The losses incurred by the abstraction of agricultural produce are altogether incalculable, even in limited districts. From the evidence laid before the commissioners by farmers and others, it would almost appear that the system of plundering was universal, that no man's property was safe. The loss, it is mentioned, is more frequently sustained by poor labourers or small farmers, than by the wealthy landowners, whose estates are generally under better protection. In the parish of Hinton, near Bath, the allotment system was tried, and thrived amazingly, until the people began to store their little produce. Then commenced a general system of nocturnal thieving. Potato-pits were broken open and plundered, quantities of onions were carried off, and out of the small stacks of grain, loads were from time to time abstracted. As the poor men who owned the articles had to work during the day, they could not sit up during the night to protect their property. It is not mentioned what was the ultimate effect of these infamous practices.

The following portions of the examination of Mr Richard Gregory, a farmer, who farms between 400 and 500 acres of land in the parish of East and West Ham, in the county of Essex, is descriptive of the depredations to which farmers in the neighbourhood of the larger towns are subjected:—

"Are you acquainted with the depredations to which farmers and holders of agricultural property are exposed, and their want of appropriate protection?—I am; the person I succeeded had been very much plundered by his servants. The men engaged upon the farm premises would get up between twelve and four o'clock in the morning, while the farmer was a-bed, and help themselves to every kind of produce. Most of the plunder was regularly disposed of by the carters at the different watering-houses on their way to the London markets. There, almost as a matter of course, they sold their horses' corn, and much that should have been part and parcel of the produce they delivered to the different salesmen. The general plan was for them to put the things into cellars, or boxes left open on purpose at these houses, and as they returned they were paid for what they had left by the ostlers at the side of the road.

That was the state of things when you took the farm; do you know whether such practices prevail at the present time?—To a great extent. Upon several occasions in going backwards and forwards, as I do daily, I have detected farmers' men plundering their masters in these ways, and have had them taken into custody and prosecuted. This loss, too, by robbery, is not the worst of it. When they return from market and stop to receive the money, they stop to drink too, and their masters' horses stand of course exposed to the weather, and exhausted, with only a drink of water instead of their proper food, which very frequently causes their death. Farmers consider, perhaps, that it is from their horses getting cold on the way, but never think of any further causes. When I entered on the farm, I said to my men, 'Never take a bit of corn to London for the horses; and if I catch any

of you stopping at the public-houses, I will discharge you.' I gave my carters, perhaps, better wages than other people, and I hardly ever lose my horses. They have no victuals out of stable. 'I do not mind,' I said to the men, 'giving you better wages, but you shall not stop by the road-side to kill my horses.' The first week I caught one stopping, and I discharged him. My neighbours all said it was impossible to prevent the practice; but, by perseverance, I succeeded, and my men never think of stopping; as I tell them, if they do not rob me, they rob their wives and families; so one way or another they must be thieves if they use these road-side public-houses. Why, the ostlers of these houses give from 5s. and 10s., up even to 20s. or 30s. a-week, for their places.

Have you ascertained that fact? (This fact was corroborated by two other witnesses).—Yes; and it was ascertained also at the Old Bailey. When I had suspicion of any one, I have gone to these road-side cupboards for myself. Once I saw a man put a truss of hay into a place with 'Dry skittle ground' written over. I got a policeman, took him with me to the public-house, and there we found in the same spot fifteen or twenty of the different farm baits, two trusses of hay, a truss of straw, and some potatoes and mangel-wurzel. I had the ostler taken to the Lambeth Street police-office to answer for the contents of his cupboard, the 'dry skittle ground.' On another occasion I saw a fellow take a truss of hay, and strike it down the cellar of another house. The man at another house has a yard where the carts all draw up. As a proof of the evil of the road-side public-houses, I may mention that many waggoners used to stop at the King's Arms at B—. Complaint was made of the obstruction to the trustees of the road, of whom I am one. The parties were summoned and convicted, and the owner of the public-house paid their fines. This is proof that he was interested in the depredations on the unfortunate owners of the waggons, otherwise he could never have afforded it. I know many other instances. For other sorts of depredations I am obliged to keep watchmen whenever I have any thing valuable in the ground. It is not so bad now as it was, because of the horse-patrol. Still I must have watchmen, sometimes two, sometimes three.

And it pays you to keep these watchmen?—Certainly; for £5 or £6 or £10 worth of produce might be carried off in four or five bags.

It is stated to us that from the loose mode in which farmers keep their accounts, they are seldom able to ascertain the amount of their losses in this way?—Yes. There is another mode of plunder I may call your attention to, by a description of the person called a jobber. He is a man who keeps his own one-horse car. He has been an old carter, maybe one of your own servants, and is associated with all your work-people. He comes to the farmer, if possible to one that likes shooting and hunting and sleeping, and such like, more than his business, and offers more for his produce at the barn-door than he can get for it when he takes it himself to any market. But the jobber gives this, and beer to the barn man besides; and his truss of straw, instead of 36 lbs., weighs 50 lbs. A farmer told me the other day of a great bargain he had made; he got from such a one 28s. a ton for his mangel-wurzel. 'Why, the fellow sells it again himself at 25s.; there must be something wrong somewhere.' The farmer took the hint, and investigated the case. A day or two after, the man came again for half a ton. He had it as usual, but he was followed, and on examination we found the half ton to be 22 hundred instead of 10! These are the ways that farmers get ruined, and do not know how it comes about.

Have you known instances of farmers being ruined, whose ruin you would attribute to the prevalence of these practices?—The young man I succeeded was one, and the same has been the case with many of the first farmers in the county of Essex.

Besides these depredations you have described, have you experienced much annoyance from vagrants and such casual plunderers?—I have one field adjoining a footpath, from which I lost half an acre of potatoes in the course of a week by children. They scratched them up with their hands, their parents standing a little way off ready to carry them home. I had a very valuable piece of rare cabbage plants, about fifty acres; an old vagrant who had got his living for thirty years by plundering farmers, could not forego so tempting an opportunity. I had him apprehended and taken to Lambeth Street office. The magistrates gave him one month's imprisonment, and, on inquiry of the jailor, I learned that he had been there no less than twenty-six times before. He had not been out of jail two days before I had him in my fields again stealing my cabbage plants, which he sold to my neighbours before my face at 18d. a-hundred. He was a second time detected and convicted. He had not been out of prison a week before we caught him again. Seeing that punishment had no effect, I this time suggested to the magistrates to try a lenient course. The old man said, 'If you give me the book there, I will swear never to rob you any more as long as I live.' Well, he was forgiven and set free, and the very next morning or the morning after I found him at his old tricks the same as ever. This time I tried another plan. As the law administered by others was of no avail, I took the law into my own hands. I inflicted corporal punishment, and it had the desired effect. I took a stick and thrashed him most soundly, and he has never troubled my fields since. My neighbours are not so fortunate.

If we have understood you, then, by your three watchmen, and your constant enforcement of the law, you keep off a considerable amount of plunder?—Yes.

Are your neighbours who do not use the same means plundered as you expect you would be if you did not use them?—Yes, and considerably more; for, being many of them timid people, they encourage depredators. If they catch a thief, they do not punish him, being afraid of having their houses set fire to, or their cattle destroyed. The other night a man near me, named Farrel, had been thrashing his wheat over night, and in the morning all was gone. The next farmer had one of his horses stabbed because he had accused a man of stealing a pig he had

lost. A Mr Choze had a calf's throat cut. I persuaded him to prosecute, and the court at the Old Bailey gave the offender fifteen years' transportation. It was quite a deliverance for us all. Another farmer had just before had his farm-yard set fire to by the same fellow. Every body had been afraid of him, and afraid to punish him.

In all these cases of depredations upon farmers, the plunder must be considerable to bring any thing worth while to the parties, as the produce must be sold at so much less than its real value?—It is great; and the great source of the evil is the beer-shop. You are sure to find the robberies concocted at beer-shops. When I took my farm, there was no beer-shop; one was set up, and the difference seen in the working people before and after was such as no one would conceive. I had hardly lost any thing before that by my own people's dishonesty, and now I was obliged to watch them every way. They would take my fowls, and go there and have them cooked, right opposite my farm-yard. They would cut the hearts out of the cabbages for the same purpose. I once went with a patrol and took one half boiling out of the pot. I took the man and the cabbage to Lambeth Street, and then it was found out that he and his brother had been plundering in a larger way; and they were both transported.*

In a subsequent paper, we shall lay before the reader some remarkable facts connected with the lawless habits of the *wreckers* on the coast of England.

THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE.*

BY ONE WHO SAW IT.

It is now very generally conceded, that of all the inventions of man, none holds any comparison with the steam-boat. The mind can scarcely combine a calculation which may measure its importance. Some vague estimate may indeed be formed of it, by imagining what would be the state and condition of the world at the present day, were there no steam-boats; were we still to find ourselves on board sloops, making an average passage of a week to Albany, exposed to all the disasters of flaws from the "downcomer," and discomfiture of close cabins; or ascending the Mississippi in a keel-boat, pushed every inch of the way against its mighty current, by long poles, at the rate of "fourteen miles in sixteen hours."

It is now just thirty years since the first steam-boat ascended the Hudson, being the first practical application of a steam-engine to water conveyance. Then, no other river had ever seen a steam-boat; and now, what river, capable of any kind of navigation, has not been beppaddled with them! It is not my purpose to enter the list of disputants, lately sprung up, striving to prove that the immortal FULTON was not the first successful projector of a steam-boat. In common with the world, I can but mourn over the poverty of history, that tells not of any previous successful effort of the kind. Steam, no doubt, was known before. The first tea-kettle that was hung over a fire, furnished a clear development of that important agent. But all I can say now, is, that I never heard of a steam-boat, before the "North River" moved her paddles on the Hudson. At that period the invention had not been even heard of on the Mississippi; for it was not until a year after, that a long-armed, high-shouldered keel-boatman, who had just succeeded in doubling a bend in the river, by dint of hard pushing, and run his boat in a quiet eddy, for a resting spell, saw a steam-boat gallantly paddling up against the centre current of that "Father of Rivers;" and gazing at the scene with mingled surprise and triumph, he threw down his pole, and slapping his hands together in ecstasy, exclaimed, "Well done, old Massassippi! Sure, you *have* got your match at last!"

But, as before hinted, it is not my design to furnish a conclusive history of the origin of steam-boats. My text stands at the head of this article; and I purpose here to record, for the information of all future time, a faithful history of "THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE." I am determined, at least, that that branch of the great steam family shall know its true origin.

In the year 1808, I enjoyed the never-to-be-forgotten gratification of a *paddle* up the Hudson, on board the aforesaid first steam-boat that ever moved on the waters of any river with passengers. Among the voyagers was a man I had known for some years previous, by the name of Jabez Doolittle. He was an industrious and ingenious worker in sheet-iron, tin, and wire; but his greatest success lay in wirework, especially in making "rat-traps;" and for his last and best invention in that line he had just secured a patent; and with a specimen of his work, he was then on a journey through the state of New York, for the purpose of disposing of what he called "county rights;" or, in other words, to sell the privilege of catching rats according to his patent trap. It was a very curious trap, as simple as it was ingenious; as most ingenious things are, after they are invented. It was an oblong wire box, divided into two compartments; a rat entered one, where the bait was hung, which he no sooner touched, than the door at which he entered, fell. His only apparent escape was by a funnel-shaped hole into the other apartment, in passing which, he moved another wire, which instantly re-set the trap; and thus rat after rat was furnished with the means of "following in the footsteps of his illustrious predecessor," until the trap was full. Thus it was not simply a trap to catch a rat, but a trap by which rats trapped rats, *ad infinitum*.

* From the Knickerbocker, or New York Monthly Magazine for April 1839. The Knickerbocker has been much improved lately, the articles not being so wordy—the great fault of American writing—as formerly.

This trap, at the time to which I allude, absolutely divided the attention of the passengers; and for my part, it interested me quite as much as did the steam-engine; because, perhaps, I could more easily comprehend its mystery. To me, the steam-engine was Greek; the trap was plain English. Not so, however, to Jabez Doolittle. I found him studying the engine with great avidity and perseverance, insomuch that the engineer evidently became alarmed, and declined answering any more questions.

"Why, you needn't snap off so plaguy short," said Jabez; "a body would think you hadn't got a patent for your machine. If I can't meddle with you on the water, as high as I can calculate, I'll be up to you on land one of these days."

These ominous words fell on my ear, as I saw Jabez issue from the engine-room, followed by the engineer, who seemed evidently to have got his steam up.

"Well," said I, "Jabez, what do you think of this mighty machine?" "Why," he replied, "if that critter hadn't got riled up so soon, a body could tell more about it; but I reckon I've got a little notion on't;" and then taking me aside, and looking carefully around, lest some one should overhear him, he "then and there" assured me in confidence, in profound secrecy, that if he didn't make a *waggon* go by steam, before he was two years older, then he'd give up invention. I at first ridiculed the idea; but when I thought of that rat-trap, and saw before me a man with sharp twinkling grey eyes, a pointed nose, and every line of his visage a channel of investigation and invention, I could not resist the conclusion, that if he really ever did attempt to meddle with hot water, we should hear more of it.

Time went on; steam-boats multiplied; but none dreamed, or if they did, they never told their dreams, of a steam-waggon; for even the name of "locomotive" was then as unknown as "loco-foco." When about a year after the declaration of the last war with England (and may it be the last!) I got a letter from Jabez, marked "private," telling me that he wanted to see me "most desperately," and that I must make him a visit at his place, "nigh Wallingford." The din of arms, and the destruction of insurance companies, the smashing of banks and suspension of specie payments, and various other inseparable attendants on the show and "pomp and circumstance of glorious war," had in the mean time entirely wiped from memory my friend Jabez, and his wonderful rat-trap. But I obeyed his summons, not knowing but that something of importance to the army or navy might come of it. On reaching his residence, imagine my surprise when he told me he believed he "had got the notion."

"Notion!—what notion?" I inquired.

"Why," says he, "that *steam-waggon* I tell'd you about, a spell ago; but," added he, "it has pretty nigh starved me out;" and, sure enough, he did look as if he had been on "the anxious seat," as he used to say when things puzzled him.

"I have used up," said he, "plaguy nigh all the sheet-iron, and old stove-pipes, and mill-wheels, and trunnel-heads, in these parts; but I've succeeded; and for fear that some of these 'cute folks about here may have got a peep through the key-hole, and will trouble me when I come to get a patent, I've sent for you to be a witness, for you was the first and only man I ever hinted the notion to; in fact," continued he, "I think the most curious part of this invention is, that as yet I don't know any one about here who has been able to guess what I'm about. They all know it is an invention of some kind, for that's my business, you know; but some say it is a thrashing-machine, some a distillery; and of late they begin to think it's a shingle-splitter; but they'll sing another tune when they see it spinning along past the stage-coaches," added he, with a knowing chuckle; "wont they?"

This brought us to the door of an old clap-boarded, dingy, long, one-story building, with a window or two in the roof, the knot-holes and cracks all carefully stuffed with old rags, and over the door he was unlocking, was written, in bold letters, "NO ADMITTANCE." This was his "sanctum sanctorum." I could occupy pages in description of it, for every part exhibited evidences of its uses. The Patent-Office at Washington, like your magazine, Mr Editor, may exhibit "finished productions" of "inventive genius;" but if you could look into the portfolios of your contributors, in every quarter of the Union, and see there the sketches of half-finished essays, still-born poems, links and fragments of ideas and conceptions which "but breathed and died," you might form some "notion" of the accumulation of "notions" that were presented to me on entering the workshop of Jabez Doolittle. But to my text again, "The First Locomotive." There it stood, occupying the centre of all previous conceptions, rat-traps, churns, apple-parers, pill-rollers, cooking-stoves, and shingle-splitters, which hung or stood around it; or, as my Lord Byron says with reference to a more ancient but not more important invention:

Where each conception was a heavenly guest,
A ray of immortality, and stood
Star-like around.

And there it stood, "the concentrated focus" of all previous rays of inventive genius, "THE FIRST LOCOMOTIVE."

An unpainted, unpolished, unadorned, oven-shaped mass of double-riveted sheet-iron, with cranks, and pipes, and trunnel-heads, and screws, and valves, all firmly braced on four strongly-made travelling wheels.

"It's a curious critter to look at," says Jabez, "but you'll like it better when you see it in motion."

He was by this time igniting a quantity of charcoal, which he had stuffed under the boiler. "I filled the boiler," says he, "arter I stopped working her yesterday, and it ha'n't leaked a drop since. It will soon bile up; the coal is first rate."

Sure enough, the boiler soon gave evidence of "troubled waters," when, by pushing one slide, and pulling another, the whole machine, cranks and piston, was in motion.

"It works slick, don't it?" said Jabez.

"But," I replied, "it don't move."

"You mean," said he, "the travelling wheels don't move; well, I don't mean they shall till I get my patent. You see," he added, crouching down, "that trunnel-head there—that small cog-wheel! Well, that's out of gear just yet; when I turn that into gear by this crank, it fits, you see, on the main travelling wheel, and then the hull scrape will move, as high as I can calculate, a leetle slower than chain lightning, and a darn'd leetle too! But it wont do to give it a try afore I get the patent. There is only one thing yet," he continued, "that I ha'n't contrived—but that is a simple matter—and that is the shortest mode of stoppin' on her. My first notion is, to see how fast I can make her work without smashing all to bits, and that's done by screwing down this upper valve; and I'll show you —"

And with that he clambered up on the top, with a turning screw in one hand, and a horn of soap-fat in the other, and commenced screwing down the valves, and oiling the piston-rod and crank-joints; and the motion of the mysterious mass increased, until all seemed a BUZZ.

"It is nigh about perfection, aint it?" says he.

I stood amazed in contemplating the object before me, which I confess I could not fully understand; and hence, with the greater readiness, permitted my mind to bear off to other matters more comprehensible; to the future, which is always more clear than the present, under similar circumstances. I heeded not, for the very best reason in the world, because I understood not the complicated description that Jabez was giving of his still more complicated invention. All I knew was, that here was a machine on four good sturdy well-braced wheels, and it only required a recorded patent to authorise that small connecting cog-wheel or trunnel-head to be thrown "into gear," when it would move off, without oats, hay, or horse-shoes, and distance the mail-coaches. As I was surrounded with notions, it was not extraordinary that one should take full possession of me. It dawned upon me, when I saw the machine first put into motion, and was now full orb'd above the horizon of my desire; it was to see the first locomotive move off. The temptation was irresistible. "And who knows," thought I, "but some prying scamp may have been 'peeping through the key-hole' while Jabez was at work, and, catching the idea, may be now at work at some clumsy imitation! and if he does not succeed in turning the first trick, may at least divide the honours with my friend!"

"Jabez," said I, elevating my voice above the buzzing noise of the machine, "there is only one thing wanting."

"What is that?" said he, eagerly.

"Immortality," said I; "and you shall have it, patent or no patent!" And with that, I pulled the crank that twisted the connecting trunnel-head into the travelling wheels, and in an instant away went the machine, with Jabez on top of it, with the whiz and rapidity of a flushed partridge. The side of the old building presented the resistance of wet paper. One crash, and the "first locomotive" was ushered into this breathing world. I hurried to the opening, and had just time to clamber to the top of a fence, to catch the last glimpse of my fast-departing friend. True to his purpose, I saw him alternately screwing down the valves, and oiling the piston-rod and crank-joints; evidently determined, that, although he had started off a little unexpectedly, he would redeem the pledge he had given, which was, that when it *did* go, it "would go a leetle slower than a streak of chain-lightning, and a darn'd leetle too!"

"Like a cloud in the dim distance fleeting,
Like an arrow" he flew away!

But a moment, and he was *here*; in a moment he was *there*; and now *where* is he!—or rather *where* is he not! But that, for the present, is "neither here nor there."

The incredulous may indulge their unbelief, but for myself, I never see a locomotive in full action, that I do not also see Jabez there directing its course, as plainly as I see the immortal Clinton in every canal boat, or the equally immortal Fulton in every steam boat.

Unfortunately, however, these, like Jabez Doolittle, started in their career of glory without a patent, trusting too far to an ungrateful world; and now the descendants of either may (if they pay their passage) indulge the luxury that the "inventive spirit" of their ancestors has secured to the age.

But my task is done. All I now ask, is, that although some doubt and mystery hang over the first invention of a steam-boat—in which doubt, however, I for one do not participate—none whatever may exist

* It is scarcely necessary to remark, in serious earnest, that the names of Hull, Miller, Taylor, Symington, Jouffroy, and perhaps some others, go before that of Fulton in the history of

in regard to the origin of the locomotive branch of the great steam family; and that, in all future time, this fragment of authentic history may enable the latest posterity to retrace, by "back-track" and "turn-out," through a long railroad line of illustrious ancestors, the first projector and contriver of "The First Locomotive," their immortal progenitor, "JABEZ DOOLITTLE, Esq., nigh Wallingford, Connecticut."

THE POETRY OF THE PENTATEUCH.

THE already high reputation of the Rev. John Hobart Caunter, as a divine and as an orientalist, is likely to receive a large increase from a recent production of his pen, entitled "The Poetry of the Pentateuch, in two volumes (E. Churton, London)." The Pentateuch, or first five books of the Old Testament, are thoroughly and elaborately examined in this work, with the view of throwing light upon the subject of the early Hebrew poetry generally, and of explaining and elucidating every poetical passage within the compass of these books, such passages being naturally the principal ones on which obscurity is found to rest. Mr Caunter has fulfilled this purpose in a manner so able and searching as to leave nothing further to be wished for with respect to grave critical commentary, while, at the same time, the well-known charms of the author's style remove every tinge of dryness from the investigation, and must render the work an acceptable one to the mere lover of elegant literature.

The Hebrew metre is lost or unknown, and many learned men deny that the writers of that nation were acquainted with any regular mode of versification whatever. Other scholars, and Mr Caunter is one of them, maintain that the Scriptural writers most certainly possessed a prosody, although circumstances have buried the knowledge of it in oblivion. The loss of the true Hebrew pronunciation, and with it of the quantities of words, constitutes the chief obstacle in the way of restoring the metre of the language. But Mr Caunter justly holds that the great difference between certain portions of the Scriptures—a difference as great as that between Paradise Lost and Euclid's Definitions—affords of itself sufficient internal evidence of the fact, that the Hebrews had a regulated form of poetical diction, as well as other nations. Not being able, however, to find out the missing prosody or metre, the inquirers into this subject have noticed certain fixed peculiarities of the Hebrew poetry of another kind, and to this subject we shall direct the attention of our readers at present. "One of the great distinguishing characteristics of Hebrew poetry (says Mr Caunter) is that peculiar conformation of the sentences, called by Bishop Lowth parallelism, and divided by him into three kinds: synonymous parallelism, 'when the same sentiment is repeated in different but almost equivalent terms'; the antithetic parallelism, 'when a thing is illustrated, by its contrary being opposed to it'; and the synthetic, or constructive parallelism, 'in which the sentences answer to each other, not by the iteration of the same image, or sentiment, or the opposition of their contraries, but merely by the form of construction.' I shall give one example of each kind from Bishop Lowth's *Prælections*, translated by Dr Gregory. The first example is from Isaiah, being the first, second, and third verses of the sixtieth chapter:—

Arise, be thou enlightened; for thy light is come,
And the glory of Jehovah is risen upon thee.
For, behold, darkness shall cover the earth,
And a thick vapour the nations:
But upon thee shall Jehovah arise.
And his glory upon thee shall be conspicuous.
And the nations shall walk in thy light,
And kings in the brightness of thy rising.

Here it will be observed that every alternate line corresponds with the preceding, the same sentiment being repeated in different but nearly equivalent terms. In fact, the second line of each couplet is a sort of echo to the first, the latter being exegetical of the former. This form of parallelism has been termed, by Bishop Jebb, 'cognate,' because the parallel terms are rather kindred than equivalent, and by a later writer, with juster discrimination, 'gradational,' because the sense shows an obvious gradation of force in the second line, where it advances towards a climax. Now, though in Lowth's version the parallel terms are more strongly discriminated than in our authorised translation, still, those terms will be equally conspicuous there, as will be better seen by breaking the passage into hemistichs, as Bishop Lowth has done. Our Bible translation is word for word, as follows:—

Arise, shine, for thy light is come,
And the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.
For, behold, the darkness shall cover the earth,
And grow darkness the people:
But the Lord shall arise upon thee,
And his glory shall be seen upon thee.
And the Gentiles shall come to thy light,
And kings to the brightness of thy rising.

steam-navigation, though to him alone is due the honour of first making the invention practically useful. Even the invention of Jabez Doolittle was invented before in our own country: for there is, we believe, incontestible evidence that Mr Symington had steam locomotives going upon the roads at the head of Nithe-dale fully fifty years ago.—Ed. C. E. J.

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The following is a specimen of antithetic parallelism from the Proverbs, chap. xxvii, 6, 7; xiii. 7; xxviii. 11.

The blows of a friend are faithful,
But the kisses of an enemy are treacherous.
The cloyed will trample upon a honey-comb,
But to the hungry every bitter thing is sweet.
There is who maketh himself rich and wanteth all things,
Who maketh himself poor, yet hath much wealth.
The rich man is wise in his own eyes,
But the poor man that hath discernment to trace him out,
will despise him.

In the four pair of lines now quoted, it will be at once perceived that every alternate line is an antithesis to the one preceding; or in other words, it presents a complete opposition of words and thoughts. This form of opposing sentiments and expressions in direct contrast imparts great force and distinctness to both; every proposition, sentiment, or expression, so contrasted, giving an emphasis to its opposite, and fixing it with greater vividness upon the mind, because there is a reflex impression, as it were, conveyed; the one image, so to speak, reflecting the other, while each is heightened and rendered more lively by the opposition of its contrary; they are mutually enhanced by this process. Our common Bible version gives the passages thus:—

Faithful are the wounds of a friend;
But the kisses of an enemy are deceitful.
The full soul longeth an honey-comb:
But to the hungry soul every bitter thing is sweet.
There is that maketh himself rich, yet hath nothing:
There is that maketh himself poor, yet hath great riches.
The rich man is wise in his own conceit:
But the poor that hath understanding searcheth him out.

It will be observed that, except in the first pair of lines, the parallels are as distinctly marked in this as in Lowth's translation, which was especially made to exhibit the parallelisms; and though the former is somewhat less graceful than the latter, it is superior in terse simplicity, and certainly does not fall below it in energy. In the first couplet there is an inversion of the phrase, which destroys its symmetry by disturbing the natural position of the antithetical terms, which Lowth has restored to their proper situation.

The synthetic, or constructive parallelism, is not so obvious as the other two, and is frequently not to be detected by a superficial examination. In the following specimen, however, from the Psalms, it cannot escape observation. (Psalm xix. 7—11.)

The law of Jehovah is perfect, restoring the soul;
The testimony of Jehovah is sure, making wise the simple.
The precepts of Jehovah are right, rejoicing the heart;
The commandment of Jehovah is clear, enlightening the eyes.
The fear of Jehovah is pure, enduring for ever;
The judgments of Jehovah are truth, they are just altogether.
More desirable than gold, or than much fine gold;
And sweeter than honey or the dropping of honey-combs.

'Constructive parallels,' says Bishop Jebb, 'are when the parallelism consists only in the similar form of construction; in which word does not answer to word, and sentence to sentence, as equivalent or opposite; but there is a correspondence and equality between different propositions with respect to the shape and turn of the whole sentence, and of the constituent parts; such as noun answering to noun, verb to verb, interrogative to interrogative. To this description of parallelism may be referred all such as do not come within the two former classes. The variety of this form is accordingly very great. Sometimes the parallelism is more, sometimes less exact; sometimes hardly at all apparent.'

Mr Caunter is thus particular in describing this characteristic of Hebrew poetry, because, in examining the Pentateuch, examples of all the three forms of parallelism are found in abundance. In truth, in the very oldest poem extant, one comprising only six lines, the peculiarity strikingly appears. The address of Lamech to his wives, in the 23d and 24th verses of the fourth chapter of Genesis, is the passage in question, and the words of it, according to the common version, are as follow:—

Adah and Zillah, hear my voice;
Ye wives of Lamech, hearken to my speech;
For I have slain a man to my wounding,
And a young man to my hurt:
If Cain shall be avenged sevenfold,
Truly Lamech seventy and seven fold.

The abrupt and totally disconnected manner in which this passage is introduced into the prose text of Moses, as well as the true meaning of the lines, have caused much doubt and conjecture in the Biblical critics, but all agree in considering it an antique lyric, or a portion of such a composition. Herder, the German critic, says that the Hebrew original possesses a "metrical relation of numbers, and even correspondences of sound." The parallelism is plain in the first and second distichs, the last line of each pair heightening by repetition the force of the first. This little poem is remarkable on many accounts, but chiefly because it probably served as a model to succeeding Hebrew poets, leading to the permanent adoption of the characteristic peculiarities now under consideration.

One of the next passages in the Pentateuch which our author points out as distinguished from the prosaic form, is the blessing of the patriarch Isaac upon Jacob, which displays still more amply the parallelisms alluded to. The words of the benediction, as given in Marsh's version from Herder, are these:—

"Behold I smell my son, as the smell of a field,
Of a field, which God hath blessed.
God give thee, therefore, of the dew of heaven,
The fatness of the earth, and plenty of corn and wine.

Let the people serve thee,
And the nations bow down to thee;
Be thou ruler over thy brethren,
And let thy mother's sons be subject to thee.
Cursed be every one that curseth thee,
And blessed be he that blesteth thee."

"In the third distich, the sense rises in a delicate but obvious gradation (says Mr Caunter), 'nations' being an advance upon 'people,' and 'bow down' upon 'serve.'" The gradational parallelism is in like manner perceptible in the next distich, and the last two lines give an example of the antithetic parallelism.

Looking over Mr Caunter's whole examples of the poetry of the Pentateuch, among which the family benedictions of the dying Jacob, the thanksgiving ode of Moses, and the prophecies of Balaam, may be mentioned as the most remarkable, we find the preceding principles of poetic construction every where pursued to a greater or less extent. Such is also the case with the poetic pieces contained in the remaining books of the Hebrew Scriptures. Every reader, indeed, must have observed the reiteration of nearly equivalent terms and images to be characteristic of the writings in question. Mr Caunter's work, however, will make many aware for the first time, and we confess to being among the many, that this was a form of construction peculiar to the Hebrew poetry from the earliest ages, and that it was purposely adopted and persevered in as a most effective method of giving power and force to poetry, whether by the employment of "gradational advances of meaning," or by the use of antithesis. The reverend author, moreover, shows satisfactorily that there is no repetition of phrases and images identically the same, but that there always is a shade of difference augmenting the effect of the passage. Believing that the parallelisms described are too apt to be set down by ordinary readers as mere reiterations of one and the same thing, the information on this point presented in the work before us is therefore calculated, we are assured, to lead to a much more perfect appreciation of the beauty and power of the poetry of the Hebrew Scriptures.

BERNARDIN DE ST PIERRE'S THREE VISITORS.

BERNARDIN DE ST PIERRE, author of the exquisite little story of Paul and Virginia, as well as of other pieces almost equally admired, spent the closing years of his life at a rural retreat in his native France, removed from all participation in the struggles attending the downfall of the monarchy, and the establishment of the republic. Within a few years after the occurrence of the latter event, he was seated at the window of his small but elegantly arranged study, admiring the opening beauties of the early summer day. The sky was tinted like an orange; the air was rich with perfume. Engaged at the period in preparing his work on the Harmonies of Nature, the poet-novelist might be mentally occupied with the congenial meditations which the scene was fitted to call up, when suddenly a soft and respectful step was heard at the door of the apartment, and a stranger entered without further announcement. St Pierre, seeing the visitor to have a gentleman's attire, and expecting some communication, begged him to be seated; but this invitation required to be repeated once or twice ere it was complied with.

The stranger was a young man of dark complexion, or rather of that southern hue to which the title of pale (sallow is too strong a word) is as applicable as that of dark. A perfect cascade of long black hair fell in waves on the collar of his military coat. His look was at once dignified, pensive, and modest. His upper dress, long boots, and equally long white gloves, bespoke an officer of the French republic, returned from the (first) Italian campaign, which had just spread the terror of the revolutionary arms over Europe. Such was indeed the character of the stranger, as he himself hastened to tell St Pierre, as soon as the emotion caused by the first sight of the novelist had partly passed away.

"I congratulate you, sir," said Bernardin de St Pierre, "upon having served under the famous young captain who has so gloriously finished this campaign. I sympathise in his glory. I, too, have been a soldier."

"With my own will," replied the young officer, "I would not be a soldier long. War is odious to me. I have neither ambition nor hate to gratify, and can see no good, no entertainment in killing. They have embroidered laurels upon the sleeves of this dress of mine; my eyes discern only the blood with which these boots have been stained." The poet stretched out his hand to the soldier. The latter grasped it with enthusiasm, and continued—"Glory! true glory is that which this eloquent hand laboured for and won, while tracing the history of Virginia and of Paul, names eternally seated in the memory—in the hearts of mankind. Ah! this day, sir, is one of the sweetest of my life. I have long prayed that I might live but to see you once, and to describe to you, in manhood,

the delicious moments which my boyhood owed to you. My wish is realised. Behold this treasure of my youth, read amid the confusion of schools and colleges, and also upon the fields of Montenotte and Lodi."

The officer drew from his pocket, as he spoke, a sorely worn copy of Paul and Virginia. Modest as he was, St Pierre felt deeply touched by the enthusiasm of the young stranger, and the more so, as in those days of civil dissension and foreign warring it was very unusual to see a soldier display so much emotion respecting an Indian idyl, and a retired and humble poet. "I love you, young man," said St Pierre, "not on account of your too indulgent admiration for the work of a day, but because I feel that there is between us a community of love for that humanity of which my work is but a feeble inspiration, and for that nature, which furnished me with its colouring. It is but in secret at present that one can avow a love for the Deity, for the skies, for the flowers, and for peace on earth. Discord still reigns at Paris, does it not?"

The young officer's black eyes were full of melancholy as he raised them to heaven, and he begged the poet to change the theme of conversation. Bernardin began to talk of the subject with which his mind was then more particularly versant. He spoke of the harmonies of creation, and in especial of the heavens, on which point the young soldier proved to be an enthusiast. "And the nights of Italy," said the officer, after long listening with delight to St Pierre's discourse on this subject; "each star there is a lasting token and testimony of friendship or of love. If two friends are separated, they promise to look on the same star at the same hour, and its ray is the tie that unites them still. Young girls baptise the beautiful stars of the summer night with their own names and those of their lovers. The firmament there is full of Antoniettas and Ciprianos, of Lucias and Giacomos. If death disturbs these unions, the survivor is consoled by gazing at the yet bright memorial of the object beloved and departed." "This is, in truth, a tender harmony of the south, and not unlike a corresponding one of the north. There two oaks are planted on the occasion of every union of two hearts and souls. The stars in the south, the oaks in the north, Love every where!"

Thus did the poet and his visitor converse for hours, the former delighted to find his tastes and thoughts fully comprehended by the soldier, who seemed to him a spirit of the most refined mould, so modest, retiring, and unambitious, as to be in danger of being trampled down at every turn by those of more unscrupulous and stirring temperament. "But the youth will soon leave the world for some quiet retreat," thought St Pierre, "where he will be happy." The poet had this reflection in his mind when the officer rose to depart. "Stay a moment," said Bernardin suddenly; "such a being as you must have written." The young soldier interrupted him by producing a manuscript, and entreating him, with a blush, to look at the fruit of war's leisure hours. "You will permit me to come again at some time, and breathe with you the sweet morning air of your hermitage?" said the departing youth. "The sooner the more welcome," returned St Pierre, and the nameless stranger took an affectionate leave of the solitary of Essone.

St Pierre found the manuscript left with him to be a pastoral, or a romantic romance. It increased the admiration and love he had begun to feel for the young officer, and it was with considerable anxiety that the retired poet, after some time had elapsed, looked for the return of his unknown friend. But he was disappointed. Several months passed away without bringing the stranger to Essone, and St Pierre had begun to give up hope on the point, when, one evening, while Bernardin was seated in his garden, the visit of an officer was announced. In a few minutes, at the poet's desire, the officer was conducted to his presence. St Pierre had confidently expected to behold his former visitor, but he was in error in his anticipations. The officer now before him showed, indeed, a figure nearly the same as that of the former visitor, as well as the same long black hair, the same dark eyes, and the same southern tint of countenance; yet it was plain to the poet that a different person stood before his eyes. The new-comer was obviously a good many years older than the first. The stranger, like his predecessor, gazed for some moments on St Pierre without speaking, and then he dispelled the poet's surprise by saying, "I am the brother, sir, of an officer of the army of Italy, who had the honour of seeing you some months ago." "I remember him well," returned the poet. "I am come to pay, like him, my respects to one so worthy of far higher tributes." Bernardin bowed his acknowledgments for the praise of the officer, but hastened to enter on a subject more agreeable to his modest nature. "Your brother," said he, "confided to me a manuscript romance, which I am ready to restore to you; and I beg you to inform your brother that I have been profoundly touched with the virtuous purity of his sentiments, and above all with his eloquent indignation against tyranny and ambition. The richness, too, of his style —" Here the officer interrupted the speaker by exclaiming, "Enough, sir, enough! If I permit you to go on with this pleasing eulogy, I will not be able to make the avowal, which I now make, that the piece is my own composition. Not daring to present it to you in person, I persuaded my brother to do it. You must pardon us for the deception."

Ere long, the second officer and St Pierre had en-

tered ardently into discourse. "I was engaged," said the poet, "in considering the harmonies of the heavens when your brother visited me, and now my thoughts are turned to the flowers of the earth." So speaking, St Pierre showed to his visitor many beautiful flowers that were yet in bloom. "But, alas!" continued the poet, "the world at large neglect and despise the knowledge of these earth-born beauties." "No, no," cried the soldier warmly, "you have taught the world to love them. Already have your *Studies of Nature* popularised the taste for flowers in Europe. Enchanted myself with your lessons, I established a botanical horologe in our Italian quarters, and at each hour of the day and night I had a flower that opened its petals. Flowers, sir, are my passion, and I sympathise with the Hollander, who spends his fortune on tulips, and could cheerfully pass my days like him in the unambitious occupation of multiplying their varieties."

Bernardin de St Pierre, who loved all nature, was equally charmed with his new friend's tastes, as with those of the younger brother. Much converse passed between the poet and the flower-loving soldier in little space, until the latter at length rose reluctantly to take his leave. "You will permit me to return?" said the officer. "Return," replied St Pierre, "and bring your brother with you." The officer then departed. The poet sat buried in reflections on the brothers for some time afterwards. "Truly this is a family of simple hearts," thought St Pierre. "The one brother adores the grandeur of the heavenly bodies, and the other passes his regimental leisure hours in cultivating flowers, for the pleasure of seeing one open hourly. And yet these two youths are soldiers! War and revolution have sucked them into a restless vortex, while humble quiet is their proper field and sphere."

Months passed away, and St Pierre was still pursuing his studies in his tranquil retreat. He had not forgot the two brothers; their characters had made a lasting impression on his mind, and, besides, any visit whatever was a rare event at his cottage. France had not forgot him, but France was then too busy to show its remembrance. So St Pierre was left alone. His solitude, however, was a third time broken in upon some months after the second brother's visit. The new-comer was again an officer, and when he appeared before the poet, the latter at first imagined that one of his previous visitors had returned. But, on looking more attentively, St Pierre became assured that a stranger was in his presence, although the dress, the complexion, and the hair, were the same as in the two preceding cases. Struck with the utmost surprise at this triple resemblance, he asked his visitor to be seated, and waited for an explanation from the other's lips.

This explanation was not long withheld. The third officer stated himself to be the brother (second in age) of the two officers who had before been at Essone. "Encouraged by the account given to me of your kind reception of them, I, too, could not refrain from coming to salute the friend of Rousseau, and the author of the *Studies of Nature*."

The third brother soon displayed a mind so inquisitive as to render the conversation between St Pierre and him one of even greater interest than had occurred in the two previous cases. In spite of the fixed character of his principles and opinions, based as they were upon long and deep reflection, the poet and philosopher felt that it was no easy task to bear up in argument against the acute and sifting intellect of the third brother, and which shone powerfully forth in the eagle glance of his eye. Between this visitor and the poet there was no question of stars, or flowers, or nature's other visible wonders. The discourse was of a severe character, yet not devoid of spirit. They spoke of humanity, of philosophy, and of the evils of the times, the old poet talking in an indulgent spirit, mixed now and then with the gall of experience, while the young officer spoke of things with the hopefulness of youth. Bernardin inquired into the favourite studies of his visitor. "Mathematics and history," replied the officer; "to enjoy these, I would fain fly from the world, and spend my days in unambitious retirement." When the time for departure came, the third brother and St Pierre parted with even deeper regret than had been displayed on the occasion of either of the former visits.

"Fate has been kind to me," said Bernardin de St Pierre to himself, "in sending to me these three remarkable brothers; the one capable and worthy of comprehending the calm and holy majesty of the empire of heaven; the other tender and sensitive as Rousseau; and the third sage as Marcus Aurelius, but superior to him in despising the allurements of empire."

Alas! for the instability of human affairs, desires, and opinions!

The first of these officers, who loved the stars of heaven, and who had no ambition, was Louis Bonaparte, afterwards King of Holland.

The second officer, who doted on flowers and botanical horologes, and who had no ambition, was Joseph Bonaparte, afterwards King of Spain and the Indies.

The third officer, who adored humanity, peace, and philosophy, and who had no ambition, was Napoleon Bonaparte, afterwards Emperor of France and King of Italy!

[This little piece is from the French of Leon Gozlan, and, from the author's tone and manner, we may conclude that the sketch is founded upon real occurrences.]

THE RIVER ORINOKO.

It is a remarkable circumstance in physical geography that two of the largest rivers of South America, or, indeed, in the world, should be united by a natural canal. The communication which exists between these two mighty streams, was known to the Portuguese more than half a century ago, but the statements of those discoverers were regarded as incredible fiction; and for a long period it was pertinaciously maintained by systematic geographers that such conjunctions of rivers were impossible. By the enterprise and perseverance of recent travellers, however, it has been proved that not only is this the case with regard to the Amazon and Orinoko, but that it is not a solitary instance of such a thing occurring. We no longer stand in need of analogies or critical reasoning to support the fact. Humboldt has navigated both rivers, and examined and described the singular arrangement of the land which gives rise to the bifurcation. It is now put beyond a doubt that the Orinoko and the Rio Negro flow along a plateau or immense level plain which at this part has no actual declivity. A valley then intervenes; part of the waters of each river run into it, and there uniting, form what has been called the river Casiquari, but which, with much more propriety, might be designated a natural canal. Along this channel of communication MM. Humboldt and Bonpland passed from the Rio Negro to the Orinoko. The navigability of the last mentioned river down to its confluence with the Amazon, is a well ascertained fact; and it is also believed that there are other communications between it and various tributaries of the Amazon.

The river Orinoko is navigable, without difficulty, for 260 leagues, to the rapids of Atures, where its mean height above the sea is, according to Humboldt, not more than 350 feet, so that, as this distinguished traveller remarks, a rise in the Atlantic (a fall in the land would answer the same purpose) of little more than 1000 feet, would submerge considerably above half of the whole continent. From Atures to the point at Esmeraldo where the bifurcation takes place, the Orinoko is navigable for above a hundred leagues more, except at two places where a short land carriage (called a *portage* in American books) is necessary. From Esmeraldo along the Casiquari and down the Rio Negro to its confluence with the Amazon, is at least another 360 leagues, and from the junction of the Rio Negro to the mouth of the Amazon may be calculated at the same distance. Thus proceeding from the embouchure of the Orinoko, up that stream along the others mentioned, and down the Amazon to the sea again, we have an inland navigation throughout the immense space of 3240 miles. But the Amazon is navigable for about 300 leagues above the junction of the Rio Negro with it, which, added to the former summation, makes above 4000 miles of nearly continuous water communication, without taking into account the navigation of the numerous other tributaries of the Amazon and Orinoko. One of these, belonging to the former stream, is called the Guapore. The upper course of this river is within three miles of that of another stream which joins the Paraguay, a great river flowing to the opposite end of the continent where Buenos Ayres is situated. Thus, with the exception of a short land carriage of three miles, water flows and may be navigated between Buenos Ayres, in 35° of south latitude, and the mouths of the Orinoko, in about 9° of north latitude. This, it is to be observed, is in a direction from north to south; in the direction rectangular to it, or from west to east, there is water communication to nearly the same extent, by means of the Amazon and its numerous large tributaries.

There is scarcely any thing in physical geography which excites our admiration more than the manner in which the vast continent of South America is opened up, penetrated and intersected, by mighty currents of water capable of bearing the inestimable riches of the interior to the ocean on the south, or north, or east; for along the western coast extends that imperial rampart of nature, the Andes, impenetrable by any stream, and impracticable for land carriage, except at an expense much too great for commercial purposes. These facilities for intercommunication have not yet been taken advantage of to any extent, for which neglect there are several reasons. The greater part of the course of the Amazon is through a vast unviolated wilderness of vegetation, the most magnificent on the face of the globe, but inhabited by savage tribes, and only here and there sprinkled with catholic missions, the solitary abodes of civilised men. The want of an intelligent population, then, is one of the chief causes why the productions of this richest of all countries are either allowed to go to waste, or are little cultivated. We have often thought that the navigation of the South American continent by means of steam-boats would be an excellent speculation for a British company. There might be a great depot for the reception of goods from the interior, established in the city of Para, at the mouth of the Amazon. We are aware that English companies already exist in this place, but they do not prosecute business on the grand scale which we would wish to see it transacted on. Steam-boats,

flat-bottomed, and drawing little water, ought to be substituted for the Indian canoes, which are the only means of conveying goods at present. Thus might be set on foot an extensive trade in sugar, rice, coffee, indigo, cocoa, cotton (some kinds remarkably fine), bark, and many other valuable drugs, dye-woods, tobacco, numerous sorts of the very finest woods, hides, and many other articles. Intercourse of this description, where mutual benefit is the result, would be the means of spreading civilisation over an immense territory, physically the fairest portion of the earth, but morally a mere desert. If England do not occupy the ground, the United States probably will, and at no distant date.

ENTERTAINMENTS BY EMPLOYERS TO THEIR WORKMEN.

BENEVOLENT and social feeling, apart from intemperance, has always been one of the leading subjects of the present publication. It becomes those, however, who advocate any speculative doctrine, not to throw it to mankind as a barren theory, but to work it out in their own practice, as far as existing circumstances will permit. They thus at once prove their earnestness in the faith, and furnish an exemplification of the efficacy of their doctrine, if any efficacy it really have. Under this impression, the publishers of the present sheet, besides exercising ordinary justice to their working-people in the payment of the highest wages that can be afforded, have considered it their duty to meet them occasionally in a social way, in company with the relatives and a selection of the friends of both parties—not over intoxicating liquors, or in unrestrained mirth and excitement, but in the participation of simple and innocuous pleasures, in the common indulgence of philanthropic views as to the moral and intellectual advancement of our race, and with a self-respect on both sides, which, while perfectly consistent with harmony and friendly feeling, gives sufficient assurance that undue familiarity (for there may be an undue familiarity in all the relations of life) can never be amongst the results of these entertainments. It is, as far as we can ascertain our own motives, with the desire of suggesting similar meetings of the employers and employed, as a means of putting these parties on a more friendly footing with each other, and from no thirst for personal notoriety, that we venture to reprint a newspaper account of the soirée of the 13th June of the present year, with the addition of a few extracts from the speeches delivered on the occasion. The allusions in the report to ourselves are much more flattering than we could have wished in a document to which we are about to give additional publicity; but it would be affectation to make any omissions; and should they expose us to any unfriendly sarcasms, we shall not care, if only the main end—the good end—be served:—

"MESSRS CHAMBERS'S SOIREE—MASTERS AND WORKMEN."

[From the *Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle*, June 15, 1839.]

"We delight in any thing that has a tendency to unite more closely the relation between two important classes of men—the employers and the employed—whose interests are, in fact, reciprocal and the same, and who are mutually necessary to each other. The capital of the one would be valueless if it were not productively employed: the labour of the other would be unproductive of any good to any party, and would be also valueless, if there were not capital to set it in motion. The master and men are like husband and wife: their interests are indissolubly connected, and cannot even be imagined to be distinct or separate—certainly never in opposition to each other. When profits are high, wages will also be high. When profits are low, wages will be affected accordingly, and be also low. The two parties, we repeat, are as husband and wife. They have to journey through life together; and it should be the desire, as it is the interest, of both parties, not to fall out or quarrel by the way, but to make their journey as pleasant, as light, and as happy, as possible. Of the truth of this beautiful principle, our distinguished and excellent townsmen, the Messrs Chambers, and their numerous respectable workmen, seem fully aware. They severally see that their interests are identical, and cannot be separated without injury to both. The one party are industrious, trustworthy, attentive, and faithful, ignorant of what is called eye-service, but most hearty and cordial in their work, knowing that, while by this means they consult the best interests of their employers, they are, at the same time, most powerfully and directly promoting their own best interests, happiness, and respectability. The other party are enterprising in business, kind and courteous to those in their employment, being aware that, while they are

* It is important to note that this species of entertainment possesses features very distinct from those of the annual *trades* given by some employers to their workmen. These features are—the absence of all intoxicating liquors; the presence of the workmen's wives, sisters, or other relatives; the presence of the masters and their wives and acquaintances from first to last; the employment of an instrumental band to fill up the intervals with agreeable music; and the delivery of addresses on subjects of a cheering and uncontroversial nature: the refreshments on the tables during the evening being of a very slight kind, as for instance, after the serving of tea and coffee, the display of fruits, cakes, and lemonade. To insure regularity and decorum, admission is gained only by tickets previously and carefully distributed. The frequent recurrence of public soirees in Edinburgh has latterly raised up a class of tradesmen who make a business of supplying all the material for such entertainments.

thus realising their own interests in the most effectual manner, they are, at the same time, promoting the welfare and improving the condition of the numerous persons to whom in this way they are in the way of affording respectable employment. Last year, as mentioned by us at the time, the Messrs Chambers invited all the persons in their great establishment to a soiree, which went off in a way equally delightful to all parties, and which had a tendency to knit more closely the tie which binds them together in the reciprocal and interesting relation of employers and employed. A second soiree was, on Thursday last, given by the Messrs Chambers; and Mr William Chambers, who acted as chairman on the occasion, intimated that he hoped to see his friends next year at a similar entertainment. The meeting took place in one of the large rooms, or rather halls, of the printing establishment; and while Mr William Chambers admirably discharged the duties of chairman, those of croupier were no less admirably performed by his brother, Mr Robert Chambers. The company consisted of about 160 persons, including several friends whom the Messrs Chambers had invited to join the pleasant party. After tea and coffee had been served, the chairman made an address to his men, full of the finest moral feeling, and the soundest principle, characterised by good taste in every respect, and delivered in the most modest, becoming, and ingratiating manner. He gave discriminating praise to all, even to the youngest, and mentioned by name the heads of departments, whose conduct in their several spheres he characterised in a manner which must have been as gratifying to these respectable functionaries to hear, as it was honourable to the person by whom the compliment was paid. Mr Chambers, before sitting down, entered into some curious and important details as to the literary department of the establishment, of which we will give a few specimens. It appears that 'Chambers's Journal' has been more flourishing last year than at any former period; that it has occupied no less than 3,740,000 sheets of paper during the last twelvemonth, or, in other words, that its average weekly circulation has been 71,923; and that their other works have occupied 1,500,000 sheets, making a grand total of 5,200,000 sheets during the year! To give the information in another shape, we may state that, during the bygone twelvemonth, the Messrs Chambers have printed 10,833 reams of paper; the cost of which, before printing, being no less than about £11,000 sterling. These facts, which are no less extraordinary than gratifying, require no comment. As they are honourable to the talents and public spirit of the Messrs Chambers, they must afford delight to every one who takes an interest in the moral and intellectual improvement of his species. Mr Chambers also stated that, owing to what are foolishly called protecting duties, or rather to a prohibitory duty of about a shilling per pound on English printed books imported into the United States, 'Chambers's Journal' cannot be sent by the proprietors across the Atlantic; and that the edition published in New York costs about *twopence halfpenny* per number, instead of three-halfpence, as in this country; a fact which powerfully shows the pernicious effects of restrictions on trade. The chairman also stated that he bought, at Brussels, a copy of Lamartine's *Travels in the East*, for 6s. 3d., and that, after paying for getting it translated, the Messrs Chambers are about to publish an edition which they will sell at 3s. 9d. or *half-a-crown cheaper than it cost in Belgium*. This is the more remarkable, as the book being originally published in Paris, the Belgian publishers had not to pay any copyright, no more than the Messrs Chambers, while the latter have to disburse a considerable sum as the expense of translation. Wages are lower in Brussels than in this country, so that the great superiority we enjoy over both our continental and American friends, is owing to the greater ability of our workmen, to our improved machinery, and to our cheapness of paper, resulting partly from our superior paper-making machinery, and partly to an unrestricted importation of rags into the country.

Such are some of the important statements made by Mr Chambers. Mr Forsyth addressed a reply to Mr Chambers in name of himself and his brother workmen; a reply breathing the most excellent spirit, composed with great ability—indeed, rich and eloquent in diction—and admirably delivered. We have not room or time to say more. Speeches were delivered, during the evening, by Mr Robert Chambers, Mr Simpson, advocate, Councillor McLaren, and others, all teeming with high moral feeling and elevated sentiment. Mr Simpson's several addresses were characterised by his usual eloquence, benevolence, and philanthropy, and found an echo in the breast of every individual present. The enjoyments of the evening were enlivened by instrumental music, by glees, songs, and recitations. We almost forgot to mention that the company was graced by the presence of ladies, friends of the Messrs Chambers, and by the wives, daughters, and female friends of the various members of the establishment. Would that other masters, not merely in this city, but throughout the empire, were to imitate the Messrs Chambers as to these delightful social meetings between themselves and their men, and thus sweeten the breath of society, and promote the best and most amiable feelings of our nature!

EXTRACT FROM MR W. CHAMBERS'S ADDRESS.

As there are a number of strangers present, I have thought it but right to embrace the opportunity of thanking one and all of you, and of recommending your behaviour to public attention, as I have now done. If any one of those strangers be in the habit of associating the idea of working men with all that is mean and vicious—with wretchedness of attire, ignorance, and intemperance—I bid him look around, and see nearly a hundred individuals belonging to the class of artisans, whose appearance, whose apparel, whose conduct in the discharge of the duties of fathers of families, and in other social relations, will bear comparison with those of any class of persons in the middle and higher ranks of society. These men are frugal, diligent, temperate. Visit their firesides, and you will see, that, generally speaking, they are as clean, orderly, and well furnished with the good things of this life, as the houses of many persons possessing ten times their income. These men also read and think. They have a small library, partly furnished by us, but increased with works purchased from the savings of their own industry. One

book I see they have just added at their own cost—"Russet's History of Modern Europe, in six volumes." I ask every one who hears me—is the spontaneous purchasing and reading of such a work as this any thing like a symptom of demoralised habits, of vicious appetites, or of bad intentions? I think not!

Among men whose general behaviour is so praiseworthy, and whose tastes for literary solacement in hours of relaxation from toil are such as I point out, it would be ridiculous to suppose that there prevails any thing approaching to a spirit of animosity as to the wages of labour. On this point we never have had any disputes. We give, I believe, as high wages as can be reasonably expected, considering the great competition in trade to which we are exposed, the risk of our capital, and the nature of the work done. We wish that all may have liberty to go and liberty to come—every man carrying his labour to the best market, and we encouraging by all the means in our power the attachment of those to whom we give employment. Nothing ever gives us so much pain as to tell a man that we do not any longer require his services. We feel it like cutting off a friend, or losing a relative. Surely, the spectacle of the happy faces now around us, confirms the impression that this feeling is reciprocated. I know it is. There are men present who, I have reason to believe, have been offered higher wages elsewhere, and yet they have not left us. We mark these men; and as long as we have occasion to lift a type or draw an impression, they shall continue in our employment.

EXTRACT FROM THE REPLY BY MR FORSYTH, CORRECTOR OF THE PRESS.

Mr Chairman, Mr Croupier, Ladies and Gentlemen—A more pleasing duty than that in which I am now engaged, has seldom devolved upon me; and I am confident, however poorly it may be performed, that the persons of whom I am the humble organ are not the less deeply and sincerely grateful for the kindness which has been shown towards them.

Gentlemen—The occasion of this our meeting is somewhat of an era in the connection between master and servant. We have heard of many acts of kindness and condescension being exercised towards the humbler party; but it is a circumstance quite new in our experience that an employer should annually call together his numerous workmen, in order to cultivate a friendly intercourse, and thank them thus publicly for their assistance during the year. And, Mr Chairman and Mr Croupier, while this act is the best proof you could offer of your benevolence of disposition, we must also hail it as one of those practically *useful inventions* for the amelioration of the working man's condition, for which you have already become so distinguished. To teach masters and men their respective duties—to soften the asperities engendered by the occasional clashing of interests—and to link all together in the bonds of agreeable fellowship;—at the present moment, when so much of mean jealousy and ill feeling is existing between master and man—this is surely a noble example to show, a benevolent task to undertake, and let us add, a task and an example worthy of the Messrs Chambers. And allow us, gentlemen, to express our conviction that in such meetings are to be found the only legitimate kind of *unions* which can ever subsist in the relations of trade. Workmen's unions, we are sorry to say, have as yet only produced discordance, inasmuch as they have opposed master and man to each other in hostility and bitterness—while such examples as this, if acted upon, promise, by identifying interests and removing prejudices, to constitute an *union* as strong as it shall be durable and all-embracing.

But we must also take this opportunity of declaring that our admiration of your conduct is by no means limited to your origination of meetings like the present. Under whatever aspect it may be viewed, equally, we are confident, will be found subject for respect and admiration. As servants, we can bear testimony to your uniform kind and courteous attention to our welfare—while as men, possessing a common interest in the progress of humanity, we share in the admiration with which your public character is regarded by all classes of the community. Of all the efforts which have been made to simplify knowledge, and spread a taste for reading amongst the lower classes, it may safely be averred that no two men, living or dead, have exerted themselves more ardently and more successfully in this noble aim, than you, our present honoured entertainers. And surely, if society owe a profound debt of gratitude to those men who first opened the long-sealed fountains of knowledge by the invention of printing, something scarcely inferior is due to those who by various ingenious expedients are following up the beneficent designs of their predecessors, and making that knowledge available to the very poorest of the community. The establishment of the Journal was an event in the literature of Scotland which must henceforth be chronicled in its history; and while its success has demonstrated the profound foresight of its originators, it has conferred one of the greatest blessings upon the working classes of Britain, by furnishing them with a variety of cheap, instructive, and amusing knowledge. And we may safely aver, that not only has this Journal been the means of exciting a taste for reading where it did not previously exist, but that it has also dispelled dullness and vacuity from many a humble hearth, and lit them up with the rays of intelligence. But the Journal has not a merely local fame; neither does it solely instruct and delight the population of these islands. I believe it is within the limits of truth to say that it is read in every quarter of the world. Wherever the English language is spoken, has this wonderful miscellany penetrated—and it is by no means improbable that at this moment the solitary backwoodsman of America or the Australian sheep-farmer may be stealing an interval from their labours to pore over the leaves of "Chambers's Edinburgh Journal." It is proverbial that Scotsmen are to be found in every corner of the civilised world,

"From Greenland's icy mountains
To India's coral strand—"

and we can form but a very faint conception of the feelings which must swell their bosoms as they behold this monument of Scottish enterprise following in their footsteps—at once reminding them of home, and bettering their intellect and affections. *

The occasion of this meeting must be a source of deep gratulation to all concerned. The mere fact that it should be held in celebration of the success of an establishment which is at present engaged in disseminating knowledge and enlightening the community, is of itself sufficient cause of joy; but when to this is added the delightful circumstance that we are also met for the purpose of cultivating friendly relations and good feeling between employers and workmen, we have every cause for both joy and gratitude. As individuals, we are grateful for personal favours, while with the great body of the people we join in the exultation which they feel on experiencing the rapid enlargement of the circle of knowledge and happiness.

Mr Chairman and Mr Croupier—Our concluding and sincere wish is—that you may be long spared to continue your present praiseworthy exertions—that you may go on from day to day prospering and to prosper—and that those efforts may ultimately result in the disappearance of ignorance, and in the moral and intellectual regeneration of the great masses of mankind.

SUMMARY OF AN ADDRESS BY MR SIMPSON, ADVOCATE.

He expressed his great pleasure in being present on the occasion, for he considered the Messrs Chambers's annual soiree as an interesting experiment in social philosophy. Last year he compared its orderly good taste, its temperance, its music, its pure and rational enjoyments, with the cock-fightings, bull-baitings, and drunken meetings of the neglected working-classes: this year it had assumed a yet higher aspect, a superior intelligence and

morality, which constrained him to look, not downwards as formerly, but upwards in the social scale, for something to compare it with. He felt that, plain and humble as are its external, compared with many a gorgeous festival which he had witnessed, there was in it a cast of intelligence and lofty feeling, which is not always found at the tables of wealth and fashion, of nobles and princes. When met with ascetics as a visionary in advocating the practicability of guiding the masses of the people by the high sentiments of benevolence and justice—of changing coarseness, violence, and cunning, into refinement, truth, and mercy—he should now be able to point with triumph to the trust-worthy, good taste, and—why should he not say—gentlemanlike conduct, of this company of working men; to the friendliness of the relation here established between the employers and the employed, where even a difference is unheard of—where there has not been one, even the slightest, since the last year's convivial meeting—where the interests of both parties are one, where the masters are the common friends to be loved and served, not the common enemy to be defrauded, resisted, defied, and detested. The working men here, assured that their wages are the highest which the trade will allow, and knowing well what these are, dream not of strikes or combinations. Their unions are *with*, not *against*, their employers. He had himself met in moral discussion with 20,000 working men, and he had not a doubt that one and all could be educated to the full extent of that character, and by proper treatment be brought to the same degree of amity with their employers, which the men of this establishment had attained.

SOLITUDE.

Hail, old patrician trees, so great and good!
Hail, ye pebbles underwood!
Where the poetic birds rejoice,
And for their quiet nests and piteous food
Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail the poor muse's richest manor-seat!
Ye country houses and retreat,
Which all the happy gods so love,
That for you oft they quit their bright and great
Metropolis above.

Here Nature does a house for me erect,
Nature! the fairest architect,
Who those fond artists does despise
That can the fair and living trees neglect,
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,
Hear the soft winds above me flying,
With all their wanton boughs dispute,
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,
On whose enamell'd bank I'll walk,
And see how prettily they smile,
And hear how prettily they talk.

Ah! wretched, and too solitary he,
Who loves not his own company!
He'll feel the weight of it many a day,
Unless he call in sin or vanity
To help to bear it away.

—Cowley's Poems.

WONDERFUL DEXTERITY OF INDIAN THIEVES.

Once, during the pursuit of the Pindarries, a considerable amount of money was sent to our camp to pay a large division of the army. Our tents were pitched in a wild, hilly, and jungly country, and as it was known that the treasure was coveted by several of the plundering gangs, a havildar or serjeant's guard was posted to watch the four tumbrils in which the money was contained. Suddenly, in the middle of the night, a gang of these robbers, who seemed to have risen out of the earth, attacked the sepoy's sword in hand, while others attempted to break open the tumbrils. The sepoys made a desperate resistance at the point of the bayonet, and successfully protected their charge until the arrival of reinforcements compelled the plunderers to make a hasty retreat. Several of the robbers were killed, but not before some of the sepoys had received many severe sabre wounds. It would be impossible to give an adequate notion of the craft and perseverance displayed by these robbers in ascertaining the amount and the exact position of any property they may covet, and the almost incredible deceptions they practise on the possessors. Precautions are almost useless for the contrivances employed. Horses ever so securely picketed and guarded have been stolen from the midst of the camp; the whole property in a room or tent has been swept away without awakening the sleeping owner; nay, the very mattress has been removed by a skilful thief, without disturbing the slumbers of the officer by whom it was occupied. I witnessed the performance of this last-named feat when in the camp at Trichinopoly, by one of the Collories, a class of persons noted for their expertness and adroitness as thieves. It was then performed for a wager, to convince an incredulous officer of the surprising dexterity of Indian thieves. When the officer's breathing gave proof of his being in a sound sleep, the Collory entered the room stealthily as a cat, taking with him a small chafing-dish, on which he burned some intoxicating herbs, especially the seeds of the bang or hemp plant, which is nearly as powerful a soporific as opium. He allowed the officer to inhale some of the stupefying fumes, and then gently tickled him with a feather; as he mechanically shrunk from the tickling, the thief adroitly pulled away the mattress, until he succeeded in removing it altogether, when he went out of the room without being detected.—*Bevan's Thirty Years in India.*

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STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things : but condescend to men of low estate."
ST PAUL.

"IT'S ONLY THE BIT AND THE SUP."

A FRIEND who resides in the neighbourhood of Dublin related to me the following anecdote :—A man had lived with him for some time, a man of the name of Laurence Cassidy, who was exceedingly fond of doing as little as he could, and taking as much time as possible about that little.

"Larry," said our friend to him one morning, "Larry, you cost me a great deal of money during the year; and you are not worth the third part of what you cost."

"The Lord save us!" ejaculated Larry, casting up his eyes, "what has put the likes of that into yer honour's head?"

"Your laziness, Larry."

"Oh, my law! and I working myself to an oil every day and night of my life; and to say that to me! Well, I did not expect it from yer honour; but, in regard of the cost, yer honour, I wonder ye'd be throwing that in my face; I'm sure the thrifle I gets isn't worth the thinking of such a gentleman as yer honour."

"Trifle!" repeated Mr H—; "you may consider thirty pounds a-year a trifle, if you please; but I do not so consider it, I assure you."

"Bedad, sir, I believe you; I don't know who would; but sure all I ever got from yer honour, night or day, fresh or fasting, was a bare ten pounds—a-year, I mane."

"Ay, wages; but you cost me more than thirty pounds a-year for all that."

"Ya, then! sure it isn't the thrifle of ould clothes you throw to yer fosterers that ye're rising against me, sir, is it?"

"Not at all; what I give, I give; I should be very much ashamed of myself to calculate the ould clothes."

"See that now! Why, thin, yer honour's great in the rule of addition, any way. Will ye be pleased to insense us into it?"

"Ten pounds a-year wages," said my friend.

"Well, yer honour, I'll own to that."

"Twenty pounds, at the very least, your board."

Laurence opened his large eyes very wide, and, looking steadfastly at his master, exclaimed, "Boord, twenty pounds! Twenty pounds for the aiting and the drinking! Oh, yarra machree! whin a gintleman thinks of the bit and the sup, and it only the bit and the sup! it's all up with us! Oh, my grief! is it the bit and the sup? Well, afther that! that bates Bannagher! the masher counting out the bit and the sup!"

Nothing could exceed Larry Cassidy's astonishment and horror that Mr H— should demean himself to think of the eating and the drinking, "the bit and the sup." "And it is always so," he said. Larry's case is by no means uncommon; they cannot comprehend the possibility of what they eat and drink being an expense. I have never found them able or willing to understand it.

I confess that my reason and my feelings have been always at war with each other on this very subject; it is impossible not to admire the frank and hearty welcome, given with the fresh warmth of Irish hospitality, the *caith mille a faultha*, that breathes from every lip, and sparkles in every eye. A sincere welcome to the stranger is always one of the dear and sweet remembrances that we bring from Ireland, but it has a bitter alloy when we remember that the hospitality exercised towards us, and towards others, is, strictly speaking, evidence of wrong thinking. If a man has

a shilling, and owes a shilling, there can be no question as to the fact that he has no right to spend that shilling, save in the discharge of his debt; and yet I know persons who have been hospitably entertained, drank claret and rode hunters, in houses where the dispenser of the hospitality should have eaten his humble fare in solitude, though not in sorrow, and paid his debts. This class of persons cannot in their career of reckless extravagance lay the flattering unction to their souls that they hope to mend their circumstances either by industry or exertion. They do indeed exist in the hope that somebody may die, and leave them, one knows not how much, or they may have had a promise of a place under government; upon such promises I have known dozens of young men fish and shoot, and lounge away the best hours of lives, which, in industrious England, would have come laden like bees with the honey of wealth. But the principle of this, is so deceptive, so bad, so destructive to high and low, that I am tempted to write in stronger terms upon it than many will like—I cannot help it. I confess, while exposing what I cannot but stigmatise as a dishonest hospitality, that there is a decided difference in the manner of display between the two countries; here, when the love of display beyond their means takes possession of a family, they invariably affect the possession of great riches: this is lowering the moral standard of excellence in a piteous degree; an Englishman cannot bear it to be supposed that there is anything which he cannot afford. The Irishman laughs at his poverty, scorns it; he is a man of family, he has something better than wealth to be proud of. He will rejoice with his friends amid the ruins of his house—ruins which the too lavish gift of the "bit and the sup" has occasioned.

The English love of display is dishonest, if the tradesman suffer by it. The Irish hospitality is dishonest, if the host cannot pay his debts. There is one great difference between them—the Irish give with both hands; the English with one.

"Sure the welcome is all we have to give," said a peasant to me. "Sure it's only a potato, a lock of straw, and a sate by the sod of turf," said another. "Sure it's only my time," exclaims a third; "and, lady dear, don't be talking to us as ye would to the quality. Sure they're in debt in many parts of the country, and have the lashings of eating and drinking and company entirely; it's them yer honour ought to talk to." These last words were addressed to me by Mary Flanagan, who, with a family of five children, a blind grandmother, and a lame husband, had done her and hers the injustice of bringing in a piper, his wife and child, during a cold long winter's month, and giving them share of what they had; but the piper and his wife would be always in want, because they had acquired idle and extravagant habits, knew they were certain of support from the cottagers, and spent their money upon whisky. "I am glad to find you so rich, Mary, as to be able to keep your friends as well as your family." "Rich! oh, bedad! yer honour's always laughing at us." "Why, if you were not rich, you could not support Jim Lacy, his dirty wife, and lazy boy." "Lord! yer honour, do you call that supporting, just the bare bit and the sup?" "Have you any thing besides for yourselves?" "Augh, no; sure in dacency we'd give the best bit we had to the stranger." "They have been with you just a month; and now, remember that you have spent on them what would keep your husband, mother, and child, a month; so that if at the end of the year you come asking for a month's potatoes, or a month's milk, I shall put you in mind that you reduced yourself to the disgrace of begging, and just tell you of Jim, his wife, and son.

We have no right to give what God has given us to hold in charge for others; to deny ourselves is right and righteous, but we are not given the goods of others, be it a potato or be it a pound, to bestow on whom we will." I pursued my argument still farther with Mary. "If you wanted to support the piper and his wife, Mary, you should have made them live upon the half of your own potato dinner, and not have given what was hardly sufficient for your family during the year; the consequence will be, that we shall have not only you, but the piper and his family, wanting potatoes by and bye."

"Sure the craythurs could not live on the half of my potatoes."

"But, Mary, with the prospect of your little ones starving before the expiration of the year, you had no right to give away."

"Oh," says Mary, "who knows what may turn up before the end of the year!—sure it was only the bit and the sup." Nothing, however, did turn up before the end of the year, except starvation, and Mary was obliged to ask, as we anticipated, both potatoes and milk. What made it more provoking was, that the money the piper and his wife, and even their boy, had spent in whisky, would have ensured them more comfortable fare than poor Mary Flanagan could bestow.

Floyd of Castle Floyd—I mean the last of his house, who died in C— jail about twelve years ago—inherited what had been a fine property, and was still a good one. He was a cheerful, generous, warm-hearted fellow, full of good intentions, which somehow he forgot to perform. When he came of age, an old, and by some miracle an honest lawyer, who had been his guardian, laid before him a statement of his affairs, pointing out the course by which (selling a part of his estate) he might effectually redeem and preserve the other; this would have left him about nine hundred a-year. He intended to do it. The arrangements were talked of, but not made; the advertisement for the sale of the land was absolutely written out, but not sent to the papers; when one of the hangers-on of Castle Floyd brought the young man's mind to the belief that it would be better to secure Miss Gubbins of Fort Gubbins before the sale, as her father might demur; and poor Frank Floyd had fallen desperately in love with Fanny Gubbins at an assize ball; and, moreover, she had (so said the county) great, very great—expectations. His mentor, the old lawyer, was ill in Dublin, and the young man thought there could be no harm done by putting off the business for a little time. He did so—was beguiled into returning to the open-house system, until, only until, after the wedding. The lady, who had

Brothers and sisters by dozens,
And all charming people, they say,

fond of profusion, and either too young or too uneducated to understand its danger, persuaded her husband to wait till somebody died, for then she was sure money enough would come to pay off encumbrances. After the wedding, open house was of course kept, for the joint honour of Floyd and Gubbins; and then, somehow, Frank's prudence evaporated, and the old lawyer died, having commenced a letter to his ward, beginning, "*beware of the bit and the sup.*"

Never did relations so multiply, full-grown ready-made relations; and when there were not beds enough to accommodate the visitors, why, they very good-naturedly put up with "shake-downs," and any shake, except the shake off. Frank had his moments of reflection, and saw this would not do; but how could he change now! After a little time, all the Floyds and all the Gubbinses were talking of the probability

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of there soon being an heir to Castle Floyd; and all the relations came to wish him joy of the probability of such an event. Great preparations were made for it, and at last it came, and the pretty Fanny and her still-born child occupied the same coffin. This melancholy change removed but few of the household visitors; they all felt too much for "the poor fellow"

"To leave him alone with his sorrow."

Not having any particular faith to keep up his spirits, he took first to claret, and finding that not strong enough to quench grief, strengthened it with whisky. Hours of intense anguish succeeded to frightful fever fits.

Those who really kept open house on his means, declared society was necessary to his existence, and he believed it—believed any thing rather than bring his follies and extravagances to the stern test of thought. The fox-hunters' club always breakfasted and dined at Castle Floyd. Embarrassment was heaped on embarrassment, custodium on custodium. Every thing that could be done to raise money, he did—except rack-rent his tenants.

Still the household expenditure continued unabated until the crash came, and even then a few were not wanting to partake of his prison fare. Many circumstances, of too elaborate a nature to be unravelled in a short story, tended to hasten this catastrophe; and the eaters and the drinkers, shaken off by the strong arm of the law from their prey, set forth to strike down another quarry. This is one of the disgraceful systems so prevalent in Ireland, so totally at war with noble exertion, with that high feeling of self-dependence, that, if I had a thousand voices, I would raise them all against those who would rather eat at another's board than labour to supply their own. Poor Floyd died before he had numbered two-and-thirty years, debased in mind and prostrated in body by dissipation. Two or three only of his once numerous retinue were with him at the last. "Boys!" he said, while the hectic fever, that was soon to yield to a deathlike paleness, gave an unnatural light to his eyes, and a contraction of the throat prevented his swallowing even liquids; "boys! I never refused 'the bit and the sup,' did I?"

"Oh, never," was the true reply.

"And yet it refuses me. Ah, ah! it refuses me," and with this miserable attempt at jest and laughter, he turned on the other side and died!

Mrs Dennis Shannon kept a hosier's shop in Dame Street, Dublin; but widow though she was, and having five daughters to bring up, she loved to entertain her friends. "Sure the drawing-room was there—a beautiful room as any in the city; and the furniture—beautiful furniture; and a party was quite easy to give. She was so used to it; it was only sperm instead of mutton candles; and 'the bit and the sup,' and who'd be mane enough to grudge that, and the chance in it of getting the girls off her hands?"

"The girls," however, did not "get off," but debts "came on." The cheapness of articles of provision is a great excuse in that same city of Dublin; profuse housekeeping people seeming to forget that if things are cheaper, incomes are smaller in proportion; the "bit and the sup" given in such prodigality soon rendered Mrs Dennis Shannon not only minus her drawing-room, but minus her shop; and Betty, the last of her servants, clapt her hands and exclaimed, while tradesmen remained unpaid, and "the girls," brought up in thoughtless extravagance, were billeted upon every Shannon that had a house, "Augh, then, more's the pity!—she never begrudged the 'bit or the sup.'" These are extreme cases, but no one acquainted with Ireland can say that such are of rare occurrence. Thoughtless and fond of amusement, fond of giving, fond of all things liberal, the silent, unobtrusive, even stream of justice is overleaped, and, unfortunately, when a person above the very poorest class falls, he does not fall alone.

"I have been visiting your country," said an English gentleman to me the other morning. "I have spent three months at Ballyray in the most delightful manner. Capital snipe-shooting, capital trout-fishing, and lots of good things."

I was greatly astonished, for I knew the proprietor of Ballyray owed the Englishman a sum of money which I suspected he could never pay.

"Indeed! Well, and did you succeed in your mission?"

"No, I cannot say I did," he answered laughing. "Myself, and horse, and servant, I believe all my family, could have lived board and lodging free all the days of our lives at Ballyray; but as to money, they

have none to give. They are talking of levying fines; so I suppose I shall have some chance, as it is really a noble property. I could not press the matter. Besides," he added, after a little hesitation, "the gentleman's eldest son always calls any one out who asks for money in real earnest, that is, if the debt is considerable."

"And if it is not considerable?"

"Why, then, I believe the servants drag the creditor through the lake—the little lake, not the great one."

God forbid that I should wish people not to help each other; it is one of the privileges of our existence to do so; but the helper should not be expected both to set the machine in motion and keep it going. We all can do something in the great and ennobling labour of independence.

I could fill volumes with the effects of the reckless generosity of those even within a limited sphere, whom I have known and loved. The experience of a few years has shown me so much of the ruin of this system, or rather no system, that I have been severe both with my precepts and examples. I wish to be true in this matter, but unfortunately truth says more than I have ventured to repeat.

There are many Irish persons of good sense who have argued with me, that if a rich relation can afford to support a poor one, he ought to do so; granted, if the poor relation be incapacitated by mental or bodily indisposition from labour; but, otherwise, he does him a severe moral injury to support him without calling his energies into action. The wise man (I hate the word patron; there should be no such words as patron or pauper in an English vocabulary); the wise man will, if he has the means, place his poor relations on the high road to independence, cheer and comfort them on their way, and give them occasionally a helping hand; but he will not doom his own flesh and blood to the degradation of dependence.

The person who in a higher grade of society distributes the "bit and the sup" till he has not a "bit or a sup" left for himself, wrongs those who furnish his supplies. The poor cottager must not persuade himself, that if he gives his own and his children's food to the poor traveller, he wrongs none but his own. Society is so constituted that we cannot wrong only ourselves; "those who give all give none." When Mary Flanagan supported the piper, his wife, and child, for a month, having barely enough to feed her own family until the potatoes came in, she created beggary. It is not for me to point out to the legislature how this system might be changed as regards the peasantry. Something will, I trust, be done, and soon; but I want the peasantry to help themselves. I have seen amongst the Irish peasants instances of self-sacrifice, devoted attachment, elevated and generous affection, that would add laurels to any wreath of national glory. It is because I love them dearly, that I would remove the incrustations of the diamond; I want to make them think and reason.

I said all this and more about three years ago to Jenny Jeffers, who loved to hear her country praised; pretty Jenny Jeffers, who had had twenty pounds and a cottage, a little land, three acres, well stocked, left her by her uncle Bob, who died just when I think he ought to have lived; for poor Jenny was in love with her cousin, "Jumping Jeffers," as he was called, of Ballymote; and her uncle Bob had resolved that Jumping Jeffers should never have a farthing of his money. But what are a dead man's resolves against a living woman's love?

"Sorrah a wildness in him that I know of, except that he'd give the last bit and sup he had in the world to a neighbour," she said; "and that was what turned my uncle Bob against him; 'for,' says he, 'Jenny, avourneen, he has no head.' But he has a heart any how, my lady."

"An Irishman's heart may be as stout as a shillalah, Jenny, but, after all, it's a poor stock in trade for the wants of the world."

"Oh, sure, I've the twenty pounds a'most to the good, to say nothing of the house and farm."

"And your cousin?"

"Oh, sure, he has ——" Jenny paused.

"What, Jenny?"

"Himself, then, and what he stands upright in, sorrah more!" said Jenny, stooping to look for a "lucky pin" she said she had dropped.

"That's not a great deal, Jenny."

"But, sure, my lady, I have a good share of every thing. Praise be to God for it."

"Well, so you have, Jenny, an excellent commencement, and good to keep on with, also; but my great objection to Jeffers is, the quantity of poor relations that besiege him—folk that are not your blood relations at all."

"His mother's people," said Jenny, "and that's thrue for ye, my lady. He has, God help him! a round score, neither able nor willing to do a hand's turn for themselves. More's the shame and the pity! Wild, rollicking craythurs they are, getting into scrapes; but sorrah more harm than that in them."

It was of no use for me to argue with Jenny. When a woman, and an Irish woman especially, takes it into her head to walk deliberately into love's quagmire, why, you may talk to her, and reason with her, but she will not change her mind. If she falls into a passion, you have some chance from the reaction; but if she reasons with you, as Jenny did with me, she is resolved.

"Jumping Jeffers" was married to Jenny, and the sweets of an imprudent honeymoon left their usual proportion of bitterness. A good deal of the twenty pounds was spent in distributing the *bit and the sup* to "his mother's people;" and, under the generosity of the profusion, there frequently runs an under-current of *love of praise*, which stimulates persons not high minded enough for liberality to a reckless extravagance. This was the case with Jeffers; he liked to be thought a slashing, liberal, careless fellow, and he certainly had his desire amongst his own class; his superiors considered him in a different and dangerous light. Time passed on; there was not a Sunday that the "bit and the sup" was not dispensed with a too liberal hand; the drop, also, was too frequent and too strong; and the consequence was, that the pretty quiet cottage of poor Jenny had become occasionally the scene of midnight outrage. This was very distressing to her. She saw the little she had, squandered by a thoughtless unfeeling husband, and the property melting, as it were, away from them. She was too Irish to refuse "the bit and the sup," and she was likely to be left without a home.

There is no country in the world where retrenchment is so difficult as in Ireland; they sacrifice not only their future means of giving, but their future means of living, to the desire of affording present enjoyment to each other. Jenny, urged by her respectable friends, tried to stem the torrent, but she ought to have avoided entering the stream.

"It's only Bill Casey and the two boys of the Ban, Jenny," her husband would say to her remonstrance. "You can't refuse them the 'bit and the sup,' and they come so far! Don't let us disgrace ourselves before decent people by having nothing to give, Jenny; bring out the long bottle, *achorra!* Do."

"I can't—I cannot; it's no use now; leave me alone; just say you havn't got it. Sure you know our last guinea's upon the go, and not a seed in the ground yet. My goodness! how can you behave so? It's no use, I tell you again! Now, be quiet—we'll be ruined all out; you havn't done a hand's turn at the farm, and there'll be nothing to pay the rent, small as it is, the way you're going!"

This difference of opinion ended as usual; the husband had his way; and, truly, when "gale-day" came, there was nothing to pay the rent. The neighbours said how it would be; but Jeffers had still "the bit and the sup" to give, though Jenny went without stockings during the week, and her pleasant cheerful voice was now seldom heard in song or laughter. The next rent-day arrived, and the same story was told to a landlord who had hitherto been just and kind. Landlords are too often the contrary, but this man was poor, and could not do without his money. When tenants refuse to pay rent for the advantages they enjoy, they ought to consider how utterly impossible it is for their landlords to exist without money, and remember that they themselves expect to be paid for the butter, fowls, eggs, and corn, they take to market. Jeffers, however, could not pay; his wife's money had been squandered, and he had neglected their little crops for the sake of amusement; his landlord's expostulations were, in his wife's absence, returned by insolence; his landlord threatened, what his tenant dared him to perform. When Jenny entered, she found her husband half mad with whisky and rage; he had good reason to believe his landlord would distrain, and had sent for Bill Casey and his companions to prevent it. Poor Jenny, finding she could not turn her husband's purpose, and knowing how he had exasperated his landlord, resolved to appeal to the generosity of an aunt, who lived at some distance, in this time of peril, and set forth in a state of agitation better imagined than described, having first prevailed upon a female friend to remain in the house during her absence, to prevent every thing in it from being destroyed. "He'll give the 'bit and sup' to the last," she said, as distinctly as she could speak for tears; "and if you don't watch, Aileen, the dresser from the wall, and the bedstead from under us, will be sold for that same."

Poor Jenny entreated them all to be patient till her return, but she might as well have expected patience from a March whirlwind; they had been so long accustomed to lawless deeds, that they were much better pleased with the prospect of the landlord's putting his threat into execution, than with the hope of his forbearing altogether.

Jenny, poor Jenny, had a long and weary journey. She had endeavoured, before she set out, to see her landlord, but he was from home, and perhaps for the first time in her life she did not squander her time. Her aunt was old, and cross, and fractious, yet she obtained her desire, and turned towards home with an anxious heart, but many good resolves in case of her husband's persisting in his ill conduct. She had been offered a home with her aunt; but, in truth, the constant-hearted woman prayed more earnestly for his reform than for her own release. She had journeyed the greater part of the night; but when she arrived at the end of the *bóhren* that led to her cottage, although it was the very earliest morning, sounds of tumult struck upon her ear, and she flew rather than ran towards her cottage. When she came in sight of "the bawn," she beheld a scene of confusion too frequently witnessed in Ireland—the

* Rent-day.

landlord was attempting to fulfil his threat, and had been resisted.

One violence brought on another; the police had, it would appear, seized a couple of pigs, which, by an ingenious device of Jeffers, had been placed in his sty to mislead the agents of the law. A scuffle had ensued; her husband was struggling on the ground with two of the men; and her friend, whom she had left to keep peace and preserve order, was whirling stones from her apron upon the assailants, in a way that left no doubt of her intention.

The half-suffocated screams of her husband urged her to phrenzy. Impelled by an impulse she had no time to reason with, or strength to resist, she flew to his rescue, seized a wattle that lay in her path, and succeeded in drawing off the attention of one of the men from her husband. Jeffers took immediate advantage of this rescue, and rallied with his friends, so as to be able to make a retreat, which ended in flight; but one of the bailiffs was so severely injured that his life was despaired of. Poor Jenny and her friend were carried to the county jail, amid the tears of her acquaintances, who, but for her earnest and well-managed entreaties that they would keep the peace, and commit no second outrage, would most certainly have rescued her. The man who had been so severely beaten by Jeffers died, but his companions bore testimony to his having received the injuries which caused his death, before the women interfered in the least with the fray, and certainly before Jenny's arrival at the scene of contest. The verdict returned was one of murder against Jeffers and Bill Casey. Poor Jenny endeavoured to support her friend's spirits and her own. The latter were considerably relieved by the information, secretly given, that her unfortunate husband had escaped from the country, though the bitterness of heart she experienced in the knowledge that he had left her without one love token, one kind message, after all she had done and suffered for his sake, was hard to bear. If it had only been "a God be with you, agra, or a lock of his hair; and he gone for ever from the sight of my eyes; though I pray that God may pity him as I do. And he may be at this moment tossing on the wide ocean, with the fresh air of heaven about his head, and the free waters of the Almighty rolling him to a free country; while I'm here, my heart crushed in my body, between the hard walls of a jail. Oh! it's hard to bear, it's hard to bear; sure I couldn't stand to see him murderin', and he my husband. I couldn't stand that, any how; and how'll my people ever stand the disgrace!—and all that he, poor fellow, gave the *bit and the sup* to with both hands, scattered by the law and their own devilment. Oh, my grief! But keep a good heart, *arounneen*; you shan't be worse off than me, that you shan't, and the day will soon come, and be soon gone too. God tache us the right way!"

There was something in Jenny's uniform good intentions, though she had failed to carry them into action, in her fond yet foolish attachment to her worthless husband, that interested us all in her behalf; and greatly pleased were we to hear of a fine of a few pounds, with the alternative of three months' imprisonment, named as her punishment, for we knew that she could easily contrive to raise the money. A morning or two after the termination of the assizes, we accompanied some friends to visit the jail, and to our great astonishment, there, in the female ward, was Jenny, spinning away, her black hair braided back neatly as usual, and her aspect more composed, more calm, than we had seen it for months.

"Why, Jenny, how is this? We thought you had gone to your aunt's."

"Thank ye, madam," she answered; "but my people's very angry with me—very angry with me intirely; and when my time's up here, I'm thinking I'll have to go to sarvice, for indeed I shouldn't be able to go begging for the '*bit and the sup*,' though many begged it from me. I might have kept it to be sure; but *all we can do with spill milk, is to cry over it*, my lady."

"And not spill it again, Jenny?"

"Bedad, ma'am," said Jenny smiling, "it's great luck entirely we must have to win the chance of spilling it *twice*!"

"But, Jenny, how came you here now? Surely if you could not raise enough to pay the fine on your own place, your friends would do it for you."

"As to my poor little place, it's altogether gone to the bad; and sure my people did raise it, God bless them!"

"And why are you here?"

"Ah, ma'am, that's a bird of fresh feathers. You see, my lady, that misfortunate morning I warned poor Ailey to take care of the dresser and the bits of things; and that drew her into the ruction, poor craythur; and sure, ever since she's been here, on my account as a body may say, there's been no child's hand to give a drink of water to her ould mother, or look after any thing in their little house; so, my lady, I paid her ransom instead of my own. She's gone free to her mother, God be praised! and though my aunt's mad with me, I have their blessing, and the knowledge that I did right—to strengthen me against the trouble."

The noble-hearted woman deserved the strength her self-sacrifice created; and though, before our converse had finished, she bowed down her head and wept bitterly as she said herself over the "spill milk," and, above all, at the remembrance of her husband's heart-

less conduct, still her tears were not those of despair, though her own folly will oblige her to trust to that charity which she squandered. If she had learnt the wise lesson of withholding judiciously, she might still have had the "*BIT AND THE SUP*" to share with those who really needed.

AGE AND SIZE OF TREES.

WITHIN the last three or four years, several works of great merit have been published in America and France, in which the age and size of trees have been discussed in a very philosophical manner. M. Decandolle, the greatest botanist in Europe, as far as the physiology of plants is concerned, has given to the world an elaborate and profound paper, entitled "*The Antiquity of Trees*." In this valuable contribution to science, the author has embodied the results of many years' investigation of the subject, and some of them are of such a nature as to startle us not a little. When, for instance, we are told, that, by calculations which are at all events made on ingenious and plausible principles, there is every reason for believing in the existence of trees that were contemporaries of the first generations of men, and probably witnesses of the last great changes of the globe which preceded the creation of the human race, our curiosity is excited in the liveliest manner to know by what mode of observation and process of reasoning philosophers arrive at such extraordinary conclusions. It is simply by counting the concentric circles in trees. This method of computation is not admitted by all botanists; but if those trees, called by Decandolle *exogenous*, form annually an external woody deposit, which is distinctly marked in the timber like a ring, and which remains indelible, and if this process is regularly continued from year to year without interruption or failure, then we can see no reasonable objection to it. The number of these concentric circles seen on a horizontal section of a trunk will inform us how long a tree has lived, as a section of a branch gives us the age of that branch. "This method," says our author, "is not liable to much error, and is a simple criterion to ascertain the age of a tree; but the inspection of these concentric circles must be made with the greatest care. By their number they give the age, and the degree of their thickness gives also the rate of their increase; therefore they should be measured as well as counted. My plan is as follows: When I have got a section of an old tree, on which I can see the circles, I place a sheet of paper upon it, extending from the centre to the circumference. On this paper I mark every circle, showing also the situation of the pith, the bark, the name of the tree, the country where it grew, and any other necessary observations. I also mark in a stronger manner, the lines which indicate every *ten years*, and thus I measure their growth at *ten years' intervals*. Measuring from centre to circumference gives me the circles, doubling this I have the diameter, and multiplying by six I have the circumference."

The learned professor then presents a table of the periods of increase in the diameter of various trees; an inspection of which proves that every tree, after having grown rapidly when young, seems at a certain age to take a regular march of growth, which may perhaps be accounted for by supposing that young trees have more room to expand in, are less pressed by the roots and branches of their neighbours, and may not have penetrated down to a hard, arid, or otherwise unfavourable soil; and also, that as trees advance in age, they still continue to form layers as thick as they previously did subsequently to the period of rapid growth. If such tables were multiplied to a sufficient extent, as we have no doubt they will be in course of time, they would form data from which, by ascertaining the circumference of a tree, its age might be known without having recourse to the destructive process of cutting deep into the growing timber. "If," says Decandolle, "one cannot get a transverse section of a trunk, then one must seek for old specimens of each kind, the date of whose planting is known, measure their circumference, deduce their average growth, and calculate from them the age of other trees of the same kind, always keeping in mind that young trees grow faster than old ones." Decandolle cites instances of trees whose ages have been ascertained according to the rule here laid down. Some of these we shall present to the reader, along with descriptions of other trees obtained from a variety of sources, particularly American publications.

A certain *Baobab tree* of Africa is considered by Humboldt as the oldest organic monument of our planet; and Adanson, a distinguished botanist, by ingenious calculations, has ascertained its age to be 5150 years. The method adopted by Adanson for finding its age, was by making a deep cut in the side of the trunk, and counting the concentric rings, by which he ascertained how much the tree had grown in three centuries; and having already learned the growth of young trees, he established his general law through the average growth. The enormous dimensions of the trunk of this tree bear a striking disproportion to the other parts. Examples of the species

have been seen, which, with a trunk ninety feet in circumference, were only twelve feet in height. A still larger was seen by Mr Golberry in the valley of the two Gagnacks in Africa; it was thirty-four feet in diameter. The flower is of the same gigantic proportions as the tree. Such colossal masses of timber might be hollowed out into by no means straitened dwelling-houses.

One of the most celebrated trees described by travellers of recent times, is the *Great Dragon tree* of the island of Teneriffe. It derives its name of *dragon's-blood*, by which it is popularly known, from the circumstance of a liquor of a deep red colour like blood flowing from its hoary trunk during the dog-days. This exudation soon becomes dry and brittle by the action of the atmosphere, and is the true dragon's-blood of the apothecaries, and other vendors. The wonderful size and appearance of this tree excited the admiration of Humboldt, who thus describes it:—"We were told that the trunk of this tree, which is mentioned in some very ancient documents as marking the boundaries of a field, was as gigantic in the fifteenth century as it is at the present moment. Its height appeared to us to be about fifty or sixty feet; its circumference near the roots is forty-five feet. * * The trunk is divided into a great number of branches, which rise in the form of a candelabrum, and are terminated by tufts of leaves, like the yucca which adorns the valley of Mexico. It still bears, every year, both leaves and fruit. Its aspect feelingly recalls to mind 'that eternal youth of nature' which is an inexhaustible source of motion and of life." This giant plant was laid prostrate by a tempest in 1822.

The fact here noticed by the learned traveller, that the tree annually bore leaves and fruit, affords indubitable proof of a very remarkable circumstance connected with the vegetable kingdom. In man and all other animals, we find an organisation and a process of life going on which is destined to cease at a certain period. Mortality is written in irrevocable characters on every thing which treads the earth, or wings the air, or cleaves the flood. Life in these, is like sand in the hour-glass; its very motion, so to speak, involves the necessity of its becoming exhausted at last, and ceasing to move. But it is otherwise with trees. They appear to possess the power of growing on for ever without exhibiting any symptoms of decay, unless from accidental or extraneous causes. We shall quote the words of Decandolle on this point. "As there is formed every year a ligneous deposit, and generally new organs, there is not among the vegetable creation place for that hardness or rigidity, that obstruction of old and permanent organs, which constitutes properly the *death of old age*, and, consequently, that being the case, trees can only die from accidental causes. Trees do not die from age in the true sense of the word; they have no fixed period of existence; and, consequently, some may be found that have arrived at an extraordinary age." But although a tree thus possesses in itself the elements of continual strength and youth, numerous causes step in to interrupt or destroy its existence. In corroboration of what we state, we need only allude to the facts, that soil is of limited depth—that, below the soil, there are usually hard strata, which the feelers of a plant cannot penetrate—that roots intercrossing encumber each other, and check vegetation—besides which, there are other destructive and obstructive causes which we need not occupy the reader's time by specifying. Consequently, although what the French philosopher says is quite true, that "some (trees) may be found that have arrived at an extraordinary age," yet, every circumstance considered, we are not to be surprised if the number found should prove exceedingly small, compared with the immense extent of the earth's surface which is covered with forest trees.

Cypresses of gigantic dimensions are met with in Mexico. At Atlixco there is one seventy-six feet in girth; and another at St Maria del Tuli, in the province of Oaxaca, which is one hundred and eighteen feet in circumference! This is larger than the dragon tree of the Canaries, and all the baobabs of Africa. "But," says Humboldt, "on examining it narrowly, M. Anza observes, that what excites the admiration of travellers is not a single individual, but that three united trunks form the famous *Sabino* of Santa Maria del Tuli." The fact of the threefold nature of the stem, seems to have escaped the notice of some writers; it is of importance in determining which is really the largest organic monument of our planet. There is another cypress at Chapultepec in the same region, which is said to be one hundred and seventeen feet ten inches round, and the younger Decandolle considers it even older than the baobab of Adanson. If the measurement here given be correct, and the tree consists only of one stem, we are entitled to regard this Mexican cypress as the most gigantic and ancient tree hitherto discovered on the globe. Hunter says that in 1776 there existed in the garden of the palace of Grenada, cypresses that were celebrated even in the time of the Moorish kings, and which were named *Cypresses de la Regna Sultana*, from a sultana who was seen sitting under it with a lover, who was one of the Abencerrages. They are supposed to be eight or nine hundred years old. Strabo mentions a Persian cypress in girth as much as five men could span, and he believed it to be two thousand five hundred years old. But this must have been guess-work; at least we are not aware that he made the computation after the skilful manner of Adanson or Decandolle. Mi-

chaux, a Frenchman, has published a splendid work on the forest trees of the United States. He says that the largest stocks of the cypress are one hundred and twenty feet in height, and from twenty-five to forty feet in circumference, above the conical base, which at the surface of the earth is always three or four times as large as the continued diameter of the trunk. Cypress are among the trees in the south of Europe which live to the most advanced age; and the custom of planting them in cemeteries and consecrated ground, ensures respect being paid to them, and thus affords botanists the means of measuring them.

The Oaks are amongst the patriarchs of Europe, but they have been treated at sufficient length on former occasions. Yews are believed to be the most ancient trees of Great Britain; and no doubt can exist that there are individuals of the species in England as old as the introduction of Christianity, and there is every reason to believe a very great deal older. It is the opinion of Decandolle, that of all European trees the yew is that which attains the greatest age. "I have measured the deposits of one of seventy years; Celhafen has measured one of one hundred and fifty years; and Veillard has measured one of two hundred and eighty years. These three measurements agree in proving that the yew grows a little more than one line annually in the first one hundred and fifty years, and less than a line from one hundred and fifty to two hundred and fifty. If for very aged yews we take the average of one line annually, it is probably an admission beyond the truth; and thus in estimating the number of lines and years as equal, we make them younger than they really are." We think this reasoning very plausible, and point out to such of our readers as may have opportunities of seeing old yew trees, how easily they may ascertain their age.* The line here spoken of is one-tenth of an inch. The circumference may be taken just above the base of the tree; the third of this measurement gives the diameter, and every inch of diameter is equal to ten years. There are four measurements of venerable yews in England—those of the ancient Abbey of Fountains, near Ripon in Yorkshire, which yews were well known as early as 1155. Pennant says that in 1770 they were 1214 lines in diameter, and, consequently, were more than twelve centuries old. Those of the churchyard of Crowhurst in Surrey, on Evelyn's authority, were 1287 lines in diameter. There are two remarkable yews still in the same cemetery, and if they be the same which Evelyn refers to, they must be fourteen centuries and a half old. The yew tree at Fortingal in Perthshire, mentioned by Pennant, in 1770 had a diameter of 2588 lines, and, consequently, we must reckon it at from twenty-five to twenty-six centuries old. The yew of Brabourne churchyard in Kent has attained the age of 3000 years; but that at Hedsor in Bucks surpasses all others in magnitude and antiquity. It is in full health, and measures above twenty-seven feet in diameter; consequently, according to Decandolle's method of computation, this yew has reached the enormous age of 3240 years! In all likelihood this is the most ancient specimen of European vegetation.

The Elm attains a very large size, and has a very rapid growth, both in Europe and America; but the elm of the latter country has a much more majestic appearance than that of Europe. Michaux characterises it as "the most magnificent vegetable of the temperate zone." A specimen mentioned by Decandolle, which grew near the town of Morges in Switzerland, measured seventeen feet seven inches in diameter, and was estimated at three hundred and thirty-five years of age. He informs us that it grew on an average three lines and a half yearly; but dividing its growth each century, it grew six lines annually the first, two and a half the second, and two and three-fourths the third; and this growth agrees with that of those elms planted by order of Sully before the Chambers in France. Every one who has it in his power to ascertain the rate of growth of trees, ought to do so, as he is thereby not only gratifying a rational curiosity, but conferring a benefit on science. Wherever the age of an elm or other tree is correctly known, its girth should be taken, and a plain statement of the species of tree, the nature of the soil where it grew, its diameter and age, transmitted to any journal, the special object of which is to take cognisance of the vegetable kingdom. We are certain that hundreds of our readers have this in their power. Indeed, Decandolle earnestly solicits the attention of English botanists to the subject; for it is only by an extensive accumulation of individual facts that general laws can be established.

One of the most curious and beautiful of nature's productions, is the Banian or Burr tree, the *Ficus Indica* of botanists. Each tree forms in itself a grove, composed of numerous stems connected together, some of which are of the size of a large tree. On the island of Nerbuddah, near Baroach, in Hindostan, there is still standing a celebrated banian, called the *Cubber Burr*. The tradition of the natives is, that it is three thousand years old. It is supposed by some to be the same tree that was visited by Nearchus, one of Alex-

ander the Great's officers. The large trunks of this tree amount in number to 350, the smaller ones exceed 3000, and each of these is constantly sending forth branches and hanging roots to form other trunks. The circumference of this remarkable plant is nearly 2000 feet. Milton, in his "Paradise Lost," has described one of these trees as that of whose leaves our first parents "made themselves aprons" after the fall.

"Soon they chose
The fig-tree, not that kind for fruit renowned,
But such as at this day, to Indians known,
In Malabar or Decan, spreads her arms,
Branching so broad and long, that in the ground
The bended twigs take root, and daughters grow
About the mother-tree, a pillar'd shade
High over-arched, and echoing walks between."

The Lime is the European tree which, in a given time, appears capable of acquiring the largest diameter. Decandolle has some observations on the rate of growth of this tree, which may prove useful. He says, "That which was planted at Fribourgh in 1476, on occasion of the battle of Morat, has now a diameter of 13 feet 9 inches, which would give about two lines of annual diametric growth. This is about the rate of the increase of the growth of an oak, and therefore, I suppose, the tree had not found a favourable soil, and it would be nearer the truth to calculate the annual growth of the lime at four lines. There are in Europe a great number of limes of large size, and it would be interesting to have the circumference of those whose date is known. I shall mention for their size that of the Chateau of Chaillé, near Melles, in the department of the Deux Sèvres, which in 1804 measured 15 metres round (about 50 feet), and which I suppose was then five hundred and thirty-eight years old; that of Trons in the Grisons, already celebrated in 1424, which in 1798 measured 51 feet in circumference, and which I calculate to be five hundred and eighty-three years old; that of Depeham, near Norwich, which in 1664 was 8½ yards in circumference; and that of Henstadt in Wurtemberg, which in 1550 was so large as to have need of props, and which in 1664 was 37 feet 4 inches in circumference. One must distinguish between the large and small leaved limes, as the former appear to grow faster than the latter." There appears to be a mistake in regard to the Depeham lime. We suspect it is the same mentioned by Sir Thomas Browne, which he says was 90 feet in height, and 48 feet round at a foot and a half from the ground. He also describes a poplar near Harling as of nearly the same dimensions. The largest now known in England grows in Moor Park, Herts.

The Oriental Plane is one of those trees which attain the largest size, but the rate of its increase is not ascertained. In the valley of Bujukderé, about three leagues from Constantinople, there is a plane which recalls to mind one which Pliny has celebrated. According to the Roman naturalist, there was a plane-tree in Lycia, which had a hollow trunk capacious enough to accommodate the consul Licinius Mutianus and eighteen followers, who found within its ample cavity a retreat for the night. This living vegetable grotto was 75 feet in circumference, and the summit of the tree resembled a small forest. The plane at Constantinople is 150 feet round, and within it there is a cavity of 80 feet in circumference. This transcends the tree of Pliny. There are other very large oriental planes mentioned by Clark and others, and one of vast size was lately noticed by Mr Quin in his voyage down the Danube. For the information of our readers, we may mention that in the eastern states of the North American Union, this tree is called Button-wood, and in the western states Sycamore. Under the latter appellation, Mr Flint, the distinguished geographer, styles it "the king of the western forests. It is the largest tree of our woods, and rises in the most graceful forms, with vast spreading lateral branches, covered with bark of a brilliant white. A tree of this kind near Marietta (Ohio) measured 15½ feet in diameter. We have seen one on the Big Miami (a river), which we thought still larger. Judge Tucker of Missouri cut off a section of a hollow trunk of a sycamore, and applied a roof to it, and fitted it up as a study. It was regularly cylindrical, and when furnished with a stove and other arrangements, made an ample and convenient apartment." But buildings of a more extensive description than the above have been constructed out of this tree. We learn that a hollow trunk of an enormous sycamore was fitted up with the requisite appendages, and made use of at Utica in New York state as a retail shop; and it was afterwards carried to the city of New York for a show. We extract from the *New York Traveller* the following notice of such another extraordinary domicile, or in all likelihood the same as that made use of at Utica. It was exhibited in the saloon of the American Museum in New York. "A sycamore tree of most singular and extraordinary size has been brought to this city from the western part of this state. The interior is hollowed out, and will comfortably accommodate some forty or fifty persons. It is splendidly furnished as a sitting-room, and contains every article of elegance and usefulness. It has a handsome piano, sofas, glasses, and mirrors, of fit and becoming style, and is decorated with pictures and fancy articles." The reader is not to class this account with the many incredible trans-Atlantic stories which are imported into this country. We have no reason to doubt the fact; but it seems quite clear that the apartments must have been hollowed out of the tree lengthways, its diameter affording sufficient height for them.

There are still some trees of a very remarkable size or age which remain to be described, but we can only briefly notice the most celebrated of them. In the Garden of Olives at Jerusalem there are now existing eight olives, which can be proved by historical documents to have existed anterior to the taking of Jerusalem by the Turks, and which consequently must be at least 800 years old. A writer in the North American Review remarks, that the largest oak, and indeed the largest tree he has seen in that country, is an oak about twenty-seven feet in circumference at the smallest part. Its age he computes at not less than 500 years, so that it must have been a majestic tree at the time when Columbus discovered the western world. We wish he had told us its girth immediately above the base, but it is quite clear that this oak must be a stupendous organic fabric.

In 1804, Decandolle saw at Gigean, near Montpellier, in France, an ivy, the trunk of which near the base was six feet round, and whose immensity, he says, was truly astonishing. Another ivy, only forty-five years old, was only seven and a half inches round; so, taking it as a general type, the specimen at Gigean in the year 1804, ought to have been of the age of 435 years. We have nowhere seen mentioned an ivy of such colossal dimensions. A writer in the North American Review mentions wild grape vines of enormous size. He says that, whilst in the eastern states, and, we may add, in Europe, it "rarely grows larger than a stout walking-stick, in our western states it sometimes surpasses, in diameter, the body of a full-grown man. This fact we have verified by actual measurement."

Amongst the largest flowers, are those of an *Aristolochia* of South America, which are four feet round: the Indian boys, in their sports, draw them over their heads as a cowl. Probably the largest flower-cup in the world is that of the *Rafflesia* of Sumatra, in the East Indian seas, which is nearly three feet in diameter, and weighs fourteen pounds. The largest leaf is that of the Talipot, which has been measured, and found eleven feet in length, and sixteen in breadth. It was used as a parasol, and screened six persons at table.

MR ROBERTS'S EXCURSION—SECOND LETTER.

In our 375th Number we took the liberty of reprinting, from the *Athenæum*, a letter from Mr D. Roberts, descriptive of his professional tour in Egypt, and dated Cairo, the 24th of December. We have now the satisfaction of offering a second letter from that gentleman, dated St Jean d'Acre, April 25, 1839, which has been lately received by one of his friends in this city, through whose kindness we have been favoured with a copy for publication. Being descriptive of Mr Roberts's movements through a region of singular natural features, and full of the most extraordinary remains of antiquity, it cannot fail to prove interesting to our readers.

"My dear —, I take the earliest opportunity—that of a rainy day, sitting under my tent opposite the celebrated St Jean d'Acre, and who knows but on the same spot which *Cæsar de Lion* himself may have occupied under similar circumstances—of letting you know that here I am thus far on my way homewards, after a journey of nearly three months through the Desert and Syria, and in as good health as I ever enjoyed in my life. I look forward to reaching England in two months more, fully prepared to do something desperate in the way of art, or at all events to make the best possible use of the great variety of materials which I have collected for the purpose. But to the narrative of my wanderings: After my return from Upper Egypt and Nubia, I passed six weeks in Cairo, partly in taking sketches of its mosques and bazaars, and partly in preparing for my journey across the Desert. An English gentleman and I having arranged to visit Petra together, we were joined by a countryman whom you know, Mr —, from Edinburgh; he happened to be in Cairo at the time, and having a few weeks to spare, joined us, making altogether a party strong enough to face any band of Arabs from the Desert of Suez to India. On the 8th of February, having entered into an arrangement with the sheik or chief of a powerful tribe of Arabs, we left Cairo for Mount Sinai, with a caravan of twenty-one camels. These animals were designed for carrying our tents, provisions, and even water for our journey, as far as the head of the Gulf of Akaba, on the Red Sea, that being the boundary to which the tribe could go. Only fancy your humble servant, dressed and armed with sword and pistols, like a respectable Mussulman, and seated on a dromedary, issuing from the gates of Cairo, in the midst of a wild-looking cavalcade of camels and Arabs; and if you can, it will not make a bad sketch. Our first night's encampment in the Desert was any thing but agreeable, but the second was much worse. Before we could get up our tents, one of those dreadful storms overtook us, which are only to be seen in those latitudes—the thunder rolled and the rain fell in torrents for two hours, whilst the hurricane, I thought, would have swept every thing before it. To have had an opportunity of creeping under the belly of a camel would have been a luxury, but this was a situation I could not attain; I had to hold on by the poles of the tent, and keep a look-out after the portmanteaus and eatables, all of which, of course, were completely deluged. The night, you may be assured, was miserable enough; next day, however, the sun rose as usual in his eastern splendour, and all was forgotten;

* We are aware that at the British Association, which met in 1836, a paper was read contradictory of Decandolle's computation regarding yew trees, and stating that he made the old trees too young, and the young trees too old. The experimenter asserted that the mean average of the number of lines which a tree increased in a year, was two, or one-fifth of an inch. But Decandolle is the highest authority, and we are inclined to abide by his opinion till further experiments have been made.

and now I am so much at home in this sort of life, that it will be some time before I get reconciled to sleep within four walls. It is certainly the most independent way of living that I can imagine—no bills to pay—no waiters waiting for a gratuity—by daybreak the tents are struck, and the camels loaded, and then we are on our way for new places of interest.

In three days we crossed the Isthmus of Suez, and there being little to be seen in this miserable place, we pushed on towards the Great Desert or wilderness of Sinai. Our route here lay through the same wild mountains which were traversed by the Israelites in their flight from Egypt, leaving on our right that portion of the Red Sea which they so miraculously crossed. Near some salt springs, surrounded by a few palm-trees, and called the Wells of Moses, is the spot where it is said they crossed. The scenery through the whole of our route to Mount Sinai was of the most sublime and awful description, so much so, that I do not know what to liken it to; imagine rocks piled on rocks, such as Martin would paint, but totally destitute of all verdure, and of a dark chocolate colour, also polished so as to reflect the rays of the sun, and to scorch the face and hands of the traveller exposed to their influence—in short, a most horrid scene of desolation, and accounting for the murmuring and discontent which broke out among the unhappy Israelites whilst perishing of thirst and hunger, and reflecting on the land of plenty they had left behind them. On the night of the seventh day from leaving Suez, we made the convent of St Catherine, situated on the heights of Mount Sinai, and built on the spot where God appeared to Moses in the burning bush. This convent, situated amongst the lawless tribes of Arabs, may be called a fortress, surrounded by strong walls, along the top of which are mounted several pieces of cannon, the only access being by a rope, which is lowered from a great height in the wall, and up which you are raised by a windlass. Night had closed in long before we reached the convent; and had you seen us drawn up one by one, dangling midway between heaven and earth, whilst the Greek monks, in their picturesque costume and long beards, held a glimmering light overhead, just sufficient to light up the countenances of the wild group below, you would have agreed with me that if such a scene could have been transferred to canvass, it would have created more interest, at least in point of novelty, than any picture that has been painted in England for many a day. On landing inside, our reception by the hospitable monks was every thing that could be desired. Here we staid some days, ascending to the summit of the mountain, and visiting some of the most extraordinary scenery perhaps in the world, as respects real grandeur, and far surpassing all others in point of moral interest.

After a stay of a few days, we continued our journey through the wilderness of Sinai, riding about ten hours a-day, and encamping at night, and suffering nothing except from thirst and a scarcity of water, our supply having failed long before reaching the springs of Akaba. I enjoyed the excursion very much. Akaba is a small fortress at the extremity of the gulf of that name on the Red Sea, and is merely kept for the protection of the pilgrims that yearly leave Egypt on their way to Mekka. Here we left our friendly Arabs, and had to engage with a tribe of rather a different character. Having to wait some time until a messenger was dispatched into the mountains for the chief of the tribe that was to conduct us to Petra, I had abundance of opportunity of seeing the Bedouins 'at home.' At length, after considerable delay, and some vexation in consequence of the exorbitant charges made for the journey, our arrangements were completed, and we set out with the intent of proceeding by way of Petra to Hebron in Syria. We commenced our march, following what is supposed [and supposed erroneously] to be the ancient bed of the Jordan previous to the destruction of Sodom and Gomorrah. Thus our route continued for about a week or eight days, during which we visited the encampment of our guides. Having approached Gebel Hor, or Mount Hor, on which Aaron was buried, we struck into the mountains, in the bosom of which lies Petra, the stronghold of the ancient Idumites, which was first visited in modern times by the celebrated traveller Burckhardt, and afterwards by Messrs Irby and Mangles, also by Laborde, the only one who, except myself, as far as I am aware, has made drawings of this extraordinary city of past ages. I need hardly say that the visiting of it hitherto has been attended with the greatest difficulty, from the lawless habits of the tribes who have possession of this part of Arabia. To describe this place is impossible; therefore I will not attempt it. If I am spared to return to England, I will show you the sketches I have made, and then you will judge for yourself. Conceive a town with the most noble mansions excavated in the face of perpendicular rocks varying from five hundred to a thousand feet in height, and that to an extent of six or eight miles in all directions; the valleys or narrow ravines forming the streets, with lanes winding over from one to the other to the height I mention. The centre of the main valley had originally been occupied by houses built in the usual way, but repeated earthquakes levelled all in one common mass of ruins. There is now a city fortified by nature, such as never city was before or since, surrounded by mountains, the only passage of entrance through which is by a ravine so narrow at most places, that two camels could scarcely enter abreast. While the city was inhabited in ancient times, the hills around were cultivated to the very summit; there was a stream of delicious water flowing through it, and the population must have been immense. Now, all is desolate and solitary. The hills, though environed with a desert, still retain the richest vegetation, nature being unchangeable; but the only sound which is heard is the cry of the wild animals with which the deserted city abounds, or the stealthy step of the wild Arab, 'his hand against every man, and the hand of every man against him.' This is literally the case, for although strongly guarded, I did not complete the object of my journey without paying the common penalty of travellers. Fortunately our loss

was not great. After five days spent in making sketches of the most remarkable features of this extraordinary valley, we made the best of our way to Palestine, the most interesting of countries. Spring had now commenced, and all nature was bursting into vegetation. Waste and desolate as is the land of Judaea, nature is still as bounteous as in the days of her glory. In my wanderings through it, I have travelled from 'Dan to Beersheba,' and have never beheld nature in a more lovely form than in this once happy country, contrasted only by the utter desolation and wretchedness of her towns."

[Mr Roberts concludes by describing in brief terms his further journey to Jerusalem, the Dead Sea, Baalbeck, Tyre, and thence to St Jean d'Acre, whence, he says, he is to proceed by Malta to Spain. We trust soon to see the productions of his admirable pencil disseminated, in their usual accessible form, over the country.]

"MEMOIRS OF M. G. LEWIS,"

RECENTLY PUBLISHED.*

WE have been much more pleased than we could have expected with these memoirs of Lewis. This gentleman, as most of our readers must be aware, was a rather conspicuous member of the literary republic of Britain during the latter years of the last, and the earlier years of the present century. He was born in London on the 9th of July 1775. His father was a man of family and property, and through a long succession of years held the post of Deputy Secretary at War under various governments of George III. The mother of the novelist was the youngest daughter of Sir Thomas Sewell, Bart., Master of the Rolls. Thus respectably descended, the subject of our notice, who was the eldest of a family of two sons and two daughters, was introduced in childhood into the higher circles of society, and continued to move in them through life. In early boyhood he was sent to a preparatory school, after which he passed through the usual routine of education at Westminster and Oxford, without signalling himself very highly at any of these places, excepting by his skill in recitation and acting. While he remained at Westminster, an event took place in his family, which afterwards gave occasion, as this work amply shows, for the display of many of the best qualities of human nature on the part of young Lewis. His parents disagreed and separated, never again, as it proved, to be re-united. Dissimilarities of temper and disposition constituted the chief cause of this rupture, and it was afterwards admitted by Mrs Lewis that the principal share of blame ought justly to rest on herself. No blot, however, of a serious kind, was thrown by this occurrence upon her character. Her eldest son was deeply attached to her, and his unremitting attentions throughout the whole course of her solitary after-existence, do him a degree of honour which counterbalances in a great measure the blemishes cast upon his name and fame by other circumstances. Lewis's filial piety is here displayed for the first time to the world.

It was at the very early age of sixteen that he first attempted literary composition, and we find, from some of his letters to his mother, that it was chiefly with the view of adding to her comforts that he took up the pen. A farce or two, founded upon French pieces, and a sentimental novel, were his primary essays; but none of these productions were either accepted at the theatres, or given to the public, in their original condition. He retained them by him, however, and went on composing and projecting, so as to acquire ease in writing, and to lay up stores of manuscript for future remodelling. In 1792, he went to the Continent, and in the following year, he for the first time visited Scotland, where he chiefly lived at the houses of Lord Douglas and the Duke of Buccleugh. In the summer of 1794, his father's influence readily procured for him the post of attaché to the Dutch embassy, and accordingly he crossed over to the Hague, and passed some time there. Being still "horribly bit by the rage of writing," as he himself remarks in one of the series of letters to his mother, he dedicated his leisure hours at the Hague to the composition of a work of fiction, in the manner of the *Mysteries of Udolpho*, which he unequivocally shows his own taste by styling "one of the most interesting books ever published." Lewis's romance (the title of which gained for him the nickname of "Monk" Lewis) was written in the very short space of ten weeks, and next year, after the author had returned to England, it issued from the press in three volumes, and excited such a sensation as falls to the lot of few similar publications. Part of this celebrity, or rather notoriety, was honourable to Lewis, part of it discreditable: we willingly pass

from a painful subject to one which is only trivial. Our young author was already a clever writer of light verses, of which the following, written upon the model of a well-known trifle of Goldsmith, is a specimen:—

POOR SIMON'S MONODY.

You ask what cause my tears supplies,—
They flow because I'm weeping;
Nor e'er shall slumber close my eyes
Again, except I'm sleeping.
That I poor Simon's death lament,
No reason for surprise is;
Oh! he had been a perfect saint,
If he had had no vices.
His courage he did oft display
Where drums and cannons rattle,
And never ran from fight away,
But when he fled from battle.
He was to speak the truth inclined,
Save when he falsehoods stated;
And was a friend to all mankind,
Excepting those he hated.*

* * * * *
Yet I'm disposed, I must confess,
To think the doctors wrong here;
The true cause of his death, I guess,
Was—he could live no longer.
These tears, which all my friends deride,
I to his loss am giving—
Oh surely had not Simon died,
He would have now been living!

Immediately on becoming of age, Lewis obtained a seat in parliament for Hindon, his father being anxious that he should direct all his powers to politics. But the young man's tastes were irretrievably turned to literature, and during the year following that in which his novel was published, he startled the world anew by the production of his musical drama of "The Castle Spectre," a piece which had a run of sixty nights at Drury Lane Theatre, and which continued popular for many subsequent years. This composition showed that the style of the previous fictitious work had not been fortuitously adopted by the author, but that the ultra-romantic, the mysterious, the thrilling, and the terrible, constituted Lewis's proper field.

Between 1796 and 1800, Lewis produced "the Minister, a Tragedy from the German," "Rolla, a Tragedy from the German," "Love of Gain, a Poem," "the East Indian, a Comedy," and "Adelmorn, the Outlaw, a Drama," all of which added more or less to his reputation, and were tinged in various degrees with his known peculiarities of taste. Numerous compositions came at the same time from the pen of Lewis, which were not published. One of these, styled "the Captive, a Poetic Monodrama," is presented to the world for the first time in this Memoir. It was performed one night; but its effect on the spectators was such as to prevent its repetition, several of them being thrown into fits. It is a thrilling picture of madness, almost too dreadful even to be read.

While Lewis was thus pursuing his literary career, he continued to mix extensively with society, and became one of its first favourites. A liberal allowance from his father enabled him to maintain a fitting place in the world. He paid various visits to Scotland, residing for the most part at Inverary Castle with the noble family of Argyll, who seem to have been particularly attached to him. For one member of that ducal house, indeed, the Lady Charlotte Campbell (now Bury), Lewis entertained a feeling much stronger than mere friendship, although prudence seems to have taught him to suppress it. Inverary Castle appears to have been in those days a scene of the most refined intellectual enjoyment. Many persons of talent, some of whom now occupy conspicuous places in the world, were frequent visitors at the castle. Among other sources of amusement, a periodical paper, called the *Bugle*, was published weekly, and several manuscript copies were laid every Saturday morning on the breakfast tables. Many great names were attached to the contributions in the *Bugle*, though the most of these never were at any time set in types. Lewis was an important contributor, but many of his pieces were afterwards published, as, for example, the exquisite ballad or song of "Crazy Jane," which was suggested by a real adventure of Lady C. Campbell. Others of Lewis's minor compositions at Inverary Castle are given in these Memoirs for the first time, and we have much pleasure in laying a specimen before the reader.

THE ADIEU.

Yes! dearest girl, the time is past,
When, rural pleasures flying,
You seek the busy town, while here
I stay, in absence sighing.
But seated at some splendid show,
While all with pleasure eye you,
Oh! then on me one thought bestow,
And wish that I were nigh you.
Till summer brings thee back, my love,
Of pomp and tumult weary,
The heavy hours will slowly move,
And all be chill and dreary.
Fair spring in vain will boast her reign,
And trees their leaves recover,
While far from thee, it still must be
December with thy lover.

* There is some salt truth here. Many are friends to all mankind, except those they hate.

"The number of songs and ballads which Lewis composed," says his biographer, "must have been immense, for he wrote a very large portion of the most popular ballads of his own time." Many are still popular, and when we remember such among them as "The Banks of Allan Water," "He loves and he rides away," "Crazy Jane," "No, my love, no," and others, we cannot but be inclined to give their author a high place among the followers of the very difficult art of song-writing. To his other accomplishments he added that of musical composition; and melodies, as well as words, were in various cases his own.

Lewis met other distinguished people in Scotland besides the occupants and guests of Inverary Castle. In 1798, he saw Walter Scott at Edinburgh, and it is mentioned in the Life of the great novelist of the north, who was then but imping his poetic wings, that he (Scott) "had never felt such elation as when Lewis invited him to dine with him at his hotel." As Scott's remarks of a future date (1825) on Lewis exhibit the foibles of the latter, as well as his personal peculiarities, they may be quoted here. "Lewis was fonder of great people than he ought to have been, either as a man of talent or as a man of fashion. He had always dukes and duchesses in his mouth, and was pathetically fond of any one who had a title. You would have sworn he had been a *parvenu* of yesterday; yet he had lived all his life in good society. Mat had queerish eyes—they projected like those of some insects, and were flattish on the orbit. His person was extremely small and boyish—he was indeed the least man I ever saw, to be strictly well and neatly made. * * * He was a child, and a spoiled child, but a child of high imagination, and so he wasted himself on ghost stories and German romances." Lord Byron, who in later years knew Lewis well, alludes to his death in the following parody on two lines of Scott:—

I would give many a sugar cane
Monk Lewis were alive again.

The "sugar cane" here has reference to the scene of Lewis's decease, which occurred on the way from the West Indies, and Scott, after quoting Byron's distich, says, "I would pay my share. How few friends one has whose faults are only ridiculous! Lewis did much good by stealth, and was a most generous creature."

In the course of the first six years of the nineteenth century, Mr Lewis sustained his reputation by issuing various compositions from the stage and the press. "Alfonso, King of Castile, a Tragedy," "Tales of Wonder, in two volumes," "Bravo of Venice, from the German;" "Rugantino, a Drama;" "Adelgitha, a Tragedy;" and "Feudal Tyrants, a Romance in four volumes," are to be ascribed to this period of his career. Almost all of these productions displayed the same lively talents and the same Germanised peculiarities of taste with his earlier writings. The *Tales of Wonder*, in particular, became highly popular. To his mother the literary successes of Lewis gave extreme pleasure. The affection existing between these parties, as has been said, was most ardent and durable; and whoever peruses the letters written by Matthew to his parent, which are given in the *Memoirs* before us, and which extend over the long space of twenty-seven years, will form a very high opinion, assuredly, of the writer's goodness of heart, and also no mean estimate of his good sense—a quality less frequently attributed to him. Circumstances occurred to expose both endowments to a severe trial. About 1804, the elder Lewis became acquainted with a lady to whom he would have had his son not only stretch out the hand of amity, but pay court in the humblest manner. Having been informed of injurious language uttered by that lady against his mother, and naturally disliking her position with respect to his father, the son respectfully but firmly declined to do as desired; he would only consent to show *no ill feeling* towards the party in question. The consequence was a separation between the father and son, which lasted till the decease of the elder Lewis. The latter, however, continued the allowance on which the young author lived; and fortunate this circumstance was for the mother, as much of the son's means was expended in furnishing her with comforts which her stated allowance was too small to procure for her.

The works of Lewis between 1800 and 1812 were the "Wood Demon, a Drama," "Tales of Terror, in two volumes," "Romantic Tales, in four volumes," "Venoni, a Drama," "One o'Clock, an Opera," "Timour the Tartar, a Drama," "Rich and Poor, an Opera," and a "Collection of Poems." Various were the degrees of success attending these productions. The original spirit of Otranto-ism or Udolpho-ism—for Walpole and Radcliffe, in addition to the German, were the nurturers of his young tastes—pervaded them all, and unquestionably Lewis must share the blame, with these his models, of having fed an unhealthy and vitiated appetite in the public mind for strong excitements. Whatever was the fate of our author's productions, as far as the estimation of the critics was concerned, the poetry with which they were largely interspersed was always admired, and we cannot refrain from giving another stanza or two that are new, we believe, to the public.

THE BLIND LOVER.

'Tis true, my love, of heavenly light
These sightless orbs admit no ray;
Dark are to me the stars of night,
And blush of morn and blaze of day.

Yet think not, sweet, the want of eyes
Can e'er thine Arthur's peace destroy,
While Mary's hand that want supplies,
And kindly guides her poor blind boy.

Of when of loss of sight I speak,
I hear you breathe a tender sigh,
And oft I feel on Arthur's cheek
A tear which fell from Mary's eye:
Which when I feel—which when I hear,
Not words could yield half such a joy
As that one sigh, as that one tear,
Which pity gives the poor blind boy.

Though knowledge hides her stores from me,
And glory's clarions vainly call,
In place of these, Heaven gave me thee,
And, giving thee, it gave me all.
And while of love I hear thee tell,
And cherish hope, and promise joy,
Oh! kings and sages, sure, might well
With envy view the poor blind boy!

From the literary concerns of M. G. Lewis, we turn once more, to record the noble and honourable close of his mortal career. In 1814, he became possessor, through his father's death, of a large fortune, the major part of which lay in plantations on the island of Jamaica. After displaying the utmost beneficence to his mother, sisters, and all who had the shadow of a claim upon his bounty, Lewis, while caressed every where in society, and honoured by the intimate friendship even of princes, conceived it his duty to leave the world and its most refined enjoyments, and to take a journey, at once long and full of risk, in order to set his mind at rest respecting the happiness of his poor negro slaves. Unless one takes into account the extreme and nervous sensitiveness of Lewis's character, his delicate health and temperament, his strong attachment to his relatives, and his devotion to the pleasures of social life, the full value and merit of such a resolve cannot be appreciated. At the close of the year 1815, he embarked for the West Indies, and it is strikingly characteristic of him that he requested his mother on no account to write to him, nor to permit others to do so, dreading the effects of evil news upon his excitable constitution in such a climate. On the 10th of January following, he writes to his mother, informing her of his having had sea-sickness and misery for companions during the first month of his eight weeks' sail, but that the "opportunities afforded to him of doing some little kindness or other almost every hour of the day" after his arrival, overpaid him amply for all. His biographer thus describes the issue of Lewis's labours for the negroes. "So well did he succeed in his praiseworthy efforts, that the whole sable multitude of that part of the island began to consider him as their common friend, and the slaves on the neighbouring estates were continually making applications to him to entreat his intercession with their masters. Among his own negroes he abolished the use of the lash—gave them a fair and equal hearing with the whites in all matters of complaint—visited their cottages, and the sick in the hospital, to whom he occasionally sent the dishes from his own table. He increased their holidays, sanctioned their amusements, and became so greatly adored by the simple-hearted beings, that he could use no threat which terrified them so much, as to declare he would leave them." Having, however, determined upon a stay at that time of only four months, and finding that in that space he could not do justice to the whole of his estates, he resolved upon returning, for this very purpose, to the island, after having visited Europe. Accordingly, on the 31st of March 1816, he embarked for England, and, after a short stay there, went to Italy, in pursuance of an intention which he had for some time entertained. But the main period of this continental residence was spent in the company of Lord Byron and Percy Bysshe Shelley at Geneva; and here Lewis wrote a codicil to his will, which was witnessed by these great poets, and which made it imperative on the testator's heirs to pass three months every third year in Jamaica, that the "negroes might not be abandoned to the unlimited superintendence of any attorney or overseer." We may be assured that the two famous beings who appended their names to this document, encouraged their friend to the act by their advice and applause.

Lewis remained on the continent till the middle of 1817, when he returned to England, only to take a farewell (the last, as it proved) of his surviving parent, ere he again set out for Jamaica. Long after he had ceased to exist, a short work or journal of his was published, which fully describes the incidents of this journey. On arriving in Jamaica, after a voyage of bitter suffering, he of course went to visit those distant estates not formerly seen by him. "My estate of Hordley (says he), which had been pictured to me as a perfect paradise, I found an absolute hell; the negroes were almost frantic from the ill-usage of no less than eight petty tyrants." The property was an everlasting scene of strife and confusion. By dint of incessant personal exertion, Lewis changed the face of affairs, and when he left the spot, he was followed by numberless blessings. As for the estates formerly visited by him, he found them in so happy a condition, that he declares "he could not have believed it" on the report of others, and that he would "leave the island with a heart a thousand pounds lighter from having acquired the certainty" that he had ensured the lasting comfort of his "poor negroes."

When Mr Lewis did leave Jamaica on the 4th of May 1818, it was but to meet a sudden end. Yellow

fever appeared on board the ship before it had been a few days at sea, and Lewis was seized with the disorder. To relieve an oppressive sense of weight at his stomach, a strong emetic was imprudently given him, and from this time forward violent retchings kept him in continued agony till the morning of May 14th, when he expired. It being improper to retain the body on board, on account of the danger to other passengers and to the crew from infection, the remains of Lewis were not brought to his parent soil, in which he would have wished them to repose. On the body being consigned to the deep in a rude wooden shell, with a white hammock sheet wrapped around it, and weights attached to the whole, it happened that the weights were disengaged in the plunge, and the coffin rose to the surface, while the wind, getting between the folds of the loosened canvass, inflated it like a sail. Thus circumstanced—before the eyes of the wonder-struck passengers and crew—this coffin-bark glided away from the ship, and was soon lost to their straining gaze. Where that boat of death paused in its course, has never been learned. So strange a closing scene was not unfitting, in some respects, for the bones of one who, during life, had revelled in the mystic and the terrible.

In concluding this notice, we cannot refrain from alluding to the ungenerous remark of Byron, that "Lewis died a martyr to his new riches." If any one is not satisfied of the real state of the case from this article, let him turn to these agreeable *Memoirs*, and he will speedily be assured that Lewis fell a martyr in the sacred cause of Humanity.

A FEW STATISTICS OF CRIME IN ENGLAND. THE WRECKERS.

THE humbler class of people on the coast of Cheshire, Cornwall, and some parts of Wales, are, as respects the wrecks of vessels, as lawless and barbarous as any savage nation in Africa. They live partly by fishing and smuggling, but their principal dependence is on the plunder of vessels which have been unfortunately cast ashore. Their habits are described by all who are acquainted with them, as those of banditti; they put the civil authorities at defiance; they go in bodies together at night in quest of their prey; secrete themselves in holes and sandy hillocks on the coast as a precaution against pursuit; and in the case of wrecks being driven ashore, each seizes what he can conveniently carry, and makes his escape with it to well-known depôts of such articles up the country. Two circumstances favour this state of things—the utter inefficiency, not to call it by a worse name, of the resident civil authorities, and the insecure mode of building English merchant vessels. Our ships are knocked in pieces by a comparatively slight injury, the owners always preferring a clean wreck out and out to only a partial damage, because in the one case they are paid at once for the whole by the underwriters, while in the other they have a difficulty in recovering the amount of their loss, besides being put to a considerable degree of trouble. This is one of those "crying evils" which go on crying for centuries in this country, without ever crying exactly loud enough to force a remedy; and we only advert to it in passing, as a prevalent cause of the "wrecking system" on our coasts, not with any hope of being of service in bringing about an amendment.

The coasts of Wales and Cheshire, as being either bold and rocky, or beset with sandbanks, and lying in the line of navigation of vessels in the American trade to and from Liverpool and other ports on the west side of the island, are in the enjoyment of an extraordinary amount of casual revenue from the plunder of wrecks. Cheshire is spoken of in the Report* as a great and busy seat of the wrecking system, which is profitable not alone to the actual plunderers, but to all that part of the settled population who purchase the stolen goods, such purchases being of course effected at prices greatly below those of regular markets. A storm from the west, accompanied with rain and darkness, is hailed as the omen of a fruitful harvest; and no sooner is it ascertained that a vessel is on the rocks, than the whole clan of wreckers near the spot are on the alert, watching for the anticipated prey as it comes dashing ashore. When that melancholy consummation arrives, all rush forward, like so many vultures, on the dead and dying. The bodies of the drowned are in a moment stripped of every thing valuable, and excesses of the most odious nature sometimes ensue. One witness, in alluding to the wreck of the "Grecian," Captain Salisbury, three or four years ago, on the Cheshire coast, says, "Captain Salisbury was drowned, and when his body was found, it was stripped of every thing; and whilst on shore waiting to be conveyed to some house for holding an inquest, his finger was cut off to secure his ring. The body of a female was also washed ashore; and a woman at Moreton (a village

* First Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire as to the best means of establishing an efficient constabulary force in the counties of England and Wales, 1830.

in the neighbourhood) was proved to have bitten off the ears to obtain the ear-rings."

Apart from these barbarities, the scramble for property on the occasion of a wreck is disgraceful in a pretendedly civilised country. Mr Dowling, the commissioner of the Liverpool police, gives the following evidence of his experience during four years' service:

"A wreck takes place on the Cheshire coast, and the wreckers, unless prevented by the assistance of the police from Liverpool, plunder and do as they please. I have frequently had occasion to go when vessels have been on the sandbanks. In some cases we have been in time to prevent depredation, where the vessel has not gone to pieces, or been near enough to the shore to have been boarded by the wreckers. But in other instances, where the property has been floating about, and the vessel gone to pieces before our arrival, we have known of large quantities of property being taken up the country—for instance, casks of rum, or, perhaps, of wine. They would knock the heads out, and men, women, and children, would bale the liquor out with kettles and pails, and every thing they could get, and carry it up the country. So with bales goods, tobacco; indeed, every thing they can make use of; and such was the feeling of the wreckers, that if a man saw a bale of goods or a barrel floating in the water, he would run almost any risk of his life to touch that article as a sort of warranty for calling it his own. It is considered such fair game, that if he could touch it, he called out to those about him, 'That is mine.' That is marked as his, and the others would consider that he had a claim to it, and would render him assistance. Such was the feeling of the wreckers when I first came here. When we have been able to get over in time, our services have been effective, and we have on one or two occasions driven them away. In some cases there have been as many as 300 or 400 persons assembled in a very short time; on other occasions 50 or 60.

On those occasions have you been obliged to resort to force?—In some cases; we have not come to actual blows, perhaps, but the police always go armed on those occasions (it would be useless going without), and they are somewhat alarmed at the appearance either of the fire-arms or the cutlasses, and they have been driven away without actual force. In other cases it has been necessary to take men into custody where the depredation has been committed before our faces, and they have been committed.

Over what extent do you generally go?—We never have gone beyond Hoy Lake—never more than seven miles.

Have you the information which enables you to speak confidently as to the occurrence of wrecks beyond that, and whether the practice of wrecking is common?—Yes, I know positively that it is. I can speak generally I know it has occurred, and I can speak most positively as to one case in particular. A vessel, called the *Hayes*, was wrecked beyond the place I mentioned, on the coast of Wales. Every thing from that wreck was taken possession of by the inhabitants of the coast, and on an agent being sent down for Lloyd's to collect what property he could, he found there was no constabulary force existing from whom he could get assistance. He applied to a magistrate, who told him that he could not assist him in any way but by making him a special constable, and letting him do it himself. I believe there was only one constable, and he was applied to to assist. He was, consequently, sworn in as special constable, and from a number of cottages he procured some quantity of valuable goods that had been taken. There is a case I will mention where an Italian vessel was wrecked upon the coast, and before my arrival there, the wreckers robbed the sailors who had escaped from the wreck, and took the clothes out of their chests before their faces on the coast. That was within the district, within the seven miles I have spoken of.

May there not be even now, before you arrive, cases of plunder?—Yes, decidedly. If a decided wreck takes place, if the vessel is sufficiently injured to form a wreck, the accumulation of wreckers is the most instantaneous thing you can imagine. They see from their residences what is likely to happen when a vessel is on the coast. They look out for it, and they are there before we can possibly get to them. It takes us some time to ascertain the fact of a vessel having struck. We are not mounted, and are obliged to hire cars on the other side of the water, and go across the country seven miles."

It appears from other evidence that the magistracy of Cheshire, and such constabulary as they have at their command, take very little pains to repress these lawless practices. In the following case, mentioned by Mr Dowling, they would almost seem to sanction them. He refers to the wrecks caused by the dreadful hurricane of the 7th of January 1839:—

"A number of the [Liverpool] police force under the command of a superintendent named Quick, who had formerly been in the metropolitan police force, were sent over to the Cheshire coast with a view of assisting in saving life and property. I think about twenty men went over. There were a number of vessels on shore, from which very valuable property had floated and been driven on shore. The wreckers, as usual, came down in great numbers; the arrival of the police of course caused them to retire. Some of them, however, to the number of twenty-five, were taken prisoners by the police; most of them were caught in the act of opening and plundering the bales and cases that floated on shore. As soon as an opportunity occurred, they were taken before the Cheshire magistrates, three of whom were assembled to meet the charges. One of the magistrates exclaimed, 'Holloa, holloa, Liverpool police here! What business have you here? You have no business here; you have no business in Cheshire; what authority have you here? you have no authority here at all; we shall have nothing to do with you; go about your business'—and that was acquiesced in by the other magistrates. A something to the same effect said. The superintendent argued, and said, 'Sir, these persons were caught in the act of plun-

dering, and I believe you will find, if you will refer to the Municipal Act, that we have, as constables of Liverpool, authority in Chester, in consequence of its being within seven miles of the borough.' 'Oh no,' was the reply, 'no such thing; it is not the fact.' Mr W—, (who is an attorney, and the magistrates' clerk), 'do you know any thing of this kind, that such is the fact?' 'Oh no, I know nothing of the kind; the Municipal Reform Act gives no such power; I know of no such power.' However, the superintendent argued the question very calmly and properly, and induced the magistrates to remand the prisoners to a future day. In the mean time, the town-clerk of Liverpool sent an extract of the act over, and on the following day, or a day or two afterwards, some portion of the prisoners were committed for trial. They felt very sore about it, but still there was something like an apology made; not exactly an apology, but they said, in a sort of sour tone, 'Well, we find you have in cases of felony some authority,' (whereas we have authority in all cases), 'but still you ought to have consulted us about it; the magistrates here ought to have been consulted as a point of courtesy. Before you come into our county you ought to have consulted us about it.' In matters of that kind we presume that all the time spent in finding a magistrate is lost, when you have no specific spot to find him in. It would be so much time thrown away where lives are in danger every moment, and property too, so that the best way is to send to the spot at once when we have authority, which we certainly had."

Similar evidence respecting the plundering propensities of the people on the coasts of Norfolk, Suffolk, Sussex, Dorsetshire, Hampshire, Devonshire, and Cornwall, are given in the volume before us. In Cornwall, though considerably repressed by the interference of the coast guard, outrages on wrecked property continue to be perpetrated on an extensive scale. In one instance described, the wreck of a vessel near Penzance, "there were 4000 or 5000 people of all classes staving in casks, drinking the liquor and wine, and plundering the property of every description—hundreds of women with pails, pots, jars, and other vessels, carrying it into the country in all directions."

A CHAPTER ON EPIGRAMS.

DR JOHNSON defines an epigram as "a short poem terminating in a point." The word is derived from the Greek language, and signifies to inscribe or write upon; hence we are to understand that epigrams derive their origin from those inscriptions placed by the ancients on their statues, temples, pillars, triumphal arches, and the like. They were very short at first, being sometimes no more than a single word; but afterwards increasing in length, they were composed in verse, that they might more easily be retained in the memory. This short and convenient method of expressing a thought or sentiment soon ceased to be confined to what was, strictly speaking, an inscription, and came at last to be used upon any occasion or subject; hence the name of epigram now-a-days has a most extensive signification. The fact is, that according to the definition given, nearly the whole of Pope's and Young's poetry, and a great part of the verse of the eighteenth century, consists of a series of epigrams neatly dovetailed into one another, and which, while together they form a harmonious whole, taken separately make good sense, and can be read with pleasure. The last century was indeed the golden age of epigram; but the latter part of the seventeenth was probably the period of our literary history most distinguished for this species of composition. The characteristics of this sort of poem ought to be brevity, beauty, and point; the latter consisting of a sharp, lively, unexpected turn of wit or thought, which concludes the piece. Such was the practice of the famous Roman epigrammatic poet Martial. The following may be taken as a specimen of this writer:—

Great Pompey's ashes Egypt's triumphs swell;
His sons in Europe and in Asia fell:
What wonder that those three so distant died?
So vast a ruin could not spread less wide.

There is sublimity as well as fancy in the last line. Others exclude the point, and require the thought to be equally diffused throughout the whole poem, which is the practice of another Roman poet, Catullus, who imitated the Greeks. There is extant a collection of Greek epigrams by several poets, under the name of *Anthologia*. These, for the most part, consist of fine thoughts expressed with delicacy, ease, and simplicity. They have nothing pungent in them; but if they do not bite, they sometimes tickle, and always please.

A copy of the first collection of epigrams that appeared in English, has lately fallen under our notice. It is above a century old, and contains so many really very clever short poems, not generally known, that we have selected some of the best for the amusement of our readers. The original, of which the following is a good imitation, although not strictly speaking a translation, is considered one of the neatest little pieces of poetry in the French language. It was addressed to Cardinal Richelieu, who, upon reading the last line,

answered very smartly, *Nothing*. Here we find the point, the wit of an epigram, like the sting of a bee, lies in its tail. Louis XIII. is the monarch referred to in the second verse:—

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. MAYNARD.
Sick of a life, possessed in vain,
I soon shall wait upon the ghost
Of our late monarch; in whose reign
None, who had merit, missed a post.
Then will I charm him with your name,
And all your glorious wonders done;
The power of France—the Spaniard's shame—
The rising honours of his son.
Grateful the royal shade will smile,
And dwell delighted on your name;
Sweetly appeased his griefs beguile,
And drown old losses in new fame.
But when he asks me in what post
I did your wished commands obey,
And how I shared your favour most—
What would you please to have me say?

The impolicy of war is happily satirised in two lines. This epigram bears a resemblance to the well-known anecdote of the lawyer, who gave an oyster shell to each of his clients, and took the fish to himself:—

THE BALANCE OF EUROPE.
Now Europe's balanced, neither side prevails,
For nothing's left in either of the scales.

We can now afford to laugh heartily at the ideas which Englishmen entertained of Scotland a century ago, and even much later. Witness Churchill's poem, "the Prophecy of Famine," and Johnson's many sarcastic remarks. Multitudes of smaller creatures also made it the butt of their clumsy ridicule. We select the following piece chiefly on account of its brevity:—

ON SCOTLAND.
Had Cain been Scot, heaven would have changed his doom,
Not forced to wander—but condemned to home.

The industry of seventy years, pursued under favouring circumstances, has, we suspect, disqualified our country, in some measure, for being a fit residence for the first murderer. The Welsh were also favourite subjects of ridicule with the Sassenach. The venom in the sting of what follows is not very virulent:—

A Welshman and an Englishman disputed,
Which of their lands maintained the greatest state;
The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted,
The Welshman yet would not let his vaunts abate.
"Ten cooks," quoth he, "in Wales, one wedding sees;"
"Ay," quoth the other, "each man toasts his cheese."

Of all the men ever blasted with poetic fire, Sir Richard Blackmore was the one most persecuted for his verses. He was absolutely like a person in the pillory; all sorts of unclean things were thrown at him by all sorts of persons. He must have been a man of the most dauntless courage, and have stood always on the very best terms with himself, else he never could have sustained such a furious bombardment of lampoons, epigrams, and all that kind of thing. The publication of his dismal epic of "King Arthur," seems to have thrown the whole herd of versifiers into a sort of phrenzy. They appear entirely at a loss for terms of abuse sufficiently gross to pelt the unhappy author with. "Prince Arthur," in ten books, was his first offence; "King Arthur" in twelve, more than doubled the provocation, and "A Satire on Wit" carried it beyond all bounds of endurance. The malignity of the wits of that day rose to a pitch of delirium unprecedented in the history of literature, and, led on by Dryden, his professed adversary, the assault was terrific. But Sir Richard did not live in a glass house. The envenomed shafts recoiled harmless from the brazen armour of self-esteem by which he was most fortunately protected. We select not the best, but the least objectionable, of the many epigrams of which he was the subject. It is well known that Blackmore was a physician:—

TO SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.
I charge thee, knight, in great Apollo's name,
If thou'rt not dead to all reproach and shame,
Either thy rhymes or physic to disclaim.
Both are too much one feeble brain to rack;
Besides, the bard will soon undo the quack;
Such shoals of readers thy cursed fustian kills.
Thou'lt scarce leave one alive to take thy pills.

Colley Cibber was another unhappy victim of lampoon. Many were the shafts levelled at his devoted head, which was adorned with the laureate wreath of the day. That a person so utterly divested of poetical talents should have been elevated to that dignity, was certainly no ordinary provocation, but it was the reward of what was deemed great service done to government. It was the "Nonjuror," a play directed against the Jacobites, by which he acquired the place of poet laureate, and the enmity of Pope, who enthroned him monarch of the empire of Dullness in his *Dunciad*. But the other qualities of Cibber were not such as to entitle him to this "bad eminence." His comedy of the "Provoked Husband," written in conjunction with Sir John Vanburgh, will live as long as there is a stage to act it upon. From a formidable accumulation of epigrams on him, we select two:—

ON COLLEY CIBBER.
In merry old England it once was a rule,
The king had his poet and also his fool;
But now we're so frugal, I'd have you to know it,
That Cibber can serve both for fool and for poet.

AGAIN.
What different effects does the laurel produce,
In its bough there is honour, but death in its juice;
Since Cibber has humbled its honour so low,
He should taste of the juice, for abusing the bough.

It is well known why Pope gibbeted so many lites

* Henry IV.

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

rary small deer in his immortal satire : he had himself suffered in various ways from lampoons, epigrams, and libels, of every form and name. His personal defects were a broad mark ; so was his Toryism. Not content, however, with these subjects as food for ridicule, his enemies attacked him in his intellectual and moral capacity. But here he was invulnerable. The following is a specimen of the skirmishing which he sustained :—

ON MR POPE.

Pride is his pity, artifice his praise,
A mask his virtue, and his fame a blame;
Insult his charity, his friendship fear,
And nothing but his vanity sincere.

With these calumnious lines, let the following very clever poem pair off. The last verse is eminently happy :—

TO POPE.

While malice, Pope, denies thy ego
Its own celestial fire;
While critics, and while bards, in rage,
Admiring, wot admire;
While wayward pens thy worth assail,
And envious tongues decry,
These times, though many a friend bewail,
These times bewail not I.
But when the world's loud praise is thine,
And spleen no more shall blame;
When with thy Homer thou wilt shine,
In one established fame;
When none shall rail, and every lay
Devote a wreath to thee;
The day (for come it will) that day
Shall I lament to see.

The following on the same is likewise extremely clever :—

TO MR POPE.

The craven rook, and pert jack-daw,
(Though neither birds of moral kind)
Yet serve, if hinged, or stuff'd with straw,
To show us which way blows the wind.
Thus dirty knaves, or chattering fools,
Strung up by dozens in thy lay,
Teach more by half than Dennis' rules,
And point instruction every way.
With Egypt's art thy pen may strive:
One potent drop let this but shed;
And every rogue that stunk alive,
Becomes a precious mummy dead.

Pope was made of "penetrable stuff," and quivered beneath the lash of censure, however contemptible the person might be who administered it. But his friend, the Dean, was all armed in panoply of tempered steel, from which the darts cast by the small wits of Queen Anne's day rebounded like hailstones from a rock. He towered above the herd of little men in proud and solitary grandeur, and scowled down upon them in ineffable scorn, like his own Gulliver amongst the Lilliputians. However, the following was, no doubt, intended for a compliment :—

ON DEAN SWIFT'S INTENDING HIS FORTUNE TO BUILD A MADHOUSE.

To madness Swift bequeaths his whole estate;
Why should we wonder?—Swift is right in that;
For 'tis a rule, as all our lawyers know,
Men's fortune to the next of kin should go;
And 'tis as sure, unless old bards have lied,
Great wits to madness are most near allied.

A rumour to the above effect was prevalent long prior to the Dean's death. Indeed, he himself gave publicity to his intention in the witty and sarcastic effusion which he wrote on his own death. Many will recollect the following lines :—

He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
To show, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.

Charles II. was fair game for lampooners; we select one specimen of the invective with which he was assailed. It is clever—bitter—just :—

ON CHARLES II.

Chaste, prudent, pious Charles the Second,
The miracle of thy restoration,
May like to that of quails be reckoned,
Rained on the Israelitish nation;
The wished-for blessing from heaven sent
Became their curse and punishment.

We find a great number of epigrams in which the prettiest of the thought borders on hyperbole. The following are ingenious, if not beautiful :—

ON A LADY STUNG BY A BEE.

To heal the wound a bee had made
Upon my Delia's face,
Its honey to the part she laid,
And bade me kiss the place.
Pleased, I obeyed, and from the wound
Sucked both the sweet and smart :—
The honey on my lips I found—
The sting went thro' my heart.

ON SOME SNOW THAT MELTED ON A LADY'S BREAST.

Those envious flakes came down in haste
To prove her breast less fair;
But, grieved to find themselves surpassed,
Dissolved into a tear.

FROM MARTIAL.

A drop of amber from a poplar plant,
Fell unexpected, and embalmed an ant:
The little insect we so much condemn
Is, from a worthless ant, become a gem.

The application of the above is obvious, and it probably suggested to Pope his celebrated lines on the commentators of Shakspeare and Milton :—

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms! &c.

Most fulsome was the incense of flattery offered to the superlative vanity of Sir Godfrey Kneller, the painter. The following is pretty free from that taint; and we give it, as well on account of its own intrinsic

merits, as to introduce another, containing a similar idea, but much more forcibly expressed :—

ON SIR GODFREY KNELLER DRAWING LADY HYDE'S PICTURE.

The Cyprian queen drawn by Apelles' hand,
Of perfect beauty did the pattern stand;
But then bright nymphs from every part of Greece
Did all contribute to adorn the piece:
From each a several charm the painter took,
(For no one mortal so divine could look!)
But happier Kneller, fate presents to you,
In one that finished beauty which he drew.
But oh! take heed, for vast is the design,
And madness 'twere for any hand but thine:
For mocking thunder bold Salmoeneus dies;
And 'tis as rash to imitate her eyes.

TO A PAINTER DRAWING A LADY'S PICTURE.

He! who great Jove's artill'ry aped so well,
By real thunder and true lightning fell:
How then durst thou, with equal danger, try
To counterfeit the lightning of her eye?
Painter, desist, or soon th' event will prove,
That Love's as jealous of his arms as Jove.

And with this rather-than-otherwise pleasing hyperbole, we shall close our quotations from the original "Collection of Epigrams."

* Salmoeneus.

SCRAPS FROM AMERICAN PAPERS, AS COLLECTED IN THE NEW YORK MIRROR.

WHISKERS AND LONG HAIR.

A letter from Paris states, that to be a fashionable young man in that metropolis, you must wear your hair falling in massive locks upon your shoulders—your beard must be in the style of Francis I., whilst your hand must be tightly squeezed into a canary-yellow glove; part of the costume as decidedly characteristic of an exquisite aristocrat of the present day, as a red heel was in the time of Louis XIV. Thus dressed, you may present yourself everywhere—even at the Jockey-Club, the arbiter of *fon* in Paris at the present day. Our distant readers may not be generally aware that these delectable fashions are quite as much in vogue among our Broadway dandies as they are in France. Long hair, long whiskers, and a beard *à la Francis I.* are all the rage. The derivation of this fashion of long hair is somewhat amusing. A young Parisian established himself a few years since in Cairo, in a business in which industry and perseverance would infallibly have led to competence. But our hero was impatient, and resolved to take a shorter cut to fortune. Thinking it no harm to cheat the infidels, he was in the daily practice of frauds, which, while they filled his coffers, were of little advantage to his character. At last his dishonest practices became so notorious, that the pacha was compelled to punish him in a manner in which all similar offenders had been punished in Cairo, from time immemorial. The youthful Shylock was nailed up to a pillory by the ear, and this punishment was repeated as often as his offences were discovered, until at length both his auricular organs were pierced with as many holes as a cylinder. Indeed, so obnoxious did he become at last, that the cadi, placing the gentleman's head between his knees, cut off both his ears with a razor. But the Parisian, in the meanwhile, had managed to transfer a large property to his native metropolis, and thither he followed it soon after the loss of his ears. But how should he conceal his disgrace? After much reflection he bestowed himself with half a dozen individuals suffering under a similar inconvenience, and they introduced the elf-locks, now so fashionable, and which effectually concealed their losses. Nothing could have been more fortunate. They all made excellent matrimonial speculations, and it was not until their wives undertook to comb their hair, that they discovered, to their horror, that their husbands had no ears! Our fair readers must make their own application of the moral of our story.

THE SILVER HOOK.

Doctor Franklin observing one day a hearty young fellow, whom he knew to be an extraordinary blacksmith, sitting on the wharf bobbing for little mudcats and eels, he called to him, "Ah, Tom, what a pity it is you cannot fish with a silver hook." The young man replied, "he was not able to fish with a silver hook." Some days after this, the doctor passing that way saw Tom out at the end of the wharf again, with his long pole bending over the flood. "What, Tom!" cried the doctor, "have you got the silver hook yet?" "Heaven bless you, doctor," cried the blacksmith, "I am hardly able to fish with an iron hook." "Poh! poh!" replied the doctor, "go home to your anvil, and you will make silver enough in one day to buy more and better fish than you can catch here in a month."

FRENCH GAITY.

In the campaign of 1812, a distinguished general officer of the French army was severely wounded in the leg. The surgeons on consulting declared that amputation was indispensable. The general received the intelligence with much composure. Among the persons who surrounded him he observed his valet-de-chambre, who showed by his profound grief the deep share which he took in the melancholy accident. "Why dost thou weep, Germain?" said his master, smilingly, to him; "it is a fortunate thing for thee; you will have only one boot to clean in future."

PRECOCIOUS GENIUS.

"Marm, mayn't I go and play horse to-day?" "No, child, you must stay in the house." "Now, look here, marm; if you don't let me, I'll go and catch the measles—I know a big boy that's got 'em prime!"

ACID CONTAINED IN ANTS.

Contrary to the once received doctrine that no acid was to be found in any animal, except as the effect of disease in the alimentary canal, many insects secrete peculiar and powerful ones. The fact that blue flowers, when thrown into an ant-hill, become tinged with red, has been long known; but Mr Fisher, of Sheffield, about

1670, seems to have been the first who ascertained that this effect is caused by an acid with which ants abound, and which may be obtained from them by distillation, or infusion in water. Margraff and other chemists have confirmed this discovery. The subsequent experiments of Deyeux, Fourcroy, and Vauquelin, have ascertained that this acid is not of a distinct kind, but a mixture of the *acetic* and *malic*. These acids are in such considerable quantities, and so concentrated in these animals, that, when a number of *Formica rufa* are bruised in a mortar, the vapour is so sharp that it is scarcely possible to endure it at a short distance. It also transpires from them, for they leave traces of it on the bodies over which they pass; and hence, according to the experiments of Mr Coleridge, the vulgar notion that ants cannot pass over a line of chalk is correct; the effervescence produced by the contact of the acid and the alkali being so considerable as in some degree to burn their legs. The circumstance of much of the food of ants being of a saccharine nature may account for this copious secretion of acid, the use of which is probably to defend themselves and their habitations from the attack and intrusion of their enemies.

EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

It has been observed, that if the French had been an educated people, many of the atrocities of their revolution would never have happened, and I believe it. Furious mobs are composed, not of enlightened men—of men in whom the passions are dominant over the judgment, because the judgment has not been exercised, and informed, and habituated to direct the conduct. A factious declaimer can much less easily influence a number of men who acquired at school the rudiments of knowledge, and who have subsequently devoted their leisure to a mechanics' institute, than a multitude who cannot read or write, and who have never practised reasoning or considerate thought. And as the education of a people prevents political evil, it effects political good. Despotism rulers well know that knowledge is inimical to their powers.

A CAUTION TO PEDESTRIANS.

The following advice from the *Picayune* will answer as well for the meridian of New York as of New Orleans. It cannot fail to be peculiarly interesting to housewives who are particular as to the neatness of their domestic arrangements:—"It is sometimes very muddy in this city, and, therefore, some rule ought to be adopted for entering a house at such a time. The following, if not a good one, is very generally practised upon. Avoid mats and scrapers; none but people whom nobody knows use those things. The entry and stair-carpet, especially if they are very costly, will get a good deal of mud off your boots by the time you reach the drawing-room, particularly if you dig your feet well into them every step you go, which you ought to do; because it makes people think that rich carpets are every-day things to you at home. And should any mud still stick to your boots after you have reached the drawing-room, you may easily get rid of it upon the hearth-rug, by a little dexterity in handling your legs while forking your locks before the chimney-glass."

SAVING TIME.

A clergyman who had considerable of a farm, as was generally the case in our forefathers' days, went out to see one of his labourers, who was ploughing in the field, and he found him sitting upon his plough, resting his team. "John," said he, "would it not be a good plan for you to have a stub scythe here, and be hubbing a few bushes while the oxen are resting?" John, with a countenance which might have well become the divine himself, instantly returned, "Would it not be well, sir, for you to have a swinging-board in the pulpit, and when they are singing, to swingle a little flax?" The reverend gentleman turned on his heel, laughed heartily, and said no more about hubbing bushes.

A BUSY FELLOW.

The *New Era* says there is an editor down east who is not only his own compositor, pressman, and devil, but keeps a tavern, is village schoolmaster, captain in the militia, mends his own boots and shoes, makes patent Brandreth pills, peddles essences and tin-ware two days in the week, and always reads sermons on the Sabbath, when the minister happens to be missing. In addition to all this, he has a wife and sixteen children. The *Boston Morning Post* says this is not all—he owns a schooner, and came to Boston with a cargo of potatoes and onions, last fall, raised by himself, and gave notice to his subscribers, when he left, that the issuing of the next number of his paper would depend upon the wind—atmospherical and financial, we suppose.

WILLIAM TELL OUTDONE.

In Northern Pennsylvania, some time since, a feat was performed in Ridgely, Bradford county, which throws that of William Tell in the shade. A man named Lathrop Baldwin, with a rifle, shot an apple from the head of Thomas Fox, at eighteen yards' distance, arm's length. There was no cap on Fox's head; his hair was combed down smooth, and the apple was a small one. Both were somewhat in their cups.

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RISE OF MANUFACTURES IN LITTLE TOWNS.

ALMOST all the great seats of manufacture were, at no distant period, little towns. For ages, these little towns had slumbered in rural peace and stagnation, when at length some lucky accident set them off in a career of industry, never afterwards to be stopped. Such were Liverpool, Manchester, and Birmingham, amongst our neighbours; such Glasgow, Paisley, and Dundee, amongst ourselves. It is curious to observe how the beginning was made. Sometimes it was situation near water-power, or coal, or workable ore; sometimes it was the innate or awakened spirit of industry in a few individuals, or one only. Sometimes causes of both sorts operated. We look upon the springing up of a man of active intellect in some dull little village or town—the struggles of that man with local and other difficulties—his successes—the other exertions made in consequence of his example, until the place becomes a noted seat of manufacture—as all of them circumstances of such interest, that, could a minute detail of them be in any instance given, we believe the result could not fail to be one of the most interesting of books. And this interest Hutton's account of the rise of Birmingham has in a great degree. It is still more interesting, however, to behold with one's own eyes, or hear of as going on at no great distance, in some place recently or still an obscure village, the first difficult, but therefore all the more meritorious efforts, which are yet perhaps to confer fame and wealth, and a larger measure of all common human comforts, on that particular spot of the earth. We recollect having thus had our sympathies much interested, a few years ago, on visiting the retired village of Earlston in Berwickshire, in hearing of two females named Whale, who had set one or two looms a-going for the fabrication of gingham—an article never before woven in that district—and who had already been so successful in producing a strong, well-coloured, and every way suitable article, that their name was beginning to be favourably known, their trade was extending, and they were already the most important persons about the place. Since then, "Earlston gingham" have become ticketed in almost every mercer's window in the Scottish capital, and probably in other places; and the Misses Whale have become the heads of a factory, which employs a large section of the population of the village. It is by no means unlikely that, from this beginning, made by two unpretending, industrious women, Earlston may go on in constantly increasing manufacturing energy, until it becomes a town of some note. What makes the merit of the beginners in this case the more striking, is, that so many other towns, larger and smaller, in the same district, continue indolent and indigent, as Earlston itself was not long ago. Those must surely be no common persons who have done what is done by so few and in so few places.

There are two or three other towns in the south of Scotland which have started, in this manner, from the sleep which rests upon most of them—Hawick, for instance, and Galashiels. The industry of these towns is of about seventy or eighty years' standing. We cannot trace its origin, and know little of its history; but one surprising fact is obvious, that, having once got the industrious stimulus, these towns have gone on extending and enriching themselves, while towns only a few miles distant, as advantageously situated in all respects, have continued to sleep and tittle away their time, so as to be now not in the slightest degree better than they were fifty years ago. The locality of an industrious spirit is thus brought strongly before us. Visit one town, and you find all enlightened, active, frugal, and thriving—go across a

hill or a valley to another, and there you see the whole tribe lounging in streets that seem to realise the desolation predicted for the Scottish burghs at the union by Lord Belhaven—doing nothing, thinking of nothing, hopeless, utterly apathetic.

Galashiels, as one of the few awakened towns of a district generally rural and inactive, may be considered as not unworthy of some notice. It is a town of about three thousand inhabitants, situated on the banks of the song-famed Gala-water, about thirty miles from Edinburgh, and four from Melrose, having the Tweed running at no great distance from it, while pastoral hills rise in all directions round about, and seem to shut it up from all the rest of the world. Originally it was a little village connected with the barony of Gala, and only three or four years ago (if not to this day) there were people living who remembered since every house in the present town was built. About sixty years ago, a trade in the dyeing and spinning of wool was carried on by some of the denizens of Galashiels, and, indeed, had probably been carried on for some previous years. But the scale on which this was done was extremely limited. The dyers and spinners of those days contented themselves with taking in the little wool-stock of each of the farmer's wives around, and of the rural population generally, which wool they dyed and got spun by the hands of women employed for the purpose. Of course the common spinning wheel was the only machine then in use. A journey on these matters from farm-house to farm-house constituted the whole of the travelling performed by the early manufacturers, of whom the town numbered only two or three. About fifty years ago, *spinning-jennies* were introduced into Galashiels from England, where they had already come into extensive use. A family of the name of Mercer were the introducers of the new machine, and the factory which belonged to them is still standing on Wilder or Wild-deer Haugh, a haugh or plain near the town. The new machine had thirty spindles on it, and was of a comparatively imperfect order, worked only by men's hands. In spite of such defects, which were only such as all recent inventions are liable to, the introduction of several of these spinning-jennies added greatly to the manufactured produce of Galashiels, and the town acquired by degrees a fixed and extensive repute for a species of strong and coarse cloth for country wearing, which went by the names of Galashiels grey, and Galashiels blue. The weaving was executed by hand-loom, and, one way and another, what with dyeing, weaving, and spinning, a considerable number of hands were employed in the trade, and it became the staple business and support of the town. As may be supposed, the manufacturers no longer confined their purchases to the wool-gatherings of the old dames of the country, but went to the wool-markets of all the neighbouring districts, and bought largely from the sheep-farmers.

Although several different factories, of no trifling size, had been previously built and established, and although the trade in blues and greys had grown extensive and important, it is not more than twenty-two or twenty-three years since water-power was first applied in Galashiels to the driving of the spinning-machines. The carding-machines, or those which prepare the wool for spinning, had been for many years driven by water, but not so with the spinning machinery. The application of the water-power to this purpose was an improvement of great value and consequence to the factories. Having all their carding and spinning, two of the most material processes in their manufacture, executed by water—with the aid, of course, more or less, of human hands—the traders of Galashiels have gone on with increasing spirit and

success from that time forward, extending the range of their labours and their produce, and availing themselves of all the mechanical improvements of the time, whether foreign or domestic. At the present moment they have reached a high state of prosperity. There are now ten factories in the town, eight of which are situated on a single mill-course, taken from the south side of Gala water, and appropriating (in summer, at least) nearly the whole contents of the stream. The remaining two factories are upon the north bank of the Gala. One of these is worked by a small dam of its own, while the other, an establishment erected very recently, is worked by a steam-engine. The number of persons employed in these factories, and in task-work connected with them, cannot be much less than a half of the whole population of the town. An intelligent member of the manufacturing body of Galashiels estimates the value of the wool brought into the town in each of the last two or three years, at about L.30,000. As the produced goods are usually calculated to double the raw material in value, on a general average, the Galashiels factories will have issued annually for some time about L.60,000 worth of goods of various kinds. This computation is of necessity a rough and general one, but it approaches near to the truth, and unquestionably falls rather below than above the mark. The nature of the articles manufactured in the town has undergone a great change of late years. In place of the cloths called Galashiels greys and blues, the chief produce recently has consisted of shawls, tartans, and fancy articles of various kinds, the trade being still all in wool. Only two out of the ten factories continue the regular manufacture of cloths. This change in the character of the produce has been accompanied by a corresponding alteration in the material employed. Very little home wool, comparatively, is now used in Galashiels, Australian and other foreign wools having come in its place.* The greater fineness of the goods now manufactured seems to be the principal reason for employing these wools in preference to those of our own country.

To those who keep in view the manufactures of Paisley and Glasgow, an annual produce of L.60,000 in value may appear something very insignificant. But, in making such comparisons, the recent origin of the Galashiels trade, the small size of the town, its distance from sea-port aid and encouragement, and many similar circumstances, ought to be taken into account. Considering these things, its trading career is wonderful. Only four years back from the present time, the manufacturing produce of Galashiels must have been less by nearly one-half than it now is, seeing that within the last four years the number of sets of carding-machines in the town has been increased from ten to twenty, or exactly doubled. These carding-machines prepare the wool, by thoroughly teasing and mixing it, for being spun by the jennies or the mules; and, of course, the quantity carded in some measure indicates the quantity spun, and the quantity of the produce. But besides this increase of machinery, there are many other proofs and tests of the extraordinary and successful progress of the spirit of enterprise within these few years. The aspect of the place announces the fact at once to the stranger. Instead of the single old street, so frequently constituting other rural Scottish towns, with its darkened and uneven line of houses, not one of which presents the enlivening appearance of stone fresh from the quarry, Galashiels

* In 1774, only 722 stones of wool were used in Galashiels by the cloth-makers; in 1790, the quantity was 2916 stones; in 1833, it had reached 21,500 stones, of which only 500 were foreign.—*New Statistical Account of Scotland*. The increase of foreign wool since 1832 is very remarkable.

now exhibits the spectacle of numerous half-completed and newly-completed dwellings, scattered in all directions, and forming either a portion of some lately begun line of houses, or possessing the character of isolated cottages. On one spot alone in the precincts of the town, where the visitor six years ago could not have seen a single house, he may now behold nearly twenty, with a very handsome chapel of ease in the centre of them.

Glasgow is the principal market for the manufacturing produce of Galashiels, although its shawls and fancy goods, some of which are now wrought in an unusually tasteful style, find their way every where. When trade is very brisk, purchasers will come to the doors of the rural manufacturers, but in general the latter travel more or less frequently to the west country to dispose of their goods. Being thus brought into frequent intercourse with the world, the Galashiels manufacturers acquire a degree of intelligence not usually found in mercantile men residing in rural districts. Moreover, machinery has an effect, it appears to us, in sharpening the intellects of all whom circumstances bring into contact with it, and our country manufacturers have benefited, certainly, by this peculiar influence. Their workmen, also, by the same reasoning, ought to have tasted of the improving influence, and they are undeniably intelligent men in the main. They receive good wages, and those, in particular, who are active and skilful weavers, can make decidedly large weekly earnings.

How this detail is to strike the minds of our readers, we of course cannot tell; but we know well that to our own minds it affords matter of the most pleasing consideration. Here is a little hive of human beings, all enjoying a fair share of ordinary comforts, on a spot where not many years ago dwelt only a few simple rustics. And all this has been brought about in consequence, in the first instance, of the industry and prudently conducted enterprise of a few superior minds out of the original population. Verily, if he who makes two blades of grass grow where only one did before is to be esteemed as a benefactor to his country, we may well regard with admiration and praise the men who have made three thousand people happy where formerly there were not as many scores. It is just this thickening of the population of the earth's surface that marks the advance from barbarism to refinement: the unsettled parts of North America have not one inhabitant for every square mile, while the Netherlands have two hundred and fifty, and each of these two hundred and fifty, two hundred and fifty times better off. Nor has the end yet been reached. This humble Roxburghshire village has as yet only got over the early difficulties of its career. It will probably become ere long a large and important seat of its peculiar manufacture.

When we contemplate such histories as this, it is impossible to resist the belief that many others of the stagnant little towns throughout the country might be in like manner set forward in an industrious career. In all of these places the amount of poverty is startling. We lately alluded to one, in which the third of the population was shown to be in a state liable to charitable relief. Even the better class of people in such places are poor; but how can it be otherwise, when they do so little! Their life is generally a life of nearly complete idleness, for, though they may have shops open, the small amount of their custom makes business in their case only an appearance. Ten mercers, perhaps, are dividing what would only be fair business for two or three; and thus seven or eight persons in ten may be said to be mispending their time. They pathetically show that business in such a field cannot be pushed—that they can only get what comes; but why should they wait at all for what comes in such dribbles? Obviously, they should either go to some more industrious scene, or endeavour to make a scene of industry out of their present situation.

It is of course impossible for us to give more than a few general hints as to the introduction of industrious operations into idle towns. Country gentlemen, partly under benevolent and partly from interested motives, sometimes make efforts to introduce manufactures into rural scenes. Associations of individuals occasionally endeavour to lay out capital to advantage in the same way. These, we suspect, are not the best means of effecting the end. We are disposed to hope for more from the exertion of native ingenuity, native industry, and native enterprise, however small the beginnings may be; and this simply from the great principle, that, in all human affairs, the natural energies of the persons concerned are of still more consequence than the pecuniary means. With ingenuity, industry, and enterprise, something may be done, but without these, nothing; and that large sums may be unattended in their expenditure by such qualities, is only too clear. Possessing such qualities, some native might, we think, in most cases be able to select some one of the many tasks of industry, which might be found suitable to local circumstances, and capable of being carried on with profit. Generally, there is a great tendency to adopt some one of the more conspicuous kinds of manufacture, just as there is a tendency amongst educated young men to go into one of the three leading professions, all of which are overstocked, and ever will be, by reason of their very conspicuousness. These manufactures are generally fixed on a large scale in certain districts, where they are carried on under such advantages that a new place has little chance in competition. We would hope

more from an attempt to establish some one of the obscure kinds of manufacture, or at least some subordinate department of the larger. A certain originality is necessary in these matters, as it is in those who would distinguish themselves in literature, music, or imitative art. Such an originality we conceive to belong to the case of the Misses Whale at Earlston: *ginghams* was a clever and a happy thought. For want of such inventive thought in the provinces, it sometimes happens that a manufacture is carried on in large places, though not suitable there, instead of the lesser places, to which it would be suitable. For instance, as we are informed by Dr Ure, in his late work, the manufacture of catgut is chiefly carried on in London, although the fatness of the sheep killed there renders the intestines so unsuitable, that British strings never bring so good a price as foreign ones, which are made from the offal of comparatively lean mutton. Now, assuredly the mutton killed in some parts of Scotland is lean enough, and we cannot see what but an inventive genius has been wanting amongst us for the establishment of a manufacture of those strings, which do so much to cheer the lady's drawing-room as well as the peasant's fireside. It may so be that this particular manufacture would not be found suitable anywhere; but yet it seems exactly such a thing as a vigorous and enterprising mind in some nook of the country might afterwards be found to have cogitated, tried, and ultimately carried on with success. How many other articles of commerce which are at present largely imported from foreign countries might be made with advantage in our own, it would be out of place to speculate upon; we need only recommend the official lists of importations to the careful consideration of those active-minded individuals who are looking out for objects on which their industry may be profitably exerted.*

REMINISCENCES OF LUBECK.

"How are the mighty fallen!" is a thought which naturally suggests itself to the stranger, who for the first time visits the ancient town of Lubeck. Situated on a ridge between the rivers Trave and Wacknitz, which, a few miles farther on, flow into the Baltic, she was at one time the chief city of the Hanseatic League.† For four centuries she retained this proud pre-eminence; the seat of the government of the Confederation, the repository of its archives, and the station of its fleet, to the command of which she was entitled to appoint one of her citizens. The League was at length dissolved, and her importance diminished, while her commerce decayed. She has dwindled into a state of comparative insignificance; the grass grows on many of her once crowded streets, and not a few of her palaces are empty. In external appearance the buildings of the town have undergone little change since the fifteenth century. The houses are still distinguished by their quaint gables, and often by the splendour of their architecture. The feudal gates, the Gothic churches, and the venerable Rauthhaus (senate-house), all speak of that period of prosperity, when, as an imperial free city, and the Queen of the League, she deserved the name of the "Carthage of the North."

To this monument of fallen greatness I bent my steps some years ago. My fate had been not unlike that of the capital of the Hanseatic League. The impoverished widow of one of England's proudest merchants, I came to Lubeck with my two orphan children, in the hope that the deformity of my eldest boy might be cured by one of her medical men who has long been famous all over Germany for the extraordinary success that has attended his efforts in the removal of every species of deformity. The house inhabited by the learned and skilful doctor is situated in a quiet street. The style in which it is fitted up, assimilates it to a fairy palace. Nothing meets the eye that is not calculated to convey pleasure to the senses, with the exception of boys and girls labouring under every species of deformity. And even this distressing exhibition of the "ills that flesh is heir to," is made almost pleasing, by the innumerable elegant contrivances for suiting each individual case of malformation. The children are at work or at play—happiness depicted on every countenance—while they sit, recline, or lie on couches, according as the nature of their complaint requires. None are admitted under six years old. My boy was seven; and after a fortnight's care-

ful consideration of the case, the doctor admitted him in the almost certain hope of curing what in England had been considered hopeless—a prognostication which, at the end of two years, was happily fulfilled. I took a house in the immediate neighbourhood, and saw my little Lewis frequently. He was at first very sorry to part with "dear, dear Mamma," his brother Frank, and good kind nurse Martha; but a few days more than reconciled him to the change. Every thing that the most admirable skill could devise, and the tenderest care could execute, was done for my happy boy.

I lived economically, and mingled little in society. The board paid for Lewis was about £120 annually, the moderate sum charged by the doctor for patients of every rank; and the children of princes had been under his care: but still I found it a heavy sum for my diminished fortunes. I was discontented; I was unhappy. I repined at the loss of my husband and ample revenues. I regarded lightly the rich blessings that were still mine; and it was necessary that more afflictions should beset me before I should attain complete resignation.

My youngest boy, my beautiful Frank, sickened—the hand of death was on him—and I, a lonely widow, in a foreign land, was in the depth of despair. One morning, nurse Martha begged that I would allow her to ask the good lady who lived opposite, and who was so regular in her inquiries after the sick child, to visit me. On inquiry, I found Madame Von der Hausen was a widow, whose sole occupation seemed to be, to do good. "But," said I to Martha, "this lady is a stranger to me, and I to her; I have no claim on her good offices. Alas, alas!" I continued, "I have no friend in this foreign land!" "That is just the reason, my dear mistress," said Martha, "why you might be the better of seeing Madame Von der Hausen. Every body speaks of her in such a way that I never see her without thinking that she might well say of herself what the patriarch Job said of himself, 'When the ear heard me, then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me, because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.' My dear lady, do let me ask her to visit you." I shook my head, and said nothing. So Martha supposed she might venture to ask Madame Von der Hausen to visit her miserable mistress.

That evening I heard a gentle tap at the door, and, supposing it was Martha, I called, "Come in." The door opened, and the most prepossessing-looking elderly lady I ever saw, entered. "You will excuse my intrusion, my dear madam," she said; "but your faithful servant assures me I can be useful to you, and I am only studying my own happiness when I say, command my services." I thanked her, and apologised for my servant's forwardness; but she would listen to no apology. "Martha did right," she said; "nay, she had done her honour, in believing her to be willing to serve one who was a stranger and in affliction."

The favourable impression made on me by her first appearance, increased at every succeeding interview. She assisted me in nursing my dying boy, who lived three weeks after I first saw her. He became very fond of her, and would lay his aching head on her shoulder very contentedly, while I tried, and generally tried in vain, to court a few hours' sleep. He died in her arms, while I lay swooning on the floor, unable to witness his last agonies. A succession of fainting fits, followed by a serious illness, prevented me from taking any charge of the funeral of my beloved boy. Madame Von der Hausen superintended every thing. She nursed me during my illness with a mother's care. She tried to soothe me, and speak comfort to my wounded spirit; but I would not be comforted. I mourned for my lost one. I said I should never know a moment's happiness again. "Speak not thus, my dear friend," said Madame Von der Hausen; "I hope and trust the sufferings you have undergone will be the means of leading you to the enjoyment of a happiness far beyond any you have yet tasted." I looked at her in astonishment; I did not then understand the meaning of her words.

When I began to recover strength, I longed to see the grave where my boy rested. Madame Von der Hausen promised to accompany me thither as soon as I was able to make the effort. Accordingly, one beautiful day in July 1836, we bent our steps to a cemetery outside the walls. Nature had put on her robes of gladness, and I felt as if she mocked my misery. I longed for the thunder-cloud, the pelting rain, the howling wind, as things that would be more in unison with my despair. But the sun shone brightly, and the light summer air gently ruffled the leaves of the shrubs that ornamented the burying-ground. Madame Von der Hausen led my steps towards a small monument of white marble. Inscribed on it I read, "Here lie the mortal remains of Frank Perceval, aged 4 years. He had lost his Father on earth; he has found his Father in Heaven." A fresh wreath of flowers hung on the monument. I looked at my friend; it was she who had done all this. I flung myself into her arms, and wept my boundless gratitude on her bosom. She had at last found a chord in my heart that responded to her touch; and she took advantage of it, until she led me, step by step, to trace in all my misfortunes the working of a gracious providence, and at length to acknowledge in adoring gratitude, "He hath done all things well." The history of her own eventful life was that which affected me most deeply, and, indeed, the incidents I have mentioned regarding myself were only

* With the view of aiding in the good cause of national industry, we shall, at the earliest convenience, give a list of the chief imported articles, not requiring a peculiar climate for their production.

† The Hanseatic League was an union amongst the principal towns of northern Europe, first formed in the thirteenth century, for the purpose of protecting their commerce from the pirates and robbers by which sea and land were then infested, but which afterwards became a great commercial monopoly, and acquired so much strength as to exercise no small political influence in Europe. It conquered and deposed several monarchs, and, under favour of its enormous power, a burgomaster of Dantzic once declared war against the king of Denmark! This great confederacy was dissolved in the year 1640, but some remains of it may still be traced in the independence of the four free cities of Germany, Lubeck, Hamburg, Bremen, and Frankfort.—Ed.

intended to introduce more regularly my dear friend's history.

At the beginning of the present century, she had been left a widow with an only son. About the time the French overran Germany, he had attained his nineteenth year. Heir of a noble fortune, it was thought advisable he should marry early, and he had been solemnly betrothed to a young and beautiful lady to whom he was fondly attached. In Germany the betrothal takes place a year before the marriage. The young couple spend as much as possible of the intervening time in each other's society. Six happy months had passed over the heads of these young lovers, when the war tocsin was sounded, and the men of Lubeck were called on to fight for their fatherland. As readily as the Highlanders of old obeyed the signal of the fiery cross, did the Lubeckers form themselves into a regiment. The ladies embroidered the regimental colours, and presented them to the gallant corps, who swore no enemy should ever gain possession of them; and Heinrich bade adieu to his Amelia with the mingled feelings of a despairing lover, and an ardent soldier burning to avenge his country's wrongs.

Every one is more or less familiar with the events of the German war. After the fatal defeat of Jena in 1806, Blücher, retreating with the wreck of the Prussian army, and hotly pursued by Bernadotte, Soult, and Murat, threw himself into Lubeck, in spite of the remonstrances of the senate and the citizens, and thereby involved it in his own ruin. Not more than a third of the original Lubeck regiment returned with Prince Blücher. Among the survivors was Heinrich, worn and wasted to a shadow with danger and toil.

Anxiety and suspense had wrought their usual effects on Madame Von der Hausen and Amelia. The lovers met; but under what different circumstances had they once anticipated a meeting! They met but to part for ever. The French had followed hard on the retreating Prussians. The battle commenced outside the walls. The town was stormed. The Prussians fought in the streets, but at last were compelled to evacuate the town, which was sacked and pillaged, and for three dreadful days given over to the tender mercies of a brutal soldiery. More than thirty years have passed since those fearful days, but even yet, no one speaks of them but to an intimate friend, and the voice on such occasions sinks to a low whisper of shame and horror.

In the streets of his native city, at the very door of the house where he had hoped to dwell with his young and lovely bride, Heinrich fell covered with wounds. The family had taken refuge in the cellars, but in a moment of agony Amelia had rushed up stairs, and, looking from a window, saw her lover fall. Her shrieks attracted the notice of the soldiery; they broke into the house: a few days after, she died a raving maniac in the arms of Madame Von der Hausen. For some time after this, Madame Von der Hausen was a prey to hopeless misery. One of her favourite haunts was the church called the Marienkirche, a brick building in the Gothic style, finished before the year 1144, and displaying much elegance in its architectural decorations. But what attracted her was a painting of the Dance of Death, attributed by some to Holbein, but in reality executed several years before the birth of that great artist. Here she would remain for hours, apparently taking a gloomy pleasure in the various scenes depicted by the artist, where death seizes men in the midst of security and apparent happiness.

One day when about to leave this spot, she was addressed by an old Lutheran clergyman. "Madame Von der Hausen," he said, "this picture seems to attract much of your attention, and yet, methinks, there is a picture in one of the side-chapels of the Dom Kirche, which might be to you a source of more genuine satisfaction." Thus saying, he left her. She pondered on his words, and next day bent her steps to the cathedral in search of the picture.

The side-chapels contain the monuments of many of the patrician families of Lubeck, and the tombs of numerous bishops and canons are in the choir. The remains of the Dukes of Oldenburg repose in immense coffins of white marble. The mother of Madame Von der Hausen belonged to a branch of that princely family, and she lingered long beside their tombs, feeling as if the dead were more to her than the living. In a chapel behind the high altar is a very remarkable painting, bearing the date 1491. It is placed in a shrine. On the outside of the folding-doors, there is a picture of the Annunciation. Inside of them are figures of St John the Baptist, St Jerome, St Blaize, and St Philip, but the central and principal picture is a representation of the events of the Passion, depicted in twenty-three distinct groups. Towards this picture Madame Von der Hausen directed her steps. Each individual countenance is a study in itself. She gazed on the face of Simon the Cyrenian, in which there was a moral beauty that riveted her attention. She was next attracted by the wild grief of Mary Magdalene; her head thrown back, her beautiful hair hanging in disorder round her shoulders, and her hands extended forwards as she wrung them in despair. By and bye, her eye rested on another figure: it was the Virgin mother, seated at the foot of the cross. The calmness of her agony struck forcibly on the heart of the bereaved mother. The view of the principal figure completed the impression, and Madame Von der Hausen left the place in a

very different frame of mind from that with which she had entered it. I will not dwell minutely on the change which she now experienced; it is sufficient to state the result. Her distress was exchanged for a state of complete tranquillity, and henceforward her time was chiefly occupied in visiting the afflicted, soothing the mourners, and relieving the distressed.

Objects were not wanting on whom to bestow her sympathies. For several years the French kept possession of the town, and their cruelty and rapacity caused much individual misery. Their very presence was torture to multitudes on whom they had brought disgrace and ruin. Towards the end of the Moscow campaign, they evacuated the town, amidst the curses, not loud but deep, of the oppressed inhabitants. The Russians came, and were hailed as friends; but, alas! they were found to be locusts, "for they ate up the residue that had escaped" of the former plagues. If they got a silver fork or spoon to eat with, it was immediately transferred to their pockets, and was no more seen! The filthiness of their habits exceeded all that can be imagined: more than one gentleman burned his house after they had left it, hopeless of cleaning it by any other means. Years glided on, and Madame Von der Hausen continued her course of practical benevolence. Great part of her ample fortune still remained, having, by the help of a kind friend, been preserved from French exactions. She did, indeed, deserve all that nurse Martha had said in her praises. There is an old church in Lubeck, the interior of which is fitted up for a poor's house. There are two long double rows of cabins, very much like those sometimes seen on the deck of a steam-boat; on one side, the cabins are occupied by females, those on the other side of the church by males. Here Madame Von der Hausen was in the habit of taking me; and while listening to the melancholy history of many of the occupants, I learned to feel that others had drunk at least as deeply of the cup of sorrow as I had done, and that in many cases it had proved ultimately a blessing.

In the beginning of 1838, my eldest boy Lewis was perfectly restored. The lump which had threatened to disfigure his back had altogether disappeared, and a limb which had shown a tendency to shrink was strong and hale as the other. I thought of leaving Lubeck and returning to England, but to part with Madame Von der Hausen was very painful to me. Her health seemed failing; the winter had been peculiarly severe, and she often looked as if she would not long inhabit the earth. April was approaching, and it was just twenty-five years since the French had left Lubeck. The Germans attach some importance to certain periods of time. For instance, if a couple attain the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage, a splendid entertainment is given; all their friends make them presents, and the fête is called "the silver day." But if, as rarely happens, they attain the fiftieth anniversary, it is celebrated with much more pomp: the couple are remarried, and the presents given are more handsome and numerous. This is called "the golden day." But this is a digression. The people of Lubeck resolved to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of French leave-taking, and great was the sensation created. On the morning of the Sunday, the town was crowded; multitudes came from the country, and even from Hamburg, though distant nearly forty English miles. At an early hour, all those assembled who had fought in the war of freedom, and marched, followed by the military, to the Cathedral or Dom Kirche, where the service was performed by a clergyman who had also fought in the war. When service was ended, the colours which had been embroidered and presented by the ladies of Lubeck at the beginning of the war, were produced. Faded and worn, like the hopes of those who had ornamented them, they presented a spectacle which recalled many a melancholy scene. Four only of those ladies were alive, among whom was Madame Von der Hausen; these four stepped forward, and crowned the torn and tattered colours with laurel. The warriors with their relations and friends left the church. The gentlemen afterwards dined together. Meantime, the young men of Lubeck had associated themselves together, and went in a body to the hotel where the warriors dined, to testify their respect for those who had fought their country's battles. One of them came forward, and in the name of the rest, made an eloquent speech on the occasion, ending with the hope, that should their fatherland again become the prey of the invader, they might be found as ready and willing as their fathers had been to draw the sword, and die or conquer in her cause. The whole then formed a procession, and marched through the town, which was splendidly illuminated, and each carried in his hand a blazing torch.

All day, my dear friend Madame Von der Hausen had been much excited, far too much for her weak frame, yet she insisted on going to the market-place, where all were to meet before dispersing. And here I would remark the melancholy difference between the habits of a German population, and those of our own countrymen, who pride themselves on their superior morality. Not a sound of riot was heard; not a drunken individual was to be seen; and Madame Von der Hausen and I walked through the crowded streets with the most perfect propriety and safety. We reached the market-place; the procession approached; the vast square was crowded with thousands; when from the assembled multitude there arose the grandest,

the most sublime song of praise human lips ever uttered, the *Te Deum Laudamus*.

As they sang the last words, "Oh Lord, in thee have I trusted; let me never be confounded," I felt my friend lean heavily on my arm; she had fainted. The men were piling their blazing torches into heaps; but at last I got assistance, and had her conveyed home. She died in my arms that night.

NAMES OF RIVERS.

WHILE the various nations of Europe and Asia are distinguished from each other by many peculiarities of external aspect, manners, and, more than all, of language, it is surprising to find that some appellatives of natural objects, and particularly of rivers, prevail in many countries, as if the inhabitants of the earth had at some time been less diversified, at least in respect of language, than at present, or at any time within the scope of history. We shall adduce some of the more remarkable instances of common or nearly similar names of rivers which are to be found throughout the elder world.

The sounds *ou*, *sk*, and *z*, occur in the names of many rivers. In England there are three rivers named Ouse—respectively in Yorkshire, Norfolk, and Sussex. In Scotland there is a stream named the Ewes. The Oise occurs in Holland, and there is a much more remarkable river of the same name in France. There is also an Ousa in Siberia, and an Owzen in Russia. At Oxford we have the Isis, and in Lower Saxony we have the Ise—evidently a modification of the same word. Then, again, with respect to the sound *sk*, we have five Esk in Scotland, namely, two in Kincardineshire, two in Edinburghshire, and one in Dumfriesshire. In Wales we have the Usk, and in Yorkshire the Wiske. In Franconia, now a part of Bavaria, there is the Aisch; and in Turkey there is the Esker (anciently Oeskus). An Uska flows into the Dniester in Southern Russia. In Devonshire there is an Ex, from which come the names of the towns Exeter and Exmouth. In the same county there is an Ax, on which is situated Axminster; and in Somersetshire there is a second Ax, on which is situated the town of Axbridge. Axius was the ancient name of the Vardar, which flows through Roumelia into the Gulf of Salonica, in European Turkey. The names of all these rivers have one common origin in *uisge* or *uis*, the word for WATER in the Celtic language—that language which is still represented in the Gaelic, Irish, Welsh, and Basque.

The sound of *y*, as a consonant, is another which often occurs in the names of rivers. We have the Y, a broad piece of water, rather than a river, passing by Amsterdam. In Herefordshire, and dividing Monmouthshire from Gloucestershire, we have the Wye. Another Wyo occurs in Derbyshire. The Wey is a river in Dorsetshire, and there is another Wey in Surrey, falling into the Thames—

"And chalky Wey that rolls a milky wave."

These names, like the above, in Celtic signify *water*, or a *river*.

Avons are even more numerous than Eskas, or Ouses, or Axes. First, by right of poetic immortality, is the Avon, on which stands the town of Stratford—which, rising in Northamptonshire, passes through Warwickshire and Worcestershire, and falls into the Severn at Tewkesbury. There are two other Avons which pour their streams into the Severn—one which empties itself into the English Channel at Christchurch Bay—one which joins the Usk at Caerleon—one in Devonshire—one in Merionethshire—and one in Glamorganshire. In Scotland there are three of note (besides at least other three of little importance)—one which falls into the Firth of Forth, dividing the counties of Linlithgow and Stirling—one which joins the Clyde (this is sometimes spelt *Evan*)—and one in Banffshire. We are also to recollect that the Avonbeg and Avonmore (that is, the little and great Avon) are the two "waters" in the county of Wicklow whose "meeting" has been so sweetly sung by one of the most delightful of modern poets. There is also an Aven in Bretagne. Avon is simply the general word for river in the British language, a branch of the Celtic. The Irish call it *Aune*, which is also the local pronunciation of the name of the Banffshire Avon.

Lee is another general word for *river* in the Celtic; and we have accordingly rivers of this very orthography in Hertfordshire, in Cheshire, and in the south of Ireland. In Scotland we have the Leith in Edinburghshire, giving name to an important sea-port town at its efflux—and the Leithen, a small tributary of the Tweed in Peeblesshire. A Leith in Westmoreland joins the Eden. There is a Ley in Holland, and in Austria there is a Leytha.

We have a Rhee in Hertfordshire, another Rhee in Worcestershire—a Rea in Shropshire—and the Rhi in Yorkshire, running into the Derwent. The Rye joins the Darwin in Yorkshire, and the Rey joins the Isis in Wiltshire. The Rye also joins the Garnock in Ayrshire. Rhiu in ancient Gaulish signified a stream, and is probably the root of the modern French *ruisseau*, which the Ayrshire poet used quaintly to consider as a translation of his far-famed name. We must also recollect that the Rha, in classical geography, flowed into the Tanais, and the Rha is the ancient name of the Volga.

Duor is another Celtic word for water; and hence we have the Dore in Herefordshire, the Derwent four times repeated in England, two Dours in Scotland,

the Dur in Ireland, the Douro in Spain, the Dora in Piedmont (a tributary of the Po), and the Dordogne in France.

We find antiquaries mentioning *Duna* as a Median term for a river. Are we to suppose this to have given name to the Don which falls into the Sea of Azof—or to the Duna, which flows through eastern Russia into the Gulf of Riga—or to a third Russian river of distinction, the Dwina, which, after a course of five hundred miles, falls into the North Sea at Archangel? If so, we can be at no great loss in supposing that the Don in Aberdeenshire, and the Doon in Ayrshire—Burns's "bonny Doon"—as also the Don in Yorkshire, which gives name to Doncaster, are all from the same source.

It thus appears that the names of a great number of rivers are simply words expressing *water* or *river* in the languages of those with whom the names originated. There is another large class, in which some natural peculiarity of the river has occasioned the name. One of the most remarkable instances of a peculiarity giving rise to a name, is in the Gaelic term *garre*, rough. The channels of many rivers are rough, and we may therefore expect to find this term in the names of no small number. Accordingly, we have the Garry in Inverness-shire, running through a glen, named from its Glangarry; whence the territorial appellation of a race of Highland chiefs, one of whom, a very few years deceased, was much noted in his own country for the enthusiasm with which he sustained all the ancient habits and feelings of Celtic chieftainship. In Perthshire there is another Garry, a tributary of the Tay, and the channel of which is certainly liable to the description implied by the name. In Ayrshire we have the Girvan, with its sweet little vale, sung by Burns—

By Girvan's fairy-haunted stream,
The birdies flit on wanton wing.

The same word occurs in a somewhat different form in Selkirkshire, where we have the Yarrow, so much celebrated both by ancient and by modern poets—

And is this Yarrow?—this the stream,
Of which my fancy cherished
So faithfully a waking dream—
A vision that hath perished.

Wordsworth's Yarrow Valed.

Passing southward, we find the Gare or Yare in Norfolk, with the famed port of Yarmouth at its efflux; besides another stream of the same appellation in the Isle of Wight. But we do not stop even here. The Garonne in France is from the same origin. When the Garonne is joined by the Dordogne, it is called the Gironde, from which word the largest of the eighty-six departments of France takes its name. With how many various things, then, may we associate the phrase *garre*, as applied to signify a rough-channelled river! The gallant Highland chief—the fairy-haunted stream of the Ayrshire poet—the "dowie dens" of Yarrow, and the ballad heroine bewailing her slain lover on its banks—the Yarmouth sands, so destructive of nautical craft—and, finally, the ill-fated party of French republicans, proscribed, starved, banished, and beheaded, in 1793—all are connected by this common tie.

Alan, or a word resembling it, is the name of many rivers. There are, the Alan in Cornwall—the Allen in Dorsetshire—the Allen in Flintshire—the Alwen in Merionethshire—the Alne in Warwickshire—the Alne and Alon in Northumberland—the Ale in Berwickshire—the Ale and Elwan in Roxburghshire—the Elvan in Lanarkshire—the Allan in Stirlingshire. Alwen in British, and Alain in Irish or Gaelic, signifies a white or bright stream. It is very remarkable that in Norway and Sweden, large rivers are commonly called Elben or Elven, by way of a generic name. Elbe is evidently an instance of this generic name having become the appellation of an individual stream: it is one of five hundred miles in length, and its commercial importance need not be spoken of.

Many rivers have a winding course, and winding is expressed, in Celtic, by the term *Taoi*. We have this word in almost its original form in the Tay, the most copious river in Scotland, the meandering of which is so very striking a peculiarity, that, long after the significant origin of the name was forgotten, poets could not help speaking of "the winding Tay"—a phrase which, of course, must be reckoned a pleonasm or redundancy. The Towy in Wales, and the Tavy in Devonshire, are very near the original form of the word. In Devonshire, also, we have the Tav, and the Tave occurs in Caernarthen and Brecknockshire. Then we have the Tajo (pronounced Tayo) flowing through Spain and Portugal, with the city of Lisbon situated at its efflux. The Tava flows into the Danube, and there is another river exactly so designated in Moravia. There is also a *Tay* in China. The Tees is a modification of the same term. We have a river of this name in Yorkshire, and many others throughout England. There is also the Thiss, a large river, flowing through Germany into the Danube: it anciently formed the western limit of the Daci, and is now considered as the second river in the Austrian dominions.

The sound *Tam* occurs in the names of several rivers. There is first the great Thames itself. The Tame runs through Staffordshire. The Temo flows into the Severn near Worcester. The Taume is a river in Yorkshire and Lancashire. We have also the Tamar in Devonshire. The Tames gives name to Temeswar, a strong town in Hungary. These rivers derive their name from the Celtic *tam*, still or quiet.

The Ayr in Scotland is said to get its name from the clearness of its waters—*ar* being bright in Gaelic. We are probably to refer to the same circumstance

the origin of the Aire in Yorkshire, the Arun in Sussex, the Are in Switzerland, and the Era and Arn in Tuscany. The Ure, we may add, is a river in Yorkshire, and one of the same name falls into the Moselle.

The Dove in Derbyshire, whose dale is so celebrated for its beautiful scenery, is from the Celtic *dobh* (pronounced *dhore*), meaning a swelling flood. The Dove or Dyff in Merionethshire is of course from the same origin, as is the Dovan in Clackmannanshire. Of the last-mentioned stream, the Earl of Stirling, a native of its banks, thus speaks:—

But dangerous Doven, rumbling through the rocks,
Would scorn the rainbow with a new deluge.

The English Loder, and the Berwickshire Leader (giving name to Lauderdale), are both from the Gaelic *loder*, strong. Cam, Gaelic for crooked, gives an appellation to the Cam in Cambridgeshire, the Cam in Gloucestershire, the Camel in Cornwall, and probably also to the Kama, a tributary of the Volga, dividing for a long space Europe from Asia. Min, Iberian for smooth, in the first place forms the name of the Minho between Spain and Portugal; then we find it in the Minio or Mignone which falls into the Tuscan sea—as also in the Mincio, in northern Italy, the stream which Virgil has rendered famous; and finally in the Munnon, an inferior English stream.

We can enumerate many other rivers having the same or similar names, though we cannot state in all cases from what term they are derived. There is, for instance, a Tyne in Scotland, and another well-known Tyne in Northumberland—a Teign (the same word) in Devonshire, and a Teino which flows by Pavia into the Po. Tain, in Gaelic, is a running water. There is a Lyne in Staffordshire, on which the minor Newcastle stands, and a Lyne, a small tributary of the Tweed, in Peebleshire. There is a Clyde in Lanarkshire, another in Flintshire, a third in the county Louth, in Ireland, and a Cluden in the stewartry of Kirkcubright. Clyd in British means warm or sheltered. The Nith of Dumfriesshire reappears as the Nid in Yorkshire, and the Neath in the county of Glamorgan. There is an Eider in Ireland, and an Eyder in Denmark. The Sure passes Waterford: the Sure also empties itself into the Moselle in Luxembourg. The Stour occurs in Warwickshire, and five other English counties: the Stoura falls into the Po, and the Stura into the Tanaro in Italy; and Nearchus, by command of Alexander the Great, sailed down the Stour, a branch of the Indus. *Senus* is the Latinised name of the Shannon, in Ireland (from Sen, Celtic, great, grand, slow): the Seine passes Paris; the Saone is a tributary of the Rhone; there is also a Soan, a tributary of the Ganges, and Ptolemy marks the Saona as a river in Ceylon. The Oke is a river of Devonshire: in Berkshire is the Oak. In Irkutsk, a province of Asiatic Russia, we have the Oka. The Mease falls into the Trent near Derby; the Maese is a river in Holland; the Meuse of France falls into the Rhine; and the Meuse of Switzerland falls into the Ticino. The Brent is a river of Middlesex; the Brant of Anglesey rises near Beaumaris: the Brenta runs through the Venetian territory; and the Brentz is a river of Wirtemberg, which falls into the Danube. The Leche of Gloucestershire falls into the Thames; the Lichers or Lech in Germany flows into the Danube; and the Lick of East Prussia flows also into the Danube. The Laden is a river of Durham, and the Ladon is in Arcadia. The names of the principal rivers of India, the Hypanis, Baris, Chobar, Soana, Cophis, Phanis, and Indus, are all found in the west. The Indus is a river in Caria, and the Indya is in Lapland. Finally, the Acheron, a river of Egypt, occurs in Elis, Epirus, Pontus, and near Cuma in Campania.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

EXEMPLARY BENEVOLENCE.

In a small book lately published, called "Hints to Mechanics," by Timothy Claxten, who is himself a working man, and one of those whom our country has reason to be proud of, we find a pleasing instance of the large amount of good which may often be done at a small cost by persons in moderately easy circumstances. Timothy, as he informs us, was the son of a day-labourer, who, having a numerous family, and but very slender means of supporting them, was unable to afford his children even that small share of education which is usually considered sufficient in the rural districts of England. From this hopeless condition of unlettered youth, our hero was fortunately rescued—and this is the instance of practical benevolence to which we wish attention directed—rescued by a lady, "who, as long as she lived, kept six boys and six girls at school for two years each, one-half leaving every year to give place to new ones." He was chosen, as he tells us, to fill the place of a lad who had played truant, and thus was put in the way of acquiring a sufficiency of elementary learning to stimulate his energies and carry him through life with success.

When sent to school by this lady's kindness, "I was (says he) a year younger than that at which the boys were usually admitted. Once a year the teacher was required to parade us at the mansion of our generous patroness, where we underwent a sort of examination; she then inquired of those leaving school what books they wanted, and in most cases had them ordered. After the ceremony was over, each pupil was presented with a shilling, and all proceeded to another room, where a sumptuous dinner (as we thought it) was spread out, at which we were attended by the

servants. At this school I learned my reading and writing, and advanced in arithmetic, in which I was rather quick, as far as the rule of three. All this was a great step gained; and I desire here to acknowledge what I owe to my patroness. It is remarkable how easily a person so disposed, with even much smaller means than this good lady had, may do a great deal of good, as well as produce much happiness, among her fellow-creatures. Perhaps some kind soul, who honours my humble memoir with a glance, may gather a hint even from this."

With the view of giving the *hint* of the author all the publicity which it deserves, and which these pages may afford, we offer it to the attention of our readers, and trust it may not be without its use. Here is an instance of a lady in some obscure village in England, who, at a comparatively insignificant outlay, must in her time have done an incalculable degree of good. We venture to say that the total amount of her annual disbursement could not have exceeded eight or ten pounds, a sum which thousands of persons in only moderately comfortable circumstances are in the habit of squandering occasionally in a manner at once thankless and unsatisfactory. How much more excellent, also, was the unostentatious benevolence of this kind-hearted woman—how much more productive of delightful feelings to herself was the plan she followed, than the vulgarly ostentatious practice of bequeathing large sums at death for the rearing of monumental structures in the form of hospitals and almshouses!

THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN COPYRIGHT QUESTION.

In the United States of America, British literary productions, music, &c., have never enjoyed any copyright. All the best English publications, whether in the form of books or periodicals, have been regularly and systematically reprinted and re-issued by certain publishers in New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, to the exclusive profit of these personages. Lea and Blanchard, the Harpers brothers, and several others, have for years followed this lucrative traffic, but particularly the Harpers, who now possess one of the largest publishing concerns in the world, and are enabled to issue every popular London work within a few weeks after its first appearance here. In most instances these American editions are considerably cheaper than those of London, from which they are copied, and hence they readily find their way to Canada, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, and other British possessions, where, by the feebleness or carelessness of the executive government, and the difficulties in the way of any legal check from the British proprietors of copyright, they are sold without let or hindrance. Practically, the whole of North America is abandoned by English booksellers to the publishers in the States.

The general government of the United States has all along sanctioned and encouraged this use of the property of British authors. It has, in the first place, disallowed our authors from obtaining any copyright over their productions in the States; and, in the second, prevented the importation of English printed books, except at a prohibitory duty. Very loud and long complaints have from time to time been made in this country against these practices, but without leading to any good result. The Americans have either disregarded or ridiculed the remonstrances which have been made to them; and excepting the efforts made by Mr Clay in the general legislative assembly to pass a law protective of British interests, on a principle of reciprocity, there has been a woeful lack of exertion in the cause.

Things are now beginning to take a different turn. Till within the last twelve months, American authors might sell the copyrights of their works to English publishers, and these copyrights were valid, or at least considered so by the public. On principle, this was a most unfair thing, because British authors could confer no such copyright on American publishers. In other words, Americans had liberty to bring their literary wares hither, but we had no liberty to take our wares to America. The law has cured this absurdity. By the lately passed international copyright act, American authors can neither hold nor sell their copyrights in this country, until the American government chooses to give protection to the works of British authors in the States. This law is bringing the Americans to their senses. Since it was passed, a considerable number of works, hitherto the property of American writers though published in England, have been reprinted in a cheap form in London and elsewhere, and in future no American author will get a shilling for any work he may offer for sale in this country. We begin to perceive from the *New York Mirror*—a remarkably clever literary print, which to its credit has always advocated the principle of mutual copyright—that this mode of making reprisals is far from palatable in the States, and will, to all appearance, bring about the necessary remedy. "We are glad (says the *Mirror*) to see that an intelligent portion of the press in this country is directing public attention, more and more, to the importance of establishing an international system of copyright between this country and England. The subject is daily becoming one of more importance. American authors, notwithstanding the depressing competition of an army of unpaid English writers, are growing in stature and strength. In looking over a late number of the London Athenæum, we were struck by the fact that in an advertisement of ten works in the press,

six were by American authors! We are glad to see that Mr Clay perseveres manfully to carry through his important measure of an international copyright. His very able report on the subject shows that he is a perfect master of its details, and we really trust that his appeals to the justice and good sense of Congress will not be without their effect. The honour of the country, and the interests of our infant literature, demand that the system of crowding out all native productions by a flood of trashy novels and biographies of English manufacture, propagating English prejudices and English opinions, should be done away with, and that native authors should be admitted to equal privileges with those of foreign countries. 'A fair field and no favour,' is all that is claimed for both parties." The *Mirror*, in the succeeding number, is still more emphatic—hopes that English publishers "will go on in their course of retaliation," for they have a right to do so. "We hope (it continues) they will do it, so that American authors may be forced into a championship and defence of their peculiar interests in this question, to which they have hitherto manifested a strange and suicidal indifference."

We wait with anxiety to hear the result of Mr Clay's honourable attempt to set this matter to rights. England and America are now becoming so closely united by steam communication, that so paltry a cause of dispute should not be suffered to exist between them.

REV. MR OTWAY'S TOUR IN CONNAUGHT.*

MAKING allowance for the party feeling inseparable, we presume, from the writings of an Irishman concerning his own country, this is a lively and most agreeable book. Mr Otway possesses a large share of the mercurial humour ascribed to his countrymen—is well acquainted with Ireland, its history, its traditions, and its national character—and wields a free and ready pen. Amongst other good qualifications, he has that of telling a story with point and effect. The consequence is, that his works on Ireland are as unlike those of such writers as Inglis and Barrow, as a Scotch novel by Walter Scott was unlike one by him who wrote "Walladmor." In the present volume he has given exactly such a detail respecting the district he visited as we could wish to see written respecting every part of the United Kingdom—not only a survey of its social and economic condition, but a collection of every thing in the shape of history, legend, and tradition, that appertains to it—thus conferring on what to the common eye appears as mere hill and dale that wonderful moral charm which arises from its association with the doings and sufferings of human creatures. We are aware that there is not much encouragement in or out of Ireland for works like this; but yet we cannot help expressing a hope that the attractions of the present volume may prove a cause for the appearance of others constructed according to the same plan—"barring" the polemics.

As a specimen of Mr Otway's book, though rather a long one, we present a portion which embraces local description and narrative only too characteristic, we fear, of Ireland:—

"On leaving Athlone you proceed westward, through a district very ugly by nature, and instead of being improved, deformed by its inhabitants. Chains of limestone gravel hills, rising out of red flow bogs, stretch away, their ranges being nearly at right angles with the Shannon, and it would appear that at the subsidence of the waters under which this country was once submerged, the decreasing torrents, in seeking the great central drain of the island, left these enormous deposits of sand, gravel, and rolled stones. These gravel hills, covered with a shallow but kind and warm soil, support a superabundant population; a population, no doubt, encouraged to increase, more especially here, by the great facilities of obtaining fuel, the only comfort of the poor. This increase seems to have met no discouragement from the prudence or fears of the proprietors of the soil; and the consequence is, that, as you proceed to Ballinasloe, you pass through an almost continuous village, and are forced to observe a wretchedly clad people inhabiting wretched houses, and carrying on a wretched and destructive tillage within minute enclosures, fenced by dry stone walls of the rudest construction possible: indeed, the soil seems miserably exhausted, and you see very deficient crops of potatoes and corn, and at once can explain the cause in the almost entire absence of cattle to make manure, and therefore burning of the already too light soil is resorted to as the only means of stimulating the ground to produce a crop—and such a crop, the white lump—*the tired earth* unable to bring to perfection even a red potato—the people thus reduced to subsist on the very weakest and least nutritious variety of the lowest kind of food. Moreover (and, indeed, this must surprise an Englishman not a little, considering the great abundance of people and the actual idleness of the larger portion both of young and old), the crops are not kept clear from weeds—weeds that children might pull up and collect for manure, are allowed to grow and run to seed, and as they do so, not only deform the face of the country, but actually help to exhaust the soil. It was to me, as I passed along, a matter of great wonder how the landlords could allow their properties to be so

subdivided and maltreated—how allow a tenantry to increase and multiply beyond the means of subsistence, beyond the power of drawing much more than mere existence from the land they cultivate; and if such be the results already, what must be the more alarming ones hereafter, and what is to become of such a people when one of those very frequent failures of the potato crop takes place; and how will a poor-law then operate—how affect the relative states of land-owner and occupier! Such considerations engrossed my mind as my jaunting-car swept along, and I could not help observing to my fellow-traveller, 'Well, of all parts of Ireland I have seen, I know no portion that upon the face of it exhibits more symptoms of the perhaps now inert existence of the Rockite disease; as sure as effect follows cause, so must this plague spread amongst such an ignorant, half-fed, and abounding people, who cannot possibly be worse off, except under a famine of the potatoes; and who must ever remain under the apprehension of their only means of subsistence failing, and thus their great poverty ending in absolute destitution.' My friend, who was well acquainted with the state of the country, and had peculiar opportunities of knowing the habits and feelings of the people, told me (in corroboration of what I had apprehended) the following circumstance.

A family once highly respectable, and possessed of considerable property in this district, in consequence of that inconsiderate extravagance so much the characteristic of Connaught gentry, were reduced to very embarrassed circumstances, and so in order to meet the numerous charges on the estate—jointures, annuities, interest on younger children's portions, and on money borrowed—it was resolved to turn the fine old sheep-walks, of which the estate principally consisted, into tillage, and make settings to tenants, who flocked in, covenanting to pay high rents, and who, while the soil remained fresh, and markets for corn good, actually paid the rents they had engaged for. But, by and bye, these tenants are allowed to underlet to other PROMISERS of higher rent, and from the small farmer springs up the cottier, as sure as bad husbandry produces weeds; and then the war ceases, and prices fall, and Mr Peel's bill for the resumption of cash payments comes into operation, and creditors insist on the payment of the debt in gold, which was lent in paper—and now arrives the time when there takes place a lamentable difference between the promise and the payment of rent; and in the mean time jointures *must* be paid, and the creditor *must* have his pound of flesh—and then ensue foreclosures of mortgages, custodians, and law-court receivers. Attorneys alighted on the vexed estate, and fastened their claws on it, and fattened as flesh-flies do on a festering sore. In this state of things, the owner, who was a young man, did what was wise and honest—he broke up his establishment, he let the fire out on his paternal hearth, and went to live poorly, but secretly, on the continent, leaving the nursing of the estate to a younger brother—perhaps he would have done better had he sold it; but those only who are reduced to the dire necessity of selling their ancestral inheritance, can tell how bitter it is to take such a deep plunge downwards; and what way will not be tried before this last leap is taken! Besides, perhaps, he could not sell; it is not easy in general to make out a clear and marketable title to Irish estates. But be this as it may, the owner had confidence in the firmness, the integrity, and discretion of his younger brother, and he left him as his agent; and he honestly and with diligence set about to force the tenants that were solvent to pay the rents they had undertaken for, and those who were not solvent, and incapable from idleness, ignorance, and bad habits, of meeting their engagements, he endeavoured to force off the property, giving them every aid that the limited means at his disposal would permit, to remove to some other location; he gave them their potatoes and furniture, and, if they desired it, the materials of their cabins. It does not appear that he did any thing unjust or oppressive, either to those he allowed to remain, or those he evicted. But still he became exceedingly unpopular; even those who could pay, combined to refuse payment, either from fear of their neighbours, or from the expectation that they could evade it altogether, in consequence of the landlord's embarrassments, and in the midst of hostile legal proceedings. In all parts of Ireland attorneys are to be found who stimulate tenants to such evasions, and who live upon the differences between landlord and tenant. Such became now the state of this deranged property: some were forced off the estate; others under ejectment, by advice of their lawyers, were taking legal steps to retain their holdings, without paying rent at all.

Alas for the poor young man who undertook such an agency! The dire spirit of Rockism rose in its wrath against him, and he *must* die.

In this vicinity, as in many others similarly circumstanced in the south and west, a character is to be found—a fellow from his youth up given to dissolute practices; with considerable natural ability, with great vigour and activity of body; a violent temper* that

never has been quelled, and strong passions that have always been indulged; such a person is given to no regular labour—he will work, it is true, more than any other at certain times, and under strong excitement—he will be found digging out a poor widow's potato field, or his reverence the priest's, and that more especially when whisky and a dance are to be at the end of the job. But if inconstant at labour, he is a regular attendant at fair, market, patron, wake, or hurling-match; if there ensue a row, and his presence almost insures such a result, he is at the head of it, the ready promoter of all kinds of RUXIONS—his skull, shins, and arms, are covered with scars of cudgel-wounds received therein. You may be sure he does not go near the confessional—he dare not go down and 'whisper at a priest's knee'—and he never marries, but nevertheless is the neglectful parent of a multitude of children. At times well, and at others shabbily, dressed, he has always the air of a rake, and the leer of a profligate; he is sometimes sober and good-humoured, and good-natured, and would go through fire and water to serve one of his own faction; he is oftener drunk, and that for days together, and then he is a ferocious dangerous brute. It is not exactly known *how* he lives, and no one can exactly tell his 'whereabouts'; but he is known to be a good shot—killing wild-ducks by night, forms part of his ways and means; and though so often light-hearted and joyous in his department, it is known that he cares no more to shed human blood than he would to stick a pig.

The aggrieved party on the estate in question, consisting of fourteen, having resolved to take the agent's life, cast their eyes on a man of this character, and they hired him as one whose heart was firm, and aim sure, to fire the shot; but still fearful of their brave, they determined that one of them should accompany him, and that individual was fixed on by lot. Accordingly, the two waylaid their victim at a spot they knew he *must* pass, on his return from dining with a neighbouring gentleman. The scheme succeeded; the bullet was true to its mark; Mr — was shot through the heart, and the murderer and his companion walked leisurely away: known as they were to thousands, not a man gave information. The event, of course, for a time made a great noise—rewards were offered—the police were on the alert—and then all blew over. The bravo for a time kept out of the way. This was not extraordinary in one who had no settled home; but by and bye the money he was supplied with was spent, and he returned to give his employers very broad hints that he *must* have more. The Rockites now took counsel together—they saw the danger they were in from being in such a reckless ruffian's power, and they resolved on their remedy. He was called to their meeting—he got more of their money—he was then informed that they wanted another cast of his hand, in order to put out of the way another obnoxious gentleman who lived on the other side of the Shannon, and they engaged him, nothing loath, to come along with them to do the deed. On a dark blustery night they accordingly embarked in a cot on this dreary river, that here steals through bogs and morasses its deep and silent course; and while in the middle of the stream, the bravo was suddenly caught hold of, and before he had time to collect himself for resistance, was tossed overboard, and as he rose after the plunge, and attempted to catch the boat, a heavy oar's blow, aimed with vigour and certainty at his head, sent him again to the bottom, and, as it was hoped, never more to rise. But in this they were mistaken, for, by and bye, he was seen swimming steadily and lustily towards shore, and then it was that one of the party, resting the ruffian's own gun on the gunwale of the cot, fired with sure aim, and sent the bullet through his brain. The fellows waited till they saw that he would *now* rise no more; they then went home, kept their own secret, and all was safe. But some time after, in the usual process of decomposition, the body rose to the surface, and was found amongst the reeds. A coroner's inquest was summoned, a doctor, *pro forma*, called in, and after a cursory inspection the usual verdict of 'found drowned' was about to pass; but while the coroner was writing out the proceeding, one of the jury passing a small switch through the profuse curls of the dead man's head, found his switch enter, and, as through a hole, pass out at the other side; this, of course, led to a more exact examination, and the man was found to have died of a gunshot wound, inflicted by some person unknown. Still a year or more passed on, until, in the dusk of a winter's evening, as the chief constable of the district was sitting by his fire, a message was brought to him, stating that one in his hall wished to speak with him. He accordingly had him introduced, when, in a way not at all common with the Irish, and in apparently the deepest agony of remorse, he told the guilty story from beginning to end. He said that though he had confessed all to the priest, and gone through many penances, yet he could not find ease for his conscience—that life was a burthen—that he desired to die, even suppose it was by the hangman's hand. He named to the constable all the individuals concerned; said that a large portion of them were at that very moment on their way to the jail of Galway, to visit others of the confederates who were confined for some other crime. By means of this information the constable succeeded in arresting almost every one of them. I do not know what became of the repentant murderer, for he was the one upon whom the lot fell to go along with the bravo to shoot the agent. I must conclude this, I fear, too

* Tour in Connaught; comprising sketches of Clonmacnoise, Joyce Country, and Achill. By the Author of "Sketches in Ireland." W. Curry, Jun. and Company, Dublin, 1839.

* I consider the lower classes in Ireland to be particularly negligent in curbing the tempers of their children. The little ones of the cabin are, year after year, accustomed to be over fondled or over punished, and all according to the instigation of the present passion: and victims as they are of an affection that pollutes serious faults, and of a wrath that punishes without reason—no wonder we see so many instances of passionate excess—no wonder that the savage hand is so often lifted up to strike and commit homicide.

long narrative by stating, that the chief constable, a most trust-worthy and efficient officer, declared that in all his experience of Irish criminality, this informer showed the only evidence of genuine and uncontrollable remorse. And, reader, after all, I do not regret having told this story, because I think it goes a great way to explain much of the predial evils of Ireland. I think it goes to show that Ireland's over-population, with a barbarous, reckless, vindictive multitude, is in a great measure owing to the improvidence and pecuniary distresses of the landlords. Are not the present race blamed for the faults of many generations? This would qualify the censure—that there has not been that watchful and protective guardianship on the part of their fathers—that they have been as improvident in the selection of their tenants, as they have been profuse in their hospitalities, and heedless in the choice of their guests. The truth is, that the present generation is suffering for the sins of their progenitors; the fathers have sown the wind, and the children must reap the whirlwind."

TRAITS OF THE CAT IN HINDOSTAN.

CATS are domesticated in nearly every house, and yet very little is generally known concerning their true character. They have got a bad name, and few are at the pains to discover whether they merit it or not. A love of dogs, and a hatred of cats, seem to be studiously inculcated; and although justice may occasionally be done to the maligned race, and individuals may become great favourites, common prejudice remains against them, and they are stigmatised as being savage, revengeful, and treacherous. The cat is perhaps not by nature friendly to man, and differs in this respect from the dog, who voluntarily attaches itself to the human race; nor will it continue to follow and serve him under ill treatment, for unkind usage renders it shy, suspicious, or fierce. But it is equally capable of the strongest degree of affection, and is equally faithful in its attachments. A peculiar method, however, must be pursued to elicit these qualities on the part of the cat. It does not understand teasing, and requires to be won by steady, genuine, and consistent kindness. The cat in its domesticated state is said to form an attachment to the place of its residence, rather than the people with whom it resides; but this will only be found to be the case when it is treated with indifference by the family; for of the cats of which honourable mention will be made in the following pages, not one manifested any predilection of the kind. The unfortunate association during the dark ages of cats with witchcraft, occasioned a strong prejudice against the unhappy animal condemned to endure the most odious imputation, an imputation which the sagacity it displays only tended to confirm. This notion is nearly, if not entirely, exploded in the civilised portion of the world; but another, equally erroneous, is still entertained, it being supposed that cats have a propensity to suck the breath of sleeping infants. Zoological writers have exposed the fallacy of this opinion, by showing that it does not accord with the construction of the animal; and we may hope that in the general spread of a most useful and entertaining branch of knowledge, that of natural history, the cat may be acquitted of any evil design against infant life. Its fondness for warmth and a soft bed may lead it to seek repose in the cradle, and it might injure the respiration of a baby by too close contact, as nurses sometimes overlay children; but there is no *malice prepense* in the case, and a petted cat would in all probability have too much good sense to commit this kind of mischief, for in no animals are the intellectual faculties so strongly developed by a judicious process of education, as in the cat. Various dispositions will be displayed by different individuals, but the result will in all cases be the same; they will become docile, affectionate, and exceedingly sagacious, understanding every thing that is said to them, and communicating their own wants, feelings, and wishes, in return, in very expressive language.

Nearly all domesticated animals, and the cat in particular, will exchange their own wild natural cry for acquired sounds; the mewings of a petted or a neglected cat will be very different; and each, besides the universal purr, will have a peculiar way of its own to express its satisfaction. In some I have observed a kind of chuckle or crow, and all will be distinguished by some variety. It is astonishing how soon a petted cat will learn to respect other favourites of the establishment, and how safely birds may be kept within its reach; a fact to be ascertained at nearly every bird shop, where cats may be seen threading their way behind the cages in quest of mice. Cats, however, to be thus trusted, must be well fed; and it is a mistaken, as well as a very cruel policy, to keep them hungry in order to make them good mousers. A cat, maintained in health and spirits by sufficient food, will hunt for its amusement with more alacrity than the poor half-

starved creature obliged to pick up a miserable subsistence by the chase, a circumstance certain to render it a thief. A little meagre cat, which I once purchased, would lie upon a chair, gazing listlessly at the mice playing round it, and offering them no sort of molestation; while a few weeks afterwards, when in good condition, she not only kept the house free from these intruders, but would watch for and catch much larger and more dangerous animals of the lizard kind, creatures nearly a foot long, and exceedingly dreaded by the natives of Hindostan.

Having resided for a considerable period in India, sometimes in lonely places, affording little amusement excepting that derived from watching the habits of the animal creation around, and at others dependent during the most sultry hours of the day upon the companionship of domestic pets, I had many opportunities of studying the feline character, and consider it to be but an act of justice to give the following unvarnished relation of the tempers and dispositions of a very misrepresented class. In none did I ever find a single instance of the treachery or ingratitude for which cats are proverbially infamous. In voyaging up the Ganges, the boat was so much infested with vermin, that, although not predisposed in favour of the antidote, we procured a half-grown male kitten at the city of Rourhyr. The animal was of course treated with great kindness, and seemed to be perfectly happy in its new situation; but we did not give it credit for any superior intelligence, until one day I was shocked at seeing one of our birds, which had escaped in consequence of the cage-door being left open, in the cat's mouth. Instead, however, of doing the poor thing the slightest injury, puss brought it to her master perfectly unharmed, and seemingly frightened by the adventure. On our arrival at Benares, while visiting some friends, we left the cat in the boat, under the impression that it would not relish a removal to a strange place; and upon our return, after an absence of twelve days, were surprised by the manifestations of joy which it evinced at seeing us again. Puss now got into very great favour, and showed, by her affectionate demeanour, how well he appreciated our kindness. At length we reached the place of our destination, and in the distribution of the pets, the care of the cat devolved upon me. It travelled very contentedly in the palanquin, and on arriving at a large rambling dilapidated bungalow, which, there being no places of public entertainment in this part of the world, was to afford us shelter, the cat, not in the slightest degree discomposed by the change of abode, enabled me to pass the night in comparative comfort, by voluntarily taking up a position upon my bed, which, not having its usual defence of mosquito curtains strained tightly, and tucked in all round, and thus affording a good security against the inroads of vermin, might otherwise have been visited by most unwelcome guests.

After the sojourn of a week in this dreary mansion, the departure of one of the few residents of the station enabled us to purchase another in better condition, to which we removed; the cat, of course, accompanying us. We observed that both he and his successors, on changing their abode, would inspect every apartment, smelling them all round, and, having thus completed their survey, would settle quietly down, and make themselves at home. Tom was for some time exceedingly happy; he would roam abroad a little bit only for an hour or two; and if in the cold weather he found the doors closed, would utter a low gentle sound, to ask admittance. In the evening, in our walks, it would always follow us across the plain; and if we dined out, would accompany us, waiting, if there happened to be a cross cat or dog in the mansion, on the outside, ready to attend us home. The sensibility which this affectionate creature showed, proved, like that of many human beings, inimical to its happiness. After a time, some Afghan traders came to the station with cats of the Persian breed, among other articles, for sale. We purchased a very beautiful half-grown kitten of these men, which our older favourite beheld with not less astonishment than dismay. The first time that he saw my brother-in-law take this kitten in his arms, he went to his feet, looked up in his face, and uttered a piercing cry. We were, in fact, quite distressed by the grief which it manifested at the appearance of a rival, and endeavoured, by every means in our power, to reconcile the poor thing to the encroachments on its privileges by another, caressing it more than ever, and taking care that it should be supplied with food whenever it returned home, whether by night or day. It now absented itself more frequently, and for longer periods, than formerly, but never manifested any spite against the intruder; playing with it occasionally, and merely showing its dissatisfaction by moping about. During one of its absences, another string of camels passing, we took a fancy to a black female kitten, likewise a very beautiful creature, and purchased it for seven rupees, that is, fourteen shillings. Puss returning about noon, walked into the drawing-room, and seeing a second cat domesticated in the family, looked perfectly agast. Withdrawing into a remote corner, he squatted down, and kept his eyes fixed upon the intruder, taking no notice of our attempts to soothe him, and refusing the food we offered. In this manner he continued to watch the whole day, and in the evening went away and never returned. We heard that he had taken up his quarters at another bungalow, the only one occupied by a family whom we did not

visit; but we never saw him afterwards. We often hoped that he would come back to us, more especially as we were told that he had been beaten for thieving; but neither hunger nor ill treatment could induce him to revisit the house where he had been supplanted. We grieved exceedingly that the poor cat should have taken the affair so much to heart, but could not help being pleased with an instance of sensitiveness of so extraordinary a nature.

Our Persian kitten received the new addition to the family very differently, showing ever the most affectionate interest in the stranger; the little creature was exceedingly shy and timid, and was fond of creeping under a very low footstool for concealment. Tom would take up his station close to this stool, and lie upon it all night, to be near his companion. We found some difficulty in gaining the confidence of our new acquisition, for Tupee, as we called her, was particularly fearful, differing very widely in that respect from Tom, a bold fellow, the best tempered creature in the world, and full of trust and confidence. About this time a very tiny terrier puppy was added to the establishment; and all three agreed marvellously well together, playing till they were tired, and then going to sleep close to each other. Tom would sometimes betake himself to repose in one of the bathing-rooms, and curl round in a large circular brass basin, much used in India for washing the hands. If any of the party, in going into this apartment when he was thus ensconced, offered to stroke his head, he would shake it, uttering a sort of grunt, as if annoyed at being disturbed; but this was all affected; for if we passed through without taking any notice of him, he would rouse himself a little, and call after us, sinking again to sleep upon receiving the expected caress. This fellow being unacquainted with the nature of a blow, and of a most fearless disposition, would only jump up and play with a stick or whip if shaken over him, while Tupee, on the contrary, seemed to have an intuitive sense of danger. Notwithstanding her timidity, however, she possessed a high spirit, and would not put up with an affront. One day, while playing in the verandah, the dog jumped suddenly out, and startled her excessively. She sprang out of the way, but turning round, and discovering the cause of her alarm, she went up to the puppy, and gave him a pat on the face. At another time, being in a house with a stranger dog that snarled at her, when she good-naturedly attempted to play with it, on its repassing the stool on which it was sitting, she gave it a good cuff. We had the misfortune to lose Tom soon after he became full grown; some workmen had been employed about the premises, who showed themselves so much delighted with the cat, that we could not help suspecting them of stealing it when it disappeared.

We now removed to a larger station, carrying Tupee with us, and during our residence at this place occupied three different houses; we never observed her to manifest any annoyance at the change of residence, only appearing to be uneasy when put into some strange conveyance, to which, however, she was speedily reconciled, if the dog accompanied her. Her attachment to this terrier was very strong. Whenever it was absent for any time, she would evince the greatest joy at its return; indeed, upon all occasions she manifested a very affectionate disposition to those with whom she associated.

Among other odd ways, Tupee had a fancy to get upon the beds early in the morning; she would walk up to the pillow of the occupant to be stroked, and if kept waiting, would give a gentle tap on the face with her velvet paw; if this did not succeed in arousing the pretended sleeper, she would as gently bite the chin; and having received the expected caress, would lie down gently for a while, and then go into another room, and do the same. Many nervous persons would have been alarmed at our favourite's method of engaging our attention, but we trusted her, and never found her treacherous. We had now an opportunity of seeing how she would behave under the same circumstances which had produced so tragical an effect upon her predecessor, for having had a present of a Persian kitten, it was brought home. No sooner, however, did it make its appearance, than the vixen flew at it, and fairly beat it out of doors. I made several attempts to establish it comfortably in the family, but in vain; Tupee had no idea of yielding quietly and sorrowfully as the other cat had done, but maintained every point of law in her favour with teeth and talons. The kitten, therefore, was given away to a gentleman who promised to befriend it.

We now took another journey, and having found a cat rather a troublesome companion in my palanquin, it was agreed that she should travel in a basket with the female servants, in their bullock carriages. Their departure took place several hours previously to our own, and Tupee was upon my lap when summoned to her basket. She instantly began to cry; and when we reached the encamping ground the next morning, we were made aware of our approach by the well-known voice, mewling with all its might. We found puss tethered to one of the tent-pins; and the moment the palanquins were put down, she ceased her vociferations, and became quite content, purring and showing her pleasure in her usual manner, although not relieved from the tent-pin, as we were afraid that if left at liberty she might stray into the jungle. When taken away from us, she recommenced her wailings, which continued without interruption until she saw us again. When about sixteen months old, Tupee became a

mother for the first time, and performed the maternal office to the only two kittens born alive, with great care and tenderness. Cats are admitted to be remarkable for love of their offspring, having the organ of philoprogenitiveness very strongly developed, and although sometimes destroying their young, only for a very sufficient reason. A naturalist of considerable celebrity has accounted most satisfactorily for a circumstance which has told against the cat, by stating the cause of the perpetration of apparently so unnatural a deed, which is committed only when the mother finds that she has no milk for the support of her offspring. Ewes fed upon certain salt pastures in Australia are induced by the same cause to act in the same manner. The kittens, which were male and female, and named Tarty and Tom, were dissimilar in their dispositions. Tom was exceedingly gentle, but the most inquisitive of his race, evincing the curiosity common to all in a very extraordinary degree. He would watch the movements of the people at work about the house with untiring patience; sometimes stationing himself about a yard from the men employed to root up the grass in the close vicinity of the mansion; an operation which must be performed very frequently during the rainy season, to prevent snakes from lurking around the premises unseen. Tom took the strongest interest in these weedings, always going out to superintend them; he conciliated every body by his gentleness and pretty ways, while Tarty, though affectionate, was of a fiercer nature, and liked nothing so well as hunting. When disappointed of the sparrows or the lizards which she thought were within her reach, her rage was quite amusing; she would look up after them, and snarl with vexation. At sunset we always went into the garden, or walked on the terrace, and the moment we left the house, the cats and dogs, for we had now another puppy, gathered round us, frisking and playing about, and jumping up at us as they ran along. Circumstances taking me to Calcutta, Tupee and Tom were placed under the care of my servants, who made the journey by water. Their beauty, and the greater difficulty of procuring specimens of the breed, rendered them very valuable at the presidency, five pounds being given for an animal of the kind. I resided at this time in a large house in the midst of grounds in a fashionable suburb; and Tom, straying over the wall one day, was stolen by the servants of some of the neighbours, by whom he was much admired. He had been lost once before, but immediate search being made after him by a very intelligent servant of mine, he was found at breakfast with a gentleman, who could scarcely be prevailed upon to surrender his guest. This man was unfortunately absent on leave at the time of the second elopement. Although there are always a great many domestics lounging about an Indian mansion, it was necessary to appoint one whose sole business would be to look after my remaining cat. I therefore hired a little boy for the purpose, telling him not to permit her to go out of his sight. The poor child, attending to the letter rather than the spirit of his instructions, always kept within a yard of her, and she soon discovered that she was under constant surveillance. She consequently took a great hatred to her keeper, but never scratched or injured him in any way, her method of showing her dislike being a very curious one: whenever I appeared upon the scene, she would run to me, and, on passing this too vigilant sentinel, would look up, and make a grimace at him, uttering at the same time a sound very expressive of her enmity. Tupee was at length taken ill, and unfortunately not having any skilful person to whom I could apply for advice, the remedies which I tried proved unsuccessful. The night before her death, I kept her in my arms, and while undressing for bed, laid her upon my feet. I afterwards placed her on a chair at the bedside, but that did not satisfy her, and I therefore laid her upon the pillow; she put her head close against my throat, and purred all night louder than I had ever heard her before. She jumped off my lap on the following day, staggered and fell, dying soon afterwards. I had her buried under a cypress tree in the garden, and need scarcely say that I lamented the loss of so affectionate a creature. Meanwhile, my brother-in-law also travelled to Calcutta; he came by water, and lost Tarty at a village on the river Jumna, where he halted for the night. He remained two days at this place, endeavouring to recover her; but the search proving vain, he wrote to the magistrate of the district, requesting that he would send some of his people into the woods to look after her. Upon his arrival in Calcutta, he received a letter from this gentleman, to say that the cat had been found with two kittens, in a very lean condition, and was being taken care of at the house of one of the Zumeendars, or farmers. A tent-pitcher, one of a class of servants not wanted in Calcutta, was immediately dispatched to bring down this interesting family; the distance he had to travel was about six hundred miles, and to go there and back on foot necessarily occupied some time. The claihshee, however, thought nothing of it, but as it would have been *infra dig.* in him to carry the cats, a man was hired stage by stage to bring them down. Upon their arrival, Tarty, so far from having grown wild or forgetful, fell instantly into her old habits, showed great joy at seeing her master again, and immediately established herself in her usual place upon his desk, leaving him just room enough to write. One of her kittens resembled herself, but the other showed signs of degeneracy. It had not

been my intention to pet another cat, but as this poor thing wanted a home, and had no beauty to tempt any one to steal it, I gave it an asylum. It soon became exceedingly attached to me, and was just as docile and good-natured as its predecessors had been.

Ill health obliging me to return to England, and not knowing how I should be circumstanced upon my arrival, I did not like to take a cat with me that was not handsome enough to conciliate strangers in its favour. The family with whom I resided, and some friends at the next door, for I was then living near Government House in the city of Calcutta, were desirous to have it for a pet, and, therefore, I left it behind. The first letter which I received, gave me a melancholy account of my poor favourite. I was told that it missed me almost immediately, and became inconsolable for my loss. After wandering about, apparently in search of the person who had showed it so much kindness, and refusing to be comforted by the caresses of others, it went away and was seen no more; deserting all its accustomed haunts, and thus showing that it was capable of a stronger attachment to persons than to places. Since my return to England, I have been much interested by the intelligence and sagacity of a cat that I found with a family with whom I have resided; it was not very well treated, and I was at first under the necessity of purchasing food, and feeding it by stealth. Puss comprehended in an instant all my manoeuvres for this purpose; coming to me immediately as it heard me speak to a parrot in a particular tone of voice, and eating silently and quickly, dispensing afterwards with the usual parade of licking the chops, an operation which it performed with great dispatch, and without incurring observation. This cat, if accidentally trodden upon, or injured in any way, will turn round, and cast a most reproachful look at the offender, uttering at the same time an upbraiding cry, but never dreams of biting or scratching, and may be handled immediately without danger. In consequence of my interposition in its favour, it now leads a very easy life; and its intellectual faculties have been so strongly developed by familiar intercourse with rational beings, that, according to the common phrase, it does every thing but speak.

A FEW STATISTICS OF CRIME IN ENGLAND. REPRESSION.

THE existing means for the repression of crime in England are exceedingly imperfect. Except in a few places where an efficient police force has within these few years been established, the constabulary is weak, and in nearly all cases of emergency powerless; the local magistracy are also in too many instances unfit to exert the full energy of the law; and the duty, trouble, and loss of prosecuting offenders, are left to the discretion of the private injured persons. The whole existing system, with the trifling exceptions mentioned, is little advanced beyond what was in operation at the Norman conquest: the experience of eight hundred years in criminal jurisprudence and correctional police has gone for nothing.

On a subject of so great importance as this, facts are of infinitely greater value than declamation. The first fact, then, which we shall take the liberty of producing, is the very wonderful one, "that there are at present upwards of five hundred voluntary associations throughout England for promoting the apprehension and prosecution of felons, besides very numerous voluntary associations, in various parts of the country, for the repression of vagrancy and mendicancy." (Report, p. 185.) In consequence of the inability of the law and its functionaries to protect the lives and property of the people, the people have been under the necessity, and at the expense, of protecting themselves. What a state of things does this single fact disclose! These associations exist chiefly in the rural districts, and are composed of country gentlemen and farmers. Each member pays so much annually to defray expenses; and among some of the associations there are rules for mutual insurance, by the payment of a part of the loss sustained by depredation; in several of the associations of farmers, there is a rule binding the members, in the case of horse-stealing, to take horse and join in pursuit of the thieves upon alarm of a theft having been committed. In many country parts of England there is no safety for property out of these useful protection societies. The farmer who refuses to join an association, trusting to the law, is a marked man among the various tribes of vagrant and settled thieves. Depredations are committed without fear upon his property, the depredators well knowing that, even if they be detected, the poor victim has not the means, and may not be desirous of taking upon himself the odious function of prosecutor. There is,

* First Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire as to the best means of establishing an efficient constabulary force in the counties of England and Wales, 1839.

on the other hand, a salutary dread among thieves of the potency of a protection association. They know that the association will spare no trouble or expense to apprehend and prosecute the thief who plunders the property of any of its members, and, moreover, that it incurs no odium in performing this important public service. The insecurity of machinery and other property in some of the manufacturing towns, has introduced the use of fire-arms for self-defence, and the mill-owners were lately "considering of the formation of armed associations for self-protection." On this the commissioners are led to remark, that "if the principle of self-protection were thus generally adopted, which appears inevitable where due protection is not publicly provided, we need hardly specify the serious inconveniences which are to be apprehended from each manufacturing town being rendered a sort of fortress, held by undisciplined troops, infected by local animosities."

One of the most flagrant evils of the present system, is the variety of opposing arrangements in the different towns and counties. Each place has its own kind of jurisdiction and mode of action, and sometimes there are several jurisdictions acting in opposition to, or regardless of, each other in the same town.

"Thus, in Manchester [during the day] the police officer is the proper officer to receive the custody of persons charged with the commission of offences. During the night the watchman, a person belonging to a distinct force, is the proper person to perform that duty. These forces are under separate direction. In the jurisdiction of one corporation there were recently constables appointed by the parishioners, and serving in their 'own right,' that is to say, gratuitously and reluctantly; there were deputy constables appointed by the constables, and eking out their payments by casual fees; there were parish watchmen for the night, and street watchmen, maintained by subscription, and private watchmen, maintained by individuals for their self-protection; there were beadle appointed by the parishes, and beacles, as well as constables, appointed by the wards; there are also paid officers of several descriptions appointed by the aldermen or the common council. These several descriptions of officers, appointed by independent jurisdictions, were practically independent of each other, and they were commonly inclined to prove their independence by thwarting each other on all occasions where offenders to be pursued were concerned with different subdivisions."

Wheresoever a well-appointed police force has been established, and the old inefficient watch been abrogated, a very sensible improvement has taken place in the condition of society. Within the district of the metropolitan police force, every description of property is more secure than it was when the antiquated parochial watch system was in operation. The streets can also now be walked at all hours with both safety and tranquillity. The new police force has rendered other important services:—"From returns extending over the last three years, it appears that the metropolitan police have stopped upwards of 150 fires at their commencement, and have saved 90 lives, whilst only nine were saved by other persons." In Liverpool, a similar advantage has arisen from the employment of a proper police. The superintendent states, that "the police force of that town comprises also a fire police. A certain number, forty constables, are drilled as firemen; there are no other firemen in the town; there are eleven engines all under my care. The advantage of having a fire police within the police force is very great and apparent. The average annual loss for eight preceding years was £400,000: it will not this year, I expect, exceed £10,000. Formerly a single fire cost £400 or £500, now it costs only a very few pounds. All this is owing to the policemen being firemen, and to our new regulations at fires."

No part of the evidence laid before the commissioners shows so forcibly the present state of insecurity of person and property, from the defectiveness of the rural constabulary, as that given by commercial travellers with respect to the danger of travelling after nightfall in certain parts of the country. Mr Thomas Burt, a straw-hat manufacturer, residing in Holborn, who has been accustomed to make journeys as a commercial traveller for ten years, gives the following statement of his experience:—

"What part of the country do you consider the most dangerous, or the least safe to travel?—Of my own knowledge I may state that the districts in which I and other travellers feel the least comfortable in travelling, are the neighbourhoods of the northern manufacturing towns, as the vicinity of Manchester, where some ferocious highway robberies have been committed. One gang was pursued and broken up. One of the robbers was, I believe, caught and transported. The neighbourhoods of Bury, Preston, and Rochdale, are felt to be very bad. A savage murder was recently committed on a foot traveller in the vale of Todmorden, the road to Rochdale. Another murder was committed, for money, on a foot passenger near Bolton. There are two roads, one over Blackstone Edge, the other through the vale of Todmorden, through neither of which, I apprehend, would any traveller, under any circumstances except those of the most pressing emergency, venture after dark. The character of the lower classes in those neighbourhoods is barbarous to an unusual degree. The lower classes in the neighbourhoods of Dudley and Wednesbury are almost as barbarous; but I have not heard of the like instances of robberies and violence having been committed there."

Are the places you mention destitute of the protection of any police or patrol?—In the immediate neighbourhood of Manchester they have a police, but I am not aware of the existence of any in the other places.

Have you travelled abroad?—Yes, I have travelled as

a commercial traveller on the continent, principally through France and Belgium. I have been in Spain, but I have not travelled much there. I am, however, much acquainted with travellers in Germany.

What do you commercial travellers find to be the comparative state of security of the roads on the continent and England?—I can have no hesitation in stating that on the continent the security is much greater. It is, within my own knowledge, much greater on the roads on the continent over which I have travelled. The many German travellers with whom I am well acquainted have stated to me that in Germany robberies are scarcely ever heard of, and Prussia is marked as a country free for the traveller. In some parts of Italy, and in Spain in general, the roads are stated to me, by commercial travellers, to be nearly impassable. In Tuscany, however, there is a good government, and there is a very perfect freedom for commercial travelling from the oppression and terror of robbers. England, in respect to the state of the roads, follows next after Italy and Spain."

Mr Lindsay Cole, a traveller during six years, is next examined:—

"What is your experience as to the state of security or insecurity of the roads in Yorkshire?—A large proportion of it is as desolate and bare of protection as Salisbury Plain; and I found travelling there with money or with any thing valuable, attended with danger. I cannot give a better conception of the state of insecurity than by the fact, that the farmers in the neighbourhood of Leeds frequently waited for each other's company, to return home after the market. I have dined at the market tables at Pontefract, Howden, Selby, &c., and have observed a wish on the part of the farmers, especially after dark, to get company to go home with, and several times have they availed themselves of my lamps, more particularly when they have received payment for their corn or wheat sold. I have seen the same at other places. I have known commercial men to travel on horseback as a more secure mode than travelling in a gig, and I have adopted this mode myself. In some parts there is great difficulty in the transmission of money. I have had in my possession two or three hundred pounds of gold, or notes or paper only negotiable within the district. When I have been travelling with such sums, I have more than once thought that, had I been attacked, I should have stood but little chance of saving my money, or of recovering it afterwards.

What description of force do you believe would give confidence and freedom to travellers under such circumstances?—A police like the metropolitan, on which one might rely in case of need."

We do not require to produce further proof of the existing insecurity to person and property in those parts of England destitute of a regular police force. After the most searching inquiries into the existing state of the general constabulary arrangements in all parts of the country, the commissioners arrive at the following conclusions, which, in all likelihood, will form the basis of a bill in parliament:—

"1. That, as a primary remedy for the evils set forth, a paid constabulary force should be trained, appointed, and organised on the principles of management recognised by the legislature in the appointment of the new metropolitan police force.

2. That for this purpose an application in writing, under the hands and seals of a majority of the justices assembled at any quarter-sessions of the peace for the county, setting forth the insecurity of person and property, and the want of paid constables, the commissioners of police shall, with the approbation of the secretary of state for the home department, direct the location of such constables and such officers as may, upon examination by the said commissioners, be deemed adequate for the due protection of life or property within the county.

3. The force shall be paid one-fourth from the consolidated fund, and three-fourths from the county rates, as a part of the general expenses of the whole county.

4. That the constables so appointed shall report their proceedings to the justices of the peace of the quarter and petty sessions where they are stationed.

5. That the superintendants shall be subject to dismissal upon the representation of the justices of the peace in quarter-sessions, and that the sergeants and constables shall be subject to dismissal upon the representation of the justices of the peace in petty-sessions.

6. That the justices of the peace shall frame rules and regulations for the service of process and attendance at petty or quarter sessions of such force, which rules shall be submitted to the secretary of state, and, if approved by him, shall be binding.

7. That the commissioners shall frame rules and regulations for the general management of the police, which rules shall, on the approbation of the secretary of state, be binding.

The principles embodied in our recommendations being based on extensive experience, we feel confident that however they may for a time be impeded by adverse interests, those interests, and the prejudices engendered by them, will yield before the light of future experience, which will lead to the ultimate adoption of measures on the principles of those we propose. If one uniform and trained force be efficiently directed to the prevention or repression of crime, we cannot doubt of success."

This projected reform of the constabulary system of England will, we can easily foresee, meet with much opposition. The rural gentry will probably oppose it as tending to diminish their personal consequence: others will exclaim against it as part of that centralising system which they dread as something calculated to

become an engine of over-"strong" government. It will be curious if the English people, for such reasons, shall prefer submitting to systematic spoliation for ever and ever, to sanctioning the establishment of the only kind of instrument that ever can be efficient for the protection of their property.

LINES SENT WITH A "FORGET-ME-NOT."

Emblem of my Fanny's eye,
Dyed with empyrean hue,
Bright as heaven's sunshine sky,
Divinely, beautifully blue.
Emblem of my Fanny's mind,
Resplendent, modest, rich, and pure,
Like that brilliant gem we find
All radiant, though at first obscure.
Emblem of my Fanny's heart,
But what to that can I compare?
All that heaven could impart
Of woman's worth, is perfect there.
Go, lovely flower! to Fanny go!
And tell her absence ne'er can blot
From mem'ry her loved image—no!
And, flower, bid her "Forget-me-not!"

E. R.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR EXECUTING A WILL IN ENGLAND.

As the law relating to wills in England has recently undergone some important alterations, which, if not generally known, or not strictly complied with, may lead to serious consequences in the cases of wills made by inexperienced persons without proper professional assistance, the following brief instructions as to the execution of wills have been drawn up under the impression that they may not prove altogether useless.

The recent act passed respecting wills, 1st Victoria, chap. 26, prescribes no particular form in which a will may be made; it is therefore only necessary here to explain the formalities which are required to be gone through with respect to any writing intended to operate as a will, before it can become valid and effectual in law.

1. Every will, then, to be valid, must, first of all, be in writing. No stamp-duty being required, it may be written upon plain paper or upon parchment, but plain paper is now in almost universal use among the members of the legal profession in England. After a seal, made either of wax or of paper, has been attached by the testator to the foot of the document (if the seal be of paper, it may be attached by means of a wafer), the will must then be signed by the testator, opposite to such seal, in the presence of two witnesses at least. If he cannot write, or is unable to do so, it must be signed for him "by some other person in his presence, and by his direction." The persons before whom the will is signed, must then attest the execution of it by the testator—that is to say, they must sign their names thereto, as witnesses, in his presence, and in the presence of each other. Two witnesses are now quite sufficient in every case, without any reference to the kind of property devised by the will. Formerly, in the case of real property, three witnesses were requisite, but two are now sufficient, whether the property be real or personal. This uniformity in the number of witnesses to a will, without any distinction being made as to the nature of the property bequeathed by it, is an excellent feature in the new act. The old practice of requiring three witnesses in case of real property, and two in case of property of a personal kind, led, in numberless instances, to serious consequences, and much expensive litigation.

2. Any person capable of understanding the nature and meaning of the transaction, may be a witness to a will, without reference to age or sex. The testator, however, must take care that neither of the attesting witnesses, or the wife or husband of such witness, be in any way beneficially interested in the will; otherwise, the person so interested, will, by acting as a witness, be debarred from taking any legacy or devise under it, though the will, in other respects, will not be nullified thereby. An executor, however, may now be an attesting witness, without in any way affecting or invalidating his appointment as executor, or the validity of the instrument itself; or a creditor of the testator may be a witness, without forfeiting his claim upon him.

3. In the case of any erasures or interlineations occurring in the will, it is the usual practice for the testator, before signing, to put his initials opposite to them in the margin, and in the presence of his witnesses. But if it be necessary to make any erasures or interlineations in the will after its execution, they must, to have effect, have the signature of the testator, and those of the subscribing witnesses, put in the margin opposite to them; or a memorandum noticing or referring to such alterations, written somewhere at the foot of the document, and signed by the testator, and attested by the witnesses.

Those instructions as to the execution of wills must

be all faithfully complied with, because any omission of the least of them will, under the amended law, inevitably prove fatal to the legality of the instrument.

In conclusion, it may be observed, that the fewer the words in which a will is written, the better.

CHANGE.

Constant change is the first law of society. The world is like a magic lantern, or the shifting scenes of a pantomime. Ten years convert the population of schools into men and women, the young into fathers and matrons, make and mar fortunes, and bury the last generation but one. Twenty years convert infants into lovers and fathers and mothers, render youth the operative generation, decide men's fortunes and distinctions, convert active men into crawling drivellers, and bury all the preceding generation. Thirty years raise an active generation from non-entity, change fascinating beauties into merely bearable old women, convert lovers into grandfathers and grandmothers, and bury the active generation, or reduce them to decrepitude and imbecility. Forty years, alas! change the face of all society; infants are growing old, the bloom of youth and beauty has passed away, two active generations have been swept from the stage of life, names so cherished are forgotten, and unsuspected candidates for fame have started from the exhaustless womb of nature. Fifty years! Why should any desire to retain their affections from maturity for fifty years? It is to behold a world which they do not know, and to which they are unknown; it is to live to weep for the generations passed away, for lovers, for parents, for children, for friends in the grave: it is to see every thing turned upside down by the fickle hand of fortune, and the absolute despotism of time; it is, in a word, to behold the vanity of human life in all its varieties of display.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

HONOURABLE CONDUCT.

In the year 1822, when the manager of the East Lothian Bank absconded, it was found that funds to an immense amount had been embezzled by him, and that in consequence the bank was obliged to discontinue business, and wind up its concerns, in order to effect which very heavy calls required to be made on the partners, for the purpose of meeting the liabilities of the bank. Many of the partners, not being able to settle these calls, were ruined, and the burden thus became doubly severe on the few who have been able to meet all demands. Amongst those who were unable to pay the whole of the first call, was Mr George Waddell, comptroller of customs at Grangemouth, who, after a representation of the circumstances, was finally discharged by the bank, on his paying a composition of the utmost sum which he was then able to command. This gentleman, though relieved by his discharge of all liability for the debts of the bank, nobly resolved that he would not take advantage of this, but would, if possible, compensate his fellow-sufferers for the additional burden thrown on them by his inability at the time to pay his own share. Accordingly, by strict economy, Mr Waddell was enabled to fulfil his intentions, and made payment to all the solvent partners of the bank who were not directors, ordinary or extraordinary, prior to its stoppage, of the additional sum paid by them in consequence of his not having formerly contributed his share of the loss. Grateful for conduct so generous and disinterested, those who became partakers of this unlooked-for benefit presented to Mr Waddell a silver tea-set, and a copy of Calvin's works, in token of their gratitude and esteem. Conduct like this deserves to be extensively known, in order that it may be imitated.—*The same.*

HUMILITY.

Bishop Jeremy Taylor says of humility, that it is like the root of a goodly tree, thrust very far into the ground, and this we may know by the goodly fruits which appear above ground. Of these fruits the worthy bishop sums up seventeen varieties. The catalogue (with slight abridgement in some of the articles) is as follows:—1. The humble man trusts not to his own discretion, but in matters of concernment relies rather upon the judgment of his friends, counsellors, or spiritual guides. 2. He does not pertinaciously pursue the choice of his own will. 3. He does not murmur against commands. 4. He is not inquisitive into the reasonableness of indifferent and innocent commands, but believes their command to be reason enough in such cases to exact his obedience. 5. He lives according to a rule, and with compliance to public customs, without any affectation or singularity. 6. He is meek and indifferent in all accidents and chances. 7. He patiently bears injuries. 8. He is always unsatisfied in his own conduct, resolutions, and councils. 9. He is a great lover of good men, and a praiser of wise men, and a censurer of no man. 10. He is modest in his speech, and reserved in his laughter. 11. He fears when he hears himself commended. 12. He gives no pert or saucy answers when he is reproved, whether justly or unjustly. 13. He loves to sit down in private, and, if he may, he refuses the temptation of offices and new honours. 14. He is ingenuous, free, and open in his notions and discourses. 15. He mends his fault, and gives thanks when he is admonished. 16. He is ready to do good to the murderers of his fame, to his slanderers, backbiters, and detractors. 17. And is contented to be suspected of indiscretion, so he may really be innocent, and not offensive to his neighbour, nor wanting to his just and prudent interest. These, it may be said, are very many fruits to spring from the one root of humility. But this is of so very great and excellent a virtue that it draws with it most others.—*The same.*

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* We beg leave to submit that, beneficial as may be the establishment of a general police force, such as now recommended, there cannot be any thing like the success anticipated, so long as there is a want of a public prosecutor, as in Scotland, to take the place of the injured private party, and encounter the expenses of the apprehension and trial of offenders.

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STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
ST PAUL.

THE FOLLOWER OF THE FAMILY.*

PART THE FIRST.

MARGARET SHEIL had been born on the estate of the O'Dwyers; and the truth of the legend, which asserted that her father's grandfather or great-grandfather was killed at some famous battle defending the life of Gerald O'Dwyer, "a grate man intirely," was never for a moment doubted by the gentry, or "the people." Margaret was not likely to question its authenticity, for she lived almost always amid the wreck and remnants of the "big house," which had fallen into wretched decay; a sort of authorised follower of the family, tending the lady, a poor weak delicate woman, and cherishing, beyond every earthly thing, a wild, careless, thoughtless youth, the last of a race remarkable (if such a character, being Irish, could be considered remarkable some fifty years ago) for its profuseness and extravagance. The O'Dwyer family had fallen in consequence of this heedless expenditure of a pound, where *care*, with a *shilling*, could have done as much—fallen to the very depths of embarrassment and poverty; and the young man's mother, sickly in mind and body, worn out with the whirling cares and distracting anxieties which a year before had buried her husband beneath their ruins, was not able to think or act. In Ireland, if misfortune falls upon a portion of a respectable house, the distressed too frequently live upon the wealthy, thinking it derogatory to exert themselves; this brings down, sooner or later, the prop whereon they rested, and is both mean and cruel. But poor Mrs O'Dwyer had no prop to lean on; her husband's family having been long before levelled in the dust from the habits to which I have alluded. They had kept open house for years past telling. Poor O'Dwyer, her husband, died in jail; and the mercy of a creditor left the widow and her son the ruined walls of their ancestors, their only shelter against the pelting of the pitiless storm. What had been the garden to the ruined mansion, was, by the positive charity of the tenants who had passed with the land to other landlords, cultivated for her benefit; they managed to find hours or days to sow potatoes and cut turf for "her honour," and treated the wild, buoyant, boisterous lad, who was as free and frank in his bearing as if he were master of the soil, with the respect and attention which they said "they owed the family." It was very touching to witness the various little attentions—small in service, but rich in love—which were heaped upon the widow by the untiring hand of Irish gratitude; and no one was more devoted to her service than was Margaret Sheil. Margaret was a small, active, neat, little body; fair and blue-eyed—eyes so bright and blue, that they seemed to dart into futurity; and Margaret's character was in keeping with her eyes, for she looked forward with a long-headedness very *unIrish*. She was gifted with a much greater degree of worldly knowledge than her mistress. She would even take upon herself to lecture her favourite Garrett O'Dwyer himself whenever he did any thing which she considered it wrong for an O'Dwyer to do. This was not often, for he appeared

to her as near perfection as man could be. Garrett had attained the age of nineteen; could fight like—like an Irishman; sing—like an Irishman; dance—like an Irishman; was thoughtless—as an Irishman; generous—as an Irishman; proud—as an Irishman; poor—as an Irishman! His mother, when he was about six years old, had refused the offer of a relative to take and educate the child, partly because he was the only O'Dwyer who had ever been in trade, and more than partly because her heart clung, as mothers' hearts will cling, to their solace, their hope, their all! Garrett had been long engaged in both open and covert rebellion against petticoat government; wished to go abroad, to enlist, to do any thing rather than remain at home; but when the scoldings and repinings of the mother failed, her tears always triumphed, and Garrett would lay down his gun and take up his flute, the only two luxuries he enjoyed.

His coat was of frieze, and his hat was of straw; and yet there was not a handsomer fellow in the county; he rode admirably; the neighbouring gentry would always lend him a horse, which he was always anxious to borrow, and would have given him as many dinners as he could eat, and, in those claret days, as much claret as he could drink; but he declined dinners almost invariably.

"Masther Garrett dear," said Margaret to him one afternoon, "Misther Grace has sent a gorsoon* over the mountain to ask ye to dine with him to-day. Go, *avick machree*; ye're all as one as a man, now, and ought to go."

"No, Margaret, I'll not go; the food, the meat, would poison me when I thought of my mother striving to swallow potatoes, dry potatoes, here in these ruins."

"That's kind of ye too, Masther Garrett dear; but, darlint, sure it's better to have the paytees dry than wet, any way. Maybe the sand will turn!"

"When it's run, all run," replied the lad; "but I can't stay here much longer, at all rates."

"Nor wont be needed, Masther Garrett," said Margaret; "I wanted to break it to you, *avick*, and didn't know how, rightly. *She'll not be in it many weeks*; so don't cross her by contrayriness, any how; don't." The truth startled the youth; he was unprepared for it; he could not speak; and Margaret Sheil turned away muttering, "The craythur! them menkind never likes to let each other or the women see their tears."

She had said the truth; in another week, Garrett saw, and told her that he saw, the fearful change, and yet, strange to say, he absented himself from the place. This astonished Margaret, who knew how much he loved his mother, and how much he had been ready to sacrifice for her; the poor lady had become almost unconscious of passing events, and yet Garrett had not returned.

Now, Margaret was in agony lest she should die without leaving her son her blessing, and dispatched many messengers to seek him, but in vain. Mrs O'Dwyer had passed some hours in that state of inanity which foreruns death; the heaving of the poor worn chest, the occasional sighs, the rattle in the throat, had increased as the night closed; the wind hissed through the crevices into the chamber of death, howled its mad revels in the dilapidated hall, and rushed furiously through the passages and up the chimnies. Margaret had taken off her apron to prevent the light being extinguished, and pinning one end of it to the bed-post, fastened the other to a chair. The priest had given her the last sacrament, and Margaret ever and anon, when the body heaved with a convulsive movement, brought the crucifix to her lips

and repeated a prayer. The neighbours, who had watched with her to near midnight, returned to their cabins, save one old woman, who slept soundly in a corner on a chest. Again the lady heaved and moaned.

"Oh," exclaimed Margaret, "that the Lord would but send her her child. She'll never have an easy death till she sees him!"

"I am here," whispered Garrett, stealing through the darkness; "here I am!" The young man's face was pale and haggard; large drops stood upon his brow, his beautiful bright hair hung around his face. Margaret uttered an exclamation of surprise, and they conversed in an under tone for a moment or two, and then with strong emotion the young man threw himself upon his mother's bed, calling to her in the most piercing accents to bless and forgive him. Nature was strong within him; he shed bitter and abundant tears over his dying parent.

The poor lady could not speak, but a faint smile irradiated her features for a moment; twice she smiled on him, and placed her hand upon his head; he felt her fingers rest upon his brow like icicles; he laid his cheek to hers; a breath cold and chill passing from her lips made him start; the fingers no longer pressed; they stiffened amid his hair.

"I knew," said Margaret, while tears coursed each other down her cheeks, "I knew she'd never make an easy death till she saw ye."

"Margaret, Margaret," whispered Garrett, when he could articulate, "leave her for a few minutes with others, and come with me. Grace, and Stacey, and many of the neighbours, are watching about the ruins to be of use; I saw them as I stole past. Come with me, for God's sake, or I shall go mad!"

Garrett almost dragged Margaret Sheil from the chamber of death. She had stifled the cries which the poor Irish send forth, and which disturb the quiet of the solemn scene; but when the watchers entered, their cries shook the old walls and mingled with the howling wind.

"What call can I have to your room now?" said Margaret, as she climbed up the ruined stairs leading to a small turret-chamber he called his own. "Sure the bed has been made, and not touched for more than a week."

Garrett made no answer, but strode to the bedside, paused, turned round, looked at Margaret, and then slowly moving down the coarse coverlet, the woman, to her astonishment, saw a new-born sleeping infant.

"Mother of mercy!" she exclaimed, "whose is this?"

"MINE!" was the astounding reply. "The child is MINE."

"Yours, Masther Garrett, yours! The Lord be about us! Sure it isn't in earnest you are!"

"God help me, and keep me my senses," he answered; "I am in earnest; the child is mine."

"And its mother?"

"Again," replied the youth, "God help us all! Its mother and its grandmother are both corpses this woeful night. Its mother—so young—so—so—Oh, Moyna, Moyna, what you suffered for me!"

Margaret Sheil stepped back from gazing with that tenderness which only women feel towards the little undefined-looking heap of infant helplessness, that seemed unconscious of its own existence, and repeated, "Moyna—what Moyna! Not Moyna of Ferry Barrett, on whom shame has lain heavy for the last three months! Oh, not that young, sweet girl! Oh, Masther Garrett, if you brought Moyna of Ferry Barrett to sin, and shame, and death, the Lord had need look down on ye, for your sin is scarlet."

"Listen to me, Margaret," he said, sadly; "I did

* I have been occupied for some time in illustrating at length, in a novel called "Marian, or a Young Maid's Fortunes," the strong and enduring fidelity of an Irish nurse. When the above story of the attachment of Margaret Sheil was related to me, it struck me as another instance of the beautiful faithfulness I have endeavoured to pourtray in the character of Katty Mac-Kane, in the work to which I refer. It gives me pleasure to record a new example of a virtue for which I hope my native land will long be justly celebrated.

not bring her to sin or shame—we were married by Father Myles."

"Father Myles!" repeated Margaret contemptuously; "Father Myles indeed!—a runaway Roman! a half friar! a couple-beggar! nothing more nor less. Father Myles's marriage isn't worth a traneeen, that's what it's not; and sweet and purty as Moyna was, she was no match for an O'Dwyer!"

"I knew my mother would never consent. The poor girl sent for me when her trouble came on her; and oh, Margaret, but I have suffered—the abuse of her people—the agony of hearing she must die. And when she did, after placing the baby in my arms, her father cursed us both, and turned me—me, Garrett O'Dwyer—as a dog from his door!"

Margaret clasped her hands.

"Think what I've gone through! I shed no tear for my bright-eyed girl that I loved, and who loved me, by stream and hill and valley, ever since we met, before we knew what love was, before it had marked us to break our hearts: to see her die, and she not all out seventeen—to be hunted like a wild dog from her corse—to come here—to catch the last breath of my mother—oh, Moyna, Moyna, I could not cry for you! my sorrow was too deep for tears to soothe it. Her father would have murdered me, but her mother saved me, when I had not power to save myself; and then I would have my child. I can't tell you how I got off; I only know that I covered it close in my bosom, that I did not heed its cries, that I brought it to you, Margaret; and that I ask you, in the name of her whose eyes you have just closed, to look to that child, to be a mother to it. The blood of the O'Dwyers is in its veins, and you have been a faithful *'follower of the family'* since you were born."

"May the Lord look down on me, as I am," she replied, falling on her knees. "Maybe it'll be for luck after all. Oh, why should I be talking of luck, and this heavy trouble in the house! Och, my grief, to think of it! Oh, Masther Garrett, you war desperate 'cute—but what has it done for ye! The baby's an O'Dwyer, sure enough—just the nose and the mouth; it's a noble fine baby. Oh, thin, Masther Garrett, I can thank God the mistress didn't live to know this last turn; you married by a couple-beggar to Moyna of Ferry Barrett, and her people—the likes o' them insulting an O'Dwyer; oh, that's what comes of young men wandering over the country! The poor mistress!"

Margaret, or, as she was usually called, Marg'ate, went on talking, forgetting for a moment the dead in the living. Garrett looked on his child for a little time, heedless of her words. There was an expression upon his countenance as if ten years of sad and harrowing trouble had been added to his young life. Earnestly did he look at the infant, as if anxious to impress its features on his memory, then turned away without another word, and left it to the care of the faithful follower. The little helpless stranger woke and cried; Margaret found that it was loosely wrapt in flannel and shawls; before she attempted to return to whence she came, she fed and warmed it, talking to it all the time, and determining that it should be called Evelyn, after the grand lady of the family. This arrangement passed rapidly through her mind, but the good creature was sadly perplexed between sorrow and anxiety. At last she determined to leave the sleeping babe, and return to perform the last duties towards the mistress. "The neighbours," that is, the poor, were scattered through the house, lingering till they should be admitted to take a "last look at the mistress;" the women in the chamber were waiting till the *"follower of the family"* came to give the necessary directions—which, as there were no female relations, she was expected to do.

And Margaret performed her task with extraordinary command over the feelings, which at any other time would have overpowered her; the frigid limbs were decently arranged, the drapery folded, the candles lit, the water sprinkled, and then Margaret began to wonder where the young master was. Daylight came on stealthily, as if unwilling to look on the destruction of the night; but it *did* come, and she sought him every where in vain. That Garrett should leave the house at such a time, was a matter of astonishment to all. The women said that he had entered his mother's room, and one had seen him kneeling by the corpse, and another heard him weeping. It seemed very evident, however, that he was *gone*; and what increased the mystery was, that no one had seen him depart.

Margaret knew not what to do. There was something unnatural in permitting his mother's body to go unattended to the grave; something so shocking in

the idea of his deserting his child, that the humble follower could only wring her hands in bitter sorrow. Another matter was also to be considered; there were no means to lay the remains decently in the earth. The priest, Margaret knew, would go without his dues, for the sake of the family; the carpenter would make the coffin—not because he had ever been employed by Mrs O'Dwyer, but for the sake of the family—but then he could not give the timber, because he had none to give. This difficulty, however, was obviated by the suggestion that enough of planks could be raised from the flooring of the rooms, which was accordingly done. Some of the more wealthy of the humble class sent *"presents"* of the materials supposed at that period to constitute the respectability of an Irish wake. And the poor lady was followed to her grave not only by the followers of the family, but by many of the gentry, who at that time never neglected to keep up the credit of their *caste* at a funeral. The morning (the third after the poor lady's death) appointed for the ceremony was chill and dreary; the mist lay low upon the mountains, and the scream of the eagle, and croak of the ancient raven, sounded through the filmy clouds. The procession was large, some on horseback, some on foot; two *keeners*, whose ancestors had keened the O'Dwyers time out of mind, attended for the honour of the family; they crouched by the side of the coffin, and ever and anon sent forth their lamentations that the "lady had left her country," spoke of that son who had deserted the last duty he could perform towards his mother, and recounted, in wild disjointed stanzas, the heroic deeds of gone-by times, when the O'Dwyers had "more land of their own than the eagle could see from the top of Shine-granagh," when they had horses to carry their faction to battle, when their name flamed through the country like lightning, when every eye that saw blessed them, and their voice was as the sound of music to the country; but now the wind rattled where the wine had flowed, the hard-headed and hard-hearted possessed their land, and there was no one to shed the *heart's tears* upon the grave of the poor lady, but "the follower of the family."

There was, however, another of whom the keeners knew nothing; the little helpless infant whom Margaret had concealed beneath the folds of her cloak, so that the poor lady, her mistress, might have some one of her own blood to see her in her grave. Margaret Sheil having performed this last duty, as she had done all others, with zeal and fidelity, bethought her that in a day or two she must leave the ruin which could hardly afford shelter to any but the wild owl or chattering jackdaw. The keeners at her lady's funeral had stigmatised as hard-headed and hard-hearted those who had honestly possessed the land which the O'Dwyers had wasted, but Margaret knew they did not deserve the blame, and after removing what few things were left by the spoiler Time, she prepared to depart to the house of a younger brother, where she was much needed, as the poor fellow had lost his wife. He lived in a neighbouring town, and it was with regret that Margaret exchanged the freshness of the air and wild sweetness of the fields for the noise and vapours of a congregation of ill-built dirty houses. The night before she quitted the last seat of the O'Dwyers, the maternal grandmother of the little baby came stealthily to the ruins, to look upon her daughter's child. Her husband, she said, prayed that it might die; but she forgave her poor girl; she believed she had been a wife in the sight of God, and that was a comfort to her. She threw some light upon the disappearance of Garrett; he had become linked in his wanderings with some mountaineers, who plotted treason deeply and dangerously. Garrett's superior intelligence and address made him a sort of leader amongst them, and two of the party having been arrested some time before, the military were on the look-out for Garrett, who, she said, her husband believed had quitted the country. Margaret consoled herself with this intelligence. "He did not desert us from choice; I knew he did not—I knew he did not," she repeated to herself, and the secret and unworthy marriage, the reckless and imprudent daring which made him link with dangerous characters, seemed as nought in the eyes of "the follower of the family." Now convinced that Garrett had "not deserted them from choice," all his folly, all his thoughtlessness, were forgiven.

"I often told the mistress," she said, "that she was trying to rein in a red-deer of the hills with a rope of sand."

The poor bereaved widow departed with many tears, which Margaret was particularly careful should not fall on Evelyn's face, deeming it not lucky, as she said, "that the salt of a tear should fret its tender skin for the first three months." Her brother, it must be remembered, was one of the same clan; and though he had two little ones of his own, he welcomed the infant brought by his sister with an humble affection most touching to witness.

"It has the blood in its veins of those who sheltered our forefathers, and we should not want if they were to the fore, as in old times," said the man; "neither shall it want love, duty, or respect, while I have a bit to give my own. Tache them to sarve it, Margaret; sure its being with us doesn't make it like us; it's an O'Dwyer, God bless it."

Murtoth Sheil avowed that "the young lady," as he always called her, "brought a blessing to his 'four walls' from the day she entered them—every thing *thru* so."

This was true; the Almighty blesses us in this world for our good deeds; but Margaret's right thinking, industry, and cleanliness, was also a blessing of magnitude, and "Murtoth's sixpence went as far as any one else's shilling." This was evident to all, and the little babe acquired the happy second name of "Blessed"—the blessed Evelyn—from her poor neighbours, whose affectionate attentions entitled them to the epithet of friends.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN AMERICA.

[The following paper has been prepared for the Journal by Mr E. C. Delavan, of New York, first secretary of the American Temperance Society. We cordially give it a place, because we believe that the Total Abstinence system is doing much good, and that all friends of their species are called upon to countenance it. We are also humbly of opinion that the movement here described has no small interest as a fact in the moral history of mankind.]

PREVIOUS to the commencement of the temperance reformation in the United States of America in 1826, ardent spirit was in common use in almost every family, and was generally considered as a healthful beverage, and, when used in moderation, injurious to none, and indeed essential to the labouring man.

This opinion regarding the nature of ardent spirit, together with its low price—enabling a man by the labour of a few hours to procure sufficient to keep him intoxicated for days—produced the most mischievous effects on the community, and came near to realising the character given them by a distinguished traveller, of being "a nation of drunkards." Even while this beverage still retained its place on the sideboard of the wealthy, as well as in the houses of the poor, thinking men could not avoid feeling alarm at the melancholy fact constantly presented to them, that great numbers of men and women had already become drunkards, and were daily becoming drunkards, useless to their families, and burdens on the public. Good men began earnestly to preach against intemperance, and press the necessity of moderation in the use of that which even they themselves considered in moderation a good thing. It was the conviction that no moderation, however strict, in the use of a thing in itself essentially bad—as they by degrees discovered it to be—could remedy the evil, which forced them to take a more decided course; and a few patriotic individuals of the state of Massachusetts, who had met at Boston early in 1826, to consider the evils and remedy of intemperance, after a careful examination of the whole matter, felt themselves constrained to declare, that, "in their opinion, the only sure remedy for the evil was total abstinence from the article which occasioned it." This was the origin of the American Temperance Society.

It was very soon perceived that a vast work was to be done, and that a judicious division of labour was absolutely necessary. The friends of the cause, therefore, each devoted himself to that branch for which his present circumstances, and previous habits, had best fitted him. Some of their earliest efforts were directed to the *collecting of facts* illustrative of the effects of ardent spirit on all classes and conditions of men, and some of the first talent of the country was devoted to the inquiry.

Benjamin F. Butler, Esq., attorney-general of the United States, having retired on purpose from his professional duties, engaged himself for several weeks in the investigation of various documents, which resulted in a conviction that the United States were then suffering a *yearly loss in money* of at least one hundred millions of dollars by the use of ardent spirit alone. This statement he published, together with the authorities and calculations on which it was founded; and diffused as it was in religious, political, and temperance papers, it produced a mighty effect in directing public attention to the subject as a question of political economy. Perhaps no single effort has resulted in more good.

About the same period, or shortly after, Mr Samuel Chipman, an individual peculiarly qualified for the collection of statistics, was employed for nearly two years, at the sole expense of a friend of the cause in the state of New York, to inquire into the individual history of every pauper in the workhouses, and also of every criminal in the jails, in that state (being fifty-six of each), and to make the like inquiry in the state prisons, the penitentiaries, the orphan asylums, and other establishments for the depraved and wretched. No labour or expense was spared by him in collecting the information; and so careful was he to verify it, that he always obtained certificates of the superintendents of the various establishments he visited. The result of these inquiries clearly proved that *three-fourths* of all the crime and pauperism in our state, and the like proportion of local taxation, could be traced, directly or indirectly, to the use of ardent spirit. These facts were published in a pamphlet form, to the number of one hundred thousand, and furnished (for the most part gratuitously) to every leading individual in the Union that could be reached, and in some districts to every family. They were also published, in an abridged form, in tracts, and in various religious, political, and temperance papers, until every individual could, if he pleased, be in possession of them; and although they have been before the public several years, no one has ever attempted publicly to controvert their correctness.

* Above 21 millions of pounds sterling.

On occasion of his fire-experiments, he had a large wooden house erected, and secured by his stucco composition. He subjected this house to various severe trials, and among others to the following, which is here described in his own words:—"I then caused another wooden building, of full fifty feet in length, and of three stories high in the middle, to be erected close to one end of the secured wooden house. I filled and covered this building with above eleven hundred large kiln faggots, and several loads of dry shavings, and I set this pile on fire. The height of the flame was not less than eighty-seven feet perpendicular from the ground, and the grass upon the bank, at a hundred and fifty feet from the fire, was scorched up; yet the secured wooden building contiguous to this vast heap of fire was not damaged in the least, excepting some parts of the outer coat of plaster-work. This experiment was intended to represent a wooden town on fire, and to show how effectually even a wooden building, if secured according to my new method, would stop the progress of the flames, as well as escape itself uninjured." Another experiment on the secured wooden house consisted in filling an under room in it with combustibles, and setting them on fire, when, although the heat was so intense as to melt the glass of the windows like sealing-wax, not one particle of injury was done to the walls or the ceiling, and people could sit down in the chamber above to an ice-cream entertainment, without feeling even any annoyance from the raging furnace beneath. A still more satisfactory proof of the efficacy of Lord Stanhope's fire-preventive was given some years afterwards, when a fire broke out at Chevening, his lordship's fine seat in Kent. Having rebuilt this mansion, he had taken care to secure it by his new method, but a portion of the offices remained accidentally unsecured, and here the flames originated, and burst forth with great fury. On reaching the secured portion, they were stopped at once, and this beautiful mansion was saved from destruction.

Passing over some less important instances of Lord Stanhope's inventive powers, his work (published in 1779) on the "Principles of Electricity" may now be adverted to, as affording testimony of his lordship's capability of grappling with the highest scientific questions. But even in considering this subject, his labours took, as usual, a decidedly practical turn. The mode of protecting houses against the terrible effects of lightning was one point which our noble author fully and experimentally investigated. A dispute was at that time agitating the scientific world, upon the proper shape for electrical conductors. Franklin had recommended long pointed conductors, but the printer of Philadelphia was a man whom some persons in Britain would then not be saved by, either from lightning or any other impending agent of destruction. Therefore, some intensely British philosopher suggested the use of short conductors ending in a ball, and the royal palaces of the country were secured, as was fitting, after this British mode. In fact, the question became in some measure a political one. As might be expected, Earl Stanhope took the side of science and natural truth, heedless whence that truth was enunciated, and demonstrated the superiority of the Franklinian mode, besides giving publicity to many original thoughts of his own on this and other points connected with the subject of electricity.

Navigation and ship-building occupied much of Lord Stanhope's attention at various periods of his active life. Regarding ship-building of the ordinary kind, it may be merely observed that many of his suggestions regarding the proper mould of ships, their bottom-coating, and other points, were extensively adopted in the dock-yards of Britain, and still possess their practical influence. The application of the power of steam to the purposes of navigation was one of his lordship's favourite subjects of speculation, and in concert with him did Fulton the American, to whom Earl Stanhope was a generous friend, enter on numerous experimental inquiries into this great question. In fact, his lordship was individually so certain of the possibility of perfecting this scheme, that he took out several patents in the immediate hope of bringing his views to a practical issue. But, notwithstanding all his expensive modellings, he did not succeed, unquestionably, in actually placing a working steam-ship on lake or sea. If unsuccessful in this pursuit, however, it is undeniable that canal navigation owes much to our noble inventor. His improvements on the locks of canals were of the highest service in that important department of internal intercourse, and to this day their value is practically felt over the whole land.

From Lord Stanhope having passed his whole life in inventing, and in improving or remodelling inventions, it is difficult to affix a precise date to any of his various labours. But it was in very early life—certainly before he was thirty years old—that he invented a calculating arithmetical machine, of the same order as that upon which Kepler spent many long years, though without arriving at the desired perfection; and of a character similar to that of the machine which a later philosopher, Babbage, has at length given to mankind in a complete state. Lord Stanhope's instruments, for in the course of time he constructed several of them, were very wonderful in themselves, and perfect as far as they went, but his lordship clearly saw and admitted that it was possible to form calculating engines of far higher grasp than any of his, and which might, indeed, be almost boundless in their powers. His discoveries in this quarter, however, can-

not be compared to those which he made in the art of printing, though his arithmetical speculations might exhibit his knowledge of theoretical science in a more favourable light. The "Stanhope Press" was a vast improvement on preceding printing-presses, and by this instrument, since his name has been rightly bestowed on it, will his memory go down to posterity, as the creator of an epoch in the noblest of all human arts. He has also been called the inventor of stereotyping, and if this be not the case, he had the merit, at least, of being the great improver of this most important process, which was introduced by him into general use. Another of his lordship's inventions bears the name of the "Stanhope Monochord," being connected, as the name implies, with the subject of music. His lordship possessed a fine musical taste, and published a little work on tuning instruments. His musical, like all his other speculations, were extremely curious and original.

Our space will not permit a further extension of this view of Lord Stanhope's labours as a natural philosopher, although the list of his inventions might be much augmented. It is necessary, however, to the completeness of this biographical sketch, that the remaining portion of it should be devoted to the recording of some features of his lordship's public, and also of his domestic, career. It has been mentioned already, that honesty was his leading characteristic as a statesman, and hence it was that his lordship often found himself standing politically alone, even those who thought with him keeping aloof, because they did not choose always to speak their minds as he did. From this cause he got the familiar name of "the minority of one" in the House of Lords, being so frequently unsupported in his motions. At the time of the French revolution, also, the principles upon which that mighty movement was originally commenced, met with the noble earl's most decided approbation, and even after its bloody consequences had repelled a large body of its early admirers, his lordship continued true to his first sentiments. Rationally considered, this conduct by no means implied an approval of those consequences, but the alarm was then at such a height that men could not consider things rationally, and Lord Stanhope was denounced, by tongue and pen, as a man who approved of a Marat's conduct, and would himself be a Marat under fitting circumstances. Such a degree of odium as this had its effect in separating his lordship from his family, whose guide and model was their powerful uncle, the premier. Lady Esther Stanhope (since renowned for her oriental career), Lady Lucy, and Lady Griselda, the earl's three children by Lady Esther Pitt, and his three sons by a second lady, the daughter of Governor Grenville, all left their noble father's society, and threw themselves on the guardianship of Mr Pitt. The eccentricities which were undoubtedly inherent in Lord Stanhope's character, formed the ostensible cause, at least, of this separation. He hated war, and would have none of his sons soldiers; he adored independence, and wished his junior sons to enter the useful professions, and not to accept of offices, or sinecures, or pensions, or become in any way burthensome to the country. Here the children were at variance with the father. Two of them entered the army, and several of them were endowed with pensions. But on this matter enough has been said, and we may conclude by stating, that the earl remained separated from his family to the last.

Apart from the isolated nature of the position which he usually held in the House of Lords, in consequence of what were then called his extreme opinions, though they are in all respects the same with those now entertained by even moderate politicians, there was a quaintness in Lord Stanhope's manner and matter as an orator, which made him be considered one of the most humorous speakers of his day. His delivery was careless and ungraceful, and his personal appearance did not remedy the defect, his body being tall and lank, and his face wan and thin, with a brow high and bald. Many of his sayings were terse and epigrammatic, and his name is one often to be seen in collections of jests and good things. He lived, such as we have described him, till his sixty-third year, when he died of dropsy, on the 17th of December 1816, at his seat in Kent.

In more respects than it has been found possible to point out in this article, Charles Earl Stanhope merits the grateful remembrance of posterity. Some of the subjects to which he directed his thoroughly practical genius, and the results thereof, have been here adverted to, but one can only guess at the indirect influence which he exerted on the same branches of knowledge by the encouragement of his noble example, and by the generous patronage which he bestowed on many of his poorer fellow-labourers in the same great field.

THE DOGS OF ST BERNARD.

With reference to a late article on the Dogs of the Convent of Mont St Bernard, the following facts of recent occurrence may be here introduced: they have found their way into the British newspapers, through a letter from Geneva.—"A few months since, a band of robbers, attracted by the hope of plunder (for there is generally a considerable sum in the treasury of the brotherhood), and trusting to their defencelessness, made an attempt on the place at night; and finding the doors locked and bolted, summoned the pious garrison to surrender. The fraternity endeavoured to dissuade the bandits from their enterprise by all the arguments which religion could suggest; and finding that their appeal was vain, and that the robbers were about to break through the doors of

the refectory, they let loose their dogs, eighteen in number. If these noble creatures are mild and docile when dispatched on errands of good—when irritated, or urged on in attack or defence, they are fierce and savage as wolves, with which they have been singly known to grapple, and even to face the bear. On this occasion they proved their wonted courage, for when sent forth against worse foes, they each took their man, and notwithstanding a determined resistance on the part of the bandits, killed eleven of them, and wounded the others so severely, that they were left for dead upon the field. Many of the dogs fell victims in the encounter. The good fathers, forgetful of their wrongs after the conflict was over, carried the robbers that survived into the convent, dressed their wounds, and having healed them, sent them away with an exhortation, which, as far as the Convent of St Bernard is concerned, will doubtless be effectual."

ACCOUNT OF THE GREAT HURRICANE IN BARBADOES, IN 1831.

I was staying with a friend near Bridgetown, a part of the island which suffered most dreadfully, if one part could be said to be more ruined than another. The day and evening of the 10th of August presented nothing remarkable; the sun set finely, leaving a very red glow behind. At about eight o'clock in the evening, I was walking with my friend in the open air, and we both remarked the appearance of the sky, which, even then, retained a glow as if from the reflection of an enormous fire; but the air was perfectly calm and very warm. I remember observing to Mr Brathwaite, that "skies such as these were said to presage wind; and if so," I added, "we have a regular hurricane sky to-night." I spoke this in jest, very little dreaming of its unfortunate truth.

We soon after returned to the house, and played several rubbers at whist, till about nine o'clock, when the family retired to rest. All was still perfectly calm, but (I suppose from some affection of the air) I could not sleep. I knew not what to attribute this to, except indisposition; nor did I afterwards find that any one else was similarly affected. I lay restlessly till about ten o'clock, when a dog of Mr Brathwaite's, who had followed me to my room (which he had sometimes but not often done before), started up and came with a violent spring upon my bed, tearing at the same time a large hole in the mosquito net. I was surprised at the circumstance, and, vexed that he should have spoiled the muslin, I being a visitor in the house, hastily drove the dog off the bed. The wind was now rising, but it was as yet nothing—nothing to excite notice. Still I could not sleep, and the gale gradually, almost imperceptibly, increased. About an hour after, the dog again sprang suddenly up, and leaped again upon the bed, tearing the curtain a second time. I found it of no use trying to get rid of him, so let him lie quietly by my side; but the animal was evidently in a state of agitation, and did not sleep any more than myself. At about twelve o'clock the wind had risen to a tremendous height, and I began to feel considerable uneasiness. Presently a copper roofing in an adjoining room was torn off by the gale, and flapped backwards and forwards, making an unpleasant noise. I now got up, and put on part of my dress, feeling very uneasy, and yet not liking to disturb the family, thinking that my fears would only be ridiculed, and that I should be laughed at in the morning for my groundless apprehensions. I therefore returned to bed, still remaining partly dressed, and listened to the storm, which increased fearfully. At length, at about three o'clock in the morning (August 11), Mr Brathwaite came into my room, and told me that he thought I had better get up. "I hope in heaven," he said, "that there is no great cause of alarm; but the hurricane increases most awfully; the hall-door has been forced in, and in case of any thing occurring, it is better to be up and dressed." I immediately rose, and dressing in haste, I proceeded to pile up my trunk, desk, and dressing-case, one upon another, on a chair, clearing the floor as much as possible, because I supposed it probable that the roof would leak considerably. I then joined Mr Brathwaite in the drawing-room. The house consisted of a ground floor, on which this room was situated; a first floor, in which were our bedrooms; and a second floor, which contained garrets, where the wine, &c. was kept. The drawing-room was upwards of twenty feet long. Passing by one of the windows, of which the shutters were closed, I observed how strongly the wind blew through them; I was not at all aware that the glass was smashed to atoms, for the wind was so tremendous that it completely drowned every other sound. I placed my hand against the shutter to feel the current of air, and while I yet held it there, the gale drove the whole shutter, window-frame and all, completely into the room. I tried to replace it, and while I was so occupied, in came another and another window. The hall-door had been before driven open, and soon there was not another door left shut, or a window remaining in the house. There was one door which opened on a flight of stone

steps leading into the garden, and which was approached by a narrow passage, terminating at the opposite end in stairs which led to a garret; while this door was yet closed, I contrived, with the assistance of a servant, to place against it two boxes closely packed with house linen, and of great weight. We then left it.

By this time the drawing-room was so exposed by the breaking in of the windows, that the furniture was driven from one end to the other as though they had had wheels, and had received a furious push; chairs and heavy tables sliding violently about. We quitted the drawing-room, and all made for the chamber which was over it. In this place was now assembled the whole family, consisting of Mr Brathwaite, his two sisters, myself, and a number of servants and slaves, amounting altogether to about twenty persons. The windows were broken in, and the rain poured into the room in torrents. I now proceeded to read prayers to the party, Mr Brathwaite being very old and infirm, and perhaps more agitated by the terrors of the hour. While we were thus engaged, the wine, which was kept over head, was smashed by the falling roof; and being directly over our heads, we felt the shock, though the tremendous roar of the wind prevented our hearing the crash. One of the party now exclaimed, "Mr Hobson, I think the wine has gone; you are kneeling in a pool of wet; I fear you will catch cold." I thought it very strange that the idea of catching cold should occur to a person aware that the roof had fallen in. The floor of the room above us now gave way, and broke the ceiling of that in which we were, so that we could see the sky; the window-frames were gone; and I long tried, but it was in vain, to keep a light burning under a glass shade. We were involved in pitchy darkness, except for the almost incessant lightning, which was frightfully vivid, and made the succeeding gloom more awful; the flashes were so close that the thunder must have been tremendous; but in consequence of the overwhelming noise of the wind, we could not hear a single clap. When the ceiling gave way, a rush was made to the door; but the two or three persons who got first into the open air had their hats and mantles instantly whirled away by the storm, which alarmed the party within; and the cry was then, "Come in, come in, for God's sake! We shall all be killed, but let us keep together!" All now returned, and we stood linked tightly arm in arm together, endeavouring to support ourselves and each other. The floor was now a foot deep of water, the wind blew completely through the room, and, except the lightning, all was completely dark. The time was inconceivably horrible; men, women, and children, screaming and groaning in utter despair, or crying piteously for mercy, endeavouring in that awful hour to make up a short account with heaven—imploping for pardon and pity with the most fearful supplications. No words can give even the most imperfect idea of the horrors around us; not one of us expected to live an hour longer. The hurricane raged till 5 A.M. 11th August, when it began to abate, but so imperceptibly that we could not for a moment trust to its decreasing. At length the day broke. I need not attempt to describe what a blessed relief it was. I am content that during that night there was not one person in the isle of Barbadoes, who in the least expected to see daylight again. I have conversed with many on the subject, and every one has owned that they were in utter despair of life.

We now perceived that the bedroom I had been used to occupy—in short, all the rest of the house—had fallen in, though, notwithstanding their proximity, the wind had prevented us from hearing the crash. I now felt so much alarmed for the remainder of the building, that I proposed that we should tie together the sheets of the bed, and let ourselves down from the window into the open air; but, having remembered the stone steps, we now repaired to them. The wind had burst open the door, and driven the heavy boxes I have mentioned some way up the garret stairs; the force of the current of air in that narrow passage was almost incredible. We went down into the garden, but the wind was still so tremendous that we were obliged to creep down on all-fours, it being impossible to keep our feet. Scarcely a tree was left standing, or those which remained were mere sticks, the boughs completely stripped off; it was wonderful to see huge mountain cabbage-trees, more than eighty feet long, lying every where prostrate. I was told by a young man who clung for refuge to the stump of a newly felled tree, not above ten feet in length, and of great size and strength, that the wind shook it tremendously.

By about 8 A.M. the storm had completely subsided; the day which succeeded was lovely in the extreme; not a cloud was visible, but the air was very close. Mr Brathwaite and myself walked round the estate to see the extent of the damage. The scene of desolation was most horrible; it was as if fire had gone all over the country, which presented a brown and seathed appearance, where only the evening before had been the most beautiful fertility; the wooden buildings were every where levelled. In Coddington College, a stone edifice consisting of a centre and wings, the top story of each of the latter (containing together sixteen rooms) was carried smoothly away. The ground was every where stuck closely over with large splinters of wood, carried by the wind, and driven in so far that a man could not extricate them, and even into trees of hard wood. A poor woman had one of these splinters driven by the wind through both her legs; amputation was necessary, and she died while they were cutting off the second leg. In the fields round the college I observed

whole heaps of dead birds piled together at regular intervals, as if they had been laid there mechanically. The mills, being circular stone buildings, were left standing, and at this late season of the year the sails were all taken down; but the power of the wind even over the bare arms was so great as to set the mills in motion. One man, who had taken refuge in a mill, without the least idea that it was moving, was caught up, and instantly killed.

The effect of the storm upon animals was singular. Every horse, cow, or other domestic animal we met, appeared in a state of utter stupification. Their eyes, ears, and nostrils, were filled with blown marl, dust, and sand, and they seemed to have been completely deafened by the tempest; where they were not in this torpor, madness had been the consequence. Horses, when let out of their stalls, rushed furiously about, and numbers threw themselves over precipices into the sea, or down declivities, where they were dashed to pieces. But the effects on human minds were most horrible of all. Every man felt himself at once utterly ruined; every thing seemed swept away, and starvation stared us in the face. This was dreadful enough, but it was not the worst. In every place were met mothers distractedly searching for their children, husbands for their wives, children for their parents, amidst the ruins of their fallen habitations. The most affecting incidents occurred. Sometimes whole families having taken refuge in their cellars, the entire house fell over, and buried them, and no rescue could be attempted; the survivors were too much engaged in digging among the ruins of their own dwellings, or searching the country for their relations and friends.

The number of the wounded was frightfully incredible; the cathedral and two other churches which remained standing, were immediately converted into hospitals, and filled with wounded; but many persons had received most dangerous cuts and contusions, without being in the least aware of it, so great was the universal terror; and we saw many riding and walking about with alarming wounds, themselves quite unconscious of the injuries they had received. Every face wore a look of heart-rending despair and stupification.

To return to Mr Brathwaite and his estate. I have said that the house was almost entirely ruined. One very small room, in which harness used to be kept, and which was paved with brick, was the only refuge we could find; our only refreshment a cup of coffee, which we did not get till 1 P.M.; and in this miserable place we had to pass the night. We piled together old tables and chairs, and placed on the top some wooden shutters, and this place was assigned to the females, while we disposed of ourselves as we could. Ladies, slaves, and servants, were all huddled together, for of course all form and ceremony was completely done away with: all were on a level of misfortune. Sleep was nearly impossible, and in this comfortless state several nights were passed. Meanwhile, the most alarming reports were every where circulated; at one time we heard that the blacks were in insurrection, and that they had resolved on a general massacre of the white population; at another, that the garrison was in mutiny; and every individual had some affecting tale to tell of his total ruin, his dangers and escapes. (One young man told me how, his whole family and children being assembled at prayers, they saw the whole front of the house fall forward into the street; his wife was beside him, and a heavy piece of furniture falling on her legs, prevented her from moving, and it was by a considerable exertion of force that he succeeded in dragging her out. They then escaped with their children into the open fields, when the wind forced them apart, driving his wife and one child towards an extremity of the field, forcing himself and the others in opposite directions. While he was searching for his companions, a flash of lightning struck him, and he fell insensible; nor was he restored without much difficulty when he was found next morning. On recovering his senses, he went in search of his wife, and then, both together, they looked for the children—all were found in different parts of the plain, completely numbed with cold and rain. The cold during the storm was excessive; but it is a singular circumstance that no one died from the inclemency of the weather, but the slightest wound festered and mortified, so that lock-jaw was continually ensuing; every hour brought numberless deaths. Those whom we had seen the day after the hurricane riding or walking about, quite unconscious of having received a scratch, we heard of the next day as confined to bed with fevers, lock-jaws, &c., which proved fatal in almost every case. Numbers had been dreadfully lacerated in their feet by the broken glass and crockery every where strewed about, and from nails sticking in the shingle, which was blown off the roofs. I heard of one particularly singular death in this way. Two sisters, daughters of a clergyman, left their room together; just as they crossed the threshold, one stumbled and fell, dragging down with her her sister, whose hand she held, and who was unable to rise. When they were found in the morning, the one who first fell still clasped her sister's hand, who, when recovered, conceived that she was in a state of insensibility occasioned by terror, and attributed her coldness to the rain; but the cause was more fatal: she was dead and stiff; two wounds were found, one on the top of the head, apparently produced by a blow from a beam, another at the back of the neck, attributed to a piece of shingle (which was every where flying about), and which, having a

nail through it, had stuck in, and produced instantaneous death. I heard only of one person on the island who had had any anticipation of the catastrophe—Mr Shaughan, who, on the evening of the 10th, was dining with a party of gentlemen: he rose after dinner, and said, "Gentlemen, I would advise every one who has any regard for his property to return home and secure it immediately, for I am certain that a very severe hurricane is approaching; if any one will put his ear to the ground, he will be aware of a very uncommon noise." The company, however, put no faith in his words, and thought him intoxicated; he instantly returned home, and gave orders for securing his property as well as possible; his wife and family also attributed his behaviour to convivial excess, but he, insisting on obedience, saved much of his possessions.

We now began to clear away the rubbish, and found a great deal of our property, but broken (or, as the Barbadians expressively say, *maashed*) in pieces, and on Saturday we enjoyed the relief of clean clothes and water, Mr Brathwaite and I performing our toilette at a pond, resigning, of course, the room to the ladies. On Monday I went to the town, a distance of about ten miles, and was constantly obliged to use a bottle of salts, for dead animals and birds were lying in numbers on the way, and the air was in a dreadful state with their putrefying carcases. It was wonderful that no plague ensued. During this day's ride I saw numbers of persons who were obliged to take refuge in the marl pits, &c. with no covering but an old umbrella, in the most extreme state of wretchedness.

The manner in which the houses in the town were rent, was exceedingly curious, and seems to countenance the idea that an earthquake accompanied the storm. Among the strange objects observable in the street, was a large block of mahogany, which the wind had carried from the quay some way up the street: I say the wind, for though the sea rose considerably, it never advanced far enough or in nearly sufficient depth to float the block to where I saw it. In like manner the wind had blown the ships completely out of the water, and laid them high and dry; the sailors made no attempt at resistance, but remained quietly on the beach in a very snug shelter. It is said that the sea was very much agitated before the wind came, but I was not near enough to the ocean to confirm or deny the assertion. An army ship being near the island, stood off and on during the night, and in the morning ran into the bay; she perceived immediately what was our state, and instantly made for the other islands, to give notice that Barbadoes was in ruins. In about eight days, supplies began to arrive from the other islands. Our fears of famine were ill founded, for the corn, though damaged, was almost ripe, and was thrown in heaps, and still quite available. £100,000 was granted by England for our relief, £75,000 of which was allotted to Barbadoes, the rest to St Lucia and St Vincent, which, however, suffered nothing in comparison. A very large subscription was also raised in England, and happily the crops had been shipped off before the hurricane occurred. The deaths were about 1700 in a population of 100,000.

It was surprising to see how soon the buildings were raised again; in three months the island looked quite restored, for there was much rain, and the weather altogether was very favourable for vegetation.

NAN CLARGES, THE BLACKSMITH'S DAUGHTER.

THE famous George Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle, and the chief agent in effecting the Restoration, was in early life an officer in the service of Charles I., when that monarch was engaged in contention with his Parliament. While in this employment, the fortune of war threw Colonel Monk into the hands of the adverse general, Fairfax, by whom he was sent to the Tower of London. Here he lay for two years, choosing rather to endure all the rigours of confinement and poverty, than to accept the inviting offers made to him by the anti-royalist party, to whom his military abilities were already well known. In fact, George Monk would probably have fallen a victim to the severities of his fate in the Tower, but for the assistance which he derived from a very humble source. A poor girl, the daughter of a blacksmith named Clarges, had served Colonel Monk in the capacity of sempstress. Anne, or, as she was much more commonly called, Nan Clarges, was far from being handsome; it is even said that she was far from being nice or cleanly in her garb and exterior. But Monk was in want, and the girl exerted herself to give him aid. To her, it is said, he frequently owed the food required for his sustenance, when he had no visible means of obtaining it from any other quarter. Monk was noted all his days for being a man of plain tastes. It is the less, therefore, to be wondered at that he gave his affections to this humble minister to his necessities. No marriage took place at this time; but when Monk cast aside his scruples so far as to accept a command from Cromwell against the Irish, and in this and other employments had risen to high distinction among the Commonwealth leaders, Nan Clarges became his wife, notwithstanding the lowliness of her origin, her own degraded condition, and the character of her kindred. The last must have been the most serious difficulty to surmount, one would think, as the mother of Nan Clarges was a woman (according to Aubrey) of by no means fair reputation, and was,

Another fact:—For one week Mr Chipman took his seat by the side of Mr Cole, the police justice of the city of Albany, and with him inquired into each of the fifty criminal cases which came before him, and all but two were distinctly traced to strong drink. The same justice (Mr Cole) gave a written opinion that out of the twenty-five hundred cases that came before him during the previous year, ninety-six in the hundred were from the same cause.

Appeals were then made to physicians, and a very large proportion of that influential profession responded by declaring that ardent spirit was in no case useful, but invariably injurious, as a drink, to men in health.

It was by first collecting such facts as these, and then publishing them by millions, that the public attention was aroused, and in the course of a few years an organisation was formed, of the influence of almost the whole country, to put down this enormous evil.

The first periodical devoted exclusively to temperance was published at Albany in New York, and was called "the Temperance Recorder." Of this paper twenty thousand copies of the first number were gratuitously distributed at the expense of one of our most wealthy and benevolent citizens (the Honourable Stephen Van Rensselaer, of Albany), who, in addition, subsequently contributed large sums to advance the cause. In the course of a few years, the circulation of this paper had increased to two hundred and twenty thousand copies monthly. For two years, a Quarterly Temperance Magazine was also published, for which some of the most able men of our country were writers, it being intended chiefly to influence the educated classes. Another very important effort was the getting up of a Temperance Almanack. Of this useful publication one press alone, in one year, printed seven hundred and fifty thousand copies, which were sold at about two pounds sterling the thousand. A powerful argumentative paper, entitled "the Ox Discourse," aimed particularly at the traffic, was also printed and circulated to the number of two millions and two hundred thousand—a copy for every family in our nation. While this amount of printing was going on in the state of New York under the auspices of the Temperance Society, the Religious Tract Society issued millions of pages on the subject. The Seaman's Friend Society also made great efforts to benefit seamen, and enlighten them as to the effect of strong drink. Other state societies were establishing their own papers and publications, and widely spreading the truth throughout their borders.

Gentlemen of wealth, who did not become members of the society, contributed largely to our funds, hoping in that way to be the means of benefiting their country. On one occasion, when a great object was to be attained, fifteen gentlemen of influence and wealth each gave one thousand dollars. The New York State Society alone has expended nearly one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and circulated nearly fifteen millions of periodicals, tracts, almanacks, &c.; and I truly believe that every dollar thus expended has saved the nation a thousand.

At a very early period, one of our most prominent objects was to organise the whole country into societies—the American society at the head, then the state, county, town, and school-district societies, the smallest being auxiliary to the next above it, and so on, up to the parent society, in order that once in every year the total results of the general effort might be brought to one point. In the state of New York alone, we had about two thousand societies, numbering from four to five hundred thousand members, and in all the Union, nearly ten thousand societies, and about two millions of members. The opinion at length became very general, that to make, vend, or drink ardent spirit as a beverage, was immoral, and should cease. National and State, county and town, temperance conventions, had declared this to be their opinion; religious bodies had also expressed the same sentiment, and it had become disreputable to use spirit: it was excluded from the sideboard and table, and few but such as disregarded public opinion were found to continue its use. Such an effect was produced on its manufacture, that out of twelve hundred distilleries which had existed in the state of New York at the commencement of the temperance reformation in 1826, less than two hundred now remain, the consumption of ardent spirit throughout the whole Union being reduced by from five-eighths to three-fourths. In consequence of facts collected with great care, and placed before the underwriters of New York, which proved, beyond question, that by far the greater part of all the disasters at sea were occasioned by the use of spirit, they unanimously resolved to take off five per cent. on the premium of insurance of all vessels sailing on the temperance principle, and also voted fifteen hundred dollars to place temperance papers on board ships sailing from the various ports of the United States. This was not done as a temperance movement, but from motives of self-interest, on the same principle as they would have voted money to save any property in jeopardy. Our cause was also much benefited by the government of the United States voting to do away with the spirit rations in the army.

After labouring four or five years, and producing the results I have in part detailed towards putting down the making, vending, and drinking of ardent spirit, the public mind began to demand a more minute investigation as to all the causes of intemperance. Ardent spirit had been exposed, and in a

great degree abandoned, yet drunkenness still remained.

It was intimated by those deeply interested in the cause, from various parts of the country, that although men had nearly ceased to get intoxicated with ardent spirit, very many (even members of temperance societies) were often intoxicated on wine, beer, and cider, and the demand came to the committee of the New York State Temperance Society from all quarters, that the question as to the injurious or beneficial effects of fermented drinks should be fully discussed; and if it should be proved that the same intoxicating principle existed in them as in the distilled, they should be included in the pledge, and treated in the same manner. To meet these views, the gentlemen who had the charge of the temperance press in Albany established "the American Temperance Intelligencer," a newspaper on a large sheet, for free discussion on this branch of the subject. The first men in the country were invited to give their opinion for and against the use of fermented drinks; and such was the interest excited by this discussion, that during the three years this paper was continued, the circulation rose to sixty, and, on more than one occasion, to one hundred thousand per month, it being a monthly publication like "the Recorder." It was only discontinued because parties could no longer be found to advocate in print the doctrine that alcohol in fermented drinks was different from alcohol in distilled liquors, and useful as a beverage. As soon as it was generally known that alcohol was the product of fermentation, the American Society, the New York State Society, and most of the old societies throughout the country, organised themselves anew, and on the principle of total abstinence from all that can intoxicate, as the only means of saving the drunkard or preventing intemperance. Facts of the most convincing character were constantly produced, proving clearly, that unless the societies took this stand, all that had been already done would be eventually lost, and the reformation must be abandoned. When I left America, I did not know of a single society that was exerting any influence on the old ardent spirit pledge exclusively; and although nearly every state has its temperance periodical, there is not one advocating the cause on any other principle than that of total abstinence from all intoxicating liquors. We ascertained, among other facts, that in the state of New York alone, of the five thousand drunkards reformed during one year on the ardent-spirit pledge, about one-half returned again to drunkenness the next year, and in almost every case this fall was occasioned by taking fermented drinks, so that we lost all confidence in the old pledge as to its value for the permanent reformation of drunkards, of whom it was acknowledged (from various computations) that we had from three to five hundred thousand in our Union. We found also, that although distilleries were rapidly diminishing in number, breweries were as rapidly increasing, and also that ardent spirit was consumed in large quantities for the manufacture of an article sold and drunk under the name of wine, although in all probability most of it contained not one drop of the juice of the grape. It seemed evident that the effort to put down the use of ardent spirit was making the fortune of the beer and wine brewers, and that the drunkenness of the country, instead of being dried up, was only flowing in other channels, producing the same flood of misery as when the product of ardent spirit. We traced the influence of cider in the agricultural districts where it was most used, and found that it produced the appetite for stronger drinks. We made the same inquiries respecting wine, and traced the destruction of the youth of the wealthy classes to the practice of daily taking a little at their fathers' tables. I had my own wine analysed by one of our first chemists. The old port contained 48½ per cent. of spirit of the strength of brandy, and the average of the Madeira was 42½ per cent., so that two glasses of either were nearly as intoxicating as one glass of pure brandy. Indeed, the effect of fermented liquors was fully tested in the town of Peterboro', Madison county, New York, where there were thirty-nine drunkards, all of whom were permanently reformed by abstaining from all that could intoxicate, although several went back while only abstaining from ardent spirit.

When the national and state societies first changed their pledge, interest, appetite, and fashion, were all arrayed against us. We defended ourselves with facts which could not be disputed. The ministers of religion, who had generally been with us on the old pledge, deserted us in great numbers when we came to total abstinence: they had objections, I doubt not, satisfactory to themselves. Although we were greatly out of favour, we sent them regularly our publications, and our agents visited them to explain our views and intentions, to endeavour to remove prejudices, and above all to relate facts. These means ultimately brought into our ranks a great proportion of this most influential class. We have in the state of New York twenty-two hundred and fifty ministers of the gospel. Of these, eighteen months since, nineteen hundred and fifty had either pledged themselves to our cause, or were advocating its principles; and probably not far from the same proportion are with us throughout the Union. I really believe that at this time any minister in the United States who should advocate the habitual use of any intoxicating drink, would lose the confidence of his people. Perhaps a few in our largest cities might form an exception.

Another effect of the total abstinence principle is,

that in proportion as it has been adopted, in that proportion the jails and poor-houses have become thinly tenanted, and in some instances entirely vacant, and all branches of industry more flourishing. Great efforts have been made to learn from manufacturers the effect of our system on their establishments, and the prevailing answer is, that the cold-water principle is equal to a protecting duty of twenty per cent. to the manufacturer, while the benefit to the workmen and their families is incalculable. Indeed, in every department of industry, we find, in addition to the great moral and religious benefits, immense pecuniary gain. The apples which the farmer used to convert into cider, to derange the moral and physical faculties of himself, his family, and his workmen, he now makes greatly more profitable as food for his stock. Among some of our later efforts, one of the most beneficial has been through the agency of Mr Chipman, who was so eminently useful in collecting statistics for the old society. He felt that, although the prisons and the almshouses had been visited, the half of the evils brought on the community by the use of intoxicating liquors was not yet developed, and he commenced visiting all the physicians of three counties, and ascertained from them, by a reference to their books, that, during the period of their practice, as regarded their own patients, one-third of the deaths of the adult males were produced by drunkenness; that such persons on the average died twelve years sooner than the temperate; and that nineteen-twentieths were heads of families. To these facts Mr Chipman obtained the certificates of the physicians of whom he made the inquiry.

A further effect of the temperance movement has been to bring the licence law prominently before the public mind. While it is conceded that its object was to check, it is affirmed that its effect is (by professing to legalise) to render respectable the traffic in strong drink; that this traffic, bringing, as it has been fully proved to do, poverty, misery, and crime upon the land, is wrong, and should not be sustained by law; that it cannot be just and right to commission one set of men to degrade and ruin others, or sell them substances which will surely do so. Already six states of the Union have made it a subject of legislation, some annulling the licence law altogether, and others taking steps which will soon bring them to the same results, and I believe that in five years not a state in our Union will license one portion of its citizens to degrade and impoverish another portion, and reduce them to a condition in which the sober and industrious are obliged to support them as criminals or paupers.

THE HOUSE-SPARROW.

At home, abroad, wherever seen or heard,
Still is the sparrow just the self-same bird;
Thievish and clamorous, hardy, bold and base,
Unlike all others of the feathered race.
The bully of his tribe—to all beyond
The gipsy, beggar, knave, and vagabond!

It may be thought that I have here dealt hard measure to the sparrow, but the character I have given of him will be recognised by those who know him, as true. Cowper calls them a thievish race, that, scared as often as you please,

As oft return, a pert, voracious kind;

and that every farmer knows them to be. What multitudes do you see dropping down upon or rising from the wheat as it is ripening in the fields! Formerly a price was set upon their heads and eggs by country parishes. In many places a penny was given for a sparrow's head, and the same for three or four eggs; but this is now done away with, and the farmer must destroy them himself, or pay dearly for it in his corn.

Nothing can exceed the self-complacence of this bird. You see him build his nest amongst the richest tracery of a church roof or window; within the very coronet or escutcheon set up over the gate of hall or palace. We saw, this summer, the hay and litter of his nest hanging out from the richly cut initial letters of William and Mary over one of the principal windows of Hampton Court. Nay, he would build in a span-new V. R. set up only yesterday, or in the queen's very crown itself, though it were worth a kingdom, if it were only conveniently placed for his purpose. He thinks nothing too good for him.

But the most provoking part of his character is, the pleasure which he takes in teasing, molesting, and hectoring over birds of the most quiet and inoffensive nature. He builds about your houses, and thinks no other bird has any business to do the same. The martin, which loves to build under the eaves of our dwellings, after crossing the seas from some far country, has especially to bear his insolence and aggressions. There is a pretty story in the "Evenings at Home," of two of these interesting birds, who had their nest usurped by a sparrow, getting together their fellows, and building him up in the nest, where he was left a prisoner amid his plunder. But the gentleness of the martin is so great, that such an instance of poetical justice is more curious, than likely to occur a second time. But every summer the sparrow lords it over the martin, and frequently drives it away by its impertinence. We watched his behaviour this year with a good deal of attention. Two pairs of martins came and built their nests beneath the eaves of the stable, near each other. Scarcely were the nests half finished, when several sparrows were seen watching on the tiles

close to them, chirping loudly and conceitedly, and every now and then flying at the martins. The nests, however, were completed; but no sooner was this done, than the sparrows took possession of them, and lined them with coarse hay, which is an abomination to the martin, which lines its nest with the softest feathers. Having witnessed this, we waited for about ten days, by which time we supposed the sparrows would have laid their full number of eggs; and a ladder was set up, in order to inflict just retribution on them by taking the whole. But to our surprise there were none! The hay was therefore carefully removed, that the martins, if they pleased, might retake possession; but the very next day, the nests were again filled with hay, and long bents of it hung dangling from the entrance-hole. The sparrows had, with wonderful assiduity, and, as it were, with a feeling of vindictive spite, relined the nests with as much hay as they ordinarily carry to their own nests in several days. Now, it was supposed they would really lay in these nests, but no such thing—they never did. Their only object had been to dislodge the martins, for it was found that these very sparrows had nests of their own in the water-spouts of the house, with young ones in them at the very time, and their purpose of ousting the martins from their own nests being accomplished, the hay remained in the nests quietly all summer.

But this was not all. The poor martins, driven from the stable, came now to the house; and, as if for special protection, began to build their nests under the roof, nearly over the front door. No sooner was this intention discovered by the sparrows, than they were all in arms again. They were seen watching for hours on the tiles just above, chirping, strutting to and fro, flying down upon the martins when they came to their nests with materials, and loudly calling upon their fellow sparrows to help them to be as offensive as possible. The martins, however, rendered now more determined, persisted in their building, and so far succeeded as to prevent the sparrows getting more than a few bents of hay into their nests when complete. The martins laid their eggs; but for several times successively, the sparrows entered in their absence, and hoisted out all the eggs, which of course fell to the ground and were dashed to pieces. Provoked at this mischievous propensity of the sparrows, we had them now shot at, which had the desired effect. One or two of them were killed, and the rest took the hint, and permitted the martins to hatch and rear their young in peace.—*Mrs Houell's Birds and Flowers*, 1838.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

LIFE-ASSURANCE.

ALTHOUGH the advertisements of life-assurance companies and societies meet the eye in every newspaper, it is surprising how large a portion of the community remains in ignorance of the nature of those institutions. We have heard of individuals conducting extensive business in the same street with several life-assurance societies, who, on the subject being adverted to in their presence, showed that they had all along misunderstood the very leading objects of life-assurance. We lately endeavoured to explain the nature of these societies, with a view to removing, as far as was in our power, this lamentable ignorance; it is a subject, however, which may bear to be touched upon again and again; and we now return to it for the purpose of adding a few facts tending to impress in a lively manner the practical benefits which may arise to those who mutually insure money upon life.

The first class of our facts relates to cases where the life lasted a *short while*; the second, to cases where the life lasted a *long while*. In both it will be seen that the benefit was of a very remarkable nature.

When any one has paid the first premium of insurance for a sum upon his life, that sum, of course, is liable to be realised the very next instant by his decease. Suppose he, being a man of six-and-thirty, were to insure five hundred pounds, the premium for one year would be somewhere about fourteen pounds in most offices. This fourteen pounds being paid, supposing he dies next moment, the office is bound to pay his heirs the five hundred pounds, by which transaction it is clear four hundred and eighty-six pounds have been gained, and that at no one's expense, as the same thing might have happened to any of the co-assurers. There are of course many chances against the termination of his life taking place at that moment; but yet the registers of the insurance offices could show many cases in which death took place surprisingly soon after the commencement of the transaction. An instance of death occurring during the week following the payment of the first premium, did once, we have heard, occur in Edinburgh. In the records of one particular office, we have found a considerable number of cases in which only one premium was paid. We find, for instance, L.500 realised after the policy had run 262 days; L.800, after 330 days; L.600 after 203 days; L.500 after only 74 days; L.1000 after four months; and so forth. About three years ago there occurred one particular case, of a very striking nature. An industrious man engaged in flax-spinning, and who had sunk most of what he had in a concern of that nature, insured L.500 in the month of February, for which the usual comparatively small sum was paid by way of premium; in the ensuing April, not satis-

fied with the first sum, he insured L.500 more; *next month*, after the second policy had run only *twenty-two days*, he died in consequence of a severe injury from his own machinery. Thus his family obtained the welcome sum of a thousand pounds to help them on in the world—a sum which they could not have had, if their parent's death had taken place three months sooner! We do injustice to our case, when we speak of this as profit. It has nothing of the mercantile about it. It is a rescuing, by the most fair means possible, of the widow and fatherless from affliction.

In our former article on this subject, it was shown that most mutual life societies, from demanding a safe amount of premium, acquired in part the character of banks for savings. What is superfluous after paying the demands of a year, is sunk in profitable securities, for the ultimate benefit of the members. The accumulations usually reach a large amount in the course of a few years, if the management have been at all prudent. For instance, L.100, insured in the Equitable Society (of London) in 1816, had become L.152 in 1829, thirteen years after the commencement of the policy. Any one who insured L.1000 in 1806, had he died in 1829, would have left L.2117 to his heirs. Policies effected in 1796, for L.2000, had a bonus or addition of L.4014 put to them in 1829, making L.6014 in all. It is said that the largest addition ever made to a policy in this office was L.496 per cent., nearly a quintupling of the original amount. That policy was effected before May 1776, and it survived 1829. Thus we see that while the insurer has all along the inexpressible comfort of the certainty of leaving his family a certain sum, he is also, in a certain sense, getting rich by the increase which befalls all that part of his annual payments which is not required to make good the claims of those who sink by the way while he goes on in the enjoyment of life.

Having thus put some of the benefits of life-assurance into a still more practical light than before, we conclude our note by once more recommending all who have any income at all, and any dependent relations whom their death might make desolate, to ASSURE UPON THEIR LIVES. It is by far the most safe and convenient means of providing for a family, and decidedly the most unselfish mode of accumulating this world's pelf.

LABOURING CLASSES IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Mr James, in his "Six Months in South Australia," has the following remark:—"It was pleasing to see in Adelaide the importance and respectability of the working classes. In proportion as they were scarce, they were properly estimated, and the responsibility of their situations, particularly shepherds, stock-keepers, and such like, had a tendency very much to lessen the distinction between master and man. Of course, this treatment on the part of the employer made the servant a more important personage in his own eyes, increased his self-respect, made him doubly careful of the property committed to his charge, and altogether seemed to take off the pains of servitude."

So must it ever be. The labouring and serving classes must be in moderate number in proportion to the employment for them, and the portion of national wealth that falls to be distributed amongst them for labour and service, in order that they should stand on a footing approximating to independence with their employers. Thriving young colonies must, as long as they are in that condition, be the very paradise of working men, and the larger their families there, the better.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

EARL STANHOPE.

CHARLES STANHOPE, third Earl Stanhope, was born on the 3d August 1753. His grandfather, the founder of this branch of the Stanhope family, was a cadet of the house of Chesterfield, and arrived at high military distinction in what are usually called the Wars of the Succession in Spain. He was afterwards prime minister of Great Britain under George I. His son, the second peer, displayed talents equal to the father's, but in a different form. He addicted himself to the study of the severer sciences, and became one of the most able mathematicians of the day. Son and grandson to these noblemen, the subject of the present memoir fell not beneath them in natural ability, and may be said to have far excelled them in other respects.

At a very early period of boyhood, Charles Stanhope was sent to Eton, but at the age of ten he removed with his father and family to Geneva, where, by the death of his elder brother, he soon afterwards became Viscount Mahon, the title of courtesy given to the eldest sons of the Earls Stanhope. In Geneva the family of Lord Stanhope passed a considerable number of succeeding years, and in this city, accordingly, the young Viscount Mahon received the principal part of his education. His tutor was M. Le Sage, a well-known man of letters in the place. There can be little doubt that the whole political career of the future Earl Stanhope was deeply influenced by the circumstance of his receiving his education in this republican city, and that here were acquired his extreme notions regarding civil liberty, and other points affecting the welfare of great communities. Dr Moore, the well-known traveller and novelist, relates that he once incidentally asked Viscount Mahon, when walking with him in the streets of Geneva, to enter an assembly of persons who were adverse to certain popular opinions held in the republic. "No," said the young nobleman with in-

dignation, "I will not go for a moment into such a society; I consider these men as the enemies of their country." At the same time, while imbibing those sentiments that made him afterwards so noted in his character of a politician, he was actively pursuing a course of training in Geneva, which in time made him equally distinguished as a man of science and letters. Natural philosophy, in all its branches, was his favourite study, and the extent of his knowledge of the subject, almost within the years of boyhood, was decisively shown by his obtaining a prize offered by the Stockholm Society of Arts and Sciences, for the best Essay on the Pendulum. When he won this high distinction, he had but attained the age of eighteen. The essay was written in French, and was published by the donors (we believe) of the prize. This success of so young an individual, and that individual the heir of a wealthy and noble family, must appear remarkable enough, especially when it is considered that many eminent continental men of science would probably be his competitors; yet it may be regarded as a circumstance still more remarkable, that Viscount Mahon's essay was not the fruit of mere reading, like most juvenile compositions on science, but was actually based on numerous original experiments, performed by his lordship in person.

Lord Stanhope (as it will be better to style the subject of our memoir throughout the sequel, though he remained Viscount Mahon till the death of his father in 1786) appears to have passed his majority by a year or two, ere he returned permanently to England in the company of his family. It is told that the whole population of Geneva were affected at the departure of the noble English residents, and that their travelling carriages could scarcely move through the streets, on account of the crowds of poor people assembled to take a last look of those who had been long their generous benefactors. On reaching Britain, the family rank and influence of our young nobleman speedily procured him an entrance into the House of Commons, where he sat until his succession to the Stanhope title called him to the Upper House of Parliament. It was among the peers chiefly that he became famous as a politician. To this point, further allusion will yet be made in this article; but it may be observed here, that *honesty* was his grand feature as a statesman, as is in part evinced by the very fact that, although his lordship married Lady Esther Pitt, eldest daughter of the great Earl of Chatham, he opposed through life the leading measures of his brother-in-law, the second William Pitt, despising all the chances of personal benefit which the latter's long premiership might be supposed to place at the command of any talented and flexible kinsman.

It is in the light of a man of science, and of an inventor in the field of practical mechanics, that we propose first to consider Lord Stanhope. About the year 1775, when he was just leaving the Continent, his lordship addressed himself to the task of discovering some "means of preventing fraudulent practices on the gold coin." The result was the publication of a pamphlet, bearing a title worded nearly as above, and in which he recommended the adoption of various processes calculated to protect all mints from felonious imitations of their issue. The particulars of this plan are of too technical a kind, however, to obtain notice here. Suffice it to say, that, like many of the noble inventor's suggestions, his coinage schemes have probably been long put in practice by those who may never have heard of the inventor's name. His lordship paid some attention, also, to the subject of bank-note forgeries, and we believe that a better preventive of this crime, simple as the device seems, will never be discovered than that which he pointed out. This was merely "the employment of first-rate engravers" by the banks that issued notes. Any complication of figures, such as most notes rely on for security, may be imitated by an inferior artist, if he has but patience and perseverance; while, on the other hand, an exquisite, though much more simple specimen of a great engraver's powers, may defy all the half-educated copyist's labours, were he to work at it for a lifetime.

This tendency to revert to plain and simple first principles for the discovery of new scientific agents and expedients, characterised all Lord Stanhope's investigations in natural philosophy. His very interesting and important experiments on the subject of fire, and on the mode of rescuing houses from the dangers of this element, are founded on the simple principle, that without a current of air there can be no combustion—at least of the ordinary kind. His lordship was in the habit of familiarly illustrating this truth by folding a slip of paper tightly around one of his fire-irons, and then applying to it the flame of a candle, when it was seen that no ignition could be produced. But on the instant that the paper was relaxed, and air allowed to intrude itself between the iron and the paper, the combustion followed immediately. Carrying this principle into practical operation, Lord Stanhope invented a species of stucco or plaster for coating wood, which composition, by excluding the air, had the power of rendering fire perfectly harmless. In the Philosophical Transactions for 1778, his lordship gives a full account of the experiments performed by him in presence of the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of London, the members of the Royal Society, and other distinguished persons, whom he convinced thoroughly of the practicability of his plan, as well as of its complete efficacy. The possession of an ample fortune enabled his lordship, luckily, to try all his projects on the most perfect model scale.

besides, "one of five women barbers," so notorious all of them in the city, that a ballad was made upon them, the burden of which ran thus:—

Did you ever hear the like,
Or ever hear the same,
Of five women barbers,
That lived in Drury-Lane?

Nevertheless, as the lady of General Monk, Nan filled no mean place in the eye of the world during the times of the Cromwells; and when these were past, the share which her husband had in placing Charles II. on his throne, made her a British peeress of the first rank, namely, Duchess of Albemarle. Her understanding, it is said, was not unworthy of such a station, and this, probably, was the quality which Monk valued in her. In Granger's Biographical History of England, we are informed that the general "often consulted her in the greatest emergencies." How odd to think that the continuation of monarchy in Britain materially depended on a sempstress girl, the daughter of a poor blacksmith, and a woman-barber of low fame! Yet such seems to have been the case. Monk could have turned the balance as he chose, previously to the Restoration, and his wife, the most influential of his counsellors, was a thorough royalist. "It is probable (says Granger) that she had no inconsiderable share in the Restoration. She is supposed to have recommended several of the privy-councillors in the list which the general presented to the king on landing." The Duchess of Albemarle did a worse act than aiding to restore the king, when she persuaded Monk to abet the fall of one of the best statesmen England ever possessed. "She was an implacable enemy to Lord Clarendon, and had so great an influence over her husband, as to prevail with him to help to ruin that excellent man, though he was one of his best friends."

On account of the latter circumstances, we must perhaps take with some reservation the many charges brought against the duchess in the Continuation of Clarendon's Life. Certain it is, however, that her husband's influence enabled her to carry on a lucrative trade in selling offices, which always went to the highest bidder. Another fault of hers is more certain—that she retained the low manners of her early life to her dying hour. Her temper was one that soon "took fire, and her anger knew no bounds. She was a great mistress of all the low eloquence of abusive rage, and seldom failed to discharge a volley of vulgar expletives against such as thoroughly provoked her. Nothing is more certain than that the intrepid commander, who was never afraid of bullets, was often terrified by the fury of his wife."

Samuel Pepys, secretary to the admiralty in Charles II.'s time, tells us, in his candid and curious diary, that the Duchess of Albemarle was a "plain, homely dowdy," and a "very ill-looking woman." He also gives various anecdotes of her want of breeding and her shrewish temper. She uttered a most affronting saying respecting Lord Sandwich on an occasion when Pepys and other chief intimates of Lord S. were present. "At table the duchesse, complaining of her lord's going to sea next year, uttered these biting words:—'If my lord had been a coward, he had gone to sea no more: it may be then he might have been excused and made an ambassador' (meaning Lord Sandwich). This made me mad, and I believed she perceived my countenance change, and blushed herself very much." Pepys also tells us of her selling of offices. For example, "My Lady Monk hath disposed of all the places which Mr Edward Montague hoped to have had, which I am afraid will undo him, as he depended much upon the profit of what he should make by these places?"—which shows us that, after all, as far as offices were concerned, the duchess only did as those around her did at the period.

THE IRISH POOR IN GREAT BRITAIN.

THE Irish poor who emigrate into England and Scotland are of two classes; those who come for a short period and for a particular purpose, such as reaping during the time of harvest—and those who break off all connection with their country, and settle permanently in Great Britain. It is to the latter class that the following observations refer.

The first most powerful impulse to Irish emigration into this country was occasioned by the Irish rebellion of 1798. Many who had been implicated in the events of that unhappy period were driven to seek an asylum in parts of England and Scotland, where they would be unknown, and might, as it were, begin life anew. It happened, likewise, that the Irish rebellion was coincident, in point of time, with the first introduction of the spinning of cotton by power into the West of Scotland; and there existed, at that period, among the native working classes of both sexes in that district, a strong objection to factory labour, so that the master-spinners of Paisley and Glasgow were glad to employ the Irish as being the only persons who would work for them; by which means the Irish obtained a footing in the cotton-mills of those two great manufacturing towns, which they have in a great measure retained up to the present day. In England there was not the same pre-

judice among the natives against factory labour; consequently, in the great English cotton manufactories, there are, on the whole, few Irish, especially in the higher branches of the trade.

The great bulk of the Irish population, both in England and Scotland, is formed of the common day-labourers. Without excelling in any branch of industry, they may be said to have obtained the almost exclusive possession of all the lowest departments of manual labour in this country. There appears to be in Ireland a general disposition to emigrate in search of more profitable employment; and many of the Irish leave their country with very vague and ill-defined projects, and with highly exaggerated notions of the chances of success in England. This disposition to emigrate seems to have been further encouraged by the cheap and regular communication which has taken place between the two countries, within the last fifteen years, by means of steam navigation.

When the lateness of the period at which the Irish began to emigrate is considered, the number of Irish in England and Scotland is perhaps greater than might have been expected. In the year 1834, their number was estimated in Lancashire at 50,000, in Edinburgh at 10,000, in Dundee at 5000, in Aberdeen between 2500 and 3000. A large part of the population of Ayrshire is also stated to be Irish, particularly in its southern parts. Of the population of Wigtownshire, which in 1831 amounted to 36,258, two-thirds are supposed to be Irish, or of Irish extraction; as is likewise a large part of the population of Kirkcudbrightshire. In Lancashire the number of Irish is calculated not to exceed 100,000. In 1833, there were 35,000 Irish in Manchester, of whom 30,000 were Catholic, and 5000 Protestant. In Birmingham there are about 6000 Irish; and they are diffused over the other parts of England and Scotland, in various degrees of proportion to the population at large.

The great bulk of the Irish poor in Great Britain are chiefly employed in the towns, at various kinds of coarse unskilled labour, and especially in the several branches of the building trade, as masons', bricklayers', and plasterers' labourers, brickmakers, quarrymen, &c. At Liverpool and Glasgow, a very large portion of the porters engaged in loading and unloading vessels at the quays are likewise Irish.* In no part of England have the Irish settled in the country as agricultural labourers. In the south-west of Scotland, however, a large part of the native population has been displaced by Irish settlers, and nearly all the lower descriptions of farm labour in Wigtownshire, Kirkcudbrightshire, and the southern extremity of Ayrshire, are now performed by Irish. A great portion of the Irish poor in this country subsist by mendicancy. Whilst some few of this class have come over with the deliberate intention of gaining a livelihood by begging, the greater part of the mendicants have doubtless become such from their inability to obtain employment; and have afterwards continued from preference the mode of life to which they were originally driven by necessity.

The dwellings of the Irish in Great Britain are of the cheapest kind that can be procured; and thus they are collected in the lowest, dampest, dirtiest, and most unhealthy parts of the towns. In Liverpool and Manchester very many of them inhabit cellars, which are always dark and confined, and frequently wet. They have likewise a practice of living, to a great extent, in lodging-houses, in which single beds are let by the week or the night, and large numbers are crowded together in the same room. The state of these houses is usually wretched in the extreme; and from the filthy condition of the bedding, the want of the commonest articles of furniture, the uncleanly habits of the inmates themselves, and the numbers which, without distinction of age or sex, are closely crowded together, they are frequently the means of generating and communicating infectious diseases.

It does not appear that the Irish labourers who settle in Great Britain, increase, to any considerable extent, their comforts, or improve their style of living, in proportion to the increase of their incomes. They seem to have a fixed standard of existence, little, if indeed at all, superior to that which they have observed in their own country; and, generally speaking, every thing beyond the sum which enables them to live in this manner is spent in drinking. It might have been imagined that an increase of wages would naturally have led to an increase of comforts. This, however, upon inquiry, has not been found to be the fact. The additional earnings are not spent in obtaining comforts, or even necessities, but luxuries, and those too of the kind for immediate consumption. But although a large part of the Irish settlers retain their former habits of life unaltered, and others are deteriorated, in some degree, by their change of abode and the new relations in which they are placed, yet there are many on whom a beneficial influence is exercised, and whose character and habits are improved by the change. As in Edinburgh, so in other large towns, there is a class of persons ori-

* In fact, the Irish are in many places of great use in working at operations for which native Scotch cannot well be procured. They seem to possess an enterprise and heartiness in working, of which the lower orders of our own people are deficient. In Edinburgh, many of them have within the last few years taken up the trade of selling fish in small carts, and have thus, as far as the environs of the city and country around are concerned, possessed the ground formerly in the hands of the native fish-women. The higher class of Irish who have engaged in trade in Edinburgh, are among the most industrious and well behaved of the community.

ginally from "dear ould Ireland," who are highly respectable, and, indeed, no way inferior to the Scotch or English. If, in general, the example of the native working classes is not found to exercise as powerful an influence on the Irish settlers, in point of domestic improvement, as might have been anticipated, it arises chiefly from the separation and want of intercourse between the two classes. In dress and personal appearance, however, the Irish usually make a considerable improvement; the example of the natives being the motive, and the increased earnings affording the means.

Upon the whole, the Irish poor who settle in Great Britain cannot be said to be a thriving people, and, for the most part, their condition is only one degree better than it was in their own country.

THE LYING SERVANT.

THERE lived in Swabia a certain lord, pious, just, and wise, to whose lot it fell to have a serving-man, a great rogue, and, above all, addicted to the vice of lying. The name of the lord is not in the story, therefore the reader need not trouble himself about it.

The knave was given to boast of his wondrous travels. He had visited countries which are nowhere to be found in the map, and seen things which mortal eye never beheld. He would lie through the twenty-four hours of the clock—for he dreamed falsehoods in his sleep, to the truth of which he swore when he was awake. His lord was a cunning as well as a virtuous man, and used to see the lies in the valet's mouth, so that he was often caught—hung as it were in his own untruths, as in a trap. Nevertheless he persisted still the more in his lies, and when any one said, "How can that be?" he would answer, with fierce oaths and protestations, that so it was. He swore, *stone and bone*, and might the —, and so forth! Yet was the knave useful in the household, quick and handy; therefore he was not disliked of his lord, though verily a great liar.

It chanced, one pleasant day in spring, after the rains had fallen heavily, and swollen much the floods, that the lord and the knave rode out together, and their way passed through a shady and silent forest. Suddenly appeared an old and well-grown fox. "Look!" exclaimed the master of the knave; "look, what a huge beast! never before have I seen a reynard so large!" "Doth this beast surprise thee by its hugeness?" replied straight the serving-groom, casting his eye slightly on the animal, as he fled for fear away into the cover of the brakes; "by *stone and bone*, I have been in a kingdom where the foxes are big as are the *bulls* in this!" Whereupon, hearing so vast a lie, the lord answered calmly, but with mockery in his heart, "In that kingdom there must be excellent lining for the cloaks, if furriers can there be found well to dress skins so large!"

And so they rode on—the lord in silence: but soon he began to sigh heavily. Still he seemed to wax more and more sad in spirit, and his sighs grew deeper and more quick. Then inquired the knave of the lord what sudden affliction, or cause of sorrow, had happened. "Alas!" replied the wily master, "I trust in heaven's goodness that neither of us two hath to-day, by any forwardness of fortune, chanced to say the thing which is not; for, assuredly, he that hath so done must this day perish." The knave, on hearing these doleful words, and perceiving real sorrow to be depicted on the paleness of his master's countenance, instantly felt as if his ears grew more wide, that not a word or syllable of so strange a discovery might escape his troubled sense. And so, with eager exclamations, he demanded of the lord to ease his suspense, and to explain why so cruel a doom was now about to fall upon companionable liars.

"Hear, then, dear knave," answered the lord, to the earnestness of his servant, "since thou must needs know, hearken! and may no trouble come to thee from what I shall say. To-day we ride far, and in our course is a vast and heavy rolling flood, of which the ford is narrow, and the pool is deep; to it hath heaven given the power of sweeping down into its dark holes all dealers in falsehood, who may rashly venture to put themselves within its truth-loving current! But to him who hath told no lie, there is no fear of this river. Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long."

Then the knave thought, long, indeed, must the journey be for some who are now here: and as he spurred, he sighed heavier and deeper than his master had done before him, who now went gaily on; nor ceased he to cry, "Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long."

Then came they to a brook. Its waters were small, and its channel such as a boy might leap across. Yet, nevertheless, the knave began to tremble, and falteringly asked, "Is this now the river where harmless liars must perish?" "This, ah no!" replied the lord: "this is but a brook; no liar need tremble here." Yet was the knave not wholly assured, and, stammering, he said, "My gracious lord, thy servant now bethinks him, that he to-day hath made a fox too huge: that of which he spake was verily not so large as is an ox, but, *stone and bone*, as big as is a good-sized *roe*!"

The lord replied, with wonder in his tone, "What of this fox concerneth me? If large or small, I care not. Spur we our horses, knave, for to-day our journey must be long."

Long, indeed, still thought the serving-groom, and in sadness he crossed the brook. Then came they to a stream, running quickly through a green meadow, the stones showing themselves in many places above its frothy water. The varlet started, and cried aloud, "Another river! surely of rivers there is to-day no end: was it of this thou talkedst heretofore?" "No," replied the lord, "not of this." And more he said not: yet marked he with inward gladness his servant's fear. "Because, in good truth," rejoined the knave, "it is on my conscience to give thee note, that the fox of which I spake was not bigger than a *cat*!" "Large or small, let me

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not be troubled with thy fox: the beast concerneth me not at all."

As they quitted the wood, they perceived a river in the way, which gave sign of having been swollen by the rains, and on it was a boat. "This, then, is the doom of liars," said the knave, and he looked earnestly towards the passage-craft. "Be informed, my good lord, that Reynard was not larger than a fat wether sheep!" The lord seemed angry, and answered, "This is not yet the grave of falsehood: why torment me with this fox? Rather spur our horses, for we have far to go." "Stone and bone," said the knave to himself, "the end of my journey approacheth!"

Now the day declined, and the shadows of the travellers lengthened on the ground; but darker than the twilight was the sadness on the face of the knave. And as the wind rustled the trees, he ever and anon turned pale, and inquired of his master if the noise were of a torrent or stream of water. Still, as the evening fell, his eyes strove to discover the course of a winding river. But nothing of the sort could he discern; so that his spirits began to revive, and he was fain to join in discourse with the lord. But the lord held his peace, and looked as one who expects an evil thing.

Suddenly the way became steep, and they descended into a low and woody valley, in which was a broad and black river, creeping fearfully along, like the dark stream of Lethe, without bridge or bark to be seen near. "Alas! alas!" cried the knave, and the anguish oozed from the pores of his pale face. "Ah! miserable me! this then is the river in which liars must perish!" "Even so," said the lord; "this is the stream of which I spake: but the ford is sound and good for true men. Spur our horses, knave, for night approacheth, and we have yet far to go."

"My life is dear to me," said the trembling serving-man; "and thou knowest that were it lost, my wife would be disconsolate. In sincerity, then, I declare that the fox which I saw in the distant country was not larger than he who fled from us in the wood this morning!"

Then laughed the lord aloud, and said, "Ho, knave! wert thou afraid of thy life? and will nothing cure thy lying? Is not falsehood, which kills the soul, worse than death, which has mastery only over the body? This river is no more than any other, nor hath it a power such as I feigned. The ford is safe, and the waters gentle as those we have already passed: but who shall pass thee over the shame of this day? In it thou must needs sink, unless penitence come to help thee over, and cause thee to look back on the gulf of thy lies, as on a danger from which thou hast been delivered by heaven's grace." And as he railed against his servant, the lord rode on into the water, and both in safety reached the opposite shore. Then vowed the knave, by stone and bone, that from that time forward he would duly measure his words, and glad was he so to escape. Such is the story of the lying servant and the merry lord, by which let the reader profit. —*London Magazine.*

EGGS AND POULTRY.

AMONG all nations, and throughout all grades of society, eggs have been a favourite food. But in all our cities, and particularly in winter, they are sold at such prices that few families can afford to use them at all, and even those who are in easy circumstances consider them too expensive for common use. There is no need of this. Every family, or nearly every family, can with very little trouble have eggs in plenty during the whole year; and of all the animals domesticated for the use of man, the common dunghill fowl is capable of yielding the greatest possible profit to the owner. In the month of November I put apart eleven hens and a cock, gave them a small chamber, in a wood house, defended from storms, with an opening to the south. Their food, water, and lime, were placed on shelves convenient for them, with nests and chalk nest-eggs in plenty. These hens continued to lay eggs throughout the winter. From these eleven hens I received an average of six eggs daily, during winter, and whenever any one of them was disposed to sit, namely, as soon as she began to cluck, she was separated from the others by a grated partition, and her apartment darkened. These cluckers were well attended and well fed: they could see and partly associate through the grates with the other fowls, and as soon as any one of these prisoners began to sing, she was liberated, and would very soon lay eggs. It is a pleasant thing to feed and tend a bevy of laying hens: they may be tamed so as to follow the children, and will lay in a box.

Egg-shells contain lime, and when in winter the earth is bound with frost, or covered with snow, if lime is not provided for them, they will not lay, or if they do, the eggs of necessity must be without shells. Old rubbish lime, from chimneys and old buildings, is proper for them, and only needs to be broken. They will often attempt to swallow pieces of lime and plaster as large as walnuts. The singing hen will certainly lay eggs, if she find all things agreeable to her; but the hen is so much a prude, as watchful as a weasel, and as fastidious as a hypocrite; she must, she will have secrecy and mystery about her nest: all eyes but her own must be averted: follow or watch her, and she will forsake her nest and stop laying. She is best pleased with a box covered at the top, with a back aperture for light, and a side door by which she can escape unseen. A farmer may keep one hundred fowls in the barn, may suffer them to trample upon and destroy his mows of corn, and other grains, and still have fewer eggs than the cottager who keeps a single dozen, who provides secret nests, chalk eggs, pounded bricks, plenty of corn, water, and gravel for them, and who takes care that his hens are not disturbed about their nests.

Three chalk eggs in a nest are better than one, and large eggs please them most: I have often smiled to see them fuddle round and lay into a nest of geese eggs. Pullets will begin to lay early in life when nests and eggs are plenty, and when others are clucking around them. A dozen dunghill fowls, shut up away from other means of obtaining food, will require something more than a quart of corn a-day. I think fifteen bushels a-year a fair allowance for them, but, more or less, let them always

have enough by them, and after they have become habituated to find enough at all times, they take but few kernels at a time, except just before retiring to roost, when they will take nearly a spoonful in their crops; but, just so sure as their provisions come to them scanted or irregularly, so surely will they raven up a whole cropful at a time, and will stop laying. A single dozen fowls, well attended, will furnish a family with more than two thousand eggs a-year, and one hundred full-grown chickens for the fall and winter stores. The expense of feeding a dozen fowls will not amount to more than eighteen bushels of corn. They may be kept in cities as well as in the country; will do as well shut up the year round as to run at large; and a grated room, well lighted, ten feet by five, partitioned from a stable or other outhouse, is sufficient for the dozen fowls, with their roosting-places, nests, and feeding-troughs. In the spring of the year five or six hens will hatch at a time, and the fifty or sixty chickens may be given to one hen. Two hens will take care of one hundred chickens well enough until they begin to climb their little stick roosts: they should then be separated from the hens entirely. I have often kept the chickens, when young, in my garden: they keep the May-bugs and other insects from the vines, &c. &c. In case of confining fowls in summer, it should be remembered that a ground-floor should be chosen, or it would be just as well to set in their pen boxes of well-dried pulverised earth for them to wallow in in warm weather. Their pens should be kept clean. —*Scotch Reformers' Gazette.*

[We give the above as containing perhaps some useful information, but do not ourselves attach much credit to the statements which are made. We have tried to keep fowls in a moderately confined situation, but, like many others, have failed to make them pay for their food. Unless hens have a good run of ground, and can pick up a large share of their food without expense to their proprietor, it is almost useless, and in some degree cruel, to keep them. The plan proposed, however, can be tried by those who have spare time and accommodation, and to whom the risk of failure is no object.]

POWER AND GENTLENESS,

OR THE CATARACT AND THE STREAMLET.

Noble the Mountain Stream,
Bursting in grandeur from its vantage-ground;
Glory is in its gleam
Of brightness;—thunder in its deafening sound!
Mark, how its foamy spray,
Tinged by the sunbeams with reflected dyes,
Mimics the bow of day
Arching in majesty the vaulted skies;—
Thence, in a summer-shower,
Steeping the rocks around:—O! tell me where
Could majesty and power
Be clothed in forms more beautifully fair?

Yet lovelier, in my view,
The Streamlet, flowing silently serene;
Traced by the brighter hue,
And livelier growth it gives:—Itself unseen!
It flows through flowery meads,
Gladdening the herds which on its margin browse;
Its quiet beauty feeds
The alders that o'ershade it with their boughs.
Gently it murmurs by:
The village churchyard:—its low, plaintive tone
A dirge-like melody
For worth and beauty modest as its own.

More gaily now it sweeps
By the small school-house, in the sunshine bright;
And o'er the pebbles leaps,
Like happy hearts by holiday made light.

May not its course express,
In characters which they who run may read,
The charms of gentleness,
Were but its still small voice allowed to plead?

What are the trophies gained
By power, alone, with all its noise and strife,
To that meek wreath, unstained,
Won by the charities that gladden life?
Niagara's streams might fail,
And human happiness be undisturbed:
But Egypt would turn pale,
Were her still Nile's overflowing bounty curbed!

—*Poems of Bernard Barton.*

A LONDON DAIRY.

Laycock's dairy, at Islington, covers a space of sixteen acres, including the layers, grain-pits, rick-yards, &c. &c. It contains nine cow-houses, each about one hundred and forty feet in length, by twenty-four feet broad; each of these contains sixty-four cows, thirty-two on a side. There are also fattening pens, and an infirmary for such of them as may happen to require temporary separation; these instances, however, considering the great number kept, and the artificial mode of treatment, are but rare. The animals, all of the finest description, are constantly kept in the houses both day and night; in the summer season only, being turned out for a few hours daily into the layers. Cows are rarely kept here longer than twelve months, during which period they are regularly milked; and, what may appear extraordinary to those ignorant of the management, the process of fattening goes on with the milking; so that, by the time they become what is termed "dry," most of them are fit for Smithfield, and but few of the number (six hundred constantly kept) require "stalling" after the period of milking is at an end. This number affords twelve hundred gallons of milk per diem, upon the average; it is taken away at an early hour in the morning and afternoon by the vendors, who purchase here to retail in the metropolis. The average worth of each cow is about £13, which, assuming the number kept always to average six hundred (the

minimum rather than otherwise), gives a capital of £10,800, always afloat to stock this stupendous dairy with cows only. Their food consists of grains, mangel wurzel, the Swedish turnip (the latter for fattening), and hay, at the rate of one bushel of grains, 56 pounds of mangel wurzel or turnip, and 12 pounds of hay, to each; or 600 bushels of grains, 15 tons of wurzel and turnip, and 63.28 tons of hay, per day, to the total number. The quantity of butter made here is, for an obvious reason, small, and rarely exceeds 100 pounds per week. The number of pigs kept here is about 400; some bred, others bought in, and all fattened here. Forty horses are always required, and constantly employed upon the dairy. Such is one of the London lactaries; there are many of them, some of larger, several of equal, and a few of inferior extent. —*Bucks Gazette.*

EFFECT OF MARSHES IN PRODUCING FEVER.

There can be no doubt that fever is always prevalent in the neighbourhood of marshes. Warden, in his account of the United States of America, remarks, "All low parts of the United States, along the banks of rivers and lakes, and near the borders of stagnant waters, and in marshy situations, where vegetable or animal substances, in a state of decay, are exposed to the action of the autumnal sun, are subject to an intermittent or bilious fever. In every low situation, where the rich vegetable soil is first exposed to the action of the sun, or where the water disappearing presents to its action a muddy surface, deleterious emanations are produced, which, ascending to the surface of a neighbouring hill, become the cause of disease there, as well as near the surface where they originated." He gives a great number of instances of fevers having broken out in America in the neighbourhood of marshes; and he also cites, from various authors, cases showing the pestilential effect of marshes in Europe on the health. The Pontine marshes in Italy are well known to have produced for centuries numerous febrile diseases. Lancisi, physician to Pope Clement XI., relates, that in the vicinity of Rome, thirty persons of both sexes, and of the highest rank, being on a party of pleasure near the mouth of the Tiber, the wind suddenly changed, and blew from the south across putrid marshes; and that such was its effect, that all except one were suddenly seized with tertian fever. An inundation of the rivers in Hungary, which covered many parts of the country with stagnant waters, is said to have occasioned the loss of 40,000 of the Austrian army. The annual overflowing of the Nile has produced the same effect, from the earliest times, at Alexandria and other places. In August 1765, a continued or remitting fever was produced among the soldiers and marines stationed in the island of Portsea, in the neighbourhood of stagnant waters, and a great number of them were carried off. Warden remarks, that "the most extraordinary fact regarding marsh miasms is, that their influence is more sensibly felt on the summit of the neighbouring hills than on the very borders of the marsh whence they emanate. An invisible and pestiferous vapour, which rises by its lightness, or is wafted by currents of air, hovers on the summit during the hot season, and soon paralyses the strongest constitutions." He gives several instances where such pestilential exhalations had produced fevers at the distance of two miles. The short duration of human life in marshy districts has been remarked by all writers on population. For example, the average duration of life is at least one-third lower in Holland than in England or France. In Switzerland, according to the observations of Muret, the probability of life, or the age to which half the born live, was as follows:—In nine parishes of the Alps, 47 years; in 41 parishes of the Pays de Vaud and Jura, 42; in 12 parishes where grain was cultivated, 40; in 18 parishes among the great vineyards, 37; in one marshy parish, 24! —*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, July 1839.

THE RULES OF THE KING'S BENCH.

The rules are a certain liberty adjoining the prison, and comprising some dozen streets, in which debtors who can raise money to pay large fees, from which their creditors do not derive any benefit, are permitted to reside by the wise provisions of the same enlightened laws which leave the debtor who can raise no money to starve in jail, without the food, clothing, lodging, or warmth, which are provided for felons convicted of the most atrocious crimes that can disgrace humanity. There are many pleasant fictions of the law in constant operation, but there is not one so pleasant or practically humorous as that which supposes every man to be of equal value in its impartial eye, and the benefits of all laws to be equally attainable by all men, without the smallest reference to the furniture of their pockets. —*Nicholas Nickleby.*

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness of affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those we dearly loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom muttered, and so soon forgotten! —*The same.*

OPINION OF LONDON.

A worthy countryman from the neighbourhood of And Reekie having been on a visit to London for the first time, was addressed by a friend on his return:—"Well, John, what think ye o' London now—is't yon a gran' place?" "A gran' place!" echoed the disappointed tourist; "Oh, man, Sandy, it's just like a thousand Coogates!"

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

* Mind not high things : but condescend to men of low estate.
St PAUL.

THE FOLLOWER OF THE FAMILY.

PART THE SECOND.

I LEFT little Evelyn, surnamed "the blessed," living amongst the simple people of Tullygarrett. She was then a few weeks old ; I find her now a beautiful bright-haired child, singularly interesting and intelligent. As she grew older, her nurse imagined she perceived a thin film spreading over her eyes. Her feelings upon this painful subject resolved into one idea : if she should ever find "Masther Garrett," Evelyn perhaps would not be able to see her own "father." The simple-minded affectionate woman imagined the summit of human misery. She would bring up his child, and yet, if she should ever meet him, the pleasure of looking on him would be denied to her. She had often pictured the joy of such a meeting ; but an Irishwoman's joy is always eloquent, and Margaret failed to fancy how Evelyn could express herself if she were denied the power of beholding her parent. She would move various colours before the child's eyes, and finding that the eyes remained motionless, she would turn away in the bitterness of her sorrow, and exclaim, "He left her sightless, and he will find her so !" She would then add, "But it's the will of God ! it's the will of God ! and sure His will is both justice and mercy." This trusting in the justice and in the mercy of Divine Providence, is a never-ceasing comfort to the poor Irish ; no matter what their troubles are, this reliance never deserts them ; and though Margaret used every probable and improbable means to restore sight to her darling, yet each disappointment was followed by the resigned expression of "God's will be done," even while tears of bitter sorrow and disappointment were coursing each other down her cheeks. It was pleasant to observe the delicacy and attention with which the poor treated this little object of their solicitude. Every peasant felt an interest in Evelyn, and this feeling of interest was mingled with one of respect. "Sure she's of a good ould stock on one side, any way, and it wouldn't be right for the like of us to forget that. It's all in the hands of God ! Who knows what will turn up for her yet, the craythur !" The little maid was always better dressed than Margaret's young relations, and no jealousy or discomfort was excited by the distinction ; the most "mealy" potatoes were chosen by their own hands for her, and "the drop of sweet milk" placed in her little china mug on the top shelf of the dresser, while the young Sheils' noggin of sour milk waited their dinner, where it sometimes became the prey of the kitten or the "bonneen."* The rich may think these small attentions and sacrifices nothing, but those who have never wanted are bad judges of what it is to bestow, not from multitude, but from misery. Margaret had found in Mrs O'Dwyer's trunks many of those shreds and patches, and even pieces of damask and chintz, lutestring and mode—"relics of ould decency," as she called them—which she had already begun to convert into "coats" for Evelyn, and mounted a long feather or two in the wide-leaved straw hat plaited by her own industrious fingers, to protect her favourite's delicate complexion from the sun. There was a wild common stretching at the back of the cottages, forming what was ostentatiously called the *town* of Tullygarrett ; and day after day, little Evelyn, carefully watched by Mary or Essy Shiel, would wander through the heath, or nestle amid the fern to sleep when fatigued. A little incident will show that though Evelyn was with the cottage children, she had imbibed some how or other a feeling of pride beyond them. The Cork mail crossed this heath once a-day, and the children of the village

used to watch its passing, and beg most vociferously of the passengers. It was wonderful how fast the little urchins used to run, and how loud they used to scream ; run ! ay, a mile and a half for a halfpenny, their two little dirty feet going as fast as the coach-horses' four. One day, however, an accident happened the coach ; the guard had substituted a kippeen* for a linch-pin, and, as might have been expected, the wheel rolled quietly off, and deposited the outside passengers in the soft earth of a bog. This was very unpleasant, but it might have been worse. Irishmen bluster and swear at an accident, but soon get over it ; and after a little blustering, and a good deal of swearing, the passengers walked on, while the guard manufactured a linch-pin out of the handle of the door.

Little Evelyn had heard the bustle from a hillock at a distance, and was always much amused by the passing of the coach. She continued plaiting a rush basket, and when, attracted by her exceeding beauty, one of them addressed her, she shook

"The golden treasures of her hair."

and answered in her own sweet childish voice, still continuing her occupation. Little Essy Shiel came up, and in reply to a question addressed to Evelyn, dropt her curtsy, and observed, "Sir, if you please, she has no *light* at all at all." Upon this Evelyn blushed, and tears fell from her sightless eyes.

"What ! blind ?" he inquired ; "sight is in her eyes for all that."

"Ay," said Essy, "but no good ; only aunt says maybe it went be always so."

"Is she your cousin ?"

"Oh no, plaze yer honour ; she's a born lady."

The gentleman laughed, and presented the "born lady" with a silver coin ; but Evelyn, who had risen, flushed crimson, and returned him the coin with any thing rather than an obliged manner.

"She's no beggar, yer honour," said Essy, herself half offended ; "nor are we beggars either, sir ; only we *take* what we *gets*."

"I daresay you do," he replied, taking the hint and transferring the coin ; "and now, take me to your aunt, and I will hear this child's history."

It was soon told, and, as it happened, the gentleman was a well-known oculist, and with much kind feeling told Margaret that if she liked to bring the child to his house in Dublin, he would see if any thing could be done for her ; and the coach being mended, departed, as visitors always do from the dwellings of the Irish poor, overwhelmed with blessings.

Margaret was not slow at perceiving and feeling "the divided duty" which this proposal led to—her brother and his children on the one hand, little Evelyn and her promise to Garrett O'Dwyer on the other—and, in the fullness and simplicity of her heart, she called her brother Murtoth to share its councils.

"It's a poor case entirely to leave you, Murtoth, and Essy so wild, though Mary to be sure is a rock of sense, considering her years ; but Essy's cruel wild, though Mary's head is long, and she can spin, sew, make, and, what's better, mend as well as myself ; and sure it's proud I am to see you go to yer work as clean as any gentleman, and the cabin, God be praised, as white as the priest's vestment (God bless us) ; and all that's a comfort any how ; and the dawshy craythur, poor little Evelyn, bird of beauty that she is ! has no one but me to look to her, and if the grace o' God would beam down on her, and restore her her sight, sure I could tache her many a thing against the time she'd see him."

"True for ye, Marg'ate, it would be a comfort to me, let alone you ; only don't say, sister, that the child has no one to look on her but you ; I know ye're the best friend any one ever had, but if you wasn't in it, sure I'd guard her myself—I would, for the honour of the family ! But go, sister : go to Dublin with her at

ons't, and what help I can raise for you I will, to send you comfortable on your journey. It's yer duty, Marg'ate, to the family, that's what it is ; and a proper duty to do, and God speed ye with it. And don't be fretting while ye're away, though it's a good step* to Dublin ; only *take it easy*, and I'll go bail Mary will mind the place and the pigs, and every thing that away. And ye'll write to us, as *you're the larning*, and maybe my prayers wont be with ye ! Only go, Marg'ate, astore ; and, sure, if she's restored, it's a bright girl she'll be, as well as a beautiful. If she's not, why, sure, we must only do the best we can for her ; and, any how, the blessing has been in it, ever since she set foot among us. I know you've a heart good enough to stay, but yer duty is to go amongst the strangers, if it would do her good ; we've been followers of the family for more than two hundred years, an' it isn't now we'd give in at the heel of the hunt."

This disinterested conduct on the part of poor Murtoth needs no comment, and Margaret prepared for her long and fatiguing journey with the same cheerfulness as though she were dressing in her best for mass on a sunny Sunday. Margaret was not one who saw no difficulties, no obstacles in her path. She perceived and understood them all ; but she was a follower of the family ; and the more the little offset stood in need of support, the more did she feel it her duty to protect and shelter it. The next Sunday the priest took occasion to address his congregation from "the altar," and to tell them that Margaret Shiel had resolved to go to Dublin, to see if it would please the Almighty God to restore the sight of her eyes to the child she had promised to watch over. The priest was a kind-hearted man, and knew the character of the people he addressed ; he first of all made his congregation laugh, by declaring what an advantage it would be to men if all women were blind to their faults, any way, and then aroused their sympathies in behalf of the heroic exertions of Evelyn's nurse. Nor was this all : when he saw his congregation wiping their eyes, and turning them towards where Margaret and Evelyn were, he urged them to give something even of the little they possessed to forward so good and pious an object. He told them that by so doing they would receive in this world the prayers and blessings of grateful hearts, and do a deed acceptable in the eyes of the Almighty. Whatever of superstition was mixed up with this kind-hearted man's discourse, I do not know : it was delivered long before I was born ; but an old man who heard Father Roche's address on the occasion, told me there was not a dry eye in the chapel, and that a purse, long and heavy with brave big and little money, was the result of his appeal. The times are bad, indeed, with Paddy, when he has nothing to give.

Murtoth Shiel was unprepared for the priest's address, and in the chapel-yard he thanked him from the overflowing of his heart, and assured his neighbours that one time or other he'd hope to make it up to them. Murtoth's tears evinced his sincerity ; and when a week afterwards Margaret and Evelyn's preparations were completed, and they were about to depart, it would be impossible to imagine a more kindly crowd than waited to bid them farewell. Evelyn was kissed, and crossed, and blessed, and the best horse and car in Tullygarrett, with a feather bed, and a patch quilt spread over it, prepared to take them "a piece of the way," and every woman that had an old shoe on, threw it after them "for good luck." And it was hard to tell whether Margaret laughed or cried most ; she did a good deal of both ; but it was not until having embraced her beloved brother for the last time, and called her niece, Mary, twice back to hear more "last words" touching various cottage matters, and having from the brow of the hill on which she stood watched the car and its attendants descend into the last hollow, that she felt the utter loneliness of her situation ; and pressing Evelyn, who understood and participated in

* Little pig.

* Bit of wood.

* A long way.

† Clever—intelligent.

her feelings, to her bosom, fairly burst into the passionate tears, which a sense of her loneliness, and the length of her journey, called forth.

In this railroad age, it is hard to imagine the toil and difficulty of a journey from Tullygarrett to Dublin; it was both tedious and painful, although safe, as travelling in Ireland always is. Margaret had more than eighty miles to walk. When Evelyn was fatigued, she carried her on her back, for the roads were then but little frequented, except by the country car-men at stated periods; and now and then a heavy lumbering coach, which seemed built for eternity, groaned past, heavily laden with luggage and passengers; and sometimes the guard would "give her a lift," which lightened her journey, and afforded her the opportunity of conversing with her fellow-beings. As yet she had spent but little of the generous gifts she had received; and though very much fatigued one night in particular, that Evelyn had been faint, and weary all day long, consoled herself with the information she had just obtained, that it was only fifteen miles to Dublin. The next morning her precious charge was weak and feverish; poor Margaret herself felt that she too was very unwell, but having said her prayers, she dressed herself as usual, and prepared for her departure. It was evident that Evelyn could not walk far, but her nurse longed with the impatience of a fervent spirit for the conclusion of their journey, and knew that every mile would diminish the distance. She therefore tied Evelyn on her back, in a way peculiarly Irish, and set forward.

She had not, however, journeyed more than three miles, when she felt her own strength sensibly diminishing. She was sick at heart, her head became dizzy, her limbs refused to perform their office, and the dreary landscape through which they were passing danced before her eyes. She unfasted the cloak, and sat down beneath the shade of a solitary tree, whose leaves rustled in the hot wind that swept the common, but whose breath was scorching, not refreshing. When her cloak was untied, little Evelyn crawled rather than walked from beneath its folds, and Margaret, as she pressed her own parched lips to her burning brow, muttered, "Now the Lord in his mercy look down upon us, for it's the fever, or something worse, that's over her; and, as to me, God help me! the hot and could shivers will shake the life out of me soon." Evelyn laid her head on her nurse's shoulder, and moaned heavily; Margaret observed that her eyelids were swollen, her face red, and her hand dry and hot. She thought that the same illness had seized both; she was mistaken; the child was attacked only by measles, but she herself had been seized upon by the fearful fever whose ravages have from time to time rendered the cottage homes of Ireland desolate. Overwhelmed by a lassitude she could not overcome, she wound her arms round her charge, and fell into a deep but painful slumber.

When she awoke, Evelyn was still sleeping, and though in a species of half delirium, she had not altogether lost her consciousness. She attempted to rise, but her strength was prostrated; she could not even move; her lips were unable to convey to the air the incoherent but fervent prayers she framed to the Almighty for the bestowing of his care on the sleeping child. The sun had set, and she was not in sight even of a dwelling; the only thing upon the dreary waste that indicated her proximity to a human habitation, was a lean spectral-looking grey horse, who had limped towards them, and after gathering with his skinny lips a few leaves from off the young shoots of the thorn-tree, stared pitifully in her face, as if to say, "hail, fellow-sufferer!"

Before the evening closed, the owner of the horse, a poor man called Larry Twist, who lived by making mats of the rushes cut from the swamps, and manufacturing fern brooms, came to seek his poor grey horse, and soon saw that one if not both of those beneath the tree were affected by the pestilence which had been ravaging that part of the country for some time.

In such cases the peasantry never totally desert each other; they dare not, of course, bring the infected parties to their houses; but before the next morning dawned, this good Samaritan had, with the assistance of a neighbour, erected a sort of shed over the sufferers, so as to protect them from the inclemency or heat of the weather, and placed a comfortable quantity of dried heath beneath them. Nor was this all: from time to time milk was begged for by the poor man "for the travellers, God help them, who war struck by the way, and no one to see to them, only just the Almighty, and maybe a slave like himself, who had nothing to give." This milk was pushed towards them with a long wattle; and Evelyn, whose childish disease lightened in a day or two, made a wonderful nurse in her turn, and well merited her name of "the blessed." She would sit all day long, her sightless eyes bent towards "her mammy nurse," whose head she supported on her little lap, replying to the ravings which conjured the whole world to take care of "her blessed Evelyn," with the assurance that "sure she was taken care of;" an assurance which the poor patient could not comprehend. By degrees Evelyn learned to guide herself round the tree, and from under the shelter of the hut, and her quick ear could distinguish the barefooted and nimble tread of those who shared with her their poor food, and begged for her support from the "big house." Sightless as she was, poor child, the sweet tenderness of her nature was to her instead of sight; and she watched, without seeing, her fainting and fading

friend—without being able to discern the frightful ravages which fever was making with the being she loved.

When the crisis came, and every faculty of life was suspended, when she could neither feel Margaret's heart beat, nor the breath from between her lips, then, indeed, Evelyn shrieked, and ran out upon the waste, clasping her little hands, while the tears gushed from her eyes, and the black crow rose heavily on the wing, croaking his displeasure at the disturbance. There was none but the crow to answer her cries of distress, for the mist of morning was heavy on every blade of grass; but as the day advanced, when the sun rose, the birds of the morass, and those who shelter amongst the gorse and furze, commenced the business and pleasure allotted to the span of their existence, Evelyn, exhausted by her cries, had sunk upon the heather, and, prevented by the innate dread of death which makes the blood run cold when we grasp the damp heavy weight, for the last time, of the beloved hand which never was cold to us before; impelled, I say, by this untaught innate dread, poor Evelyn feared to return to the hut, when all at once a lark sprang from beside her, and soared, and soared, into the very heavens, flinging its music with the prodigality of abundance, until it mingled with the fleeciness of the morning clouds; and the child's feelings, softened by the melody into a gentler sorrow, subsided. She loved the song of the sweet wild bird. She no longer screamed or sobbed, though the tears flowed on. She almost restrained her breath, and turned her face right upwards, that she might not lose the fragment of a sound! It was a picture to look upon. Gradually rising from the ground, she rested on her knees upon the wild heath, with nothing intimating the presence of humanity within reach, save the crouching temporary hut, and a red cloak hanging with picturesque effect above it, from amid the green branches of the solitary tree, which stood out, in strong relief, against the clear firm-looking sky.

So absorbed were her senses and feelings, that she did not hear the approach of her constant friend Larry Twist, who, in addition to the half-filled noggin of milk, had brought her on this morning a fragment of barley-bread and three or four potatoes.

"An' what ails ye, *avourneen*," he said kindly, "to be saying yer prayers on the wet grass! Get up, *alanna*, and take this to yer mammy."

"She's stiff and cold," she replied, her tears and sobs recommencing as the knowledge of evil returned to her; "and no beat in her heart, and she wont open her eyes; I felt them."

Larry moved cautiously towards the hut, keeping, as he said, "the wind between them;" and after peering over the cloak, assured Evelyn "that it was only the lull of the fever," which assurance, though she did not understand it, conveyed hope to the child's mind; the hope was increased by his adding, "Eat yer breakfast, my corra! and thin take a turn at the prayers. God can raise her up still, if it is His blessed will to do so. And pray with all yer innocent heart and soul, *avourneen*—pray, do. The prayers of the innocent are sweeter to the Lord than the perfume of the flowers to us—God help us! Pray, my darlint, and God will hear you—poor blind lamb that ye are. I'll come back in the evening, *alanna*," and he muttered to himself while departing, "by that time she'll be either dead or better."

The child did as he desired. The day seems long to many a listless child of luxury, but Evelyn did not know what the word "dull" meant. Many a petted girl would not have been suffered to arise from her bed after such an illness as she had endured, and yet there she was, abroad in the breeze and the sunbeam, gathering strength; and having repeated half a dozen times the prayers she knew, she crept to her "mammy's" side, bathed her lips with milk, kissed her damp brow, then stole as noiselessly away, and plucking up long grass as if it had been long rushes, plaited them together, and forgetful, as blessed childhood always is, of the past agony when its hour is past, she warbled softly the most mournful of those beautiful melodies which the Irish children seem to imbibe with the air they breathe. The evening found her sitting by Margaret's side, and, watchful as a fawn, her benevolent friend did not approach this time unnoticed. She advanced to meet him.

"I'm sure it's near night, sur," said the child, "for the sun's gone to bed, and the birds are done singing. Tell me how mammy is now."

The poor man looked at the woman with exceeding caution, for the humbler Irish think a fever more than usually infectious when it is, as they call it, "on the turn." Faded as she seemed, there was an aspect of returning life about the face; it was pale and wan, but its rigidity was gone; a certain degree of apparent warmth was over the features, and the long lank hair was moist.

"Cover her up careful, *avourneen*," said the man; "keep her warm, and sit as far from her as ye can. Maybe she'll spake to ye in the morning."

"I can't sit far from her, sur, an' she in it," answered Evelyn. And the old man wept to see the tenderness evinced by the innocent child towards her protector.

Margaret lived. It would be impossible to describe, because, thank God, I can only imagine, the faintings and weakness that confined her for a long long time to the shelter of that miserable hut. The weather continued astonishingly dry for that weeping country, and at last Larry Twist, having informed her that he

was going a good piece of the way towards Dublin, and would give her and the "girlieen," God bless her! a lift on the same grey mare that had stared so woefully at her the day she sat in utter weariness of body and mind beneath the old thorn-tree, she once more commended herself to the Almighty protection, and departed with, if it were possible, increased feelings of affection towards Evelyn. In due time, pale and emaciated, she arrived in Dublin, and presented herself at the door of the oculist. What was her dismay at being informed, that, in consequence of severe ill health, he had quitted Dublin the day before, only the day before, for Bath!

This was indeed a blow the poor woman little expected. She calculated her small finances, and finding that they would afford her a deck passage to Bristol, and something more, she set forward, nothing dismayed at the idea of travelling in a strange country, but bent on the one great prospect of seeing her favourite restored to sight. She landed at Bristol, and, despite the weakness attendant upon sea-sickness, and her former illness, the following day found her at the door of the humane oculist in Bath. She knew enough of human nature, which it is the habit to call "knowing the world," to dress herself and Evelyn in their very best; and as Evelyn's best was somewhat grotesque, she attracted so much notice, which immediately on looking at her beautiful face deepened into admiration, that Margaret, though flattered, was somewhat alarmed at the number of persons who stopped and questioned her as to whom the child belonged to. The extreme delicacy of her features—the quantity and colour of her hair—the softness of her complexion—the length and darkness of the eye-lashes, that curtained her dim but beautifully formed eyes, rendered her, when spoken to, an object of deep interest. And more than one lounge on the beautiful gossiping streets of Bath followed, and lingered near the door at which Margaret knocked. The servant told her—the servants of good kind people are always civil—the servant told her that his master was very ill, too ill to see any one, much less perform an operation, and that she need not call again. The blood that for a moment had mantled poor Margaret's cheek, rushed back to her heart, and the domestic, fearing that she might faint, with great humanity permitted her to sit in the hall.

"Tell him—just tell him," she said to the man, "just tell him, if ever ye hope to meet yer father and mother (God be good to them!) in paradise—tell him that it's the woman from the far Irish moor—she that lived in Tullygarrett—she, with the fair party child, Evelyn O'Dwyer, that never can see a glimpse of the blessed light of heaven, until it please God and his honour to grant it. I was seized by the fever on the road, and missed him on its account in Dublin, and now I shall miss him again, and the craythur may go stone blind to her grave, and never have the blessing to look in her father's face, if she should have the joy to meet him!" Many more were her prayers and words, and at last they prevailed. The servant told his master, who, kind as he had ever been, consented to receive the nurse and her charge in his bedroom. His days, however, were numbered, and he knew it; but he looked at Evelyn's eyes; and Margaret wept to observe how changed he was, for she well remembered the ruddy health of his countenance at their former meeting.

"I am sure it may be cured," he said, "and she could bear it; but I dare not venture on so delicate an operation now. I feel, my good woman, I shall never live to restore this child to sight, but she may remain here until I can see her no longer, and then I will leave you a letter to a London oculist, who, for my sake, will, with God's blessing, restore her sight."

Every day, while the good man was able to sit up in bed, was little Evelyn placed by his bedside, and the child interested him greatly. The nature of the disease was peculiar, and her intelligence and beauty no less so. Margaret's industry, her devotion and affection for her charge, made a strong impression in her favour; and before the gentleman died, he placed ten guineas in her hand, together with a letter to his London friend. This appeared to Margaret a mine of inexhaustible wealth, but her tears were no less sincere when she saw the remains of the excellent friend whom "God has raised up to her," consigned to the tomb. It was indeed a bitter trial, and she left Bath with an aching heart. Every thing was new and strange; she felt, as she said, "going through a dale of grandeur without a heart, and in the midst of it all no tidings of the boy." Margaret was too long-headed to travel in the heavy and expensive coaches of those days, or even in a waggon; she determined to "walk it," with an occasional "lift" from a passing vehicle. But the English were not as ready to give the "lift" as the Irish had been; they valued their time and the labour of their horses at a much higher rate than she had expected, and the refreshment and bed at the wayside inns were always to be paid for. She had journeyed considerably past Reading, when, overcome with fatigue, she stopped at a cottage which seemed far removed from a village, and requested a drink of milk for the child, and one of water for herself. The woman answered the petition with a tolerable grace, and her husband, struck by the beauty of the child, added to the gift a second draught of milk.

The woman sneered; "the rebellion in Ireland," she said, "had driven those away from the country who had made it too hot to hold them."

It was the first time Margaret had heard of "the rebellion," which unhappily formed so terrible an epoch in Irish history. She inquired the meaning of the words, and the woman gave her a paper, saying, if she could read, that would inform her better. Margaret could and did read, what made her heart both beat and bleed. The rebellion had raged in her part of the country; the cruelties of both parties had been great; and the little village of Tullygarrett had been the scene of frightful tumult. This was agony to poor Margaret, and little Evelyn threw her arms round her neck, exclaiming, "I hear ye're in trouble, my own dear mammy nurse; oh, do tell yer darlin' what ails ye." She could make no reply. Her brother probably murdered, her nieces without protection, in the fearful tumult of civil war, were before her! She considered if she were to go back, what could she do for them!—where find them? Besides, if she were to turn from her duty now, Evelyn would go "dark" to her grave, and the follower of the family have lacked in duty. This decided her on proceeding, though with tearful eyes and a beating heart; and whenever she saw a group of men assembled together, she would stop and listen, and if she dared venture, would ask a question as to "what news from Ireland?" Alas! England has always news of tumult from that poor country; but at that period the execrations and bitterness heaped upon it knew no bounds. Now, indeed, it is not so; England understands the country better. Many were the trials of poor Margaret's fidelity; and when she entered the long straggling village of Hammersmith, she had already discovered that ten pounds was not the inexhaustible fund she had imagined—travelling for the poor in England and Ireland were two distinct things. She presented herself at the door of the fashionable oculist, and her letter of introduction—the letter, one of the last her good friend had written—gained her immediate admittance.

"Several weeks" must elapse, the doctor said, before the child could be couched, and he would perform the operation for the sake of his old friend. "Several weeks," thought Margaret; "and how are we to live! This won't last for ever, and we so far from our own home, where the 'hearty welcome' is in every hand and on every lip. Well, I must work any way I can; and so best; it will keep me from thinking!"

But poor Margaret's work was not London work; spinning and knitting were despised; there were no potatoes to dig, no corn to bind, no turf to clamp. Margaret was for a time at a loss for labour; but it is marvellous to the idle how the industrious will make employment. She was always ready to do a "hand's turn" for her landlady, who discovered that she had an Irishwoman in her house, who, though awkward in "her ways," was clean, active, industrious, and not quarrelsome. This was new, and useful. Under other circumstances, Margaret would have been cheerful; but how could she be cheerful! The Irish disturbances were to be exterminated rather than extinguished; and though she had written to both "priest and minister" concerning her brother—written in her own way, but so as to be intelligible to both—she had received no reply. She had also to bear the galling and ignorant taunts which the lower class of English, for want of knowing better, are too apt to heap upon the inhabitants of their sister kingdom, who work for less, and endure more, than they think right or proper that any body should. But Margaret humbly and faithfully prayed to, and trusted in, God; and though her troubles were many, they were lessened, not increased, by time. She managed, by hard labour, to earn a few shillings each week, so that the remaining portion of the ten pounds remained untouched. "It was intended for her, not me; and God knows what trial may be before her yet, besides the pain, in this strange country." It is a mistake to suppose that the poor Irish set their faces, in those bygone days even, against education; persons who live and observe the peasant part of the community, cannot fail to observe that, on the contrary, they are an exceedingly curious and investigating people, anxious to obtain information in the quickest possible manner, the elders not persevering themselves, but wishing that their children should persevere in "their schooling," if they do so in nothing else. Margaret had a great desire that her blind charge, now nearly eight years old, should learn as much as possible; and when evening came, and her daily labours were terminated, the wash-tub deserted, and the scouring concluded, she would sit down and read to her, not perhaps the sort of books we should recommend now-a-days; but a book was a book to Margaret, no matter what was in it. She read on, until in general she read Evelyn to sleep. She had brought her own Prayer-book with her, a dilapidated "Reading made Easy," a "Valentine and Orson," one or two fairy tales, an old "Voster's Arithmetic," and the "Vicar of Wakefield," that had belonged to "Master Garrett." Moreover, there was a volume of O'Halloran's History of Ireland, which she regarded with great veneration, marked with the armorial bearings of the O'Dwyers.

Evelyn never went to sleep when her nurse read her "the Vicar of Wakefield," and she knew the poem of the Dog by heart. This was a consolation to Margaret. At length the doctor intimated his intention of couching one eye, and Evelyn attended with Margaret at his house. The operation was performed to the oculist's satisfaction, who praised the child's extraordinary firmness, and called her nurse into an-

other room, to give her some private directions as to her treatment; having done so, he said in his usually abstracted way, "O'Dwyer, O'Dwyer!—I met a very clever gentleman yesterday of that name; as handsome a young fellow as ever I saw in my life."

"O'Dwyer, a gentleman—handsome, did you say, sir?" asked Margaret, breathless, for whom the whole world contained only one O'Dwyer. "Ah, thin, will yer honour just be pleased to tell me where he is?"

"Why, really, I believe he leaves London to-day, but you cannot possibly know any thing about him, I should think. He has been in foreign service since his boyhood, and came over with General—bah! I never can remember names; should not have remembered his, but that it struck me as being the same as this child's. He seemed very anxious, too, about Irish affairs; first time he had been in these countries for many years."

Even Margaret's strong interest respecting Evelyn's sight was for a few minutes overwhelmed by her desire to hear something more about the "handsome young fellow," who she was certain must be "Master Garrett."

"I can't help thinking," she said, after a pause, "I can't help thinking, please yer honour, that he's yon darlin's father."

"Much too young for that; he cannot be more than four or five and twenty."

"Please yer honour, he was all as one* as a boy when she was born, and the Garretts were always young-looking of their age. I'd give the eyes out of my head to see him, please yer honour."

"My good woman," said the matter-of-fact Englishman, "that would be impossible: if your eyes were out, you could not see him. But I do not think it can be he." His personal beauty seemed to have made a great impression upon the doctor, for he added immediately afterwards, "He certainly is a remarkably fine fellow, and appeared much amused and pleased by the attention which sundry ladies paid him."

"That's natural enough to all Irishmen; indeed, I believe, to men of all countries," said Margaret; "and small blame to them, if the ladies forget themselves so far as to pay gentlemen attention. But did ye hear his Christian name, sir?"

"Not hear it—but I have a note of his somewhere, a line I received yesterday—a question about the utility of a particular glass, which he wants to give to some old soldier."

"That can be no other than himself. Oh, for the love of God, try and find it, sir!" exclaimed Margaret. "Do, yer honour; it might be the saving of my life, the saving of the child; nothing can make you know what a scrap of his writin' would be to me."

"That is, my good woman, supposing it is his writing," replied the gentleman, as with great good nature he tossed over various letters and papers. "Here it is; no: that is not it." Picture to yourself the keen anxiety of Margaret's blue eyes, the trembling of her whole frame, the torrent of hope that burst upon her, the shivering dread lest it might not be "Master Garrett," the reproaches she heaped in her own mind upon the oculist for being tardy and awkward—imagine all this, and then hear the doctor, after unfolding a note and casting his eye down the page, say, "Yes—here it is at last—GARRETT O'DWYER."

CONSTITUTION OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES IN FRANCE.

GREAT as is the resort of British travellers to Paris, close as is the connection between France and Great Britain, politically, socially, and commercially, vast as is the influence exercised by France in Europe, an astonishing degree of ignorance prevails in this country regarding not only the public men, but also the state of political parties in the Chamber of Deputies, the representative assembly of France, and the potential instrument of its government. A few words, therefore, upon the subject, will scarcely be considered misplaced.

Previous to the revolution of July 1830, there were only two distinct parties in the Chamber of Deputies, the adherents of the existing dynasty of the Bourbons, the defenders of all the measures of the crown, and the advocates of a more popular order of things than was agreeable to the court. The first party ranked as its most distinguished upholders in the Chamber, M. Clauzel de Coussergues and M. de Laboulaye, and the other, General Foy and Casimir Perier. A yet more liberal section of the latter party was led by M. Benjamin Constant.

The displacement of the elder branch of the reigning house, and the election of the Duke of Orleans, under the title of Louis-Philippe, to the throne—calling the old opposition to power, that opposition which is styled in French publications "the fifteen years' opposition," dating its existence from 1815, the era of the restoration—had the effect of splitting that party into several subdivisions. This was a consequence inevitable from the nature of things. Men may be long and intimately united together in opposing what they deem the harsh exercise of power, who, when they succeed in laying that power prostrate, lose the bond which kept them steadfast to each other, and

endeavour to make that particular opinion to which each was originally, though perhaps unavowedly, disposed, the predominant feature of the change.

Before proceeding with the immediate object of this article, it may not be inappropriate to state succinctly what is the present constitution of France under the charter promulgated in 1830. 1st, The king, who holds his place by election. His situation is analogous to that of William III. in England, who also was elected; and the same question has been raised there as here, whether the crown is really held by pure election or by right of birth. An order of French politicians has invented the term *quasi-legitimate*, meaning thereby, that, in the absence of the oldest branch, the crown of right fell to the house of Orleans. This discussion, seemingly merely theoretical, is of vast importance, as it involves the point of the sovereignty of the nation, speaking either collectively or through its representatives. Practically, it is at present of little moment, and the monarch of July exercises all the powers of the executive in as full a manner as royalty in this country. 2d, The Chamber of Peers, the members nominated by the king, and holding their station for life only. It possesses a co-ordinate jurisdiction with the Chamber of Deputies; but as it is so immediately dependent on the crown, its legislative character has fallen into disrepute and disregard, and its functions are now mainly invoked for the condemnation of state-criminals. 3d, The Chamber of Deputies, elected in different proportions by the eighty-six departments of France (including Corsica), the elective franchise being vested in those only who pay 200 francs (L.8, 6s. 8d.) per annum of direct taxes. This limitation reduces the constituent body, in a population of 33,000,000, to about 170,000, who compose in fact the middle class in the country, in whom it was the object of the charter to deposit the effective controlling power. The Chamber consists of 459 members; and whilst the ministers of the crown are eligible to sit and vote in it, they are, whether members of it or not, entitled to address the Chamber on government measures from the tribune. The electoral body votes for representatives by ballot, and the decisions of the Chamber are likewise pronounced by black and white balls dropped into an urn, which operation does not seem, however, to prevent the vote of each member being quite well known. An absolute majority of the voters present is indispensable to the adoption of any measure or nomination by the Chamber. Upon the assembling of a new legislature, the Chamber elects for its officers a president, four vice-presidents, four secretaries, and two quaestors. The control of the public purse is exclusively vested in the deputies, and indeed, practically, the whole system of government is in their hands. Hence the necessity of knowing, as nearly as is practicable, its component but disjointed parts.

The difficulty of giving an accurate picture of the Chamber may be appreciated from the fact of there having been no less than twelve distinct ministries within the last nine years, without mentioning important modifications undergone by them in their careers. The fluctuations of opinion may be easily conceived, from this circumstance alone, to have been very great. In fact, although the same men have been on the stage as leaders for the whole period, they have so changed their positions and modified their opinions and principles from time to time, as to render it nearly impossible to present any one or more among them as the same or nearly the same at any two periods. A slight glance at the different administrations will serve to confirm this statement. The first that was formed after the revolution of 1830 was without a president, but M. Guizot, as minister of the interior, was its most able member. Molé, Dupin, Lafitte, and Perier, belonged to this ministry. In three months it was at an end, and M. Lafitte was placed at the head of a new and more liberal ministry, formed on the 2d November 1830. It gave way to the moderate ministry of Casimir Perier, named president on the 13th March 1831, Soult, Montalivet, and D'Argout, forming part of it. On the 16th May 1832, Perier died of cholera, but his ministry hung on without a president until the 11th October 1832, when Soult became president, and for the first time Thiers and Guizot sat in the same cabinet. This administration underwent two important modifications previous to the 18th July 1834, when Soult was displaced, at the joint request of Thiers and Guizot, and Marshal Gérard became president. On the 27th October 1834, the whole of the ministers resigned; and on the 10th November 1834, the Bassano cabinet was formed, which has become famous in official annals as holding place for only three days. The 18th November witnessed the re-nomination of Thiers and Guizot, under the presidency of Marshal Mortier. In February 1835, Mortier was dismissed, and on the 12th March, Broglie took his place. On the 22d February 1836, the rivalry between Guizot and Thiers having previously attained its height, an entirely new ministry came in, with Thiers president, and Montalivet, d'Argout, Passy and Sauzet, as members. This administration continued until the 25th August of that year, when it resigned, and on the 6th September, Molé and Guizot took office together. On the 7th March 1837, they were outvoted in the Chamber of Deputies, and they resigned. It was not until the 16th April that a new combination was effected, when Molé continued as president, Guizot was definitively dismissed, and Montalivet became minister of the interior. This administration

* The same.

lasted till the beginning of 1839, when, having resigned, after a long ministerial interregnum, Soult was again named president, Passy and Villemain forming part of his cabinet. It is this administration that is now in office. Sauzet at present occupies the presidential chair of the Chamber of Deputies.

From all these changes, it is sufficiently clear that a great variety of opinions must exist among the deputies, and that these numerous ministries have been formed of discordant materials, for the mere purpose of gaining a majority in the Chamber. This fact will be made more clearly perceptible by an allocation of the different parties, and an enumeration of the chief men belonging to each of them, so far as their own declarations or public opinion will enable us to perform the task.

The Chamber of Deputies, then, is composed, in general terms, of four great distinct parties, which, from their positions in the hall of assembly, are styled the right side, the right centre, the left centre, and the left side. These parties are strongly and emphatically divided from each other in principles. The first are Legitimists, or adherents of the old monarchy; the second, adopting the charter and dynasty of 1830, are disposed for a monarchical and aristocratical reaction, as opposed to the further development of the democratic tendency; the third are for giving the charter of 1830 full and unrestricted play; and the fourth advocate electoral reforms in different degrees.

But this enumeration gives only a general, and, in truth, a very inaccurate picture of the actual condition of parties. Each of these main divisions is split into two or more minuter sections; and especially with regard to the bulk of the Chamber formed by the two centres, from which all the ministries have been taken, such personal comminglings have occurred as most materially to modify and even subvert original positions and tendencies. From these minor subdivisions, and especially from these amalgamations, the true state of the Chamber may be represented as follows:—

First, the Legitimists are divided into two portions, chiefly on the point of taking the oath to Louis-Philippe and the charter of 1830, which is required before sitting in the Chamber. Certain of this party, with M. de Chateaubriand at their head, refuse to take the oath, and are therefore excluded. The others maintain they can swear to the requisite formula without being debarred from attempting the subversion of the present order of things. These, therefore, form the extreme right of the Chamber, and represent the principle of the divine supremacy of kings and of all popular liberties being held by royal grace, and not by right. Their number in the Chamber is sixteen or seventeen, but though so small a fraction, they possess a host in the person of M. Berryer, who is gifted with an eloquence quite unrivalled in the assembly. The Legitimist party has three talented organs of its opinions in the Parisian press, the *Gazette de France*, the *Quotidienne*, and the *Europe*.

Next to the Legitimists come the Doctrinaires, a title given to a party which holds very speculative opinions on the nature of governments. M. Guizot, one of the most eminent literary men of the present day in France, is at the head of this party. In theory, a highly intellectual and liberal range of thought appears to actuate the Doctrinaires, but in practice they are identified with very rigorous measures against the liberty of the press and the subject. The different attempts at insurrection and regicide that have been made since 1830, have been the pleas for this severity; but it has rendered the party unpopular in France, and it does not number above twenty-five in the Chamber at the present moment. Amidst a deluge of words, with which the Doctrinaires endeavour to elucidate or conceal their actual principles, these may be expressed as tending to the repudiation of the popular element, and to the concentration of power in the hands of men of superior mind, information, and capacity. The distinguished ability and eloquence of M. Guizot give to his section a much greater influence than its numerical force would otherwise entitle it to. The *Journal des Debats* is its principal organ in the press.

The right centre comes next, of which the Doctrinaires are generally considered a component part. Fundamentally, scarcely any difference of opinion exists between them, both being inclined to a reaction adverse to democracy, but in the last administration (that of Molé and Montalivet) a schism occurred; the Doctrinaires taking part against that ministry, and the right centre supporting it. M. de Lamartine, the celebrated poet and traveller, may be considered the principal member of this section, which numbers about thirty. Its journals are *Le Journal de Paris*, *La Paix*, and *Le Journal General*, though not exclusively so.

It is difficult to give a name to the party which follows. It is composed of the adherents of the Molé-Montalivet ministry, and includes draughts from the two centres. It approaches, in fact, as nearly as possible to what has been called the *juste milieu* position. Whilst maintaining the necessity of rendering the government strong and powerful, it recognises in its full extent the control over the executive held by the nation, and exercised by its representatives. It abjures all speculative inquiries into the origin and nature of governments, but adapts its action as expediently as it can to existing circumstances. This is by far the strongest section in the Chamber, and is undoubtedly the representative of the great majority of the middle

class in France. To keep things, foreign and domestic, as they are, is the preponderating feeling in the public mind. A coalition of all the other sections in the Chamber was required to oust this party, and the present ministry is actuated by pretty nearly the same principles, but its members are not so personally distasteful to the ambitious leaders of the assembly. This party, the old ministerial party as it is called, counts about 190 supporters, and with the men of the pure right centre reaches 220 or 221 votes, almost half the Chamber. Although there are some clever men in its ranks, such as Martin (du Nord), Jacqueminot, Cunin-Gridaine, Girod (de l'Ain), &c., it possesses no distinguished orator. The *Charte de 1830* is its chief organ in the press, though the three papers last mentioned may also be taken as its advocates.

We now come to the left centre. M. Thiers and M. Dupin are its stars of first magnitude. This party recognises the sovereignty of the people as a principle, but restricts its exercise to the limits of the charter of 1830. The maintenance of the principles of that charter, and of the dynasty consecrated by it, is in fact the ruling object of the party. In this tendency it is of course joined by the party immediately before described, but the left centre advocates a practical extension of those principles which the other resists as dangerous. In fact, its tendencies are far more liberal, and its adherence to constitutional freedom more firm and unflinching. Thiers and the whole of this party have concurred in restrictions upon the press and the right of meeting, but only under the pressure of threatening circumstances, for they join with an immense majority of the middle class in France in deprecating and resisting to the utmost any violent or sudden displacement of the existing state of things. This party is distinguished also for its inclination to a close alliance with Great Britain, and an antagonistic front to the absolute powers of the north. Its numbers in the Chamber may be estimated at 130. There are different shades of opinion amongst them, for Dupin and Thiers are not agreed on all points, but it is impossible to follow out these minute subdivisions. The journals of the centre-gauche are *Le Temps* and *Le Constitutionnel*.

All the parties that we have hitherto enumerated (with the exception of the Legitimists) adhere to the sacredness of the charter of 1830. We now come to parties who would break in upon that charter. They may be included under the term of "left side," but very different phases of opinion exist amongst them.

First comes the phalanx which was known a few months ago as the dynastic or constitutional opposition. It is led on by a very brilliant speaker, whose character is highly respected in the Chamber, Odilon Barrot. Its principles are an acknowledgment of the dynasty and constitution of 1830, but an assertion of the supreme sovereignty of the people in theory and in right. An extension of the suffrage, and various reforms, but under the aegis of monarchy, are its leading dogmas. A very talented portion of the Parisian press belongs to this party, *The Siecle*, *Courrier Français*, *Journal du Commerce*, and likewise the *Constitutionnel*. It reckons nearly 60 members in the Chamber. It is difficult to say whether three of the most distinguished men in that assembly, and, indeed, in France, namely, Lafitte, Mauguin, and Arago, are to be counted with Barrot, or with the leader we are about to name, whom they certainly, but perhaps temporarily, joined in 1837.

Last of all comes the extreme left, the advocates of universal suffrage and republicanism. M. Garnier-Pages is their orator and oracle. They number, at the most, 18 in the Chamber. Their journals are *The National*, *Bon Sens*, and *Le Monde*.

Thus we have gone through the entire Chamber of Deputies, and we see of what heterogeneous materials it is composed. The difficulty which all ministers encounter in getting such discordant elements to act in one direction, is a sufficient explication of the frequent changes of administration. Besides, substantial differences of opinion on political matters are evidently not the only stimulants to action amongst the public men in France, but combinations are made, and ministries formed or overthrown, from motives of personal ambition, pique, enmity, or affection, of which it is necessarily impossible to give any rational account. But these personal amalgamations and antagonisms render the task of classing parties and men by principles extremely difficult, for no sooner do the lines of demarcation seem distinctly laid, than new fraternities or estrangements occur, arrangements are all broken up, and the most unforeseen approximations and divergences are the result. So it may fare with all our laboured exposition in a few months, weeks, or even days.

Before leaving the subject altogether, we will hardly be deemed to decrease its interest, if we give what may be called the statistics of the Chamber, as far as documents will enable us to do so. There are nearly 200 members in the Chamber who hold offices under the crown, or are what are styled functionaries, in the different departments of Law, Foreign Office, Home Office, Commerce, Finances, Public Instruction, War, and Marine, and in the Royal and Princely Households. At least, in the Chamber returned in November 1837 there were 182 actual functionaries, and scarcely any material alteration occurred in the spring of 1839. In that Chamber also there sat 7 former cabinet ministers, 41 former functionaries, 21 retired military men,

53 lawyers (besides 80 counted among the placemen), 15 bankers, 57 merchants, and 15 iron-masters. The remainder was made up of literary men (the most distinguished of whom are ranked in other classifications), land-proprietors, agriculturists, notaries, physicians, members of the Institute, &c.

One extraordinary and striking fact may be remarked, namely, that not one of the most influential members of the Chamber belongs to the aristocracy of rank. They have all risen to eminence and distinction in the hierarchy of politics by their celebrity in the republic of letters.

NEW WORK OF MEDICAL ANECDOTE.

"PHYSIC AND PHYSICIANS, a Medical Sketch-Book; exhibiting the public and private life of the most celebrated medical men of former days, with Memoirs of eminent living London Physicians and Surgeons"—such is the title of a literary melange, in two volumes, published within the last few days. Not biography—not scientific history—burdened with scarcely any serious object of any kind, this is, nevertheless, we presume, a book well calculated for the times. All the facetious anecdote that has been preserved respecting the British medical men of the last two centuries, is worked up in it. The author has adopted a certain classification of the different departments of his subject. He has a chapter on eccentric medical men, two on the medical men distinguished in literature and science, one on quacks, one (perhaps the most respectably valuable) on the early struggles of eminent medical men, and finally two, respecting living physicians and living surgeons. The book is of that light and amusing kind, which is sure, wherever or whenever taken up, to enliven the passing hour; but a little more careful and judicious reflection might, in our opinion, have improved it considerably. As an example of the carelessness of the author on this point, the reader may compare what he says at p. 132, volume first, as to the fortuitous and extrinsic circumstances which have enabled physicians to attain eminence, with his declaration at p. 9 of volume second, that most eminent physicians have been indebted to their industry, zeal, learning, and perseverance, for their advancement, and that it may reasonably be predicated of all who place these industrious gentlemen before their eyes as models for imitation, that a similar success will crown their exertions. If he has here meant nothing inconsistent, he has certainly not expressed himself with sufficient precision. Let us pass, however, from all serious criticism of a work which only aims at entertaining, and perhaps only the more effectually secures that object, by not containing too much wisdom.

The chapter on quackery is but a sketch of a mighty subject, which volumes would not exhaust; but it is cleverly made up, and very entertaining. In one remark as to the inducements to visit quacks, the writer shows much acuteness—"we like to expect miracles in our own proper person." "There is something piquant," he remarks, "in the disdain for prudence with which we deliver ourselves up to that illegitimate sportsman of human lives, who kills us without a qualification." He acknowledges also, as reasons for the extensive trust in quacks, that health is offered by them at a cheap rate, and that patients are like drowning men who catch at straws. He unhesitatingly confesses, however, that quacks have often wrought cures where others failed, the cause being that the former, demanding implicit faith, work upon the imagination, and thus bring in a moral medication. "It is a singular thing," he says, "that neither thought nor study, nor apprenticeship, nor preparation of any sort, is necessary to accomplish the perfect quack. He springs out at once from obscurity and ignorance, completely consummate. Like Pallas, when she jumped all armed from the brains of Jove, so is the quack. He is cased all over in native brass, from top to toe—armed in scale, like the serpent, and like him, he is not wanting in fangs. Other pursuits require patience, time, reading, and long practice, before the profession is allowed to act. The lawyer studies five years, the surgeon, the physician, the apothecary, the painter, and the sculptor, as many; the shoemaker, the carpenter, the joiner, each has his long period of probation. But the quack has none! He is utterly ignorant of simples. The natures of the commonest herbs are unknown to him. He is ignorant of the alphabet of medicine. Yet he thrives; he runs laughing through (and at) the world.

When we declaim," he adds, "against the iniquity of quacks, we should at the same time laugh to death the folly of those who seek them. They are the cause of quackery. They are as much answerable for the spreading of the vice, as the mother is, who feeds her favourite fool with stolen sweets, and waits over his misdeeds at the gallows. If the gaping blockhead, and vapouring coxcomb, did not loiter and swagger

* London: Longman, Orme, Brown, and Company.

about the streets of London, with pockets crying to be picked, the picker would turn his hand to an useful trade. He would never require either the pump or the tread-mill. The followers of quacks are the cause of quackery. They are the cause of all the atrocious homicides that have ever been committed. One simpleton bears testimony to Mr Quackall's virtues; another to his manners; a third attests his wonderful cures. Nothing was ever so sudden, so certain, or so marvellous! His 'vonderful vonders,' as Mathews justly called them, are the theme of the tea-table, and the gossip of the nursery."

A number of anecdotes of quackery, long past and recent, are hit off by the author with a good deal of comic effect: we extract a few.

"Some time since, a *soi disant* quack doctor sold water of the pool of Bethesda, which was to cure all complaints, if taken at the time when the angel visited the parent spring, on which occasion the doctor's bottled water manifested, he said, its sympathy with the fount, by being thrown into a state of perturbation. Hundreds of fools were induced to purchase the Bethesda water, and watched for the commotion and the consequence with the result to be expected. At last one, less patient than the rest, went to the quack, and complained that though he had kept his eye constantly on the water for a whole year, he had never yet discovered any thing like the signs of an angel in his bottle.

"That's extremely strange," exclaimed the doctor; "what sized bottle did you buy, sir?"

Patient. A half-guinea one, doctor.

Doctor. Oh, that accounts for it. The half-guinea bottles contain so small a quantity of the invaluable Bethesda water, that the agitation is scarcely perceptible; but if you buy a five-guinea bottle, and watch it well, you will in due time see the commotion quite plainly, sympathising with that of the pool when visited by the angel.

The patient bought the five-guinea bottle as advised, and kept a sharp look-out for the angel until the day of his death."

"Mantaccini, the famous charlatan of Paris, was a young man of good family, and having in a few years squandered a large estate, and reduced himself to beggary, he felt that he must exercise his ingenuity or starve. In this state of mind he cast his eyes round the various devices which save from indigence, and are most favoured by fortune. He soon perceived that charlatanism was that on which this blind benefactress lavished her favours with most pleasure, and in the greatest abundance. An adroit and loquacious domestic was the only remaining article of all his former grandeur; he dressed him up in a gold-laced livery, mounted a splendid chariot, and started on the tour under the name, style, and title, of 'the celebrated Dr Mantaccini, who cures all diseases with a single touch, or a simple look.'"

Not finding that he obtained as much practice as his daring genius anticipated, he determined to resort to still higher flights. He left Paris, and modestly announced himself at Lyons as 'the celebrated Dr Mantaccini, who revives the dead at will.' To remove all doubt, he declared that in fifteen days he would go to the common churchyard, and restore to life its inhabitants, though buried for ten years. This declaration excited a general rumour and murmur against the doctor, who, not in the least disconcerted, applied to the magistrate, and requested that he might be put under a guard to prevent his escape, until he should perform his undertaking. The proposition inspired the greatest confidence, and the whole city came to consult the clever empiric, and purchase his *baume de vie*. His consultations were most numerous, and he received large sums of money. At length the famous day approached, and the doctor's valet fearing for his shoulders, began to manifest signs of uneasiness. "You know nothing of mankind," said the quack to his servant; "be quiet." Scarcely had he spoken these words, when the following letter was presented to him from a rich citizen:—"Sir, the great operation which you are going to perform, has broken my rest. I have a wife buried for some time, who was a fury, and I am unhappy enough already without her resurrection. In the name of heaven do not make the experiment. I will give you fifty louis to keep your secret to yourself." In an instant after, two dashing beaux arrived, who, with the most earnest supplications, entreated him not to raise their old father, formerly the greatest miser in the city, as, in such an event, they would be reduced to the most deplorable indigence. They offered him a fee of sixty louis, but the doctor shook his head in doubtful compliance. Scarcely had they retired, when a young widow, on the eve of matrimony, threw herself at the feet of the quack, and, with sobs and sighs, implored his mercy. In short, from morn till night, the doctor received letters, visits, presents, fees, to an excess which absolutely overwhelmed him. The minds of the citizens were differently and violently agitated, some by fear, and others by curiosity, so that the chief magistrate of the city waited upon the doctor, and said, "Sir, I have not the least doubt, from my experience of your rare talents, that you will be able to accomplish the resurrection in our churchyard the day after to-morrow, according to your promise; but I pray you to observe that our city is in the utmost uproar and confusion, and to consider the dreadful revolution the success of your experiment must produce in every family; I entreat you, therefore, not to attempt it, but to go away, and thus restore tran-

quillity to the city. In justice, however, to your rare and divine talents, I shall give you an attestation, in due form, under our seal, that you can *revive* the dead, and that it was our own fault we were not eye-witnesses of your power." This certificate was duly signed and delivered, and Dr Mantaccini left Lyons for other cities to work new miracles. In a short time he returned to Paris, loaded with gold, where he laughed at the popular credulity.

Among our notices of distinguished quacks, we must not omit to mention the celebrated Count Cagliostro and his lady. They pretended to a knowledge of a practice, whereby everlasting youth might be obtained. The roses were to flourish in unabated beauty upon the cheek of age without the aid of cosmetics.

This couple first made their *début* at St Petersburg; the countess, who was not more than twenty, used to speak, without the least affection, of her eldest son, who had been for a long time a captain in the Dutch guards. This phenomenon of grinding old people young, in so visible and charming a manner, could not fail to astonish the ladies. They flocked to consult her; she advised them to use the count's nostrum. Treasures flowed in: true, the ladies did not grow young again, but their lovers assured them they did; and Cagliostro was almost deified.

So well did this worthy couple play this game, that a great Russian prince became sensible to the charms of the countess. The empress heard of it; she summoned the syren to her presence. The countess lied so well and so audaciously, that it passed for currency, and her absence was bought by a present of 20,000 roubles! A Russian mother, whose child was dying, gave 5000 louis d'ors to recover it: the count engaged to do so, if he were allowed to take it home for eight days; the child was returned healthy and well, but it did not happen to be the same; he had bought one, after having burnt the original child that would die, to make an experiment of regeneration: all this he confessed. The money was required back, but the usual answer, 'No money returned,' was the result. They then favoured Warsaw with a visit, and adroitly enlisted on their side the priests and the poor. At this city, and at Paris, these impostors realised large sums of money. Morality and decency forbid us from entering into a minute detail of the abominations which they had recourse to, in order to effect their nefarious purposes.

An empiric of the first water, not many years ago, had made himself famous for the cure of all human maladies, by the administration of peculiarly large pills, of his own invention. What contributed not a little to the increase and spread of his reputation, was the fact, that he used frequently to tell his patients, that, from their symptoms, he was confident some particular substances were lodged in a portion of the alimentary canal. At one time he would tell a patient that he had apple-seeds retained in his bowels; and, again, he would tell another that he had kernels of different fruits and grains in his stomach; and if by questioning gentlemen, he could ascertain that they were fond of shooting, it was not seldom that he attributed their complaints to having accidentally swallowed a few shot. As nothing could so conclusively prove his prognostics correct, as the simple fact of finding the articles named, the quack's character for wisdom and skill became more and more firmly established; for the identical causes of mischief were invariably discovered, after taking a dose of the 'big pills.' At length, a lady of the first respectability, having suffered a long time from deranged digestion, applied to this celebrated quack for assistance. After a few questions, he told her very promptly that he understood her complaint, that he knew what ailed her, and, more than all, that her doctor was a fool; and assured her that his big pills would effect a cure. Neither of these assertions she exactly credited, but, nevertheless, concluded to try his remedy, if he would make known to her the complaint. 'Why,' says he, 'you have got lemon-seeds in you—you must take some of my "big pills," and get rid of them, and you'll be perfectly well again.' 'Why, doctor,' said the lady in amazement, 'I have not eaten a lemon these six years, and what you say is quite impossible.' 'No matter, madam; if you have not ate a lemon for twenty years, the fact is just as I tell you, and if you will take the pills, you can be satisfied yourself.' The pills were taken, and to the utter astonishment of the patient, the lemon-seeds were found; a second dose was taken, and still more seeds made their appearance. A thought now flashed upon the lady's mind. One pill was yet left, which she examined, and, behold! a *lemon seed* in its centre—the secret truly of the doctor's astonishing wisdom and successful practice.

No subject," the author adds, "calls more loudly for the interference of the legislature than that of quackery. Yet, the question has so many ridiculous sides, that the public, while they laugh, allow imposition of the most palpable kind to flourish and succeed. It is indeed characteristic of this nation, that the grossest public injuries affecting the state, or the public health, are overlooked, while they afford materials for joke and merriment. When, in gazing into a print-shop, we see the representation of a patient who has been dosed, *usque ad nauseam*, with the 'vegetable pills,' sprouting out in luxuriant vegetation, as the effect of the medicine taken, to look 'grave, exceeds all power of face,' and the misery, wretchedness, pain, and death, which we know to have resulted from the use of

the nostrum, is forgotten in the midst of the ridiculous ideas which the print excites in our mind."

"Having considered the question in all its ramifications, the writer [of an article in the Medical Gazette for March 1839] considers that to diminish quackery three things are especially required:—

1st. The improvement of our art. This will lessen the number of those who take nostrums from despair. It is by advancing the art which he practises, that every one must strive to show that his long and expensive education has bestowed upon him a privilege, which the legislature need not guard by penalties—the privilege of discernment.

2dly. The diffusion of knowledge on medical points, with particular reference to the danger of many drugs, and the absurdity of using any at random, by drawing them from the wheel of chance at a patent-medicine shop. This will diminish the number of those who fall into the clutches of the charlatan from ignorance and caprice.

3dly. It is necessary to make good advice accessible to every one. Clubs or societies for the insurance of health must be formed on easy terms, and this will withdraw thousands who now fall a sacrifice through poverty."

With the above observations we fully concur; and if the profession could be persuaded to take the proffered advice, and *act up to it* with spirit, the infamous hydra-headed monster would receive a mortal blow, and both the public and the faculty would be greatly benefited by the result."

SIR WOODBINE PARISH ON SOUTH AMERICA.*

THE Republic of La Plata comprises the whole of that vast central portion of South America lying between Brazil and the Cordillera of Chile and Peru, and extending from the 22d to the 41st degree of south latitude. In this space are included not less than 726,000 square miles English of territory. The country, however, is thinly peopled over its whole extent, the numbers of its inhabitants ranging between 600,000 and 700,000. Of this immense region, Sir Woodbine Parish, who was long charge d'affaires for Great Britain at Buenos Ayres, gives, in the work before us, a concise yet comprehensive account, in which the past history, the present political and statistical condition, and the various geographical and geological features of the country generally, as well as of its many provinces individually, are laid clearly before the reader. To attempt to follow Sir Woodbine methodically over so wide a field as this, would be improper here. Greater justice will be done to the work, and more satisfaction given to the reader, by making a few extracts, isolated though the character of these must of necessity be.

Buenos Ayres, the capital of the republic of La Plata, of course receives a large share of our author's notice. It has long been a considerable commercial port, and now contains about 200,000 inhabitants, of whom all but a very small proportion are of white or European descent. The city stands on the south bank of the estuary of La Plata, and is built in the accurate fashion usually prescribed by the Council of Spain, resembling a draught-board more than any thing else. Buenos Ayres is one of the few places in South America, where the overturn of the Spanish authority has as yet been productive of any decided benefit. The great number of Europeans who have come to settle in the city of late years, is the chief cause of this improvement. The work before us states that the foreigners who had fixed themselves in and around Buenos Ayres, in the year 1832, amounted to no less than from 15,000 to 20,000 persons, and of these two-thirds were British and French. The natives, nevertheless, still cling with obstinacy to many of their old prejudices and customs. Sir Woodbine found them bitterly opposed to chimneys when he went there first; they preferred their old braziers or warming-pan sort of utensils, in spite of perpetual risk of suffocation by charcoal, and in spite, also, of perpetual warnings of such a danger. But these and other similar prepossessions had greatly disappeared before our author's departure. Other regular and fixed annoyances, however, will not so readily disappear from Buenos Ayres, depending, as they do, upon the site and climate of the place. Whether Shakespeare had any definite meaning in making Hamlet say, "I am but mad north-north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a heronshaw," we shall not take upon us to say; but circumstances related by Sir Woodbine respecting Buenos Ayres show that in some situations the north-north-west and south may be respectively mad and sane winds. On the north-north-west of Buenos Ayres lies the marshy province of Entre Rios, and a wind coming over that province upon the city produces strange effects. "The irritability and ill humours it excites in some people (says our author) amount to little less than a temporary derangement of their moral faculties. It is a common thing to see men among the better classes shut themselves up in their houses during its continuation, and lay aside all business till it has passed; while, among the lower orders, it is a fact

* Buenos Ayres and the Provinces of La Plata, by Sir Woodbine Parish, K. C. H. 1 vol. John Murray, London.

known to the police that cases of quarrelling and bloodshed are infinitely more frequent during the north wind than any other time. In illustration of this, I shall quote a case in point, the account of which I received from one of the most eminent medical men in the country, who had paid particular attention, during a practice of more than thirty years, to its influence upon the human system." Sir Woodbine then relates an anecdote concerning a man named Garcia, executed for murder. "He was a person of some education, esteemed by those who knew him, and in general rather remarkable than otherwise for the civility and amenity of his manners. His countenance was open and handsome, and his disposition frank and generous; but when the north wind set in, he appeared to lose all command of himself; and such was his extreme irritability, that, during its continuation, he could hardly speak to any one in the street without quarrelling. In a conversation with my informant a few hours before his execution, he admitted that it was the third murder he had been guilty of, besides having been engaged in more than twenty fights with knives, in which he had both given and received many serious wounds; 'but,' he observed, 'it was the north wind,' not he, that shed all this blood." The dying criminal described the wind as exciting in him headache, impatience, and an uncontrollable desire to take umbrage at every person around him, through which latter incitement he had become a shedder of blood. His friends corroborated his statement, and averred that when the wind ceased, "he would deplore his weakness, and never rested until he had sought out and made his peace with those whom he had hurt or offended," if his mad anger had not indeed been fatal to them.

Almost every inhabitant of Buenos Ayres suffers from this northerly wind, though not to such an extent as in the preceding case; and the natives often walk the streets during its prevalence with large split beans stuck upon their temples, as a supposed antidote to the evil effects of the gale on the brain. A south-wester, coming from the parched *pampas* or vast plains on the south-west of Buenos Ayres, cures the disorder, "sweeping away the northern incubus in a few seconds." The south-wester, or *pampero* as it is called, usually comes with extraordinary suddenness and force, and often produces, in consequence, most ludicrous effects. It is customary for the languid population, oppressed by the north wind, to creep down to the river side, and "there they may be seen, hundreds and hundreds of men, women, and children, sitting together up to their necks in the water, just like so many frogs in a marsh. If a pampero breaks, as it often does, unexpectedly upon such an assembly, the scramble and confusion which ensues may be better imagined than told. Fortunate are those who may have taken an attendant to watch their clothes, for, otherwise, long ere they can get out of the river, every article of dress is flying before the gale." At times this gale is attended with less laughable results. "Not infrequently the pampero is accompanied by clouds of dust from the parched *pampas*, so dense as to produce total darkness, in which I have known instances of bathers in the river being drowned ere they could find their way to the shore. I recollect, on one of these occasions, of a gang of twenty convicts, who were working at the time in irons on the beach, making their escape in the dark from their guards, by whom they were never retaken." When a shower occurs during the existence of these dusty gales in the air, the rain is so much blackened as to resemble a fall of ink, or rather liquid blacking.

The *pampas*, which have been incidentally mentioned, merit more particular notice, especially as they have evidently been objects of close attention to Sir Woodbine Parish, whose position as vice-president of the London Geographical Society affords some proof of his qualifications for investigating such subjects. The *pampas* form a vast level space, extending to the shores of La Plata from the eastern terminations of the Andes, and our author conceives that the whole space may once have been a delta, intersected by numerous streams from the Andes, and that these streams carried down alluvial matter in such quantities as to make the whole in time one level tract. Sir Woodbine was fortunate enough to discover the remains of some novel monsters of an extinct breed, buried in these alluvial deposits, on the abundant pastures of which they once doubtless fed and fattened, long ere the earth was given up to man's dominion. Many small and isolated portions of the gigantic sloth, termed the *megatherium* (formerly described in this periodical), were found in the *pampas*, and sent home to England by our author; and he also had the pleasure of procuring one skeleton of the same animal, in a great measure entire. When our readers remember that this creature had a fore-foot fully one yard long, they will better conceive the extraordinary interest attached to a nearly complete megatherial skeleton, no perfect one having been yet found. Sir Woodbine Parish also discovered in the *pampas* several bones, which confirmed the curious fact that these extinct monsters were rendered still more bulky and unwieldy by having large cases of bony armour enclosing their frames. One perfectly new, or at least previously unknown, creature of this order, is described, and a drawing of it given in the work before us. From two Greek words indicative of the *enlarded* or *fatted* form of its teeth, Sir Woodbine has suggested for this extinct animal the name of the *Glyptodon*. The skeleton, which was found nearly

whole in a marsh to the south of Buenos Ayres, measures in length eight and a half feet, and about three feet six inches in height. The drawing in the work gives us an idea of a most extraordinary animal; the whole of the frame, with the exception of the head, the feet, and some of the tail bones of the spine, being concealed by an enormous plate of bone thrown over the body as a horse-cloth is thrown over a horse, and open behind and beneath, where its edges are pendant, and not connected with any thing. This bony case, however, fits closely round the neck. Altogether, the skeleton is of a barrel shape, though, if the outer case were taken off, the appearance would be nearly that of common quadrupedal skeletons, with spinal column, ribs, and leg-bones composing the osseous frame. Buckland and others had determined that the megatherium must have been provided with a bony coat of armour, and the discovery of the glyptodon, a creature, unquestionably, of the megatherial family, affords ample corroboration of the conjecture which these geologists had been induced to form. In the sketch before us, the feet have been added conjecturally, but "the form and structure of the tooth (says our author) indicate its adaptation to masticate vegetable substances of the softer kind; and the animal must have been provided with claws suitable to the digging up of esculent roots, reeds, &c." The discovered glyptodon itself will soon, Sir Woodbine hopes, be in Britain, where it cannot but afford a rich treat to every scientific inquirer. He also hopes that the *pampas* may yet yield many such treasures, and this hope will, we trust, be realised. By the prosecution of studies of this nature, man's intellectual power is more nobly and fully displayed than it could be in any other way. Gradually are we over-leaping through these studies the barrier of ages—penetrating into the mysteries of periods far removed from all human records—and acquiring a complete knowledge of the primordial earth, its aspect, and all that its surface displayed, vegetable or animal, of the "old sea" with its numberless inhabitants, and even of the air with all the "fowls of heaven"—though oblivion may be said to have long cast its veil over all. This is indeed to overcome time, and almost to make ourselves denizens of eternity.

We cannot, perhaps, more satisfactorily show the value of the contents of the present work, than by confining our remaining notices of it to the section on the Trade of the republic of La Plata, or rather of Buenos Ayres, since it is through the capital that the commerce of the country is almost entirely conducted. This is a subject of great interest in these emigrating times, for Buenos Ayres affords an excellent field for the enterprise of Europeans; and it is satisfactory to think, that, while exerting themselves there to the betterment of their own fortunes, they never fail to confer equal good on the place and its native residents. For example—"Amongst other improvements which Buenos Ayres owes to foreigners (says Sir Woodbine Parish), she is indebted to some enterprising Englishmen for the introduction of late years of a new source of wealth, which bids fair to rival in importance the most valuable of her old staple commodities. It is but a few years ago since the wool of the Buenos-Ayorean sheep was hardly worth the expense of cleaning; and as to the meat, I doubt whether the wild dogs would have touched it. It is well known that their carcasses dried in the sun were used for fuel in the brick-kilns. The great pains, however, and exertions of some intelligent foreigners to introduce and cultivate a better breed, has met with a success beyond all expectation, and now promises to be of the greatest importance to the future commercial prospects of the country. The rapid increase in the value of this article of production will be shown by the following comparative account of the quantities which have been imported into Great Britain alone, in the last eight years." In 1830, the amount was 19,444 lbs. weight; in 1833, it had risen to 207,143 lbs.; in 1836, to 1,073,416 lbs.; and in 1837, to 2,207,351 lbs. To make the increase more plainly apparent, it may be stated, that the quantity from 1830 to 1833 (inclusive) was in all 269,190 lbs.; and from 1834 to 1837 (inclusive) 5,343,319 lbs. Besides this wool-exportation to Britain, nearly a million and a half pounds were sent in one year, 1835, to the United States. Two individuals, Mr Sheridan and Mr Harratt, were the main creators of this trade, affording another proof of what the energies of single human beings can compass, when judiciously expended. Here is a traffic founded, which not only has made fortunes fairly to its originators, but which will benefit millions in years to come.

Great Britain supplies, it would appear, the great proportion of the goods imported into Buenos Ayres, since the republic attained its independence. In 1822, the whole imports amounted to 11,267,622 Spanish dollars in value, and of this sum 5,730,952 dollars constituted the proportion of British goods. Of late years, Britain has supplied goods in nearly the same proportional quantities, when compared with the imports from other countries; but the rise of Monte Video on the northern side of the La Plata estuary, has considerably affected the Buenos-Ayorean trade, as regards the supplying of foreign goods to the internal provinces. Sir Woodbine Parish remarks, that "by far the greatest part of the British imports into Buenos Ayres consist of the plain and printed calicoes and cloths, which, as I have just stated, are become of the first necessity to the lower orders in this part of South America; the cheaper we produce them, the more they will take; and thus it is that every improvement

in our machinery at home, which lowers the price of these manufactures, tends to contribute (we hardly perhaps know how much) to the comforts of the poorer classes in these remote countries." There is much truth in this observation, though to "every improvement in our machinery" the writer might have joined "every decrease in the burdens on our manufacturing industry," by which latter cause the same effect, most certainly, would be produced.

In consequence of the Rio de la Plata being no longer the outlet by which Bolivia and others of the numerous provinces once under the Spanish dominion send their precious metals and their general produce to foreign countries, the tabular statements of yearly exports from Buenos Ayres do not present any striking increase of late years. But this is in appearance only. Considering that the port now depends greatly on its own produce, and that of its own internal provinces, the recent improvement has been really extensive. The exports in 1837 amounted in value to 5,637,138 dollars. Ox-hides constitute by far the most important article in the export trade, as will appear from the fact that more than three millions of the sum mentioned was for these hides. The whole history of the ox and horse tribes in South America is curious. They were brought first thither by the Spaniards, but in numbers so scanty, that, after Peru became a Spanish province, 10,000 dollars were offered and refused in that country for a single horse. A pair of swine, at the same time, were sold for 1600 dollars. "Two Portuguese gentlemen, brothers, of the name of Goa, came to Assumption in 1555, having with them a bull and eight cows, the origin of that mighty stock of cattle which now forms the wonder of the provinces of La Plata." From half a dozen horses turned loose on the *Pampas*, came the breed of that animal, now so abundant also. Some of the oxen having escaped into the country, they there multiplied immensely in a few years; and though the Spaniards occasionally hunted them for their hides, the destruction was as nothing to the increase. "Superabundance led to waste to an enormous extent; a guacho would kill an ox for the tongue, or any other part of the animal he might fancy for his dinner, and leave the rest of the carcass to be destroyed by the vultures or by the wild dogs." The government was obliged at last to take strong measures to stop these evils, for the value, actual and prospective, of the hide trade, was obvious. The *pampas* are now laid out in regular divisions or *estancias*, and cattle-proprietors mark their stock in such a way as to know them from others. "Of the hundreds of thousands of cattle now reared in these lands, there is hardly, perhaps, a single animal of a year old, which is not branded with the mark of an owner." In the Buenos Ayres province alone, there are supposed to be from three to four millions of cattle. The number of exported ox-hides amounts to about a million, and would have been much greater of late years, it is probable, had it not been for the occurrence of the severe droughts of 1830, 1831, and 1832. In these years, little less than two millions of cattle perished from want of water, and the country was long white with their bones.

These gleanings show but imperfectly the value of the work which Sir Woodbine Parish has produced on La Plata; but we heartily recommend our readers to judge further for themselves by the perusal of the volume. Several plates accompany the text, and also a map, prepared by Arrowsmith from authorities collected by Sir Woodbine, and comprising a minute view of South America from the tropic of Capricorn to Cape Horn. This map will henceforth, there is little doubt, be a standard guide on this portion of South American geography. It is sold separately.

SAMUEL WINGRAVE, THE TOBACCONIST.

ONE important cause of breach of trust in servants and others is rarely adverted to—want of sufficient vigilance and superintendence in masters. A young person, of unestablished principles, put into a situation of trust, where the conduct of his employer shows plainly that there is scarce a possibility of his being detected if he should make a trespass, is not done justice to; and his error, if he do err, is in large part to be ascribed to his superior. Not that we would have the culprit too easily excused, but that we would have masters do their duty in watchfulness, do we make this remark. The master is bound in duty to exercise a proper degree of care over his concerns, in order that all hope of safe criminality may be forbidden in his subordinates; and if he fails in this duty, we hold that he is himself guilty of a very great offence against society, that of leading its members into temptation, and perilling their best interests, in a business from which he is to be the chief profitter. Some years ago, there occurred a singular case of this nature, which we shall detail, in the hope of impressing the more forcibly the principle here laid down.

Mr Samuel Wingrave was a respectable tobacconist in a large town, the name of which need not be specified. He had advanced to middle life, and had been in business for considerably more than thirty years, when an important incident signalled his career. For the greater period of his shop-keeping life, he had in his employment but one person, who had grown as necessary to him as his daily food, and who was, in fact, the chief manager of the business. Mr Wingrave himself was decidedly an industrious man, but, from constitutional indolence, and early defects of training,

he was incapable of conducting his affairs in that systematic way which is almost indispensable to success. All the system which the tobaccoist's establishment displayed was ascribable to the trusty shopman, Richard, or Dick Jackson, as his master styled him, though Dick was scarcely a younger man than his superior.

"Dick," said Mr Wingrave one day to his shopman, in the confidential way in which he was always wont to treat the latter, "Dick, I am growing old, and I begin to have uneasy thoughts that didn't use to trouble me before. What is the reason, think you, that I have never been able to lay up money like my neighbours?" Mr Jackson appeared posed by this question, but, after a pause, he replied, "You have brought up a pretty large family." "True," said the tobaccoist, "but so have some of my neighbours, who have not appeared to do more business than I, and yet they have laid up money, although living more expensively than I have ever done. Ah, Dick, I have been too indolent and heedless—that, I suppose, is the true state of the case. And now I am getting old, without having made a purse for any of my boys and girls." So ended this conversation, but the feeling expressed was not so easily removed from Mr Wingrave's mind.

Mr Wingrave and his shopman Jackson had long managed the business alone, and, of course, during the master's necessary terms of absence, the other had been left by himself in the shop. But on attaining a fit age, the tobaccoist's eldest boy was taken in as a sharer in the toils of tobacco-selling, and by this means the shop was seldom left to the sole management of either master or man. The boy in question, as it chanced, was intelligent, active, and quick-eyed, and shortly after the occurrence of the brief dialogue just recorded, he noticed an incident which forcibly struck and surprised his youthful perceptions. Having received a crown piece of a new coinage, or at least fresh from the mint, he examined it attentively ere he deposited it in the till. On returning soon after from some call of duty, he again felt a desire to look at the glittering piece, and sought it for this purpose. To his great surprise, it was not to be seen. Being certain that no one had been in the shop in the interval, excepting Jackson, the boy naturally inquired of him "if he had seen the pretty crown piece they got a little ago." The old shopman replied in the negative, and remarked that it would probably have been given away in change. But the youth was almost confident that such could not have been the case. He was, as has been said, quick-eyed for his years, and the conclusion which he could not but form was, that Jackson alone could have touched the missing coin, after it was laid in the drawer.

Young Wingrave did as very few boys of fourteen would have done under the circumstances. Assured that a boy's observation would never have been put in the balance against Jackson's long-sustained credit, he did not inform his father of the crown piece incident, but set himself assiduously to the task of discovering whether such disappearances of silver were of common occurrence. He secretly marked different coins in such a way as to be readily distinguishable again by himself, though not by others, and watched their fate after their consignment to the till. It was long ere the boy attained to a satisfactory result, and it was amazing how much perseverance and secretiveness he displayed in pursuing his object. But, in the end, without having yet communicated with a human being on the point, he became perfectly assured that Jackson was in the regular habit of abstracting money from the drawer in small quantities at a time!

Knowing that Jackson had no claim or authority to do this, being paid a quarterly salary, the boy refrained no longer from informing his father of what he had observed. At first the old tobaccoist laughed outright at the intelligence, and declared the whole to be an absurdity. "What! Dick Jackson steal, and steal from me! Impossible!" But the persevering assertions of the boy, and his distinct account of the close watchings which had led him to the conclusion, staggered the tobaccoist's faith at last, although absolute conviction might not be produced. The son proposed secretly and cautiously to repeat his coin-markings with the father's cognisance, and to this course of proceeding the latter agreed. The issue was, that Mr Wingrave was brought in a week or two to the clear and firm assurance that the man whom he had so long trusted was in the regular practice of pilfering from the contents of the till. This conviction caused much pain to Mr Wingrave, and it also excited much doubt and conjecture as to the past; seeing that no one could determine at what time the system of peculation had begun, and to what extent it had proceeded. One thing was obvious, that Jackson's course required to be brought to a close.

Being a man of little penetration or activity of mind, it was perhaps well for the tobaccoist that he thought of consulting an intimate friend and relative, a person "learned in the law," and still more deeply versed in the learning of common sense, upon the subject of Jackson's delinquencies. By this friend's advice the matter was kept secret, and Jackson was privately sent for to the presence of the only three parties acquainted with the discovery, namely, Wingrave, his son, and the lawyer. It would have been hard for any spectator of this interview to say whether the tobaccoist or his faithless servant exhibited most distress in entering on the subject of the meeting. Suffice it to say, that Jackson at the outset denied his guilt, though with a guilty

bearing and countenance. But when Wingrave and the boy went over the proofs of his crime which they had severally and conjunctly collected, and the lawyer at the same time declared that they would be recognised as full and decisive criminatory evidence by the law, the treacherous shopman fell upon his knees in an agony of fear, and prayed in the most abject manner for mercy. This, of course, the tobaccoist would not consent to, without a full confession of the length of time he had carried on his peculations, and the extent, if it could be told, to which they had gone. In the terrors of the moment, Jackson confessed all. His thefts had begun almost with his entrance to Wingrave's service, and had since continued without intermission, the wretched old man declaring that in the end he had lost all sense of guilt, and had come to regard whatever he took as fairly his own. "But let me go home," exclaimed he, "and for pardon and concealment I will give up all I possess in the world." The simple tobaccoist would at once have consented to this, but the lawyer, who knew human nature better, and put little confidence in compulsory repentance, required Jackson to give up the keys of his repositories, and to inform them where his money was placed. The hesitation with which the criminal complied with this demand, though it might partly arise from the involuntary strugglings of that avarice by which he had been drawn into guilt, justified the lawyer's caution. The shopman, however, gave up his keys, and stated that the fruits of his thefts would be found in one escritoire, in the shape of bank receipts. Having received proper authority from its miserable proprietor, the lawyer then sent to Jackson's lodgings for the escritoire in question.

When this article was brought, it was found to contain a number of receipts from different banks, among which, to avoid suspicion, Jackson had distributed his stolen funds. On seeing the very large amount of the sums for which these papers were the vouchers, the tobaccoist experienced mingled feelings. He was shocked to think that he had been so long at the mercy of a man who was capable of robberies to such an extent, and he could not but feel pleasure at the thought that these large sums were undeniably his own. Jackson sat with his self-dishonoured grey head bent to the ground, while his secret repository was undergoing examination. A question from his master made him raise his eyes and speak. "All is there," said he huskily, "and more than all. My own small savings are in these bills also. I have enjoyed nothing, either from my own means, or—your, but the pleasure of hoarding." The melancholy or rather despairing tone in which these words were uttered, softened the heart of the simple tobaccoist; and had he not been restrained by the presence of others, he would have done and said more at the moment than prudence or a just liberality could have sanctioned.

We are not aware that Mr Wingrave reflected as he ought to have done on his own share of blame; but he was so far just towards one whom we cannot but look on as in some measure the victim of his carelessness, that he returned to Jackson his own savings, amounting to a sum by no means inconsiderable, and allowed him to withdraw from the country. He did not for many years disclose the circumstances; but not having heard what became of the culprit afterwards, we cannot say whether this tenderness was of any service to him. The sum recovered by Wingrave, amounting to several thousand pounds, became a fair endowment to his family at his death.

A WHALE-CHASE.

On the 25th of June 1812, one of the harpooners belonging to the *Resolution*, of Whitby, under my command, struck a whale by the edge of a small floe of ice. Assistance being promptly afforded, a second boat's lines were attached to those of the first-boat, in a few minutes after the harpoon was discharged. The remainder of the boats proceeded at some distance, in the direction the fish seemed to have taken. In about a quarter of an hour, the first-boat, to my surprise, again made a signal for lines. As the ship was then within five minutes' sail, we instantly steered towards the boat, with the view of affording assistance, by means of a spare boat we still retained on board. Before we reached the place, however, we observed four oars displayed in signal order, which, by their number, indicated a most urgent necessity for assistance. Two or three men were at the same time seen seated close by the stern, which was considerably elevated, for the purpose of keeping it down, while the bow of the boat, by the force of the line, was drawn down to the level of the sea, and the harpooner, by the friction of the line round the bollard, was enveloped in smoky obscurity. At length, when the ship was scarcely a hundred yards distant, we perceived preparations for quitting the boat. The sailors' pea-jackets were cast upon the adjoining ice; the oars were thrown down; the crew leaped overboard; the bow of the boat was buried in the water; the stern rose perpendicular, and then majestically disappeared. The harpooner having caused the end of the line to be fastened to the iron ring at the boat's stern, was the means of its loss; and a

* "Giving a whale the boat" as the voluntary sacrifice of a boat is termed, is a scheme not unfrequently practised by the fisher when in want of line. By submitting to this risk, he expects to gain the fish, and still has the chance of recovering his boat and its materials. It is only practised in open ice or at fields.

tongue of the ice, on which was a depth of several feet of water, kept the boat, by the pressure of the line against it, at such a considerable distance as prevented the crew from leaping upon the floe. Some of them were, therefore, put to the necessity of swimming for their preservation; but all of them succeeded in scrambling upon the ice, and were taken on board of the ship in a few minutes afterwards.

I may here observe, that it is an uncommon circumstance for a fish to require more than two boats' lines in such a situation; none of our harpooners, therefore, had any scruple in leaving the fast-boat, never suspecting, after it had received the assistance of one boat with six lines or upwards, that it would need any more.

Several ships being about us, there was a possibility that some person might attack and make a prize of the whale, when it had so far escaped us that we no longer retained any hold of it; we therefore set all the sail the ship could safely sustain, and worked through several narrow and intricate channels in the ice, in the direction I observed the fish had retreated. After a little time, it was descried by the people in the boats, at a considerable distance to the eastward: a general chase immediately commenced, and within the space of an hour three harpoons were struck. We now imagined the fish was secure, but our expectations were premature. The whale resolutely pushed beneath a large floe that had been recently broken to pieces by the swell, and soon drew all the lines out of the second fast-boat; the officer of which, not being able to get any assistance, tied the end of his line to a hummock of ice and broke it. Soon afterwards, the other two boats, still fast, were dragged against the broken floe, when one of the harpoons drew out. The lines of only one boat, therefore, remained fast to the fish, and this, with six or eight lines out, was dragged forward into the shattered floe with astonishing force. Pieces of ice, each of which was sufficiently large to have answered the purpose of a mooring for a ship, were wheeled about by the strength of the whale; and such was the tension and elasticity of the line, that whenever it slipped clear of any mass of ice, after turning it round, into the space between any two adjoining pieces, the boat and its crew flew forward through the crack, with the velocity of an arrow, and never failed to launch several feet upon the first mass of ice that it encountered.

While we scoured the sea around the broken floe with the ship, and while the ice was attempted in vain by the boats, the whale continued to press forward in an easterly direction towards the sea. At length, when fourteen lines (about 1680 fathoms) were drawn from the fourth fast-boat, a slight entanglement of the line broke it at the stem. The fish then again made its escape, taking along with it a boat and twenty-eight lines. The united length of the lines was 6720 yards, or upwards of three and a half English miles; value, with the boat, above £150 sterling.

The obstruction of the sunken boat to the progress of the fish must have been immense; and that of the lines likewise considerable, the weight of lines alone being thirty-five hundred weight.

So long as the fourth fast-boat, through the medium of its lines, retained its hold of the fish, we searched the adjoining sea with the ship in vain; but in a short time after the line was divided, we got sight of the object of pursuit, at the distance of near two miles to the eastward of the ice and boats, in the open sea. One boat only with lines, and two empty boats, were reserved by the ship. Having, however, fortunately, fine weather, and a fresh breeze of wind, we immediately gave chase under all sail; though it must be confessed, with the insignificant force by us, the distance of the fish, and the rapidity of its flight considered, we had but very small hopes of success. At length, after pursuing it five or six miles, being at least nine miles from the place where it was struck, we came up with it, and it seemed inclined to rest after its extraordinary exertions. The two dismantled or empty boats having been furnished with two lines each (a very inadequate supply), they, together with the one in a good state of equipment, now made an attack upon the whale. One of the harpooners made a blunder; the first saw the boat, took the alarm, and again fled. I now supposed it would be seen no more; nevertheless, we chased nearly a mile in the direction I imagined it had taken, and placed the boats, to the best of my judgment, in the most advantageous situations. In this case we were extremely fortunate. The fish rose near one of the boats, and was immediately harpooned. In a few minutes two more harpoons entered its back, and lances were plied against it with vigour and success. Exhausted by its amazing exertions to escape, it yielded itself at length to its fate, received the piercing wounds of the lances without resistance, and finally died without a struggle. Thus terminated with success an attack upon a whale, which exhibited the most uncommon determination to escape from its pursuers, seconded by the most amazing strength, of any individual whose capture I ever witnessed. After all, it may seem surprising that it was not a particularly large individual; the largest lamina of whalebone only measuring nine feet six inches, while those affording twelve feet bone are not uncommon.† The quantity of line withdrawn from the different boats engaged in the capture was singularly great. It amounted, altogether, to 10,440 yards, or nearly six

† It has been frequently observed, that whales of this size are the most active of the species; and that those of very large growth are in general captured with less trouble.

English miles. Of these, thirteen new lines were lost, together with the sunken boat; the harpoon connecting them to the fish having dropped out before the whale was killed.—*Captain Scoresby's Voyage.*

THE HISTORY OF AN AULD NAIG.

AMONGST a few papers contributed some years ago to a London annual by the Ettrick Shepherd, and which (no opportunity having occurred for using them) have been transferred to us, is one under the above title. The author mentions that, being at a Scottish rural fair, held near the Roxburghshire village of St Boswell's, he was greatly amused by a specimen of low bargain-making which he saw going on in a tent, with respect to an old hard-featured nag (in Scottish phrase *naig*), which was standing whisking his tail on the village street. "His owner, the very prince and hero of all vulgarity, was sitting," says the writer, "on a form, holding by the halter, guzzling ale, and taking at least a quarter of a pound of bread at every bite. He was trying to sell the veteran steed to four others of the same class, who were manifestly intending to overreach him, yet at the same time they could not help regarding him as a sort of natural curiosity. Such a group, taking in the horse and all, I never beheld! The following is a literal specimen of a part of their dialogue:—

'Come noo, maister, let us hear what ye're gaun to say about the naig! Are ye gaun to tak' the thretty shillings for him or no?'

'Thretty shillings, mun!—thretty pipe-stapples! Aw wadna tak' your twa-pund-ten for him; as sure as death, aw wudna. He's a horse that, mun, that'll gang up hill an' down hill, through fire an' water, yird an' stane, an' never an ill word in his head—it's as sure as death, mun. He's a horse that'll never stand still wharever he gangs to. Thretty shillings! Aw wudna luk on the side o' the gate ye're on, mun, wi' your thretty shillings.'

'The only thing aum feared for,' said one of the proposing purchasers, 'is, that we'll no get him home for dogs' meat. Whar did ye pick him up, for aum sure ye canna ha'e brought him far?'

'Aw think nae shame to tell whar aw gat him, mun! Aum nane o' that sort!—ay, nor what aw ga'e for him neither. Aw coft him on the tap o' the street in the Gersemerkat o' Edinbrough, frae auld Peter Dods, the coal-cawer, a gayan quirky carle. Aw thought the horse liftit his feet gayan weel, for aum never at a loss to see what's what; and sae aw says, "Peter, whar are ye axin' for the auld beast?" "Thretty shillings," says he. "Thretty puffs o' tobacco reek, mun!" says I. "Ye maunna speak that gate till me, wha kens better. But come awa into Newbigging's, an' we'll ha'e a bottle o' yill. It'll no brik us baith." As sure as death, aw said sae. "It'll no brik us baith, Peter," says I. "Weel, we gets the yill. "An' now, Peter," says I, "aum nane o' the kind o' folks wha mak' a great whittly-whattying an' arglebargaining about a thing, however big the soom. Aum just gaun to lay ye down five-an'-twenty shillings for the naig, tak' it or want it."

'Five-an'-twenty puffs o' tobacco reek!' quo' the auld mockrife carle. "Ye maunna speak that gate till me, lad, wha kens better. But aw'll tell ye what aw'll do wi' ye; aw'll just tak' it." An' wi' that he nippit up my five-an'-twenty shillings, an' pat it in his pouch wi' a girm. "An' now, lad," says he, "the siller's mine, an' the beast's yours, an' ye're very welcome to him."

Od, sir, aw thought aw was fairly snappit, an' the very countenance o' me rase as it had been set in a lowe. "If ye hae chestit me wi' that beast, billy," says I, "aw'll scorn to loup back or gang to the law wi' ye, however great may be my loss. But aw promise ye a good threshin', an' I'll keep my word too. Only tell me this: is the beast no a good beast?'

"Gin he be a good beast, ye'll be the better o' him," says he, an' aff he gangs laughin', and turnin' the quid in his cheek.

Aw was verra sair dung down; but what could aw do? My siller was gane; sae aw took my beast, an' pat him into the Meadow Park. Aw coudna sleep a wink that night wi' thinking about my bargain. "Aum sair, sair taken in," thinks I; "for if the beast be useless, there aw hae to pay auld Gray aughteenpence a-night for his gerse, an' that's mair nor aw can gain through the day; an' the best thing aw can do is to gie him again to auld Peter for naething. It's as sure as death." Weel, as soon as it was daylight, aw sets wi' a heavy heart to look after my beast, an' soon fand him feedin' close to the hedge; sae aw lays ma lugs i' ma neck to listen, an' there is he ruggin' an' rivin' an' craunchin' away at nae allowance. "There is some hope here yet," thinks I; "for gin a beast dinna eat weel, it'll never work weel," an' wi' that aw gie's my apron a blatter at him; an' aw'll be the greatest lecar ever was born if he didna spang up i' the air like a wild deer, till aw thought he was gaun to loup ower the chimla taps—as sure as death aw did. An' then he cockit up his head an' his tail till the twasome met thegither, an' he ga'e three skeerds o' snorts till a' the Hope-park-end yelled again. "There he goes that never saw the morn!" cries I. There's mair mettle

there by a hunder times than any body wad think! An' aw'll tell ye what it is, ma jolly auld rogue: aw'll no tak any man's twa-pund-ten for ye, gin he war to lay it down this day! As sure as death, aw say sae. An' that's how aw cam by the auld naig.'

CHIDHER.

[FROM FREDERICK RUCKERT.]*

Spoke Chidher the immortal, the ever young;
I passed by a city, a man stood near,
Plucking fruit that in a fair garden hung;
I asked, How long has the city been here?
He said, as the clustering fruit he caught,
There was always a city on this spot,
And so there will be, till Time is not.

Five hundred years rolled by, before
I was standing upon that spot once more.

Not a trace of the city could be seen;
A shepherd lay piping his song alone,
His flocks were browsing the herbage green;
I asked, How long has the city been gone?

He said, while still on his pipe he played—
Fresh flowers spring up, as the others fade,
Here I and my flocks have ever strayed.

Five hundred years rolled by, as before:—
I was standing upon that spot once more.

I found there a sea, with billows crested;
A man was shooting his fishing gear,
And, as from the heavy draught he rested,
I asked, How long has the sea been here?

He smiled at my question, and thus he spoke:
As long as these waves in foam have broke,
It has been the haunt of us fisher folk.

Five hundred years rolled by, as before:—
I was standing upon that spot once more.

A tall spreading forest there I found,
And a woodman old in its shadows drear;
The strokes of his axe broke the silence round:
I asked, How old is the forest here?

He said, All the days of my life I've known
This forest a forest, and dwelt alone
'Mong trees, that ever were growing or grown.

Five hundred years rolled by, as before:—
I was standing upon that spot once more.

'Twas a city now, where the hum resounded
Of crowds on a festive holiday:
I asked, What time was the city founded?

The forest, and sea, and pipe, where are they?
They cried, of my question taking no thought,
'Twas always the same as now—this spot,
And so it will be, till time is not.

And when five hundred years have rolled by, as before,
I'll be standing upon that spot once more.

* The translator informs us that this piece has already appeared in a newspaper.

THE TREAD-MILL.

A prisoner may be a tailor, a watch-maker, a book-binder, a printer, totally unaccustomed to any such species of labour. Such a man may be cast into jail at the end of August, and not tried till the March following: is it no punishment to such a man to walk up hill like a turnspit dog, in an infamous machine, for six months? and yet there are gentlemen who suppose that the common people do not consider this as punishment!—that the gayest and most joyous of human beings is a trader, untried by a jury of his countrymen, in the fifth month of lifting up the leg, and striving against the law of gravity, supported by the glorious information which he receives from the turnkey, that he has all the time been grinding flour on the other side of the wall. * * The labour of the tread-mill is irksome, dull, monotonous, and disgusting to the last degree. A man does not see his work, does not know what he is doing, what progress he is making; there is no room for art, contrivance, ingenuity, and superior skill—all which are the cheering circumstances of human labour. The husbandman sees the field gradually subdued by the plough; the smith beats the rude mass of iron by degrees into its meditated shape, and gives it its meditated utility; the tailor accommodates his parallelogram of cloth to the lumps and bumps of the human body, and, holding it up, exclaims, "This will contain the lower moiety of a human being." But the treader does nothing but tread: he sees no change of objects, admires no new relation of parts, imparts no new qualities to matter, and gives to it no new arrangements and positions; or if he does, he sees and knows it not, but is turned at once from a rational being, by a justice of peace, into a *primum mobile*, and put upon a level with a rush of water or a puff of steam. It is impossible to get gentlemen to attend to the distinction between raw and roasted prisoners, without which all discussion on prisoners is perfectly ridiculous. Nothing can be more excellent than this kind of labour for persons to whom you mean to make labour as irksome as possible; but for this very reason, it is the labour to which an untried prisoner ought not to be put. * * It is very untruly stated, that a prisoner, before trial, not compelled to work, and kept upon a plain diet, merely sufficient to maintain him in health, is better off than he was previous to his accusation; and it is asked, with a triumphant leer, whether the situation of any man ought to be improved, merely because he has become an object of suspicion to his fellow-creatures? This happy and unfortunate man, however, is separated from his wife and family; his liberty is taken away; he is confined within four walls; he has the reflection that his family are existing upon a precarious parish support, that his little trade and property are wasting, that his character is become infamous, that he has incurred ruin by the malice of others, or by his own crimes, that in a few weeks he is to forfeit his life, or be banished from every thing he loves upon earth. This is the improved situation, and the redundant happiness, which requires the penal cir-

cumvolutions of the justice's mill to cut off so unjust a balance of gratification, and bring him a little nearer to what he was before imprisonment and accusation. But a man who is about to be tried for his life, often wants all his leisure time to reflect upon his defence. The exertions of every man within the walls of a prison are necessarily crippled and impaired. What can a prisoner answer who is taken hot and reeking from the tread-mill, and asked what he has to say in his defence? This is a very strong feature of cruelty and tyranny in the mill. We ought to be sure that every man has had the fullest leisure to prepare for his defence, that his mind and body have not been harassed by vexatious and compulsory employment. The public purchase, at a great price, legal accuracy, and legal talent, to accuse a man who has not, perhaps, one shilling to spend upon his defence. It is atrocious cruelty not to leave him full leisure to write his scarcely legible letters to his witnesses, and to use all the melancholy and feeble means which suspected poverty can employ for its defence against the long and heavy arm of power.—*Works of the Rev. Sydney Smith.*

CLOTH-MAKING WITHOUT SPINNING OR WEAVING.

Among the many extraordinary and truly wonderful inventions of the present times, is a machine for the making of broad or narrow woollen cloths without spinning or weaving, and, from our acquaintance with the staple manufacture of this district, after an inspection of patterns of this cloth, we should say there is every probability of this fabric superseding the usual mode of making cloth by spinning and weaving. The machines are patented in this and every other manufacturing nation. The inventor is an American, and appears to have a certain prospect of realising an ample fortune by the sale of his patent right. We understand patterns of this cloth, as well as a drawing of the machinery, have been shown to many of our principal merchants and manufacturers, none of whom have expressed a doubt but that the machinery appears capable of making low cloths which require a good substance. Should it succeed to any thing near the expectation of the patentee, its abridgement of labour, as well manual as by machinery, will be very great. We find that means are already taken to introduce this machine among our continental rivals; a company of eleven gentlemen in London have deposited five thousand pounds with the patentees, who have ordered a machine for them; when finished, they are to try it for one month, and if at the end of that time they think it will succeed, they are to pay twenty thousand pounds for the patent right in the kingdom of Belgium, and it will of course be worked there. We are therefore bound in duty to our country, and her manufacturing interests, to adopt such facilities as will prevent us falling into a position below our rivals in other countries. We are informed the necessary machinery for the production of this patent woollen felted cloth will be tried here in a week or two, under the superintendence of the inventor, by a cloth merchant who has an exclusive licence, but is about to associate with him twenty other respectable business men, for the purpose of sharing the expenses of giving the invention a fair trial. It is calculated that one set of machinery, not costing more than six hundred pounds, will be capable of producing six hundred yards of woollen cloth, thirty-six inches in width, per day of twelve hours.—*Leeds Mercury.*

INFLUENCE OF CHILDREN.

I cannot but think that this constant presence of human nature, pure and happy, of simple and innocent enjoyment, exerts a great though little-noticed influence on this whole great fighting family of man; and that each member of it forgoes somewhat of his selfishness, abates something of its fury, after every such contemplation of something happier than himself, which never yet regarded *self*, never was infuriated by passions. No wonder that the greatest of men have mostly evinced a passionate fondness for children; neither is it surprising that in some persons, not otherwise of weak character, such fondness should even rise to excess. In our mourning over a lost child, the very sources of our comfort bear in them an embittering venom for our grief. The same purity of soul which assures us of its acceptance into the bosom of God, also renders the memory of its vanished prettiness and graces more intolerable by the exemption of every, even the least, drawback on our love, from failings or offence. To the busy world, what indeed is the death of a child? It forwarded, it retarded no human aim; it stood an insignificant little alien by the side of the mighty and dusty arena of life. Not so to the parent. To him its smile and play were the invigorating spirit that nerved him in the conflict; and the very apathy of the whole world besides, its utter want of sympathy with him in (to their feeling) trifling loss, becomes itself an added source of poignant, lonely, heart-consuming misery.—*Beutley's Miscellany.*

PERVADINGNESS OF POETRY.

Life is full of poetry; throughout all its affections, its distant points of similitude and agreement, its picturesque aspects, its mental associations, and that inner world of unspoken hopes, frustrated aspirations, unrequited tenderness, blighted or unrewarded love, griefs, regrets, propensities, fancies, which are perpetually in action beneath the surface, welling up like springs in the centre of the earth, hidden but restless, supplying a principle of life which at once stimulates and assists its energies. Who has not felt some of these struggles and fictions of the heart and the imagination? Who has not been conscious of the exaggerations of passion, the delusions, disappointment, and chaos of volition without power, of whole dramas of sentiment begun and ended like a reverie in the chambers of the brain? Depend upon it, every man living is capable of poetry, and, which is something more to the purpose, cannot help himself. He cannot, if he would, extricate himself from his enchantments. The spell is in the air, and he breathes it from morning till night.—*Monthly Chronicle.*

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ODD WAYS OF MAKING A LIVING.

It is a poor country village which cannot support an entire baker, or shoemaker, or tailor; but no country village will support an integer human being in the business of furnishing meat for cats and dogs, or maintain a whole beggar upon a crossing. In the country, only the right-down, old-established, universally recognised trades are practised. If we be on the outlook for odd ones, we must go to some seat of vast population, where not only have men more wants, but a sufficient number exist, by clubbing minute and rarely occurring needs, to furnish occupation for persons who in small towns could only exist in fractions or not at all. For example, a heraldry painter could only exist in a large town. Nottingham would not perhaps require above one-fifteenth of a professor of that art, and Exeter possibly a tenth. Dundee, though more populous, being also more mercantile, would probably rest satisfied with a fiftieth or a sixtieth. Edinburgh, being an aristocratic town, takes a whole one. Local circumstances, also, give rise in great cities to extraordinary modes of making a livelihood.

During the stock-jobbing mania which reigned in Paris under the auspices of Mr Law, the Rue Quinquempoix was the grand scene of operations. By law the business was confined to that spot, which was accordingly crowded daily with people of all ranks and conditions, eagerly engaged in bargaining for slips of paper representing nothing. Desks and writing materials were in great request, but in so crowded a space it was not easy to obtain them. In this exigency, a hump-backed man let out his deformity for the adventurers to scribble upon; and so useful did he thus become, or so lavish were his customers, that he is said to have made a hundred and fifty thousand livres in a few days. Here, circumstances, local and moral, such as could only exist in a large city, gave occasion for what must certainly be esteemed a singular mode of gaining a living. It was also, however, ingenious in the little man to think of it. Many men equally crooked, but less clever, would have seen the tide of fortune running through the Rue Quinquempoix for ever, without taking such an advantage of it. He deserved his hundred and fifty thousand livres, if only for his sagacity and willingness to turn himself to account.

The nearest thing to the case of the hunchback is that of the individuals who agree to perambulate the streets of London, enclosed between two boards, each containing advertisements. It is only about five-and-twenty years, if we are not greatly mistaken, since this fashion began, its cause being the extreme difficulty experienced in the metropolis, of getting the public made acquainted with the qualities and cheapness of certain wares, the hopefulness of new lottery schemes, the virtues of certain medicines, and other matters greatly for their advantage, if they would only open their eyes and think so. The spectacle of a man consenting to be labelled for the good of his country, was such a new feature in the moral world, as could not fail to draw great attention. Every body gazed with wonder and respect on the boarded hero, as he walked gravely and solemnly along the street, saying nothing, and yet so eloquent all over—

"One would have almost said his body thought—"

looking as if he were quite unconscious of any thing particular, and yet practising a silent ventriloquism all the time—readable also in the rear, like a book telling a great deal in the back-title—and taking care every now and then to turn and walk in a different direction, so that he might be perused on both sides. A few might smile; but he was armed in proof against railery, and, like an ancient knight in the tilt-yard, might have even been thrown down and trodden upon without suffering much inconvenience. The wits let fly many shafts at him. He was likened to the mantis or walking leaf, and people talked of his back as his

second page. He was said to be a new kind of herald, who had dismissed the trumpet and voice, and resolved to give his proclamations on the tabard. When his placards were changed, he was said to have been put to press and brought out in a new edition. A typographical error being pointed out in him, he was said to be, what few men liked to consider themselves, liable to correction. Another wag instituted a comparison between his trade and that of certain journalists residing in the neighbourhood of his principal walk. Our walking placard, said he, lets out his body at so much a-day, for the purpose of asserting a few highly questionable facts about genuine tea, matchless cigars, and what not. In like manner, the journalist of the kind hinted at, lets out his brain to detail, daily or weekly, all the dubious facts and malicious party slanders and sarcasms which it may please his employers to circulate. Our testudinous friend, though, as he walks the Strand, he may feel a little advertizingly, yet regards himself as a mere mechanical medium for the representation of certain statements, the truth or falsity of which is only known to others. So does our journalising friend consider himself as a mere intellectual medium for the setting forth of allegations, which may be true or false for any thing he knows. Thus, also, the gentleman loricated in advertisements has no predilections as to the things he advertises, walking with equal satisfaction under the vegetable medicines which are sure to destroy his fellow-creatures, and the cheap gentlemen's apparel, which not improbably is worth all it costs. So is the other gentleman quite as ready to give proper literary shape to the calumnies of one party as to the calumnies of another. In the one case, it is a back and front which does the work; in the other, it is a brain. There is positively no difference in the two trades—excepting perhaps that the gentleman mailed in boards and posted with placards is probably able to set up his face a great deal more confidently for what he is about, than would be the gentleman of the Mail or Post, or whatever other name he may delight in.

One of the most odd of all the out-of-the-way modes of gaining a living in our metropolis, is that practised by gentlemen who haunt the wine-vaults at the docks. They are understood to inherit from nature an unusually delicate palate, which, with great experience in the characters of various wines, is supposed to qualify them to an unusual degree for making selections of those liquors for intending purchasers. Their living is literally from hand to mouth. They are fed by both dealers and private gentlemen to accompany them into the vaults, and give their judgment respecting the wines submitted to them. If they were to swallow any considerable part of what they taste, they would soon lose the power of judging, or doing any thing else. They are scrupulous to discharge from their mouths whatever they take as a tasting; and yet, it is said, this cannot be done so effectually, but that, in the course of time, their health is affected by their course of life, and they break down at a comparatively early age. The sensations which they experience in the line of their duties, are of a very exquisite nature, and these they describe in a language quite their own—full of fine analogies. One engaged as a witness at a trial, where a cargo of wine was the matter in dispute, avowed his certainty that the wine which was sent was different from the sample, as was contended by the plaintiff. "And how do you know that?" inquired the opposite counsel. "Oh, it is quite a different wine to my taste. There was a fine *farwell* flavour about the sample, which the wine sent totally wants." A book on his trade by one of these gentlemen would be a pneumatological curiosity. Why, in this age of practical literature, does not some one bring out a little gilt-edged tome, entitled "A Gentleman's Adventures in search of a Pipe of Wine?"

Some years ago, in one of the large towns of the West of England (perhaps similar cases are not un-

known elsewhere), a man became notorious for a very peculiar kind of business. He was, ostensibly at least, a builder, a sullen misanthropic wretch, without domestic ties of any kind, and apparently bent on gold only for its own sake, as he lived in the style of a miser. This man was constantly prowling about the outskirts of the town, marking the progress of building operations, and acquainting himself with circumstances relative to property in land and houses. When a new factory was about to be set up, he would, if possible, purchase some bit of ground near by, the possession of which he calculated must be sooner or later necessary to the comfort of the parties concerned, and which of course he would only sell at an enormous price. When he saw a gentleman getting a handsome house built, he was sure, if at all possible, to buy a rood of land opposite to it, and there deliberately begin to erect an anomalous little edifice, curiously composed of shingle and brick, with chimneys perking up like the ears of a donkey, and the whole approximating in character to a dog-kennel, if approximating to any thing known upon earth. Imagine the alarm of a jolly manufacturer at seeing his vision of a fairy palace thus blasted by a cunning old villain, equally inaccessible to soft entreaty and stormy menace—one who would go on with the construction of his wretched hovel, with as much apparent interest in its architecture and purpose as could be manifested by the gentleman himself respecting his elegant mansion—cool, steady, determined to persevere while it suited his pleasure and convenience to do so—not to be driven from his point either by cries of "shame!" from the passing populace, or the infuriated face of the impending tyrant looking poisoned arrows from the unfinished drawing-room windows on the other side of the way—in short, quite a suburban Hampden, determined to defend his dog-kennel to the last extremity. The victim, after a fortnight's writhing, would propose to purchase the rood with the building in the course of being erected upon it, when, as might be expected, an exorbitant price would be asked. He would retire, determined not to purchase. He would for a little time stop the building of his house, and deliberate if it were not better to plant it somewhere else, even at a great loss, than to give in to the old fellow. During this interval, the dog-kennel would also make a pause, as if out of respect. Then the gentleman would take heart again, and go on, when instantly the building of the eyesore would also proceed. The unfortunate man would turn over a thousand schemes—he would think of building a high wall in front of his house to shut out the view—he would change his plan, and make the drawing-room look in another direction; but all would be in vain. Like a fatigued salmon landed after all its struggles by the inexorable angler, he would be obliged to come in at last, and buy up the property of his annoyer at the price of some goodly field. But one small joy was his, to set off against the anguish he had endured for months—and that was felt, when, the bargain being completed, he could rush across the way, hatchet in hand, and hack and hew away at the dog-kennel, till his sinews were tired, or his long-suspended Destructiveness had gratified itself to the utmost.

This old wretch went on building temples to the Genius of Annoyance for several years, and so well did he calculate in most cases, that in time he became extremely rich. He acquired the name of Eyesore Jack, and was the subject of a curious interest to those who recognised his mean, insidious-looking person on the street. It was strange, certainly, to reflect on one who appeared to have no aim in life but to give discomfort to his fellow-creatures, and seek for a wretched aliment in their groans. But the old remark about the pitcher held good in his case, as it does in so many others. A couple of enterprising builders had reared a row of neat houses in a genteel part of the suburbs, and were beginning to get them sold to considerable

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advantage, when they learned one day that Jack—the tremendous Eyesore Jack—had succeeded, through the intervention of an agent, in obtaining a long lease of a large field opposite, on which it was his design immediately to commence a brick-work! The men were like to go wild with vexation; but their whole fortune was at stake, and they determined to fight the old villain to the last extremity. It chanced that another person had been in terms for the leasehold of the field, and had every thing but completed the arrangement. To him the two frantic builders applied. If we recollect the circumstances rightly, it was discovered in conversation that the day on which the bargain was to have been fulfilled, was a holiday, so that the non-fulfilment of the bargain might not necessarily be held as voiding it. On this point the two men fastened with avidity, and they easily succeeded, by various considerations, in inducing the other party to raise an action for recovery of the field. It was destined to be the last of the fields of our friend Jack. He battled it through the medium of the proprietor of the ground as long as he could, but was ultimately cast, with the loss of all his ill-gotten gains. He died not long after in abject penury.

Many examples of modes of living not much more honourable than that of Eyesore Jack might be cited: that of the informer, for one example, might give occasion to a whole paper, or even to a volume. But we shall content ourselves for the present with requesting all who are in the custom of execrating the catiffs who live by such arts, to reflect if there be not something to find fault with in their own line of doing. Many professions pass very well with the world, which, nevertheless, to the eye of a watchful conscientiousness, appear by no means pure or laudable. The test we would have applied is the inquiry, “Does my profession or occupation conduce solely to the good of my fellow-creatures, or is it not rather in some degree a source of evil to them?” Unless the answer, “It does conduce solely to the good of mankind,” can be clearly and readily given, the party may be satisfied that his profession or occupation, however sanctioned by the toleration of the common world, is a vicious one. As such we would hold all those which minister in any way to bad appetites and misleading vanities, as well as all those which depend on the keeping up of strife, whatever gowns and diplomas and honoured appellatives may belong to them. Let none of the professors of such arts or professions presume to execrate Eyesore Jack, until they have come out of their own evil ways.

HEALTH OF SOLDIERS.

It is well known that the range of the military duties of the country occasionally leads portions of our army into situations where the health of the men is exposed to great dangers and vicissitudes. Hence young men, whom choice or circumstances induce to enter the ranks, and who have an aversion to expose themselves to such climates as those of Africa or Guiana, sometimes take the precaution, before enlisting, to select a corps which has been lately abroad, and which is not likely, on that account, to be soon sent from home again. But we question much if any young man desirous to enlist ever thought of giving the preference to one regiment over another, on the score of the rejected one being habitually less healthy, or, in plain words, subject to greater mortality, when both are permanently stationed at home, and are *circumstanced alike* in almost every respect. A Parliamentary Report on the health of the Home Troops, however, proves that certain regiments are thus more liable to deaths than certain other regiments, even where no difference in food, duties, and climate, can be traced. Besides this somewhat remarkable circumstance, there are others noticed in the Report alluded to, which may have some interest for our readers.

Comparing the annual mortality occurring in the regiments of Dragoon Guards serving in the United Kingdom, with that occurring in the regiments of Foot Guards, a very remarkable discrepancy, indeed, is found to exist. The average yearly number of deaths in the Dragoon Guards, from the years 1830 to 1836 (inclusive), amounted to 15.3-10ths in every thousand men. In the Foot Guards, again, the mortality was greater by nearly a third, and this did not arise from any temporary causes, but was in correspondence with the results of previous years. The precise mortality in the Foot Guards amounted to 21.6-10ths in the thousand. To put the difference between the mortality of the two classes of troops in a stronger light, it may be stated, that, between the 1st of January 1830, and the 31st March 1837, the number of deaths in the Foot Guards was 745; and that the

average annual number of men in these regiments, during that period, amounted to 4764. In the same number of Dragoon Guards (and Dragoons serving in the United Kingdom, which are also included in these calculations), the mortality during the same number of years amounted to only two-thirds of 745, or to about 500 persons. This is a fact calculated to arrest attention very forcibly, and to excite curiosity as to its cause. The medical tables in the Report, which detail the diseases to which the whole preceding mortality is owing, and the proportions in which each disease is destructive, show at least the near or immediate cause. The ratio of deaths from diseases of every kind excepting those of the lungs, is, in the Foot Guards, 7.5; in the home Dragoon troops, 7.6. The ratio of deaths from diseases in the lungs alone, is, in the Foot Guards, 14.1; in the Dragoons, only 7.7. This places the comparative total proportions of deaths exactly as before shown.

FOOT GUARDS.		DRAGOON TROOPS.	
Deaths from lung diseases	14.1	Deaths from lung diseases	7.7
.... from other diseases	7.5	 from other diseases	7.6
	21.6		15.3

It is plainly through diseases of the lungs, then, and through diseases of the lungs alone, that the Foot Guards lose, in seven years, nearly two hundred and fifty more men than are lost out of an equal numerical force of the Dragoon Guards and Dragoons. The next question is, to what cause is the prevalence of pulmonary complaints among the Foot Guards to be ascribed? These calculations, as has been stated more than once already, apply exclusively to the home service of all these troops. But the dragoon regiments, though within the United Kingdom, are chiefly resident in provincial districts, or at least are not fixed in the metropolis of the empire, as the Foot Guards almost uniformly are in time of peace. Hence it may be supposed that the climate of London, which is demonstrably less favourable, on the whole, to health than the rural districts, may cause the pulmonary ailments of the Foot Guards; but there are many reasons for determining this supposition, plausible and probable as it seems, to be incorrect. In the first place, “it has been ascertained (we quote the Report) that out of a thousand deaths among the civil population of the city, from 1830 to 1835, the number by diseases of the lungs was 328, being scarcely one-third of the whole; whereas, out of 745 deaths among the Foot Guards, not less than 487, or upwards of two-thirds, were from these diseases.” A second and almost conclusive argument against attributing the pulmonary diseases of the Foot Guards to the metropolitan climate, is derived from examining the extent of the mortality among another class of troops, those usually called the Household Cavalry, and which include only the two regiments called Life Guards, and the one styled the Royal Horse Guards. This class of troops is also exposed to the climate of the capital, yet the total annual deaths from all diseases have averaged only 14.5 in the thousand men, during the seven successive years ending with 1836. Out of these deaths, a proportion only of 8.1 has been from diseases of the lungs, whereas the Foot Guards have lost, as has been stated, 14.1 per thousand from the same causes.

It may be imagined, since the comparison made here has only been between the Foot Guards and cavalry troops, that the latter service may possibly be healthier on the whole, at all times and under all circumstances, than the infantry service. But this does not appear to be the case. The average annual mortality among the infantry serving at home, and without any special drawback upon their health, seems to have always been about 15 per thousand, nearly the same as that in the Dragoons and Dragoon Guards. We are still at a loss, therefore, to explain the cause of the Foot Guard mortality. Captain Tulloch, whose name is appended to the Parliamentary Report on this subject, mentions that the Foot Guards have a comparatively severe amount of night duty to perform; but continues to remark, that this can scarcely afford any explanation, “since even among the troops of the line serving at home, whose constitutions have been deteriorated in some instances by residence in tropical or unhealthy climates, and who have an equal share of night duty to perform, the mortality by diseases of the lungs is much lower.” In short, the Report can find no explanation of the great loss of men in the Foot Guards, excepting by referring to their “moral and physical” habits. In the greater deterioration existing in this respect, the cause appears to the reporter to lie. The subject is one worthy of inquiry. An excess of mortality to the amount of two hundred and fifty men in the course of a few years, when compared (all circumstances being equal) with other regiments, is a matter

calculated forcibly to arrest the attention, it might be thought, of the medical department of the army, and lead to the proposition of steps for the cure of the evil. The young enlisters, alluded to in the commencement of the paper, may be warned by these facts, if very regardful of life and health, that the ordinary regiments of the army present a safer field for military service than the dignified corps of Foot Guards. Nay, the Foot Guards show greater unhealthiness, or rather mortality, than the regiments serving in many foreign countries that are by no means famed for salubrity. At Malta, for example, where such casualties as plague and fever are frequent, the average annual mortality for the last twenty years has been but 16.3 per thousand. That of the Foot Guards at home, it will be remembered, was 21.3.

From the soldiery being in some measure a body of picked men, and from the careful superintendence to which their course of life is subjected, it might be anticipated that the general mortality among them would fall beneath, or be less than, that of civilians, or the community at large. But this is found not to be the case. The mortality in the army, speaking always of home service, is equal to the mortality among civilians where that is at the very highest—namely, in the large cities of the land. In any calculations of this kind, of course, we must keep in view the ages at which men serve in the army. The average age of the whole soldiery has been found to be nearly 30. By the Carlisle tables, which exhibit the mortality of the general population of this country, the number annually decreasing out of a thousand civilians of the age of 30, is about 10. The ratio deduced from the ordinary population returns is about 11.5 per thousand. Now, both of these conclusions fall very considerably beneath the average yearly mortality per thousand of the soldiery, which comes as closely as possible to 15 and a fraction. The cause of this military unhealthiness, it is said, is the residence of the troops in the larger towns, and when we inquire how many civilians of 30 perish there in the thousand, we certainly find that the mortality reaches 15 or 16. This assuredly countenances the supposition that the general health of the army is affected by residence in large towns. One cannot but be still surprised, however, that the army should not, under any circumstances, be a much more healthy body. That men so carefully selected for bodily vigour, and so carefully tended afterwards, should equal in unhealthiness the least healthy divisions of the whole general population of the empire, is a circumstance which one could never anticipate, and which such accurate Reports only, as the one before us, could induce us to believe.

Another very striking circumstance to be gathered from this Parliamentary document, is the number of suicides that take place in the British army. In the statistical tables given by Quetelet, a recent continental writer, the number of suicides committed in different countries is tabularly stated, and compared respectively with the amount of the population. In France there is annually 1 suicide to 18,000 inhabitants; in Prussia, 1 to 14,404; in Austria, 1 to 20,900; in Russia, 1 to 49,182; in the state of New York, United States, 1 to 7797; and in Boston city, 1 to 12,500. In the Dragoon regiments of Britain, however, there takes place annually, or has done at least for the last seven years, 1 suicide in 1274. It is true, that the vast disproportion here is to be viewed with some reservations, seeing that the whole population of a country, including all ages and sexes, is reckoned in the preceding statements from Quetelet, whereas the Dragoons are composed of men only, at the age when suicide most frequently occurs. Yet, all things considered, 35 suicides out of 686 deaths, which was the total mortality among the Dragoon regiments for seven and a quarter years, must be held as a very large proportion. The suicides among the civil population of London are calculated to amount to 1 in 5000. “The proportion (says the Report) of suicides is found to be higher among the Dragoon regiments, however, than any other description of force, probably because these corps contain more of that class who have by dissipation or extravagance reduced themselves from a higher sphere in life to the necessity of enlisting, and on whose minds this change of condition may, in some instances, operate so powerfully as to lead to self-destruction.” The Report styles the subject of military suicides one that particularly claims attention, but does not, so far as we notice, give any conjecture as to the cause of their great comparative frequency. It seems to us that two reasons will go far to explain the matter. The first one hinges on the fact just adverted to, that enlistment is the resource of numerous young men who have ruined themselves already in civil life, and with such individuals not only the Dragoons, but every other corps in the service, is liberally supplied. The second reason is, that the means of self-destruction are ever at the soldier's elbow. The poor wretch of a cit or clerk who has squandered his all at the gaming-table, and who issues from the earthly Pandemonium some hours after midnight in a state of desperation, has probably no pistol at home to end his misery, and ere the morning arrives, bringing with it the opportunity of procuring the deadly instrument, he has tasted sleep, and his brain is cooled, though yet his spirits may be very low. Hope gradually springs up again, and the crisis is past. With the soldier, the case is unfortunately very different. The means of self-destruction are ever at his side, and the first mad impulse to the deed is but too often obeyed in consequence.

Reports such as that before us must be of great value in establishing various important points connected with the comparatively new science of Statistics, on which so many interesting questions in the social and political economy of nations are now seen to depend. On this score alone, these Reports deserve all possible commendation.

THE HON. C. A. MURRAY'S WORK ON AMERICA.

ALMOST every journalising traveller who has visited the American Union of late years, has devoted so much space to tedious and even disgusting details respecting the merely personal habits and manners of the people, that we are delighted to meet with such a tourist as the Hon. Charles Augustus Murray, who gives a plain unpretentious account of what he saw and heard on the other side of the Atlantic, and, making no pretensions to the character of a profound observer, has presented the world with a work brimful of lively description, incident, and adventure.* The author left Britain on the 18th of April 1834, and had got more than a thousand miles out to sea, when the ship sprang a leak that baffled all attempts at discovery, and made the captain glad to run into the Azores, after nine days of extreme peril and incessant labour at the pumps. On again putting to sea, the vessel reached America in safety. Our traveller's account of his sea dangers, as well as of his stay at the Azores, is full of animation and interest. We should also find sufficient matter for the reader's amusement in following Mr Murray in his windings through the United States, the chief cities of which, including New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, Baltimore, Cincinnati, and others, he visited and has described; but we prefer, for the present at least, to pass on to what appears to us a particularly entertaining portion of the work, namely, the narrative of the author's somewhat romantic summer residence with a tribe of Pawnee Indians. He had no intention to perform any such feat originally, but, having descended the Ohio from Cincinnati, and afterwards gone up the Missouri to Fort Leavenburg, the westernmost military station of the United States, he was induced, through a love of hunting and adventure, to take "a hasty but determined resolution" of accompanying a body of Pawnees, then accidentally on a visit to the fort, in their travel inland to the encampments of their tribe. The result of his expedition will go far to undeceive the world respecting the Indian tribes, and to dispel the illusions which have been generated by the specious and exaggerated representations of novelists. In the case of these savages, as in every other similar case, ignorance, it will be seen, is the parent of vice and wretchedness of every kind. With it, the exercise of the better and nobler sentiments of man's nature cannot coexist, and Mr Murray's excursion cannot but do good, in as far as it has enabled him to bear competent testimony to this important truth, in an instance where misapprehension has long prevailed.

With one fellow-traveller and companion, a Mr V—, two attendants, several horses, and a considerable amount of baggage, of which powder and shot, trifling presents for the Indians, and articles of food, formed the most important items, Mr Murray, on the 7th of July 1835, set forth on his travel with the Pawnee party, who took the straight course to join their wives and families, or, in other words, their tribe or village. After a march of fourteen days, rendered most fatiguing by the broken nature of the ground, and by the rapid rate at which the Indians travel, the party came up with the main tribe, then stationed at one of the temporary encampments which they occupy during the hunting or summer season. The grand chief of the tribe gave the white travellers a friendly reception, in return for which Mr Murray expressed his gratitude through a sort of half Pawnee half French interpreter, and gave the circle of chiefs a little brandy and water from his flask. Not wishing, however, to originate in them a relish for ardent liquor, which uniformly debases their character, he diluted the potation largely. "It was not a little amusing to see how readily the Pawnee-French interpreter entered into my views on this subject. I once or twice lent him my small pocket flask, and allowed him to serve out the weak toddy to the chiefs; he talked most gravely of the pernicious effects of spirits among 'les sauvages' (he himself being more than two-thirds of

one), carefully mixed for them at least nine proportions of water for one of brandy, and then, with equal gravity, helped himself to a dram, in which he exactly reversed the aforesaid proportions." Mr Murray then continues—"As soon as this introductory feast was concluded, we accompanied the chiefs to the village, which was about twelve miles ahead of us; at length we came in sight of it, and a more interesting or picturesque scene I never beheld. Upon an extensive prairie gently sloping down to a creek, the winding course of which was marked by a broken line of wood here and there interspersed with a fine clump of trees, were about five thousand savages, inclusive of women and children; some were sitting under their buffalo skin lodges lazily smoking their pipes, while the women were stooping over their fires, busily employed in preparing meat and maize for these indolent lords of the creation. Far as the eye could reach, were scattered herds of horses, watched (or, as we should say in Scotland, 'tented') by urchins, whose whole dress and equipment was the slight bow and arrow, with which they exercised their infant archery upon the heads of the taller flowers, or upon any luckless blackbird perched near them. Here and there might be seen some gay young warrior ambling along the heights, his painted form partially exposed to view as his bright scarlet blanket waved in the breeze; while the banks of the stream were alive with the garrulous voices of women, some washing themselves, their clothes, or their infants, others carrying water to the camp, and others bearing on their backs a load of wood, the portage of which no London coalheaver would have envied them."

This encampment was only a temporary one, but during all the subsequent hunting movements of the tribe, Mr Murray and his servant resided in the tent of an old and most kindly chief, named Sanitsarish, while the other two whites had their abode in another great man's tent. Sanitsarish had a family and several wives, but our traveller dispels all the romantic notions which the pretty Annual tales about Indian girls had instilled into our minds. "Among the Pawnee females (says he) I never saw one instance of beauty, either in face or figure—of neatness in dress, cleanliness in appearance, or of any one of those graceful and attractive attributes which generally characterise the softer sex. Their life is one of perpetual degradation and slavery." A little farther on, our traveller gives the details of a Pawnee wife's daily existence, which would be unsupportable but for the aid derived from her two or three companions in matrimony, who are usually her sisters; for a Pawnee, after marrying an elder sister, has a right to wed all the younger ones in succession, as they grow up. "She (the Pawnee wife) rises an hour before daylight, packs up the dried meat, the corn, and other bales, strikes the tent, loads and saddles all the horses and mules, and at dawn the march commences; they generally go from twelve to fifteen miles before their mid-day halt; the husband *rides*, some animals are loaded, many run loose; she travels on foot, carrying on her back either a child or a package of considerable size, in one hand a bundle or a can of water, with the other leading one or two pack-horses. On arriving at the camping-place, she unpacks the animals, and proceeds to pitch the tent. But in order to appreciate the extreme labour of this apparently simple operation, it must be borne in mind that she has to force eight or ten poles, sharpened at the point, into ground baked nearly as hard as brick by a vertical sun; they require to be driven at least six inches deep by the mere strength of her arms, as she is not assisted by the use of any iron-pointed instrument or any mallet. As soon as the tent is pitched and arranged, she goes in search of wood and water; the latter is generally within half a mile of the camping-place selected, but the former, I can positively affirm from my own observation, she frequently has to seek and carry on her back three or four miles.

From mingled commiseration and curiosity, I have once or twice raised these wood bundles thus brought in, and am afraid to hazard a conjecture at their weight, but I feel confident that any London porter would charge high for an extra load, if he was desired to carry one of them half a mile: she then proceeds to light the fire, cut up the meat, and pound the corn, for which latter purpose she is obliged to use a heavy club, round at the extremity, and a mortar, hollowed by herself from the trunk of a walnut. As soon as the meal is finished, she has to strike the tent, reload the horses, and the whole foregoing work is to be repeated, except that the afternoon walk is generally not more than eight miles.

This is the ordinary routine of a travelling day; but on the day of a hunt, and on its successor, her labour varies in kind, not much in degree, as, besides bringing wood and water, cooking, &c., she has to cut up all the meat into thin flakes or layers to be dried in the sun, to dress the skins and robes, to make the mocassins, leggins, and, in short, whatever clothing is wanted by any part of the family. To perform this incredible labour there were only three women in our lodge, and I never saw any of the three either grumble or rest a moment, although plagued with the additional care and ceaseless crying of two brats. Least it may be supposed that in the permanent or winter lodge they

enjoy more rest, it is as well to mention, that, in addition to their domestic duties, the whole of the agricultural labour, in their coarse system of raising maize, falls to their share. Is it possible to contemplate this constant and severe fatigue, undergone with uncomplaining cheerfulness, without pity and admiration?"

The tents of the savages are covered with skins, and the interior, also, is strewn with skins or mats. Each inmate sleeps on his own blanket or buffalo robe; has his assigned place, with his bow, quiver, saddle, and bridle, close beside him; and thus little confusion prevails, although each individual has only just room to sit or lie at full length. The screaming of sick and spoiled children (who soon convinced our traveller of the absurdity of the assertion that "Indian children never cry"), the babbling of females, and the howling of about four thousand village dogs outside, rendered Mr Murray's nights at first rather uncomfortable. Custom made him sleep in spite of these annoyances, and in spite, also, of the filth of his savage friends and their lodges. The following passage, which we almost scruple to quote, makes one shudder. "Every article within the lodge, including my own skins, jacket, and shirt, was covered with vermin. These insects are, as is well known, of two species; the one frequenting the hair, the other the body. The former of these are considered by the Pawnee naturalists 'Pediculus esculentus'; for whenever the squaws are unemployed in severe labour, they enjoy a feast of this kind, gathered either from the hair of their children or of each other. For many successive weeks I have observed them pass from half an hour to an hour of every day in this manner, and they really seem to eat this filthy vermin with no small satisfaction; but I have been told by traders that they will not eat them from the heads of the whites!"

So much for the personal habits and real condition of those beings who are called in novels "Startled Fawns" and "Sunny Eyes," and who there shine before us in all the simplicity of beads, feathers, and wampum-belts, leaving most Arcadian illusions on our minds. As our chief object at present is to show what a creature man really is,

"When wild in woods the noble savage runs,"

we shall proceed to make such extracts from Mr Murray as illustrate the character of the Indian men. He soon saw that by staying among them he had taken the only method of discovering their true character, and that, had he judged from what he saw of them at Fort Leavenburg, he would have formed the very same notions about their "high sense of honour," their "hospitality," and other imaginary qualities, as others had done before him. "The Indian (says he) among whites, or at a garrison, trading-post, or town, is as different a man from the same Indian at home as a Turkish 'Mollah' is from a French barber. Among whites, he is all dignity and repose; he is acting a part the whole time, and acts it most admirably. He manifests no surprise at the most wonderful effects of machinery, is not startled if a twenty-four pounder is fired close to him, and does not evince the slightest curiosity regarding the thousand things that are strange and new to him; whereas at home, the same Indian chatters, jokes, and laughs among his companions—frequently indulges in the most licentious conversation; and his curiosity is as unbounded and irresistible as that of any man, woman, or monkey, on earth. Truth and honesty (making the usual exceptions to be found in all countries) are unknown or despised by them. A boy is taught and encouraged to steal and lie, and the only blame or disgrace ever incurred thereby is when the offence is accompanied by detection. I never met with liars so determined, universal, or audacious. But from all these charges I most completely exonerate my old chief Sanitsarish; nature had made him a gentleman, and he remained so, in spite of the corrupting examples around him." In proof of their curiosity, Mr Murray states that, on sitting down in any of their lodges, they would examine his whole dress and person with their hands, dive into every pocket about him, take out all the contents, and, in short, investigate him from top to toe.

By a little determined resistance he put a stop to such annoyances, and to still greater ones, arising from the cheating propensities of the savages. On the march from the fort, he had made a bargain for the temporary use of a horse belonging to one of the most noted Braves of the tribe. The Brave wished to draw back from his compact, and sent a message to that effect by the interpreter. Finding the Brave deaf to reason, and seemingly about to use force, our traveller took a determined course, and said to the interpreter, "You know, and he knows, that he is in the wrong. I shall now go and bridle that horse; if he chooses to come and try to take him from me, let him do so at his own risk." The Brave made no such attempt, and evidently respected the white man much more ever afterwards. On another occasion, Mr Murray showed similar determination, and in a case of far greater peril. When desirous to get travelling horses, at the close of his stay with the tribe, he gave to the Grand Chief of the Pawnees a pocket telescope, for which a goodly steed was to be supplied. No steed came, and the traveller went to the chief's lodge, and asked for the horse. "He gave me no answer. I then proceeded to say that 'he was a great chief, and had a single tongue, and that I knew he would not lie to his white brother.' Still the same sulky look, and no answer: in the mean time, I cast my eyes carefully round the interior of his lodge, and at length espied

* Travels in North America during the years 1834, 1835, and 1836, &c. By the Honourable Charles Augustus Murray. 2 vols. London: Richard Bentley.

my telescope hanging at the back of it, near his medicine-bag, &c. Having ascertained its locality, I said I wished to return to the white man's fort, and asked him distinctly, whether he would give me the horse or not? This time he answered briefly and distinctly enough, *ká-ki*, 'no.' I then rose, and, going straight to my telescope, took it quietly down, and hanging it round my own neck, told him it was all right, or very good, and walked deliberately away." This was a most daring act, considering that, at a motion of his finger, the chief could have brought on the unfortunate whites a thousand armed men; but no evil consequences ensued. Mr Murray does not argue from these circumstances that the Indians are deficient in courage, although they never fight fairly, or hand to hand, if they can avoid it. Much even of that *passive* courage or fortitude under pain for which they have been so much praised, disappears from their character under ordinary circumstances; for I have "seen (says the author of the present work) a full-grown strong-looking Indian moan and whine under the toothache or colic in a manner that, among us, would shame 'a sick child!'"

The following amusing description of a young warrior's toilet will show whether or not coxcombry is an Indian attribute. "He began his toilet about eight in the morning, by greasing and smoothing his whole person with fat, which he rubbed afterwards perfectly dry, only leaving the skin sleek and glossy; he then painted his face vermillion, with a stripe of red also along the centre of the crown of the head; he then proceeded to his 'coiffure,' which received great attention, although the quantum of hair demanding such care was limited, inasmuch as his head was shaved close, except one tuft at the top, from which hung two plaited 'tresses.' (Why must I call them 'pig-tails?') He then filled his ears, which were bored in two or three places, with rings and wampum, and hung several strings of beads round his neck; then, sometimes painting stripes of vermillion and yellow upon his breast and shoulders, and placing armlets above his elbows and rings upon his fingers, he proceeded to adorn the nether man with a pair of moccasins, some scarlet cloth leggings fastened to his waist-belt, and bound round below the knee with garters of beads four inches broad. Being so far prepared, he drew out his mirror, fitted into a small wooden frame (which he always, whether hunting or at home, carried about his person), and commenced a course of self-examination, such as the severest disciple of Watts, Mason, or any other religious moralist, never equalled. I have repeatedly seen him sit, for above an hour at a time, examining his face in every possible position and expression; now frowning like Homer's Jove before a thunder-storm, now like the same god, described by Milton, 'smiling with superior love,' now slightly varying the streaks of paint upon his cheeks and forehead, and then pushing or pulling 'each particular hair' of his eyebrows into its most becoming place!"

Sanitairish repeatedly warned the whites never to stray from the encampment after dusk. On one occasion only, Mr Murray and Mr V— neglected the caution of the good old chief, and took a rambling walk, which was suddenly interrupted by the accidental sight of an Indian following and watching them, with his bow in his hand, and his quiver full of arrows. The travellers had no arms but knives, and the manner of the savage alarmed them, especially when they remembered the words of Sanitairish. They took the immediate resolution of facing the man, and of keeping close by him, to prevent the use of his arrows, which, from a Pawnee's hand, sometimes go through the body of a buffalo, and stick in the ground beyond. The plan was put in execution, and the Indian was evidently taken by surprise. Under pretence of friendliness, Mr Murray locked his arm in that of the reluctant savage, and led him towards the camp; but not a word would he utter. His eye was troubled, and his whole look villainous. Just when they came within a safe distance of the camp, the Indian broke from them, and they saw him join two or three others couching behind a hillock, from which the whole soon sneaked away. The travellers had no doubt of the man's having been sent after them as a scout, and that robbery, and murder to accomplish it, was their scheme. Various other occurrences showed that the same unscrupulousness was perfectly common among these "hospitable" Pawnees.

We really find that we have occupied nearly the whole of our available space, without giving even a tithe of the interesting matters connected with this romantic expedition, which ended in the return of the party to Fort Leavenburg, amid circumstances of suffering and peril under which most men would have sunk. Their guides deserted them, and Mr Murray had to take that office upon himself. Even when with the Indians, great hardships were endured, food becoming very scarce when buffalo herds were not to be seen, which was often the case. These hardships will be appreciated when we state that the author of this work, a young gentleman trained to the fare of courts,* gives the following account of a meal made by him. When alone, he shot a young bull, and immediately began to cut the strong liide with his knife. "After

an hour's unremitting work, I succeeded, and then went on to open the body. Without much difficulty I got at the liver, and began to eat, certainly more like a wolf, or Indian, than a Christian man. After devouring several large morsels, I saw a hunter coming towards me at full speed. He had been unsuccessful, and was hungry. I was nearly choked with thirst, and, as soon as he arrived, made him signs, that if he would fetch me water, I would give him as much to eat as he chose. He nodded assent. We then took out the bladder of the buffalo; I told him to wash it well, and bring it back full of clear water. He went off at a gallop, and, in about a quarter of an hour, came back, having executed his commission. I cannot say that the water was quite crystal, but I never enjoyed a more delicious meal than this raw liver, and the water, such as it was. The Indian, also, showed me two or three other morsels, which I found excellent; and I strongly recommend to any gentleman who may ever find himself similarly situated, to break a bone, and suck the marrow." He had not tasted food, it ought to be mentioned, for forty-eight hours. This was not his only meal of the kind.

Altogether, the descriptions of Mr Murray show that the savage life is one full of suffering and discomfort to the body; while, to the mind also, it is a state in which few of the better sentiments and nobler faculties can possibly find room for development. The case of the American Indians being almost the only one where it has been doubted that ignorance is but a synonyme for vice and degradation, these volumes, as has been already remarked, tell a beneficial truth to the world. Not having been able to notice any of his observations upon the United States and other places visited by him, we propose to return in an early number to this lively and entertaining work, which is sure to attain an extended and merited popularity.

THE LIFE AND POETRY OF DARWIN.

ERASMUS DARWIN was a native of the village of Elston, near Newark, in the county of Nottingham. He was born in 1731, and, on reaching a suitable age, was sent to the free-school of Chesterfield. His family circumstances were such as to permit him subsequently to enter St John's College, Cambridge, where, having chosen the profession of a physician, he remained long enough to take out a medical degree. He afterwards visited both London and Edinburgh, with the view of completing his studies at the schools of medicine in those cities.

A satisfactory amount of scientific knowledge having been at length acquired, Dr Darwin endeavoured to establish himself as a physician in Nottingham, but, finding his prospects unfavourable, he removed speedily to Litchfield. His settlement in this city took place in the autumn of 1756, when he had just attained the age of twenty-five. Although Darwin, during his academical career, had displayed a strong bent towards literary, and in particular poetical pursuits, he had the prudence and self-command, at the outset of his professional life, to repress such tendencies, or at least to conceal them from the general eye. Devoting himself to his medical duties, his devotion was rewarded by success. A fortunate cure, during his early practice, fixed his reputation in Litchfield; and in 1757, he was united in marriage to a lady, whose extensive connections in the place tended greatly to advance and strengthen his interests. For twenty-three years after his settlement in Litchfield, Dr Darwin (to use the words of Miss Seward, his biographer) kept "himself bound, with the wisdom of Ulysses, to the medical mast, that he might not follow those delusive sirens, the muses, or be considered as their avowed votary." At the same time, neither his poetical talents nor his philosophical acquirements were any secret to the circle of intimate friends whom he loved to assemble at his hospitable board, and with whom he was wont to speculate on the wonders of nature, in the walks and bowers of a little suburban retreat, which he occupied with his family, and which he had adorned with a botanic garden, and other pleasing tokens of his prevailing tastes. Some of Darwin's intimates were men distinguished for ability; and, indeed, Litchfield could boast of a perfect constellation of noted names about this period, though some were but occasional residents. Messrs Bolton and Watt, men linked together in business and in fame, Mr Kier, Dr Small of Birmingham, Mr Edgeworth, father of Maria Edgeworth, Mr Day, author of "Sandford and Merton," and the Swards, father and daughter, may be mentioned as the principal ornaments of what the lady just alluded to styles "the Darwinian sphere." Mechanical philosophy, as is well known, was the favourite study of almost all these individuals, and the subject of our memoir was endowed with congenial propensities. He was perpetually inventing ingenious but whimsical machines, one of which, a carriage, seems to have been faulty at least in its

practical operation, since the inventor was tossed out of it on one occasion, and had his knee-pan broken.

In 1770, Dr Darwin was deprived of his wife, who left him three sons. Some years afterwards, he formed a romantic attachment to a lady whom he had attended in a professional capacity. There is something a little ludicrous in the details of this passion, which Miss Seward calls "Petrarchan," thereby hinting gently at the fact, that the object of the Doctor's flame, like the famous Laura, was originally the wedded wife of another. When it is taken into consideration that Darwin had arrived at the cool period of middle age, and that he was in person and features exceedingly clumsy, coarse, and uncouth, the Platonic agonies which he gave vent to in verse, and poured into the ears of such sympathising friends as Anna Seward, assume, certainly, a character somewhat comic. To do both the lady and her enamoured swain justice, it ought to be mentioned that neither was encouragement given to this passion on the one side, nor was it sought on the other, until the fair object became a widow, by the decease of her husband, Colonel Pole of Radburne Hall, near Derby. Then did the Doctor use all means and appliances, poetical and prosaic, to win the lady's favour. It appears to have been at this stage of the affair that he composed a little poetical epistle, directing his friend Mr Bolton to make a tea-vase for him, as a present for Mrs Pole. The following lines form a portion of it:—

"Friend Bolton, take these ingots fine,
From rich Potosi's sparkling mine;
With nicest art a tea-vase mould,
And where proud Radburne's turrets rise,
To fair Eliza send the prize."

The poet then proceeds to describe the ornamental figures which he desired to have carved on it. Among other objects, he says,

"Let leaves of myrtle round the rim
And rose-buds, twining, shade the brim.
Perch'd on the rising lid above,
Oh! place a love-lorn turtle dove,
With hanging wing, and ruffled plume,
And gasping beak, and eye of gloom."

The tender lover had ultimately no cause to call himself love-lorn. To state the matter seriously, Mrs Pole, though young and wealthy, had the good sense to choose Darwin for his mind and talents, overlooking his years and personal disadvantages. In consequence of this second marriage, which took place in 1780, he removed in the following year from Litchfield to Derby, and from this time forward became the central figure in a larger group of literary and philosophical persons.

Hitherto he had not given the world at large any written evidence of the genius which private friends knew him to possess. But before he left Litchfield, Miss Seward, as we are informed by herself, wrote a complimentary poem of some fifty lines to the Doctor, being moved thereto on beholding for the first time the beauties of his suburban retreat. According to the lady's account, it was this little piece which suggested to Darwin the idea of his poem called the "Botanic Garden;" and a strong proof of the correctness of the statement is derived from the strange fact, that the Doctor adopted these very lines, without acknowledgment, as the basis of the introduction to the first canto of his poem. He perhaps thought that his alterations were sufficient to make the verses his own, but the retention of even one line (and many were retained) ought to have been acknowledged. Passing over this circumstance as the only serious charge of the kind ever brought against Darwin, we find him busily employed at Derby in prosecuting the composition of his poem, and the fruits of his labour were given to the public in 1789. A portion of his "Botanic Garden" was then published, and this portion, rather oddly, was "Part II," entitled the "Loves of the Plants." Miss Seward supposes this inversion of the common rule to have been caused by the author's persuasion, that the "Loves of the Plants" were better fitted to attain immediate popularity than "Part I," which appeared two years afterwards, under the title of the "Economy of Vegetation." Each of these sections of the "Botanic Garden" contained four cantos of considerable length, with numerous and bulky notes.

The general design of the "Botanic Garden," in the author's own words, "was to enlist Imagination under the banner of Science, and to lead her votaries from the looser analogies which dress out the imagery of poetry, to the stricter ones which form the ratiocination of philosophy." The general name of the poem, as well as of its individual parts, by no means indicates the full extent of the subjects comprised in it. Geology, chemistry, mechanical philosophy, and various other departments of science, are treated of at length, under the plea of describing the "operation of all the elements, as far as they may be supposed to affect the growth of vegetables." The plan taken by Darwin to cast the charm of poetry over science, was to call in the aid of the Gnomes, Sylphs, and Nymphs of the old Rosicrucian doctrines, and to paint them as setting at work all the energies of nature, and effecting the changes that take place in the physical world. To a certain extent, at least, this is the plan of the "Botanic Garden;" but the poet also makes use of yet bolder machinery, and gives a *personified* form to plants, and even to the organs of plants—nay, to inert material bodies also, gaseous, liquid, and solid. By these means he endeavours to throw the charm, resulting from a *sense of life and active agency*, over scientific operations that would otherwise appear prosaic and dull in description. Such seems to have been the rationale of the poet's scheme. In the execution of it, he displayed genius of no common

* Mr Murray is son to the late Earl of Dunmore, and nephew to the present Duke of Hamilton. If we are not mistaken, he has stood on more than one occasion (once since his return from America) for the representation of the county of Lanark. At present, he holds the office of *Master* in the Queen's household.

order. We advert not here to the vast amount of scientific and philosophical knowledge which he exhibited, though in this lay much merit, but to the manner in which he combined and moulded his intractable materials into poetry—to his polished and harmonious versification—to his splendid powers of description—and, finally, to his dazzling command of imagery. Glowing and glittering, from beginning to end, with metaphor and allegory, the "Botanic Garden" was at once determined by the public to be the work of a man of high intellectual abilities and attainments.

All these remarks are equally applicable to the "Temple of Nature, or the Origin of Society," Darwin's only subsequent poem of consequence, and which was a posthumous publication. It will now be proper to present some specimens of his poetry; and the passage on the union or marriage of Oxygen with Light may be first given, as exemplifying several of his most striking peculiarities.

" Sylphs! from each sun-bright leaf, that twinkling shakes
O'er earth's green lap, or shoots amid her lakes,
Your playful hands with smirking lips invite,
And wed the enamoured Oxygen to Light.
Round their white necks, with fingers interwove,
Cling the fond pair with unabating love;
Hand linked in hand on buoyant step they rise,
And soar and glisten in unclouded skies."

These few lines present a fair example of the bold personification spoken of—here so bold, indeed, that most readers will peruse the lines twice ere they can believe that the phrase "white necks" alludes to the pair of elements—Mr and Mrs Oxygen. This nuptial picture occurs in the "Economy of Vegetation," but still more daring are the personifications in the "Loves of the Plants," as, for example:

" Night's tinsel beams on smooth Lochlomonid dance;
Impatient Aëra views the bright expanse;
In vain her eyes the passing floods explore,
Wave after wave rolls freightless to the shore.
Now dim amid the distant foam she spies
A form, a speck—" 'Tis he! 'tis he!' she cries;
As with firm arms he beats the streams aside,
And cleaves with rising chest the tossing tide,
With bended knee she prints the humid sands,
Upturns her glistening eyes, and spreads her hands;
—" 'Tis he! 'tis he! my lord, my life, my love!
Slumber, ye winds; ye billows, cease to move!
Beneath his arms your buoyant plumage spread,
Ye swans! ye halcyons, hover round his head!
With eager step the boiling surf she braves,
And meets her reluctant lover in the waves;
Loose o'er the flood her azure mantle swims,
And the clear stream betrays her snowy limbs.
So on her sea-girt tower fair Hero," &c. &c."

Those who are unacquainted with the writings of Darwin will find some difficulty in guessing to what these fine, smooth-flowing, and rather affecting lines refer. Why, the tender Aëra is neither more nor less than an insignificant sort of aquatic fungus, which floats hither and thither on the waters; and the tender lover is but the fecundating portion of the same vegetable, which is also wafted from one place to another by the winds and waves. This fact being known, all sense of the beauty of the description is almost lost in the smile which the forced and violent nature of the personification can scarcely fail to excite. The manner in which the poet indicates the proportionate number of the organs in various plants, is often most ingenious. For example:

" Sweet blooms Genista in the myrtle shade,
And ten fond brothers woo the haughty maid.
Mendia's soft chains sue suppliant beaux confess,
And hand in hand the laughing belle adores."

This simply denotes, that in the *Broom* and *Cowslip* (American), there are, respectively, ten and five stamens.

" Two Knights before thy fragrant altar bend,
Adored Melissa, and two squires attend."

Here it is announced, by the device of introducing the two grades of chivalry, that in the *Balm flower*, two of its four stamens stand higher than the other two.

" Cupressus dark disdains his dusky bride,
One dome contains them, but two beds divide.
The proud Ostrya flies his angry fair,
Two houses hold the fashionable pair."

The first two lines of this quatrain indicate, that, in the case of the cypress, the stamens and pistils are placed on the same plant, but on different flowers; and that, in the instance of the osyris, these organs are on different plants altogether. Such is the mode in which the science of botany is developed in Darwin's "Loves of the Plants." As the quotation respecting the Aëra will partly show, there is much beauty of description interspersed through the whole poem, although a sense of the unnatural, and a feeling of the ludicrous, are too apt to accompany the perusal, from causes already pointed out.

In the first section of the Botanic Garden, termed the "Economy of Vegetation," Darwin had the more difficult task of throwing into verse the arcana of chemistry, and other sciences loaded with technicalities; yet he got over this obstacle admirably, both as regarded the perfect expression of the sense, and the preservation of ease and harmony of versification. The fact that metallic veins are for the most part found in cracks of the primary rocks, is told in these lines:—

" Gnomes! you then taught volcanic airs to force
Through bubbling lavas their resistless course,
O'er the broad walls of rifted granite climb,
And pierce the rent roof of incumbent lime,
Round sparry caves metallic lusters fling,
And bear phlogiston on their tepid wing."

Hence glow, refulgent tin, thy crystal grains,
And tawny copper shoots her azure veins;
Zinc lines his fretted vault with sable ore,
And dull galena tessellates the floor;
On vermeil beds in Idria's mighty caves,
The living silver rolls its ponderous waves;
With gay refractions bright platina shines,
And studs with squander'd stars his ducky mines;
Long threads of netted gold, and silvery darts,
Inlay the lazuli, and pierce the quartz—
Whence, roof'd with silver, beam'd Peru of old,
And hapless Mexico was paved with gold."

The same polish and glitter pervade the whole poem, and, through this cause, the reader is soon conscious of a wearisome sameness. The structure of the lines, also, is deficient in variety. The subjoined instances, taken from the single page now open before us, exemplify Darwin's favourite form of line.

" Cleaves the dark air, and asks no star but thee."
" Strain their blue eyes, and shriek along the shore."
" Sound their loud conch, and smooth the circling waves."

This double use of the verb in one line is not more common with the poet, than the custom of making the verb precede its noun. In the four lines that follow, there are two instances of this peculiarity.

" Quick whirls the wheel, the ponderous hammer falls,
Loud anvils ring amid the trembling walls,
Strokes follow strokes, the sparkling ingot shines,
Flows the red slag, the lengthening bar refines."

The ear longs in vain for some variety in the pauses. In the whole of Darwin's poetry, we have not been able to notice one single period, or even a semicolon, occurring in the course of a line. This is the more remarkable, as his predecessors, Milton and Dryden, had so finely displayed the beauty and force of such occasional stops or rests. But of all the peculiarities of Darwin's poetry, the most tiresome is the unvarying form in which the illustrations are introduced. The statement of every natural truth is followed by an illustrative similitude, beginning, uniformly and unchangeably, with "So the," &c., or "Thus the," &c. Yet these passages are the finest in his poems. We may aptly conclude our quotations with one episode in honour of Brindley, the canal constructor, a man of great skill in his profession, and so enthusiastically fond of it, that on being asked by a parliamentary committee what he conceived to be the use and design of rivers, he replied, "to feed navigable canals." Addressing his fanciful nymphs, the poet says,

" Your virgin trains on Brindley's cradle smiled,
And nursed with fairy-love the unlettered child,
Spread round his pillow all your sacred spells,
Pierced all your springs, and opened all your wells.
As now on grass, with glossy folds revealed,
Glides the bright serpent, now in flowers concealed;
Far shine the scales that gild his sinuous back,
And lucid undulations mark his track;
So with strong arm immortal Brindley leads
His long canals, and parts the velvet meads;
Winding in lucid lines, the watery mass
Mines the firm rock, or loads the deep morass,
With rising locks a thousand hills alarms,
Flings o'er a thousand streams its silver arms,
Feeds the long vale, the nodding woodland laves,
And plenty, arts, and commerce, freight the waves."

A prose work from the pen of Dr Darwin appeared in two separate parts, in the years 1794 and 1799. This was his "Zoonomia," a treatise which had for its object "to reduce the facts relating to animal life into classes, orders, genera, and species, and by comparing them with each other, to unravel the theory of diseases." On this production the labour of twenty years had been expended, and it exhibited great ingenuity, learning, and research; but the principles developed in it were too hypothetical, and even fantastical, to stand the test of sober and close examination. Another prose work, styled "Phytologia, or the Philosophy of Agriculture and Gardening," possesses similar merits, and is liable to the like objections. A short "Treatise on Female Education" was the only other prose composition of any note which Darwin produced.

The subject of this memoir remained at Derby for the remainder of his life. He died there in April 1802, when he had attained the age of 71. Six children were the issue of his second marriage. It was in the course of the year following his death that the "Temple of Nature" was published. The world did not receive it with the same applause as had been bestowed on the "Botanic Garden," and, indeed, the author himself had lived to witness a considerable decline in the popularity of even the latter and greater poem. Its tinsel and ornament, though captivating at first, did not stand the ordeal of reflection and re-examination. Perhaps the numerous parodies which the strongly marked peculiarities of Darwin's style called forth from "wicked wits," had some share in changing the public taste. His personifications, and his trick of giving precedence to the verb, are well hit off in the following lines, descriptive of a boat passing, or, in waterman's phrase, shooting, London Bridge:—

" So thy dark arches, London Bridge, bestride
Indignant Thames, and part his angry tide;
There oft returning from those green retreats,
Where fair Vauxhallia decks her sylvan seats,
Where each spruce nymph, from city counters free,
Sips the frothed syllabub or fragrant tea,
While, with sliced ham, scraped beef, and burnt champagne,
Her pretence lover soothes his amorous pain;
There oft, in well-trim'd galley, glide along,
Smart beaux and giggling belles, a glittering throng;
Smells the tarred rope—with undulation fine,
Flaps the loose sail—the stikon awnings shine;
" Shoot we the bridge!" the venturesome boatmen cry,
" Shoot we the bridge!" the exulting fare reply."

But the pitiless parodist makes the boat *strike* the bridge, and then

"Laughs the glad Thames, and clasps each fair one's charms,
That streams and struggles in his cozy arms."

It has been often said that the highest order of poetry is most capable of successful parody. The rule, it is to be feared, is not perfectly applicable in this instance, but Dr Darwin's admirers are welcome to give him the benefit of it.

STORY OF SIR ROBERT INNES.

EARLY in the past century, a young gentleman, Robert Innes, fell heir to the baronetcy of Orton, a title of some standing in his name and family. By a concurrence of adverse circumstances, not one rood of land, nor any property whatever, followed the destination of the titular honours. This was particularly hard in his case, as he had received a liberal education, and such a general training, in short, as is usually bestowed on heirs presumptive or apparent to titles that have a substantial amount of acres appended to them. After this statement, it is scarcely necessary to say, that Robert Innes was brought up to no useful art or profession by which a livelihood might be won.

Few situations could be more painful than that in which the young baronet found himself when he acquired the right to place before his name the important monosyllable which entitled him to hold a prominent place in society, while at the same time he was totally devoid of the means of maintaining that place with fitting credit and respectability. It is true that, having enjoyed various opportunities of viewing the ways of high life, he knew very well that many needy fashionables, and even men of title, contrive to pass their lives in apparent ease and splendour, by clinging tenaciously to the skirts of wealthy relatives and friends, or by preying on strangers not sufficiently experienced or sage to be secure against the toils of the high-bred sharper or jockey. Sir Robert Innes knew that men in the like circumstances with himself lived, nay flourished, after this manner and fashion; but he was endowed with a spirit too honourable and manly not to revolt at the thought of eating the bread either of swindling or of servility. He therefore felt his position to be one of extreme difficulty, and was for a time altogether at a loss how to procure his maintenance, in a manner consistent with the preservation, not of his rank and dignity, but simply of honesty and independence of character. It may well be believed that he envied the craftsmanship even of the humblest artisan, who had learned to look to his hands, and his hands alone, for subsistence. But all trades, arts, and professions, seemed in a measure closed against Sir Robert, since he possessed not the necessary means to train himself for any particular employment, even if that could have been effectively done at the comparatively advanced period of life which he had attained. One profession only, if it may be properly so called, remained open to him, namely, the profession of arms, and to this the young baronet naturally turned his attention. Had he besieged the doors of those who had known his family in better days, he might possibly have at once entered the military service in a station corresponding with his social rank; but the risk of encountering scornful refusals, and other such-like fears and feelings, caused the indigent baronet to shrink from becoming a petitioner, desirable as it would have been to attain the object in question. He therefore preserved the independence which he loved, by entering the British army in the capacity of a private soldier. The — dragoons was the body in which he enrolled himself, retaining his own name, but dropping, of course, the title which had descended to him from his ancestors.

In this condition Sir Robert Innes remained for a considerable time, fulfilling regularly and peacefully the duties imposed upon him, and giving no expression to the regrets which could not but occasionally arise in the breast of one moving in a sphere so far below that to which he was suited by birth and education. The monotonous tenor of his life was at length broken in upon in an unexpected and remarkable way. While standing sentry one evening at the quarters of Colonel Winram, the commander of the regiment, he was accosted by a stranger, apparently an officer of another regiment, who inquired if the colonel was at that moment engaged. The sentinel courteously answered that he believed he was, but probably would soon be at leisure, and then recommenced his short perambulations. The stranger followed, and continued the conversation, in order, ostensibly, to while away

the time, until the colonel should be at liberty to receive him, but in reality to satisfy himself on a point of curiosity which had sprung up in his mind. We shall not say more respecting this conversation, than that it served, by its tenor, as far as correct expression and judicious remark on the part of the young soldier were concerned, to confirm the stranger in the suspicion to which some glimmering recollection of features had given rise. When the gentleman who had been in conference with Colonel Winram was seen to depart, the stranger took leave of the sentinel, and entered the commandant's quarters.

"Colonel," said the officer, after paying his respects on entrance, "you are at present more highly honoured in one point than many crowned heads, though you may not be aware of it." "How may this be, my good friend?" asked the veteran. "In respect of your attendant sentry," said the officer; "few princes can boast of a more honourable guard than the one now pacing backwards and forwards in front of your quarters." The old colonel was surprised at the grave assertion of his visitor. "What mean you?" said he; "you seem serious, and yet there can be nobody now on duty as sentry but one of the common soldiers of the corps, who have all been heretofore over and over again." "This may be," returned the visitor; "but I still assure you that you have a rare and remarkable guard of honour at present, in as far as you have a Scottish knight baronet, of old creation, standing sentry at your threshold." "Bless my heart, do you really say so?" exclaimed Colonel Winram, who, though a worthy man and an approved soldier, carried his veneration for titles and family honours somewhat to excess. "A man of title doing duty in the ranks of my corps!" continued the veteran; "how, in the name of wonder, came this about, and how did you discover it?" "I had seen Sir Robert Innes several years ago, before he came to the title, and while its late possessor still retained enough of the family property to keep himself and his heir in tolerable condition as far as appearances went. When it was discovered, on the accession of this young gentleman, that his ancestral possessions had long been in the deceptive condition of a husk with the kernel gone, many individuals who had known Robert Innes, and had admired his manly and virtuous character, were anxious to aid and befriend him; but the youth disappeared suddenly from society, and the rumour went that he had entered the army. Having heard of this report, I was much struck to-night by the look and bearing of the sentry whom I saw at your porch, and a closer examination satisfied me that the soldier was indeed no other than Sir Robert Innes of Orton."

"Gracious powers! can this be true?" exclaimed the veteran, and moved hastily to a window from which he could command a view of his titled sentinel. Being over and over again assured by his friend that the young soldier was no other than the person who had been described, he immediately gave orders to have another private brought on duty, and the hero of our tale ushered into his presence. When the young man appeared before his commander, the latter plainly and candidly stated what had been communicated to him, and asked if it was true that he really addressed Sir Robert Innes. The youth, after colouring a little from surprise, and partly, perhaps, from other feelings, owned that the information given to the colonel was correct, and that he was really Sir Robert Innes. Colonel Winram was silent for a few moments, and then said, "Believe me, young gentleman, when I ask you to inform me personally of the true motives which induced you to enter the ranks, I have a sincere wish to serve you, and am not actuated by mere curiosity." Sir Robert answered his commander by simply stating, that, finding himself possessed of a title without any of the requisite means for supporting it creditably, he had been under the necessity of quitting the society of his equals in station, but superiors in point of fortune. "I close," said he, not without a degree of honourable pride, "to enter on the humble yet independent condition of a common soldier, rather than make any attempt at gaining a maintenance in my own degree, by drawing on the bounty of others, and eating what must have been, at best, the bread of dependence."

A tear trickled down the brown cheek of the old colonel, as he listened to the explanation. "I admire your candour, sir," said the veteran, "and I honour your sentiments. You must be replaced in your proper station—in that station to which you were born, Sir Robert, and to which you will be a credit and an ornament. Thank heaven, I have interest enough, I think, to procure you a cornetcy; and a cornetcy of British horse is a fitting station for any one—for the first noble in the land." The poor young soldier, in whose fortunes a great change was thus unexpectedly promised, could scarcely find language to thank his warm-hearted benefactor and commander. But the colonel did not give himself time to listen to thanks. "I think I am sure of the cornetcy on application," continued he; "but, at the worst, I can procure your discharge, and do something for you in other ways." Pursuing his kindly intentions farther, the colonel gave our hero a temporary release from regimental duty, and invited him to dinner on the following day, offering him for this purpose the use of a spare suit of plain clothes from his own wardrobe. Sir Robert joyfully accepted the invitation, but de-

clined the use of the colonel's wardrobe, as he had chanced to retain a suit of his own, which was still capable of making a respectable appearance.

The young baronet dined with his commanding officer, not once, but again and again; for the cornetcy of horse was obtained for Sir Robert Innes, and he became daily a greater and greater favourite with Colonel Winram, who found his protégé fulfil all the high promise that had appeared in him at their first interview. Handsome, well bred, and accomplished in all the qualifications of a gentleman, Sir Robert was indeed very generally esteemed by his brother officers and all who met him in society. It was barely possible, however, for any one to view him with the measureless partiality of the old colonel, and of this the following conclusive occurrence will give ample proof. After the new cornet had held his station for some months, the veteran asked his youthful friend to join him in an excursion to the country. The request was of course cheerfully complied with, and the pair set out in the colonel's carriage. After they had gone a considerable way, the colonel told Sir Robert that his daughter and only child was then, for the completion of her education, residing at a neighbouring boarding-school, and that he was going to visit her. The boarding-school was accordingly reached, and Sir Robert in due time had the honour of being introduced to the only child of his benefactor. She was a young lady in the very spring of womanhood, and beautiful in countenance, though the full graces of her person were scarcely yet developed. The Scottish baronet thought to himself that he had scarcely ever seen filial affection under a more captivating aspect than when Miss Winram, unconscious of a stranger's presence, ran into the room to welcome her father, whose carriage she had seen at a little distance. In short, Sir Robert Innes thought the daughter of his old friend the most charming girl he had yet seen, and the impression was not decreased by her modest, yet lively and intelligent conversation. When the visit drew to an end, he was even a little discomposed, while the veteran exhibited a more open degree of parting sadness. The young lady also looked regretful, but that of course was accounted for as relating to the departure of her father.

The colonel and his young friend were not very communicative for some space. At length the colonel half unconsciously exclaimed, "She is much improved," to which the other, with equal absence of mind, replied, "She is quite lovely." The easy manner in which the stream of talk from the lips of each, thus set in motion, ran into one channel, showed on what subject their thoughts had been bent. "Do you really like her?" said the colonel abruptly, turning to his companion. Sir Robert blushed, and stammered a little as he replied, "I—I admire her much—it is impossible for any one not to do so, even on seeing Miss Winram for so short a time as I did." The colonel no doubt heard this answer, but he pursued his own train of thought and reasoning. "Because," said he, "if you do like her, I think she might do worse than take you for a husband." The young man was completely stunned for the moment by this most unlooked-for overture. He could not believe that the veteran meant to sport with his feelings, yet some such notion suggested in part the answer which he gave to the colonel, after a pretty lengthened pause. "Colonel Winram," said he, "I am poor—penurious—and you are wealthy. All I have I owe to you, but—" The veteran somewhat impatiently interrupted the baronet. "Well, well, that is exactly what I am thinking of. Margery happens to have a neat enough little fortune of her own, the bequest of a deceased aunt, and you have a title; a fair equivalent. I have always honoured ancestral dignities, at least when borne by such as yourself, whom I already love as a son. My girl has been a good—a very good daughter, and will be a good wife. So again I say, if you like her—" While the words were yet on his lips, fortune, or chance, or farmer Thorpe of the Grange's boy Giles, suddenly gave an unexpected turn to affairs, by sending a troop of yearling cattle scampering into the highway, from the open gate of a park. The horses of the colonel's carriage were startled, and by their sudden bound aside, the reins were twined from the coachman's hands. Feeling no control, the alarmed horses sprang forward at full speed, but they went no great way, ere their divergence from the mid line caused a violent overturn of the vehicle into a shallow side-ditch. The inmates, who had travelled in barouche fashion, were thrown clear out upon one side of the road—which, fortunately, was a grass common. The coachman and Sir Robert Innes, being both of light frames, were very little injured, but the poor veteran's fall was a heavy and severe one. He lay at first perfectly insensible, with his usually ruddy complexion changed to an ashy whiteness. In a few minutes, however, he regained his consciousness, and in some degree his bodily strength, but complained much of pain in his chest and shoulder. Sir Robert, as may be supposed, was greatly agitated, and at a loss how to get his kind friend within reach of immediate advice and assistance. But the coachman was able, happily, to get the horses quieted and the coach raised with the baronet's assistance, and it was resolved to move slowly backward to the boarding-school, from which they were only a mile and a half distant.

The distress of Miss Winram, on seeing her kind-hearted father return so unexpectedly and in such a condition, was extreme, and her solicitude was fully

participated by her instructress, Mrs Batty, who instantly dispatched a messenger for the surgeon of the district. This functionary soon arrived, and relieved a material portion of the pain suffered by the veteran, who, however, continued to be very feeble, and was besides discovered to have fractured one of his ribs. He occupied a sickbed for several weeks. In that time, he had such a nurse in his daughter, as often made him weep tears of gratitude to heaven for its kindness in giving her to him. Our readers may well imagine that such a spectacle as this was a dangerous one for our Scottish knight, who had also continued in attendance. In truth, this young gentleman surrendered his whole heart to the veteran's daughter, and did it willingly and consciously, having no alloy in his hopes for the future, excepting in as far as the state of the young lady's affections was unknown to him. But in his capacity of occasional attendant on the veteran, the young baronet appeared in almost as favourable a light to Miss Winram, as she did to him, and this was soon brought to decisive proof. One day, when the old gentleman was clearly and rapidly in a way of recovery, he insisted upon the two young people taking the recreation of a walk, of which, he said, he was sure that Margery at least was greatly in need, after so much confinement. The young lady would have hesitated, but was overpowered by her father, who, while she was putting on her bonnet in her own room, hastily said to his young favourite, "She loves you, my dear boy; I have noticed her feelings and her looks at your goings and comings. She loves you, and you say you now adore her—is that the word? Ask her at once to marry you, then; and, what is more, persuade her to be the breaker of the matter to me. Gratify me in this, my dear fellow, though it is only a sort of whim that has come into my head."

Sir Robert Innes found that the little heathen gentleman with the wings—whose name has been so long hackneyed and profaned in our literature, that the very mention of it now, in prose or verse, is almost to ensure certain ridicule and condemnation, and whom, therefore, we shall leave our readers to name for themselves—had made such conclusive preparatory way in his favour, that he had no difficulty in winning from Margery Winram an acknowledgment of reciprocal regard and affection. It was rather more difficult to make her the bearer of the news to her father. "My dear Miss Winram," said the young baronet, "I am poor—indeed, utterly penniless. I owe to your noble-hearted father my recovered station, and all that is now prized by me. The thought that he should regard me—his dependent almost—as having insidiously stolen the affections of his daughter—" "Have you not?" interrupted Miss Winram, archly but blushing. "Dearest Margery," replied Sir Robert, ardently, "this indirect confession is more delightful than the other! But, listen to me. You know what feelings I would express, and what are the motives that lead me most earnestly to wish you should appear, as far as possible, to be acting from your own unbiassed will and choice. Grant me, dear Miss Winram, this one request." The lover prevailed, and the lady took upon her the task of hinting, at least, the state of their mutual affections to her invalid parent.

It was after anxiously arranging his pillow, and taking her own seat a little behind the curtain of his couch, that Miss Winram began to her promised disclosure. Her air and looks announced perfectly to the gratified veteran that the time was come. He resolved to help her a little. "You are now getting quite a great girl—I beg pardon, I should have said quite a grown-up young lady, Margery." "Yes, papa," said the daughter eagerly, falling at once into the toils; "I am now within two months and four days of eighteen, and at that age—nay, seven days less—Miss Tipper was married out of this very house." "And has she been happy?" "Oh yes," replied Miss Winram, "very, very happy." "But you, you giddy little thing, have never been so long serious at any time as to think of marriage, I suppose," was the veteran's leading rejoinder. "Oh yes, papa," replied the daughter, "I have thought of it a little." "Then tell me, to amuse me, what kind of husband you would prefer; I mean, as to his looks and his character, and such points. Tell me your ideas, Margery, about these particulars," said the veteran. The daughter paused a moment ere she began. "I should wish him, first of all, to be a person liked by you, papa. (Well hit, thought the old colonel.) I should wish him to be fair in complexion, with blue eyes and brown hair; and to be handsome, good-natured, intelligent, and a soldier, like my dear papa." "Why, girl, you are describing Robert Innes." The young lady rose, and stooped till her face was near the veteran's shoulder. "Yes, dear father, it is Sir Robert Innes who was in my mind," said she. "We love one another. Will you break your poor Margery's heart or not, papa?" "No, God bless thee, my sweet and innocent one, I will not," exclaimed the veteran, moved to tears.

Our story now draws to a close. The marriage took place as soon as the veteran could leave his couch, and the career of the young Scottish knight, whom our narrative took up in so unpromising a condition, was, by the remarkable incidents detailed, rendered one of much happiness throughout the whole of its after-duration. His beautiful lady brought him one sole child and daughter, whose personal charms in time attracted the admiration of the noblest in the land. One suitor for her hand was a gentleman who after-

wards acceded to the title of Duke of Roxburgh; but, eventually, Miss Innes of Orton became the wife of the sixteenth Lord Forbes. Her son is the present possessor of that ancient title, and of her daughters one became Duchess of Athol, and another the wife of Sir John Hay of Hayston.

This history would be thought one of Fiction's pleasant improbabilities, if told in the pages of a novel. We assure our readers, however, that the main incidents in the narrative have been described to us, upon good authority, as being perfectly true.

THE KENT DISTURBANCES.

FIRST ARTICLE.

THE extraordinary transactions in Kent in May 1838 broke upon the public ear with a startling novelty, and for a time excited much attention. But the discussions to which these transactions led were in general directed to points of minor consequence: in the House of Commons, for instance, the only thing apparently considered of any importance was the question—who had the blame of letting the leader out of his cell in the lunatic asylum! Since then the matter has been taken up in its true light, as an astounding revelation of the intellectual and moral condition of the humbler classes of English rural society. At the request of the Central Society of Education, Mr F. Liardet visited the district where the events took place, for the purpose of ascertaining, as far as possible, what was that condition; and the result of his inquiries has just been given to the world in an elaborate paper in the third volume of the publication issued by the society. We propose here to give two papers on the subject—the first a detail of the transactions, compiled with care from the best accounts published in the contemporary journals, and the second an abridgement of Mr Liardet's report. The first is probably necessary in a great measure to a thorough understanding of the second, and perhaps it may also have some utility as a permanently accessible record of what we cannot but consider as one of the most remarkable domestic events of modern times.

The hero of the Kent disturbances was John Nicolls Thoms, the son of a small farmer and maltster at St Columb in Cornwall. He appears to have entered life as cellarman to a wine-merchant in Truro. Succeding to his master's business, he conducted it for three or four years, when his warehouse was destroyed by fire, and he received £3000 in compensation from an insurance company. Since then, during more than ten years, he had been in no settled occupation. In the year 1833, he appeared as a candidate, successively for the representation of Canterbury and East Kent, taking the title of Sir William Percy Honeywood Courtenay, Knight of Malta and King of Jerusalem, and further representing himself as the owner by birth-right of several estates in Kent. His fine person and manners, and the eloquent appeals he made to popular feeling, secured him a certain degree of favour, but were not sufficient to gain for an obscure adventurer a preferment usually reserved for persons possessing local importance and undoubted fortune. Though baffled in this object, he continued to address the populace as their peculiar friend, and kept up a certain degree of influence amongst them. He is supposed to have connected himself also with a number of persons engaged in the contraband trade, as, in July 1833, he made an appearance in a court of law on behalf of the crew of a smuggling vessel, when he conducted himself in such a way as to incur a charge of perjury. He was consequently condemned to transportation for seven years, but, on a showing of his insanity, was committed to permanent confinement in a lunatic asylum, from which he was discharged a few months before his death, on a supposition that he might safely be permitted to mingle once more in society.

Thoms now resumed his intercourse with the populace, whose opinion of him was probably rather elevated than depressed by his having suffered from his friendship for the smugglers. He repeated his old stories of being a man of high birth, and entitled to some of the finest estates in Kent. He sided with them in their dislike of the new regulations for the poor, and led them to expect that whatever he should recover of his birthright, should be as much for their interest as his own. There were two or three persons of substance who were so far deluded by him as to lend him considerable sums of money. Latterly, pretensions of a more mysterious nature mingled in the ravings of this madman; and he induced a general belief amongst the ignorant peasantry around Canterbury, that he was either the Saviour of mankind sent anew upon earth, or a being of the same order, and commissioned for similar purposes. One of his followers, when asked, after his death, by the correspondent of a newspaper, how he could put faith in such a man, answered in language of the following tenor:—"Oh, sir, he could turn any one that once listened to him whatever way he liked, and make them believe what he pleased. He had a tongue which a poor man could not get over, and a learned man could not gainsay, although standing before him. He puzzled all the lawyers in Canterbury, and they confessed that he knew more of

law than all put together. You could not always understand what he said, but when you did, it was beautiful, and wonderful, and powerful, just like his eyes; and then his voice was so sweet! And he was such a grand gentleman, and sometimes latterly such an awful man, and looked so terrible if any one ventured to oppose him, that he carried all before him. Then again he was so charitable! While he had a shilling in his pocket, a poor man never should want. And then such expectations as he had, and which nobody could deny! He had papers to prove himself to be either the heir or right possessor of Powderham Castle, and Evington, and Nash Court, and Chilham Castle, and all the estates of the families of the Courtenays, the Percies, and Honeywoods, and of Sir Edward Hales, and Sir Thomas Hindlay, more than I can tell you. And there was Mr — of Boughton, who lent him £200 on his title-deeds, and the waiter of the — Hotel in Canterbury, who lent him £73, besides other respectable people throughout the county, who let him have as much money on his estates as he pleased, and have kept up a subscription for him ever since he was sent back to jail in 1833, about the smugglers he befriended. And at that same time it was well known that he need not have gone to prison unless he liked, for the very ladies of Canterbury would have rescued him, only he forbade them, and said the law should be fulfilled. I myself saw them kissing his hand and his clothes in hundreds that day, and there was one woman that could not reach him with a glass of cordial gin; she threw it into his mouth, and blessed him, and bade him keep a bold heart, and he should yet be free, and King of Canterbury!"

It is further to be observed that the aspect of the man was imposing. His height approached six feet. His features were regular and beautiful, a broad fair forehead, aquiline nose, small well-cut mouth, and full rounded chin. The only defect of his person was a somewhat short neck; but his shoulders were broad, and he possessed uncommon personal strength. Some curious significations of the enthusiasm he had excited were afterwards observed in the shape of scribbles on the walls of a barn. On the left side of the door were the following sentences:—"If you new he was on earth, your harts Wod turn;" "But dont Wate to late;" "They how R."* On the right side were the following:—"O that great day of judgement is close at hand;" "It now peeps in the dor every man according to his works;" "Our rites and liberties We Will have."

On Monday, the 28th of May, the phrensy of Thoms and his followers seems to have reached its height. With twenty or thirty persons, in a kind of military order, he went about for three days amongst the farm-houses in Boughton, Sittingbourne, Boulton, and other villages in the vicinity of Canterbury, receiving and paying for refreshment. One woman sent her son to him, with a "mother's blessing," as to join in some great and laudable work. He proclaimed a great meeting for the ensuing Sunday, which he said was to be "a glorious but bloody day." At one of the places where he ordered provisions for his followers, it was in these words, "Feed my sheep." To convince his disciples of his divine commission, he is said to have pointed his pistol at the stars, and told them that he would make them fall from their spheres. He then fired at some star, and his pistol having been rammed down with tow steeped in oil, and sprinkled over with steel filings, produced, on being fired, certain bright sparkles of light, which he immediately said were falling stars. On another occasion he went away from his followers with a man of the name of Wills, and two others of the rioters, saying to them, "Do you stay here, whilst I go yonder," pointing to a bean-stack, "and strike the bloody blow." When they arrived at the stack, to which they marched with a flag, the flag-bearer laid his flag on the ground, and knelt down to pray. The other then put in, it is said, a lighted match; but Thoms seized it, and forbade it to burn, and the fire was not kindled. This, on their return to the company, was announced as a miracle.

On Wednesday evening he stopped at the farm-house of Bossenden, where the farmer Culver, finding that his men were seduced by the impostor from their duty, sent for constables to have them apprehended. Two brothers, named Mears, and another man, accordingly, went next morning, but on their approach Thoms shot Nicolas Mears dead with a pistol, and aimed a blow at his brother with a dagger, whereupon the two survivors instantly fled. At an early hour he was abroad with his followers, to the number of about forty, in Bossenden or Bleanwoods, which were to have been the scene of the great demonstration on Sunday; and a newspaper correspondent reports the following particulars of the appearance and doings of the fanatics at this place, from a woodcutter, who was following his business at the spot:—"Thoms undertook to administer the sacrament in bread and water to the deluded men who followed him. He told them on this occasion, as he did on many others, that there was great oppression in the land, and indeed throughout the world; but that if they would follow him, he would lead them on to glory. He depicted the gentry as great oppressors, threatened to deprive them of their estates, and talked of partitioning these into farms of forty or fifty acres among those who followed him. He told them he had come to earth on a cloud, and

that on a cloud he should some day be removed from them; that neither bullets nor weapons could injure him or them, if they had but faith in him as their Saviour; and that if ten thousand soldiers came against them, they would either turn to their side or fall dead at his command. At the end of his harangue, Alexander Foad, whose jaw was afterwards shot off by the military, knelt down at his feet and worshipped him; so did another man of the name of Brankford. Foad then asked Thoms, whether he should follow him in the body, or go home and follow him in heart. To this Thoms replied, 'Follow me in the body.' Foad then sprang on his feet in an ecstasy of joy, and with a voice of great exultation exclaimed, 'Oh, be joyful! Oh, be joyful! The Saviour has accepted me. Go on—go on; till I drop I'll follow thee!' Brankford also was accepted as a follower, and exhibited the same enthusiastic fervour. At this time his denunciations against those who should desert him were terrific. Fire would come down from heaven and consume them in this world, and in the next eternal damnation was to be their doom. His eye gleamed like a bright coal whilst he was scattering about these awful menaces. The woodcutter was convinced that, at that moment, Thoms would have shot any man dead who had ventured to quit his company. After this mockery of religion was completed, the woodcutter went to Thoms, shook hands with him, and asked him if it was true that he had shot the constable. 'Yes,' replied Thoms, coolly, 'I did shoot the vagabond, and I have eaten a hearty breakfast since. I was only executing upon him the justice of heaven, in virtue of the power which God has given me.'

The two repulsed constables had immediately proceeded to Faversham, for the purpose of procuring fresh warrants and the necessary assistance. A considerable party of magistrates and other individuals now advanced to the scene of the murder, and about mid-day (Thursday, May 31) approached Thoms's party at a place called the Osier-bed, where the Rev. Mr Handley, the clergyman of the parish and a magistrate, used every exertion to induce the deluded men to surrender themselves, but in vain. Thoms defied the assailants, and fired at Mr Handley, who then deemed it necessary to obtain military aid before attempting further proceedings. A detachment of the forty-fifth regiment, consisting of a hundred men, was brought from Canterbury, under the command of Major Armstrong. A young officer, Lieutenant Bennett, who belonged to another regiment, and was at Canterbury on furlough, proposed, under a sense of duty, to accompany the party, on the condition that he should be allowed to return before six o'clock to dine with some friends. At the approach of the military, Thoms and his men took up a position in Bossenden Wood, between two roads. Major Armstrong divided his men into two bodies, of equal numbers, that the wood might be penetrated from both of these roads at once, so as to enclose the rioters: the one party he took command of himself; the other was placed under the charge of Lieutenant Bennett. The magistrates, who accompanied the party, gave orders to the officers to take Courtenay, as Thoms was usually called, dead or alive, and as many of his men as possible. The two parties then advanced into the wood by opposite paths, and soon came within sight of each other, close to the place where the fanatics were posted. A magistrate in Armstrong's party endeavoured to address the rioters, and induce them to surrender; but while he was speaking, the unfortunate Bennett had rushed upon his fate. He had advanced, attended by a single private, probably for the purpose of calling upon the insurgents to submit, when the madman who led them advanced to meet him, and Major Armstrong had just time to exclaim, "Bennett, fall back," when Thoms fired a pistol at him within a few yards of his body. Bennett had apprehended his danger, and had his sword raised to defend himself from the approaching maniac: a momentary collision did take place between him and his slayer, but the shot had lodged with fatal effect in his side, and he fell from his horse, a dead man. Thoms fought for a few seconds with others of the assailants, but was prostrated by the soldier attending Mr Bennett, who sent a ball through his brain. The military party then poured in a general discharge of fire-arms on the followers of the impostor, of whom nine were killed and others severely wounded, one so fatally as to expire afterwards. A charge was made upon the remainder by the surviving officer, and they were speedily overpowered and taken into custody.

A reporter for the Morning Chronicle, who was immediately after on the spot where this sad tragedy was acted, gave the following striking account of the local feeling on the occasion:—"The excitement which prevails here, in Boulton, the scene of the murder of Lieutenant Bennett, and of the punishment of his assassins, and the wretched peasantry who were deluded and misled by Courtenay, exceeds any thing I ever before witnessed. It was evident upon listening to the observations of the peasantry, especially of the females, that the men who have been shot are regarded by them as martyrs, while their leader was considered and is venerated as a species of divinity. The rumour amongst them is, that 'he is to rise again on Sunday.' Incredible as it may appear, I have been assured of this as a positive fact with respect to the utter folly and madness of the lower orders here. A more convincing proof of the fanaticism that prevails cannot

* Apparently, *They who err*.

be afforded, than the fact that a woman [by name Sarah Culver] was apprehended yesterday, who was discovered washing the face of Courtenay, and endeavouring to pour some water between his lips. She, upon being interrogated, declared that she had that day followed him for more than half a mile with a pail of water, and her reason for it was, that he had desired her, if he should happen to be killed, to put some water between his lips, and he would rise again in a month! One of the prisoners, Wills, who had received a slight wound from Major Armstrong, the commander of the party, told him that he and the other men who were with Courtenay would have attacked two thousand soldiers, as they were persuaded by Courtenay that they could not be shot, and it was under this impression they were determined upon fighting."

Another local observer reports:—"Such is the veneration in which numbers here hold Thoms, that various sums of money have been offered to obtain a lock of his hair, and a fragment of the blood-stained shirt in which he died. The women, with whom he was a prodigious favourite, seek these relics with the greatest avidity, and are described as receiving them with the most enthusiastic devotion." We are also told that the clergyman who officiated at his interment deemed it prudent to omit the usual allusions to the resurrection, from a fear of encouraging the delusion in which the populace still remained respecting him.

Two of the rioters were tried at Maidstone, August 9, on the charge of being principals with Thoms in the murder of Nicolas Mears, and found guilty. Eight were tried on the ensuing day, charged with the murder of Lieutenant Bennett; they pleaded guilty, and received the appropriate sentence. It was, however, thought proper that capital punishment should not be inflicted on these men, seeing that they had been acting under infatuation.

EXTRAORDINARY ADVENTURES OF WILLIAM RINKLE.

In the London papers, a few weeks ago, appeared a report respecting an application made by one William Rinkle to a metropolitan magistrate for advice and assistance under very extraordinary circumstances—so extraordinary, that the case appears to merit a more durable chronicling than that of the newspapers:—

"Rinkle stated that in the month of March 1832, he sailed from the port of London in a South Sea whaler, belonging to a very respectable firm in Rotherhithe. The ship had been at sea about fourteen months, when the crew were fortunate enough to meet with two whales. After the whales had been killed, all hands were busily employed in securing the blubber, when an accident happened to him of a very serious nature. The spade he was using slipped, and cut one of his feet very severely. One main artery was severed, and he bled so profusely that he was obliged to leave off work. He was conveyed below, and the captain and mate soon afterwards came to him, and accused him of cutting himself to escape his share of the labour. He indignantly repelled the accusation, and displayed his foot, which was in such a state that he could not stand. Some words arose, and the mate gave him a severe blow on the head, which stunned him. On recovering his senses, he was conveyed to the after-hatchway, where he was confined as a close prisoner for two months, and was fed on a scanty allowance of bread and water. During this period he suffered the most dreadful torture from the wound in his foot, owing to improper treatment and neglect. A lock-jaw ensued, and it was necessary to force open his mouth with an iron spoon, to enable him to swallow food sufficient to sustain life; indeed, on one occasion it was requisite to cut the lower lip, to accomplish this object. (The man exhibited his lip, on which a large scar was distinctly visible.) After he had in some degree recovered, the captain directed that he should beg his pardon before all the ship's company. He declined doing so, and the captain immediately gave orders for him to be put on shore on an island near the Japanese dominions, from which they were not far distant. Accordingly, signs were made to the natives, who were watching the vessel from the shore, and a great number of them speedily came alongside in canoes, but they all refused to have any thing to do with putting him on shore, and threats and persuasions were alike ineffectual. At length the captain gave directions to the cooper to knock off the iron hoops from some casks, and bribed the natives of the island, called St Andrew's, forming one of a numerous group, to receive him. In addition to the iron, spirits were liberally supplied to the natives, and while they were rolling about in a state of intoxication, the captain contrived to smuggle two of the poor wretches on board the vessel, with whom he sailed. When complainant was put on shore, the natives all surrounded him, and seemed lost in wonder as they examined his dress, and the colour of his skin, as they had never seen a white man on the island before. He was stripped of his clothes, which the natives tore into numberless pieces, and divided amongst themselves, and afterwards exercised their agility by dancing in a very grotesque manner around him. Rinkle remained on this island nine months, and, upon the whole, lived pretty well among the savages. Their principal food was cocoa-nuts and fish. On two or three occasions the natives suffered much from a scarcity of food. They were not cannibals, but, thinking he might have a taste for human flesh, they once offered him a portion of the bodies of a woman and child who had died suddenly. He refused the proffered food with disgust, and made the natives to understand that white men never ate human flesh. They appeared much surprised at this, and asked why the captain of the big canoe should take away two of their countrymen. He had been on this island about nine months or moons, when one day he perceived a ship in the offing, and made signals of distress, which to his great joy were perceived,

and the ship hove to. A boat was sent ashore to receive him, but the savages endeavoured to prevent him leaving the island. He, however, managed to swim to the boat amidst a shower of arrows, and was safely taken up by the crew. The vessel turned out to be the Clementina, a schooner, bound to Batavia. The captain was a Frenchman, but the rest of the crew were Malays. During the voyage the Malay crew murdered the captain and mate, and seemed inclined to murder him, but they changed their minds, and put him ashore on Ascension Island, where he found five Europeans. Shortly afterwards, a launch or boat which had been dropped from an American ship drifted on shore. In this frail bark they went out to sea, and after suffering very great privation, and being buffeted about for four months, they reached the Sandwich Islands. They were taken on board the Mable schooner, and afterwards transferred on board her Majesty's sloop of war Imogene, in which they reached this country. He had been away for seven years, and had endured very great privations and sufferings. His friends had long since thought him dead, and great was their surprise and joy when he presented himself amongst them."

A respectable person gave testimony to the creditworthiness of this strange history, and some steps were ordered by the magistrate to be taken for the redress of the very great hardships suffered by Rinkle.

LAMARTINE'S FAREWELL TO FRANCE, ON EMBARKING AT MARSEILLES FOR THE HOLY LAND.

[From the new translation of Lamartine's Journey in the Holy Land, published in the series entitled "People's Editions." The translation of the following verses, as of all the other verses in this new edition of Lamartine, was executed by Mr Thomas Smibert, of Edinburgh.]

If to yon swift bark's canvass I confide
Each blessing Heaven has willed it to impart;
If I commit to ocean's fickle tide
A wife and child, twin portions of my heart;
If I expose to sand-bank, surge, and blast,
Such hopes as these, so many beating breasts,
And with no gage of safety, save a mast
That quivers when the south-wind lists;

'Tis not that lust of gold inflames a soul
Which to itself hath nobler treasures made;
Nor that I thirst in glory's flaming scroll
To write my name—if written, soon to fade;
'Tis not that like to Dante's is my fate,
The bitter salt of exile doomed to taste;
Nor that inconsistent faction's angry hate
Hath laid my parent root-tree waste.

No, no! I leave upon a valley's side,
And weep to leave, green fields and shade-fraught trees—
A home where sweet remembrances abide,
Which many a kind eye blesses when it sees;
Screen'd by the woods, I have secure retreats,
Where never factious brawls the calm destroy,
Where, 'stead of civil tempests, nothing meets
My ear but thankfulness and joy.

An aged sire, girt by our imag'd forms,
Starts if around the walls the winds but sigh,
And daily prays that he who rules the storms
May not beyond its strength our canvass try;
Workmen and servants, masterless each one,
Trace on the turf our steps with sad acclaim,
And, basking 'neath my window in the sun,
My dogs whine as they hear my name.

Sisters I have, nursed at the same kind breast,
Boughs on the same trunk cradled by the gale;
Friends, too, whose souls my spirit has possess'd,
Who read my eye, and can my thoughts unveil;
And hearts unknown are by the muse made mine—
Friends who hold converse with my poesies—
Echoes unseen, who round my path combine
To pour responsive harmonies!

Yet souls have instincts hard to be defined,
Like that which prompts some hardy birds to roam
In quest of nurture of another kind,
And cross at one bold flight the deep sea foam.
What seek they in the regions of the East?
Have they not mossy homes beneath our caves?
And store of food their little ones to feast,
When autumn shakes our sun-tipt sheaves?

I have like them the bread each day requires,
Like them I have the river and the hill;
Most humble is the range of my desires,
Yet I like them am coming, going still!
The East, like them, some power now bids me trace,
For never have I seen or touched the land
Of Cham, the first dominion of our race,
Where man's heart felt God's kneading hand.

I have not sailed across the sandy sea,
To the slow rocking of the desert ship;
At Hebron's well, beside the palm-trees three,
I have not wet at eve my yearning lip;
My cloak beneath the tents I have not spread,
Slept in the dust which strewed Job's brow of yore,
Nor dreamt by night, with moaning sails o'erhead,
The dreams which Jacob dreamt before.

Of earth's seven pages one yet waits my eye,
I know not how the stars may keep their sphere—
'Neath what ideal weight the lungs may ply—
How palpitates the heart—when gods are near!
I know not, when the grand old columns throw
On the bard's head the shadows of the past,
How herbs may speak, or if earth murmurs low,
Or sadly weeps the passing blast.

I have not heard the nations' cries ascend,
And call responses from the cedars old,
Nor seen high Lebanon's God-sent eagles bend
Their flight on Tyre—emblems of wrath foretold;

My head I have not laid upon the mounds
Whence all of Tadmor but the name is gone,
Nor have my lonely footsteps woke the sounds
That sleep round Memnon's vacant throne.

I have not heard the mournful Jordan pour
Low murmurings from its abysmal caves,
Weeping sublimer tears than those of yore,
With which sad Jeremiah chilled its waves
I have not heard the soul within me sing
In that resounding grot, where, 'mid the night,
The bard-king's trembling fingers swept the string
Led by the hand of fiery light.

I have not traced the prints around that spot,
Where, 'neath the olive, Jesus weeping lay,
Nor on the straggling roots the tears have sought,
Which eager angels could not kiss away;
By night I have not in that garden watched,
Where, while the sweat of blood was undergone,
The echo of our griefs and sins unmatched,
Resounded in one heart alone.

To that dear dust I have not bowed my head,
Which was by Christ's departing foot impressed,
Nor kissed the stones in which his mother laid
His tear-embalm'd remains of earth to rest;
Nor have I bent my bosom in the place,
Where, conquering the future by his death,
He stretched his arms all mankind to embrace,
And blest them with his latest breath.

For these things I depart—on these bestow
The span of worthless days yet left for me.
What boots it where the winter winds lay low
The barren trunk, the withered shadeless tree?
"Madman!" the crowd exclaims, itself unwise!
All do not find their food on every road—
The pilgrim-poet's food in thinking lies:
His heart lives on the works of God!

Adieu, my aged sire, and sisters dear!
My white and walnut-shaded home, adieu!
Farewell, my steeds, now idling all the year!
My lonely, hearth-couch'd dogs, farewell to you!
Each innage grieves, and haunts me like the ghost
Of bliss departed, that would stay me fain:
Ah, may our reuniting hour be crost
By no like shades of doubt and pain!

And thou, my land, more vexed by surge and blast
Than the frail bark which now my all conveys,
Land, on whose fate the hopes of earth are cast,
Adieu! thy shores now fly my dimming gaze!
Oh, may a ray of heaven dispel the gloom
Which wraps thy freedom, temples, throne, and thee,
And all thy sacred borders re-illumine
With light of immortality!

And thou, Marseilles, that at the gates of France
Sittest as if to hail each coming guest,
Whose port smiles o'er these seas, with hope-bright glance
And seems for winged barks an eagle nest;
Where kindly hands yet feel the clasp of mine,
Where yet my feet half cling in fond sojourn,
Thine be my parting prayer, Marseilles, and thine
My first salute on my return!

THE WONDERS OF HORTICULTURE.

Innumerable are the advantages which mankind have derived from the horticulturists. Few would suppose that the peach (from which branched the nectarine) had its origin in the almond; or that the shaddock, the citron, the orange, and the lemon, proceeded from the diminutive wild lime. That favourite edible, celery, springs from a rank and acid root denominated smallage, which grows on all sides of ditches, and in the neighbourhood of the sea. The hazel-nut was the ancestor of the filbert and the cubnut, while the luscious plum can claim no higher source than the sloe. From the sour crab issues the golden pippin, and the pear and cherry originally grew in the forest. The garden asparagus, which grows, though not very commonly, in stony and gravelly situations near the sea, when growing spontaneously, is a diminutive plant, and none indeed but a practised eye, examining into the species which is reared by artificial culture, can discern the least resemblance. Wondrous to relate, the cauliflower, of which broccoli is a sub-variety, derives, together with the cabbage, from the colewort; a plant in its natural state, and scanty leaves, not weighing half an ounce. The Crambe Maritima, which is found wild adjacent to the sea, has been improved into sea-kale; the invaluable potato is the offspring of a bitter American root of spontaneous growth; and the all-tempting pine-apple descends from a fruit which in foreign climates grows wild by the sides of rivulets, and under the shade of lofty trees.—*Gardener's Gazette.*

NEW INVENTIONS.

It is no slight evidence of the inventive spirit of the age, that, almost at the same time, three apparently important discoveries in the departments of the fine arts should be made in Paris, Petersburg, and Berlin. While Daguerre, in Paris, found out how to produce the most accurate copies of objects in a chemical way, by means of the action of light; while Jacobi, in Petersburg, transformed, by a galvanic process, engravings on copper into works of relief, without destroying the former—an invention, by means of which it is possible to multiply, in a mechanical way, oil-paintings, with all their brilliancy of colours, and that with a fidelity hitherto unattainable, is approaching to perfection at Berlin; the inventor, Jacob Leipmann, has been led by his studies of colouring, and the mixing of colours, to the idea on which he has been already engaged ten years, till he has recently been enabled to accomplish the difficult object which he proposed to himself.—*Foreign Monthly Review.*

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STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
ST PAUL.

THE FOLLOWER OF THE FAMILY.

PART THE THIRD.*

"GONE!—did you say gone!—really gone!"—were the frequently repeated exclamations of an Irishwoman at the door of the *then* fashionable hotel in Bond Street. "Gone! for good and all!—gone intirely! Ah, thin, for the love of God, tell me when he went, and where he's gone to."

"Take your Irish howl out of this," answered a fat waiter; "we don't want rebels here."

"I don't care what you call me *now*," said the poor woman; "but from this I will not stir, until I hear some news of my Masther Garrett."

"What does she say?" inquired half a dozen voices at once.

"Don't make game of her," interrupted a respectable-looking servant out of livery. "Don't you see the poor woman's in tears?"

"Ah, thin, sir, good luck to ye; ye've a *live* heart in yer bosom. And can ye tell me any thing at all of the young gentleman, Masther Garrett O'Dwyer?"

"If you mean Mr O'Dwyer who was here with a foreign count yesterday, he is gone."

"To where, sir?"

"That, my good woman, I cannot tell you; but I believe it was time he went."

"Quite," added the first speaker, significantly.

"You do not mean to say he did any thing to disgrace his name?" inquired Margaret, looking round her proudly.

"Oh no!—only fine feathers make fine birds. He's bound up part and parcel with the Romish powers abroad—the Pope himself, or maybe Bonaparte; he liked to read the Irish papers; and I can't think what our government is about, to let foreigners of any country among us, eating our roast beef and plum pudding: it's unconstitutional. Keep them out, I say—keep them out;" and the fat waiter flourished his napkin, and passed, with a consequential air, from the conference.

"If I had only seen him for one minute!" exclaimed the poor nurse; "just heard his voice—got one word of speaking with him! Oh, sir, sir, are you sure he's gone?"

"As fast as four posters could take him."

"And where'll I get his direction, will you be pleased to tell me?" inquired the nurse, with admirable simplicity.

"That I really do not know. There are persons about, who say that he was obliged to quit by an order from government."

"See that now!" said Margaret, while a species of pride, purely Irish, lit up her face; "see that now! Bedad, then, it's little trouble the government would take about him, if he wasn't a person of consequence."

The man smiled, and the follower of the family, after a few more useless inquiries, turned away to tell her troubles to "the doctor," and indulge in the belief that it must have been *her* Garrett O'Dwyer, "who

had given, like many of his name, a power of trouble to the great English government."

Imagine every thing that was affectionate in Margaret's conduct towards Evelyn, during the time she was subjected to the oculist's experiments—imagine the hours of tender watchfulness—imagine the days of intense and often *hard* labour—imagine, amid it all, the deep anxiety with which her heart yearned for news of her brother and his family—imagine her unsparing, unceasing care—imagine a hundredfold more than I can tell of the privations she endured, and above all, the torturing suspense as to whether or not her darling would or would not receive the blessing of sight; and then picture, if you can, her perfect and entire satisfaction at finding the grand object of her life realised—the child of her affections gifted, as it were, with sight—restored to that unspeakable blessing—the eyes of the young patient, now full of meaning, beaming upon her in the full lustre of youth and love—questioning, as it were, her features, and then forcing her to speak, that she might hear she was not deceived, and that it was really her own, *own* nurse she looked upon. Days and days, and weeks and weeks, of prayer and almost speechless anxiety, passed before this long-looked-for end was accomplished. And when Margaret's high and grateful spirit had sufficiently rejoiced therein—when her heart had, as it were, in some degree emptied itself of rejoicing, the care for the future made her continually exclaim, in her own mind, "Ah, thin, it isn't ungrateful I am to the Almighty God for restoring her, the delight of my soul! to the sight of her blessed eyes! But my heart aches to hear news of home: if we go back, they say we'll be murdered: the trouble is in the country still, and sure that's no news. And if I could only hear from my brother, and of Masther Garrett, why, Margaret Sheil, you'd be a happy woman. But I must wait, God help me, patiently. The doctor (God be good to him!) says he has some news in store for me. I must own this is a beautiful country for earning money; only, the worst of it is, it goes as fast, not to say faster than it comes. If I had only time to make myself known to Masther Garrett, that he might have carried with him the knowledge that his child was well and living, it would have comforted him when far far away from the sound of his natural language!"

Margaret Sheil little knew how the cares, the ambitions, the projects, of this busy world, sap and undermine the finest and best affections of our nature. We imagine that our feelings of love and tenderness for our kind remain the same. We fancy that years roll on, and find us, when we do pause, exactly what we were. Alas! no fallacy is greater than this. The springs of love have become choked by the foul weeds of worldliness. The selfishness of self, that cheerless, gross, and impotent enjoyment, that gnaws and grows over the vitals of all social duties, and would fain sever all social ties, has fixed its fangs upon us. Thrice blessed are we if we escape!

Garrett O'Dwyer had been compelled to abandon his child and the stiffened corse of his mother on that well-remembered night, from finding that his connection with the disturbers of his country was discovered by those who would have been glad to see him sacrificed; for, young as he was, there was a wild and fiery zeal about him, which promised much that was daring: in the great game of life he had every thing to gain, and nothing to lose.

From what I have already said, no one will imagine Garrett O'Dwyer one of those who would labour patiently and earnestly in a homely or even exalted calling: he would trust all to a *coup de grace*; and if that failed, lose all power of exertion until something

else was struck, like fire from flint, to arouse his energies. The frame, hardened in youth by mountain pastime, is not likely to shrink from personal exertion when acts of daring are necessary to effect an object; and the mind takes its bent from the habit of body, when it has not been directed to any particular exercise calculated to call forth its thinking rather than its feeling powers. One or two successful strokes of fortune threw Garrett O'Dwyer, in his foreign exile, amongst those who saw at that time enough in the character of the Irish disturbances to stimulate their own ambition. He did not depart without some "mystic lines," signifying his ancient descent and his future desires. He was the very fellow to rise in foreign service; and those were times when the soldier of yesterday was the general of to-day. Garrett had abundance of fierce courage; he was brave, earnest, gay, fond of pleasure, cunning, and gifted with rare powers of pleasing. When first he crossed the sea that separated him from his all—his child—he felt as every young Irishman would—most keenly. On the night of his departure, he tore a tuft of fern from the crumbling walls of his ancestral home, and, placing it next his heart, swore, in presence of the silent stars, that he would return and win back those halls to be his own. He passed the lonely and deserted graveyard, where the dock and the seedy nettle triumphed over

"The Blakes and O'Donnells"

of bygone years; he threw himself into the long strong grass that waved in the night-wind over the remains of his careless father; and when his overwrought feelings found relief in violent tears, he repeated on his knees the few prayers taught him by his mother and Margaret, and, with a heart full of wild yet generous and ennobling sympathies, the last of the name departed from his "Fatherland."

With a new country, came new excitements. For the first year he was, as Irishmen generally appear during the first year of exile, a red-hot patriot: he talked, and, to do him justice, *felt*, strongly for his country. But he had entered foreign service; and the remembrance of Erin, of his indulgent mother, his once madly loved Moyra, his infant daughter, became rubbed out, as it were, by the friction of stirring events. At first he had wished that the child might live, "to be the comfort of his declining years;" then, as he grew older and more prosperous, he never thought he could decline; and at last he arrived, somehow or other, at the conclusion, that, deprived of maternal nutriment, the child must have died. Those who have not watched the rise, progress, and decay of human feelings, will be inclined to call Garrett O'Dwyer—a monster; those who have, will call him—a man!

Years rolled on, bringing prosperity on their wings; and it was no wonder that Garrett O'Dwyer was spoiled like the rooster of his sex, whose strength and beauty is rather of the body than the mind. No wonder that Garrett was greatly injured by admiration and success. How much would poor Margaret have been disappointed—disappointed, though perhaps proud, to find "Masther Garrett" a brave officer, in the confidence of the official whom he accompanied to England!—a soldier, polished as much as a soldier ought to be—a man of much penetration and brilliancy of character, but lacking those natural affections which may be considered the core of an Irish heart—irresistibly drawn by some long-dormant sympathies to the details of the fatal turmoil of ninety-eight, he read, as the waiter had stated, the Irish papers with avidity; he could not look over the progress of the disturbances amongst his native mountains, without longing to join in the strife he was once sworn to.

* Through unforeseen circumstances, an interval of a fortnight has been allowed to elapse since the second part of "The Follower of the Family" made its appearance. It may not be superfluous to mention that, in the earlier parts of the tale, Margaret Sheil, a faithful adherent of a decayed Irish family named O'Dwyer, has come to London, for the purpose of submitting to the care of an oculist of reputation, a poor blind girl, the daughter of the last O'Dwyer, who, immediately after her birth, had left his native country, and was not afterwards heard of till it was ascertained (at the end of the second part of the tale) that he had been for a few days at a hotel in the metropolis.—Ed.

Still, it was not the policy of his adopted country to interfere at that time; and the morning that his faithful nurse had sought him, he had promptly departed, for reasons unconnected with Ireland, and with which my tale of Margaret's fidelity has nothing to do.

The news that, according to Margaret's phraseology, the doctor "had" for her was certainly romantic: a lady wished to adopt little Evelyn, on certain conditions, which Margaret was to hear from herself; and, accordingly, at the appointed time, she took the child to one of the old suburban houses, and soon found herself in the presence of an elderly gentlewoman, who had frequently passed her when she waited in the hall of the benevolent oculist. Evelyn was not present at the meeting, but left in another room. Her nurse related the little girl's history, suppressing only her belief that her father had been so recently in London, from a cunning peculiarly Irish, which whispered, that the lady might not be so ready to do her service if she thought it probable that her father ever would return. The lady's name was Langham. Bereaved of her own children, she had long struggled with that loneliness of heart which is always a bitter trial for woman to endure: she believed this friendless girl would be something whereon she could expend her affection and her benevolence; and after enumerating, rather ostentatiously, the benefits she proposed to confer on Evelyn O'Dwyer, she added—

"You perceive I remove the burthen of the child from you altogether; I adopt her as my own; and I think it would be better if you were not to see her at all; if she were to see you constantly, it would recall her old feelings and associations."

The Irish nurse looked for a moment abstracted and confused; the possibility of her being denied access to Evelyn, had never before occurred to her. So astounded was she by Mrs Langham's words, that she suffered her to enlarge upon the benefits that would arise from this sacrifice, which she considered in that one-sided way which people are apt to do when chiefly thinking of their own feelings. At last, moving steadily towards the lady, she fixed her piercing eyes upon her, and said, simply and honestly, but in a tone of the deepest pathos—

"Ah, thin, ma'am, is it for parting us ye'd be?"

"You must understand, my good woman, that I want to bring her up with the feelings and manners of a gentlewoman."

"I wish that the Almighty would but give ye the power to look into the heart of that blessed child, and there ye'd see, my lady, stamped upon her very soul, the honour, the feelings, ay, and the pride too, that belong to a gentlewoman—yes, and though the world don't think it, to many not born so. I had her, before she was twenty-four hours, a weeping babe of a weeping land. I promised her father to protect her—I kept my oath to him, and God. I have watched over her, prayed for her, that had no sin, instead of trying to lessen my own heavy load of that same, God help me!—kept all knowledge of bad from her, because I wanted her to be like the angels in heart as well as in body. I have done all this, and more: I would not marry where my own wake woman's heart had settled for years, because of the duty I owed the family. When I saw a chance of restoring her precious sight, I left name and home, kith and kin, and country, to see justice done to her. I have loved her and honoured her. Never let her think me her equal, but her servant. And now you would turn me from her! Ah, thin, lady dear, I heard tell on't of a bird that laid eggs of gold; I'm not going to say what sort of a bird she was—but gold they war for certain, as I heard tell—full of gold. But, sure, she had no sooner laid the egg than she trampled it under her foot to nothing. If the egg had not been spoilt, my lady, it would have been worth any thing. But what good was it?—spoiled and destroyed entirely. Ah, ma'am, it's a pity to mar what's made, as the thunderbolt said when it thought of the oak it had riven, just to show its strength."

Now, the lady liked the child, and there certainly was much kindness in her heart; but it is not every one who can distinguish the difference between rusticity and vulgarity. A woman of such self-sacrificing and disinterested feelings as Margaret, could not, no matter how poor or low-born she might be, communicate mean or paltry feelings to others, because they never had place in her own bosom—they were not inherent in her nature. But Mrs Langham, like too many others, had acquired the habit of considering poverty and vice as synonymous; and (for that she had a heart both sound and healthful), albeit somewhat encrusted by prejudice and the opinions of the world, which good people often adopt and believe their own, she felt the natural eloquence and power of Margaret's appeal: it was new, and apt; and, above all, it came fully and freshly from her heart. But the lady thought she would try her a little further; her arguments, however, were feeble, for NATURE was against them. The follower of the family had been father, mother, home, country, all, to the child, which was in reality the creature of her bounty, but which she believed it was her duty not only to serve, but to slave for, to the end of her days.

"It's no good, my lady—God bless you, you mean it all for the best—I see the advantage, madam—let her live with you; I'll not stand in her light for that—let her be to you as your own child; your goodness will have earned that duty from her—tache hor, my lady (not that she's ignorant) all kinds of things (only

her eyes, God help her, are still wakely, and don't let them be worn out)—let her be yours, heart and soul. I never thought her love could keep the same for me, when she got among her own class like. I learnt that lesson long ago of a little King Charles's puppy that my poor mistress had (the heavens be her bed!) that when on't it was fully reared by a turnspit baste that let it share the milk of her own pup, turned away from the kitchen to the parlour, and would even set its teeth and grin at the poor ould brute that sometimes thrust its nose into the company quarters, out of good nature to look after it. Mine will never do that," she added, wiping her eyes. "But I'm deeply grateful she should keep with those who can put her in her own station; and I'll be no burthen on them or her. I'll earn my own living, as I do now. But to say that I'm not to give her to her father, if I should ever find him—to say I'm not to see her of a Sunday—that I'm not to watch the light increasing in her eyes, that, through God and his agents, I undoubted—not sometimes to hear the voice that's the only music my heart danced to for years!"—She could not continue, but turned away her face and wept bitterly. Mrs Langham, too, felt more than she acknowledged. "I have only spoken of myself," said Margaret at last, "but let Miss Evelyn spake for herself."

She opened the door and called: the little girl bounded in like a fawn, and then paused to look shyly around at the fine pictures and rich things, and, above all, at an exquisite painting of the Virgin with the infant Christ, which Mrs Langham, being a Roman Catholic, treasured for a double reason. The light fell from the window upon her beautiful head, and before Margaret spoke, she turned with a smile towards "the lady"—a smile of admiration which was returned.

"Evelyn—Miss Evelyn, avourneen, do ye see that good lady, that has often spoke kind to ye, darlint?"

"I do."

"Could ye love her, a-cushla?"

"Ah, then, I could—I do, nurse!"

"Maybe as well as me?"

The child's laugh was momentary music, but it was a laugh of derision—and she twined her nurse's arm round her neck.

"But you'd try, darlint! She's a good lady—quite a lady, my bird alone!"

"And so am I," said the little O'Dwyer.

Mrs Langham observed her proud look; it augured well for her project. The nurse continued—

"Avourneen, this lady is very kind, very good; she wishes to take you to be her child, to tache you to play the fine music, and behave like a lady, and live in this beautiful room, and drive in a coach!"

"Live in this room! drive in a coach! play music!" repeated the child in ecstasy, her bashfulness conquered by delight. "Oh! We shall be so happy!"

"Not we, avourneen, but you."

"Shan't you like it? Oh, dear nurse, you can't mean not to like it!"

"But you are to leave me—not to see me any more—all these beautiful things to be yours to live among—but no mammy nurse."

"Let us go," said the child, seizing her nurse's hand between both hers, and rushing to the door; "let us go; this is a bad place to stay in!"

It is almost needless to say that nature triumphed. Margaret positively refused to become an inmate of Mrs Langham's house, but laboured in various humble callings, repaid most richly for her self-denial by the continued affection and improvement of Evelyn O'Dwyer. Nor did her energies or affections slumber over one object. Her inquiries respecting Garrett were continually renewed, though continually unsuccessful. At length her curiosity as to the fate of her brother's family was wrought almost to insanity by a letter from the priest of her parish, written several months after the troubled waters of the rebellion had been quelled for the time being.

"The place is changed for the bad entirely," he wrote. "Margaret, my poor woman, yer brother and the little girls are not in it now; he was drawn in, with more of the boys, to the plot of the Scrimmage; and when the game was up, why, a parcel of them gathered what they could, and left for the New World: there's not the shadow of a Sheil upon their own mountains now. News has come of their safe and happy landing—God be praised for that same! And to be sure, by all accounts, it's a fine place; but the parish is lonely without the faces of them I christened, whose arms I hoped would have borne their ould priest to his grave. The last word he said to me was, 'Father Mullins,' says he, 'when you get the opportunity, tell her, my sister Margaret, that luck and her left us together; but say that my blessing is with her and Miss Evelyn, day and night. Born and brought up for more than three hundred years under the lords of the soil, the natural heritors, the grate O'Dwyers!—she did her duty in doing her best for poor Master Garrett's child. It was hard to part with my sister, the woman that had both head and heart!—but she did her duty, according to the good ould fashion which lost our great-great-grandfather his life with great glory, and put his name and part of his effigy upon the tombstone of the ould lord in the abbey church, whose grey towers and green ivy is to the fore among the hills of ould Ireland still!—a thought that will rise up our hearts among strangers, and make us think of ourselves, and what our people were before us, when we're in the land of strangers. You'll soon know where I'll be,

Father Mullins,' says he; 'and if the blessed Evelyn gets her sight—or if she does not, it's all one, as far as I'm concerned; and it'll go very hard with me if I can't make out a home for her—and a welcome, and me and mine proud to sarve her—as becomes the followers of the family.'"

The letter contained more local news, and the name of him whom that poor faithful woman had loved during her life—loved, though forsaken, because she would not trust to any beyond her "own people" the fealty which she conceived due to an O'Dwyer.

My picture is not too highly coloured. The intensity of affection, the most intense of all the passions of woman, was in this instance united to the clannish pride which in those days was more universal than it is now. We are growing too wise to love without receiving some advantage in return—we must inquire why and know wherefore. Among the far mountains, by the sides of the distant lakes, and in the bosoms of the deep valleys, there are still such to be met with: but never was there one more faithful than Margaret Sheil. Still, she had many heart-yearnings after her own people and her own land. She was established in what she called "the way of trade," at the corner of Cheyne Walk, Chelsea. Mrs Langham lived in one of those stately old mansions facing the Thames; and Margaret, after much patient endurance, adding penny to penny, had taken a little room in one of those poor houses, that, as in the Italian towns, crouch at the curb-stones of right noble dwellings. This room opened below the pavement, but its window was a little above it; and at this window might be seen a dozen at least of good oranges; three or four lemons laid along the inner ledge, flanked on either side with pottles either empty or full of strawberries; cherries tied in "hap'orths" on a peeled sally-stick; sundry cabbage and lettuce plants; long red radishes and little nubby white ones; interspersed with gingerbread, and the nameless sundries of a small green-grocer, in a small way; while within, Margaret, over active and ever clean, washed, or starched, or knitted, or did any and every thing in the world that she could get to do. This industry had its reward: she saw "Miss Evelyn" walk past with Mrs Langham, to enjoy beneath those old trees the breeze from the river; and she never did pass without leaving her friend for a moment, to fling her arms round Margaret's neck, call her "dear darling mammy nurse," and whisper any little bit of half-childish half-girlish news that she thought would please her. Margaret perceived that "the lady" was somewhat jealous of this love, but she had the good sense not to mind it. She saw her darling in the enjoyment of positive good—she knew she loved her—she went to see her occasionally in the fine house, and was sometimes, on a Sunday evening, when Mrs Langham took her afternoon nap, permitted to walk with her in the long, stiff, stately garden at the back of the house; and there she could talk of Ireland, the name of which set her young heart beating.

"Love it, my darlint, love it ever! But my woe is, avourneen, that you war dark when you war in it, and can't tell the differ betwixt the two countries. The first time ye saw (to remember) the blessed light, was in the doctor's study; he's a fine man, to be sure, and a good one, God bless him! but his house had a quare look. Och hone! if you had but seen how green the grass is, and how blue the mountains, and how clear the sky, I'd be satisfied. But, Evelyn, darlint, I have no right to be saying 'satisfied' such a ould word, after the grate blessing the Almighty poured upon you—that's what I ought to think of, and you too, a-lanna-machree! And the blessein' that always followed ye, poor, weeping, dawshy craythur that ye war, the first time ye war given as new sight to my own eyes! Oh, thin, but the ways of the Almighty are wonderful by sea and land! Oh, thin, dear! as ye could not see, does yer mind ever turn to the sounds of yer own country?"

"Yes," replied the girl; "oh yes! Often I sit under that ould mulberry tree, and look through its leaves up to the sky; but the music of the lark does not come falling upon my eyes from the clouds, as I used to fancy it did when we were at home and I was blind. Do you mind, mammy nurse, how I used to know the birds by their notes; and do you remember how I followed the whistle of the plover?"

"Do I!—oh, but you war the weary child without any fear! And how we all looked after ye, and no good, until I found ye asleep on the very edge of a bog-hole, that would have swallowed ould Cromwell and all his troopers, if he had only had the luck to fall into it! There ye war, laughing in the sun's face, and ye asleep, and one turn would have finished ye! My brother (he had great faith in such things) said it was the slip of hazel ye held in yer hand that saved ye. But I always thought the Almighty puts his two eyes in care over the blind."

"Nurse, whenever Mrs Langham gives me praise, then I wish my father heard it!"

"The Lord will give ye yer heart's wish yet, a chora machree—trust in him. Sure, though I never thought to see Master Garrett's child dependent on any one, still, sure it's wonderful entirely the luck ye've had: it's like an ould story, so it is."

"And all through you, dear mammy nurse; through you!" said Evelyn—and she said truly.

Margaret never suffered more than three months to elapse without making inquiry at the oculist's if

*Remember.

news had been heard of "Masther Garrett," so steady was she in this matter, that "as persevering as Margaret Sheil" passed into a proverb, and the little old Irishwoman—old, as she was called by the very young of the family—was a constant querist on the usual subject.

At last came the peace—frail, as it turned out to be—of 1802. Margaret's regular habits became confused; she absolutely confounded apples with pears, and two of her neighbours complained that her eggs were musty. She did nothing but borrow and read newspapers, write letters, and, instead of being satisfied with a quarterly visit to the oculist, visited him twice, or at least once, a week. She was seen more frequently hovering round the Bond Street hotels than returning from Covent-Garden market with her "greenery," and truly the gossips thought Margaret was taking leave of her senses. With her usual wisdom and kindness, she did not suggest to Evelyn the possibility of her father visiting England at this period, though it was the engrossing feeling of her own existence. She could not rest by day, nor sleep at night, for the thought that "Masther Garrett's" voice sounded in her ear, exclaiming, "Margaret, where is my child?" The oculist, proud of "Evelyn's eyes," admiring the admirable fidelity of the Irish nurse, and constantly applied to by her for news of "Masther Garrett," was himself stirred up to make inquiries that otherwise he would not have thought of. But though foreigners poured into England almost as rapidly as English poured out of it, still "he came not." Each morning Margaret arose with hope, each night sickened with despair. Yet still she wandered in and about the city, peering into every carriage that passed, and inquiring at the hotels, where her rebuffs were many, "what strangers had arrived in town?" No peasant in the world bears a rebuff so well as an Irish one, even if the sting enters their heart; and that they feel it, the quick blood mantling to their cheek is sure to tell. Still, they either take it meekly, or wing it back to the giver, armed either with a jest or a blessing. The Irish nurse was too earnest to jest, nor was she ever profuse of words, so she took the rebukes meekly, as she never failed to repeat the offence in a day or two. The loungers about the hotel doors were sure to be addressed with, "I humbly ax yer pardon, but is there such a one here as a gentleman, one Mr, or, it may be, Captain, Colonel, or Count Garrett O'Dwyer?"

"Are you his mother?"

"Is it me!—oh, wisha, no!—nothing but a follower of the family, that wants to hear tell of him."

"Why, you asked here last week."

"Sure I know I did, sir; he wasn't in it then; the more reason he'd be in it now."

"Go to the d—!—there's no such person here."

"Thank ye, sir. I'll waste the liberty to come again in a day or two."

"You need not trouble yourself."

"No trouble in life, sir, thanking you for your consideration; and if it was, I shouldn't find it so. Good morning, sir." And she would turn her patient face towards another hotel, to meet with, it might be, even a more rough reception.

One evening Margaret returned weary and dispirited. The few customers her industry and attention had secured, had fallen off, for she was not at home to attend to their small wants. Her oranges had grown rigid, and her lemons mouldy; she turned them over, sighed, and sat down to look out upon the noble Thames, that glided on, a sheet of molten gold, for the sun was setting in all its glory. She peeped through the trunks of the tall trees, and thought how black and harsh the wooden arches, and crosses, and beams of the old bridge looked; and then the splash of oars from a very gay wherry that was nearing the landing, smote upon her ear; and then the strains of a song, certainly not English, which was concluded by a laughing sort of chorus; and that, as the gay boat was moored at the landing, was followed by what seemed a half-English, half-foreign conversation. This aroused Margaret, and, fatigued as she was, she went out, "just," as she often said in after-times, "to see if any of them might be Masther Garrett." They had left their boat to inspect the coffee-house rendered so famous by the wits of a past age, the famous Don Saltero's, which has "degenerated" in the present day, but still exists; and Margaret, having satisfied her curiosity, was about to turn away, when the accent of one of the gentlemen, a tall, florid, mustachioed man, fixed her to the spot. A residence abroad seems to rivet an Irishman's brogue, and certainly his was ripe and racy.

"It's beautiful, certainly," he said, with reference to the river; "but, somehow, I always miss the mountains. I suppose it is from being used to them when I was a boy."

"And then?" exclaimed Margaret, rushing forward more like a maniac than a sane woman, and completely losing the gentle, staid manner for which she was so remarkable, and speaking with fearful rapidity: "and then ye think of the Shine-brui, the Gra-na-groul, the—the—but no, no—Masther Garrett, arick—ye think—ye do—I know it's yourself that's in it—yer mother's smile—the eyes of yer poor father—the heavens be his bed!—Ye think—OF THAT NIGHT—yer dead wife—the curse of yer mother—of the child—the babe—the jewel—that ye left in the heart of Margaret Sheil—ye—you—oh God! I shall die—before I give her back!" And, utterly overthrown by the outbreak of

those feelings which had been cherished, and treasured, and concealed for years, the follower of the family sank at the feet of Garrett O'Dwyer.

The scene was so startling that the cheerful party became silent. Nature tugged at the soldier's heart. He would not, if he could, refute her statement. All the past, which had been but the dream of his boyhood, came back upon him; and man of the world though he was, he leant against a tree, totally overpowered, while others saw to and revived poor Margaret. No feeling of ridicule could be attached to the scene: it was too strong, too earnest, for any thing but sympathy. Startling and improbable as it sounded, no one who heard doubted its perfect truth. With the instinctive delicacy, I will not say of refined minds, but of human nature, his companions retreated; when Margaret, restored to herself, was enabled to suppress her emotion, and mutter to herself, while holding "Masther Garrett's" hand within her own,

"It's no drame—I'm awake—my eyes are open—God bless us! the marcy of the Lord is great! But ye must come with me—I cannot tell ye here;" and never casting a thought upon the rank and station of the exiled but prosperous Irishman, she clung to while she conducted him to her humble home. And there, without imagining for a moment that she was recording a tale of as great and exalted faithfulness as was ever performed by woman, she told her history, and the history of Evelyn O'Dwyer.

How was it, that, even while she spoke, the impulse of that man's heart beat slower, and more slow—that a record, which, when first I heard it, moved even me to tears, fell upon the father's heart rather as a tale of sorrow than of joy!—how, that, instead of the yearnings of a father's soul towards his child, sprang up the selfish calculation of what he should do with her?—of what Madame O'Dwyer, his young, rich, and imperious wife, would say on his return abroad, to a young and beautiful rival in the shape of his daughter? Nay, if she were only a third part as beautiful as described by Margaret, what domestic discomfort would it not create!

The follower of the family did not understand the cause of his silence. He was ashamed to confess his thoughts; for we are always ashamed to confess unworthy thoughts in the presence of the virtuous. And the hero of two forlorn hopes, the star of many a brilliant saloon, felt his unworthiness, his moral insignificance, in the presence of that poor, uneducated, but noble-hearted and high-souled woman: his brave, bold eye could not encounter the holy affection, the bright truth, that rendered hers sunny as the first look-out of the unsullied morning.

"And now, Masther Garrett dear," she said, "and now, Masther Garrett, arick machree (but I suppose you've no Irish now), and it's Colonel, or General at last, or may be My Lord, I ought to be calling ye—ye bird of my bosom! come till I give ye back yer own beautiful child, that will be a blessing, and an honour, and a glory to ye! Oh, stay till ye see her!—that's all—and sure I am it will kill the dear kind lady she's with to part with her; for she always said ye'd never come back, sir, but I said ye would—and her eyes, God be thanked! as clear as a kitten's—and will raise yer heart with the tune of St Patrick's Day, played by her long white fingers on the piano! Think of that, Masther—I mean General, dear—And—but sure it's all like a play—I knew the glory would be in the end."

"Stay, Margaret," he said, "I shall of course be delighted to see this girl, my daughter; but—you must be aware, deeply grateful as I am for your fidelity—that—in short—it is rather an awkward business for a young man like me to have a child of that age. The troubles in my poor country—never hearing of you—I thought the child dead; and, in short, I am married, have one child, a boy, and I never told my wife I had been a father."

"Never told her ye were married before!" said Margaret. "Oh, then, honey, why didn't ye? Poor Moyna wasn't your equal till ye made her so; and ye owed respect to the memory of a heart that loved ye to death."

Masther Garrett became confused, but at last replied, "As to the marriage, it was the couple-beggar who—but it was hardly—a—do not look at me so intently, Margaret. You know I was a boy—a mere boy, not more than nineteen—a foolish boy."

"Now, God stop me from saying the word that's struggling in my throat!" exclaimed Margaret Sheil, and her figure appeared to grow into dignity. "You said you war a foolish boy—I had it on my tongue to say a cursed one. But I can't, Masther Garrett, I can't, though you deserve it. Many's the sleep ye had in these arms—I had the last breath of yer mother—almost the first breath of yer child. I cannot say, you are cursed—but, oh! to think of putting a shame on her! Oh, Masther Garrett, it was the could, could world that spoke, and not the descendant of him whom my great-great-grandfather died to save! I see ye didn't mane it—ye—" She paused suddenly, and then added, in a lower tone of voice, "Hush! the Lord is about us—he has a hand in us all! I hear her step coming down the street—I'd hear it among the tramp of forty horses—it wouldn't crush a grasshopper—its light and swift as a swallow's wing! She's here!" And, truly, Evelyn O'Dwyer lifted the latch, and stood a vision of beauty before her astonished father, whom she did not see at first, for the door opened into the room, and he was in some degree concealed behind it.

"Nurse, we want you; I got leave to come for you

myself. How warm it is!" she added, throwing back her bonnet, when her hair fell in rich masses over her shoulders. "Nurse! my mammy nurse! how odd you look! Do speak! Are you ill, darlin' nurse! Have you any bad news? What ails you?"

Margaret flung to the door, and (for she was unable to speak) seized Evelyn's hand, and placed it in her father's; then falling on her knees, she muttered a few inarticulate words of thankfulness to God; adding, as she rose, "That's yer father, Miss Evelyn; his heart is in the hands of the Almighty. Wont ye let me hear ye own her as yer true lawful child? Oh, Masther Garrett, I gained the light of those eyes for ye, that they might beam the child's welcome to her only parent. I gained that blessing for ye, through the help of God! And now I don't ask ye to take her, or provide for her—the Almighty has done that; but I ask ye, in honour to those who look down upon us now, in a strange land, from the blessed gates of heaven—I ask you, to let me hear you own her as your lawful child!"

Garrett O'Dwyer could not resist this appeal; he pressed his weeping daughter to his bosom, and Margaret heard what she desired. Great indeed was her happiness.

The First Consul did not suffer the peace to continue, and Garrett O'Dwyer left England almost as suddenly as he had done before. The follower of the family manifested no regret at his departure. He made her many handsome presents, and gave an abundance of jewels to his child, who remained with the lady that might be considered her adopted mother. A gloomy shadow always passed over Margaret's face when Count O'Dwyer's name was mentioned. One thing was somewhat remarkable:—She refused to marry her old, grey-headed lover, who followed her to London, "because," she said, "there was no telling how a man might change." She never went to her brother, or to Ireland, though she always talked of doing both.

Evelyn is now the mother of many beautiful children; and Margaret, a little, bent, cheerful though rather silent, blue-eyed, old woman, is still—a FOLLOWER OF THE FAMILY.

THE DAGUERROTYPE.

AN account of the new process of light-painting or photography, as far as the subject was then known, appeared four months ago in the present work. Our descriptions chiefly referred to the process followed by Mr Fox Talbot, as explained by him to the Royal Society. The British public had then learned little respecting the process followed in France by the contemporaneous discoverer, M. Daguerre. It was only surmised that the two processes were nearly the same. Since then, we have seen more than one description of the drawings produced by M. Daguerre, from which it would appear that the French process differs from the British, at least in the results, the pictures being very much superior. The following is an account by Sir John Robison, secretary to the Royal Society of Edinburgh, of a visit which he paid to the studio of M. Daguerre: we extract it from the Edinburgh New Philosophical Journal, edited by Professor Jameson.

"* * * Circumstances having led to my being included in a small party of English gentlemen who were lately invited to visit the studio of M. Daguerre, to see the results of his discovery, I had an opportunity of satisfying myself that the pictures produced by his process have no resemblance to any thing which, as far as I know, has yet been produced in this country; and that, excepting in the absence of colour, they are as perfect images of the objects they represent as are those which are seen by reflection from a highly polished surface. The perfection and fidelity of the pictures are such, that, on examining them by microscopic power, details are discovered which are not perceivable to the naked eye in the original objects, but which, when searched for there by the aid of optical instruments, are found in perfect accordance: a crack in plaster, a withered leaf lying on a projecting cornice, or an accumulation of dust in a hollow moulding of a distant building, when they exist in the original, are faithfully copied in these wonderful pictures.

The subjects of most of the numerous specimens which I saw, were views of streets, boulevards, and buildings, with a considerable number of what may be termed interiors with still life; among the latter were various groups made up of plaster-casts and other works of art. It is difficult to express intelligibly a reason for the charm which is felt in beholding these pictures; but I think it must arise, in some measure, from finding that so much of the effect which we attribute to colour, is preserved in the picture, although it consist only in light and shade; these, however, are given with such accuracy, that in consequence of different materials reflecting light differently, it is easy to recognise those of which the different objects in the groups are formed. A work in white marble is at once distinguished from one in plaster-of-Paris, by the translucency of the edges of the one, and the opacity of the other. Among the views of buildings, the following were remarkable: A set of three pictures of the same group of houses, one taken soon after sunrise, one at noon, and one in the evening; in these the change of aspect produced by the variations in the distribution of the light, was exemplified in a way which art could never attain to.

One specimen was remarkable from its showing the progress made by light in producing the picture. A plate having been exposed during thirty seconds to the action of the light, and then removed, the appearance of the view was that of the earliest dawn of day; there was a grey sky, and a few corners of buildings and other objects beginning to be visible through the deep black in which all the rest of the picture was involved.

The absence of figures from the streets, and the perfect way in which the stones of the causeway and the foot-pavements are rendered, is, at first sight, rather puzzling, though a little reflection satisfies one that passing objects do not remain long enough to make any perceptible impression, and that (interfering only for a moment with the light reflected from the road) they do not prevent a nearly accurate picture of it being produced.

Vacillating objects make indistinct pictures: for example, a person getting his boot cleaned by a *decocteur* gave a good picture, except that, having moved his head in speaking to the shoe-black, his hat was out of shape, and the *decocteur's* right arm and brush were represented by a half-tinted blot, through which the foot of the gentleman was partially visible.

There can be no doubt that, when M. Daguerre's process is known to the public, it will be immediately applied to numberless useful purposes, as, by means of it, accurate views of architecture, machinery, &c., may be taken, which, being transferred to copper or to stone, may be disseminated at a cheap rate; and useful books on many subjects may be got up with copious illustrations, which are now too costly to be attainable. Even the fine arts will gain; for the eyes, accustomed to the accuracy of Daguerrotype pictures, will no longer be satisfied with bad drawing, however splendidly it may be coloured. In one department it will give valuable facility. Anatomical and surgical drawings, so difficult to make with the fidelity which it is desirable they should possess, will then be easily produced by a little skill and practice in the disposition of the subjects and of the lights.

It is a curious circumstance that, at the same time that M. Daguerre has made this beautiful and useful discovery in the art of delineation, another Parisian artist has discovered a process by which he makes solid casts in plaster of small animals or other objects, without seams or repairs, and without destroying the model (*Moulage d'une seule pièce, sans couture ni reparation, et avec conservation parfaite du modèle*). I am in possession of several specimens of his work, among which are casts of the hand of an infant of six months, so delicately executed, that the skin shows evident marks of being affected by some slight eruptive disease.

The invention of photography has been brought under the attention of the Chamber of Deputies, who have voted pensions of 6000 francs (L.240) and 4000 francs (L.160) to M. Daguerre and his associate M. Niepce, with a reversion of half the respective amounts to Madame Daguerre and Madame Niepce, in consideration of their throwing open their discovery to general use (a much superior mode, in our opinion, of rewarding inventors, than that of giving them patents, the working of which is always that of a monopoly). The whole process must therefore soon be explained to the public. Meanwhile, we find a few additional points adverted to by a correspondent of the Standard newspaper. A plate of copper, covered with a thin layer of the chloride of silver, and then exposed to as brilliant a light as possible, admitted by an aperture into a dark chamber, through a prism of lenticular shape (the shape of a lens), is, according to this writer, the recipient of the pictures. The expense of each plate is three or four shillings, but one serves for many drawings. A drawing is executed in five minutes in summer and fifteen in winter; and the whole time required for preparing the apparatus and taking the drawing does not exceed half an hour. M. Arago, in his address to the Chamber, dwelt with much force on the value of the invention in many of the pursuits of science. It affords, in particular, the means of taking, so exactly and so expeditiously, representations of astronomical objects, such as the surface of the moon, the stars, the nebulae, and the spots on the sun, that it must give a great impulse to this science. Professor Nichol of Glasgow has also shown how it may be applied to the registering of temperature by means of the thermometer. Its value to travellers, in taking representations of ancient buildings, of natural productions, and other objects, must be obvious. It is also worthy of note, that a drawing of a building executed by the Daguerrotype, will, if the distance of the camera from the object have been noted, afford the means of calculating the height and other dimensions of that building.

We have ourselves a somewhat remarkable fact respecting photography to communicate to the public. Since the subject came into notice in Britain, a young Scotch barrister of our acquaintance has brought to us a number of specimens of the art, executed by himself and his young companions, *fifteen years ago*, when they were attending the grammar-school of Aberdeen. Photography, which has since become the subject of so much interest and so much discussion among grave men, was then and there practised merely as one of the ordinary amusements of the boys, a sheet of paper covered with nitrate of silver, and then held up to a sun-lit window with a leaf or feather or picture before it, being the whole mystery of the process. Our young

friend has no recollection of its being considered as any thing either new or wonderful: it simply ranked amongst the other amusements which boys in a great school hand down from one to another. The specimens exactly resemble those which have been exhibited during the last few months before our scientific societies, but are of course very different from the exquisite productions of M. Daguerre, as described by Sir John Robison.

"MEANS AND ENDS," BY MISS SEDGWICK.
THIS eminent American authoress has recently, as many of our readers may be aware, arrived in England, for the purpose of residing in it for a short time. She has already published in this country a little volume, entitled "Means and Ends,"* being addressed to young women, and designed to instruct them in some of their more obvious duties. She says in the preface—"Being in this beautiful land of my ancestors—the land that has produced whatever the world has known of best and greatest—I feel an inexpressible pleasure in the possibility that I may confer benefit even on one of its humble homes." We earnestly hope that this highly moralised writer will live to confer benefit on many of these homes, and also on others not precisely liable to the qualification "humble." The following extracts from the section on conversation will entertain our readers, and convey that favourable impression of the present volume to which it is entitled.

GOSSIPING.

The most prevailing fault of conversation in our country, and I believe in all social communities, is *gossiping*. As weeds most infest the richest soils, so gossiping most abounds amidst the social virtues in small towns, where there is the most extended mutual acquaintance, where persons live in the closest relations, resembling a large family circle. To disturb the sweet uses of these little communities by gossiping, is surely to forfeit the benefit of one of the kindest arrangements of providence.

In great and busy cities, where people live in total ignorance of their neighbours, where they cannot know how they live, and hardly know when they die, there is no neighbourhood, and there is no gossiping. But need there be this poisonous weed among the flowers—this blight upon the fruit, my young friends?

You may understand better precisely what comes under the head of gossiping, if I give you some examples of it.

In a certain small thickly-settled town there lives a family, consisting of a man, his wife, and his wife's sister. He has a little shop, it may be a jeweller's, saddler's, shoemaker's, or what we call a store—no matter which, since he earns enough to live most comfortably with the help of his wife and sister, who are noted for their industry and economy. One would think they had nothing to do but enjoy their own comforts, and aid and pity those less favoured than themselves. But, instead of this, they volunteer to supervise all the sins, follies, and shortcomings of their neighbours. The husband is not a silent partner. He does his full share of the low work of this gossiping trio. Go to see them when you will, you may hear the last news of every family within half a mile. For example, as follows:—"Mr — gave 150 dollars for his new waggon, and he had no need of a new one; the old one has not run more than two years."

"Mrs — has got a new hired help; but she won't stay long; it's come and go there."

"Mrs — had another new gown at meeting yesterday, which makes the fifth in less than a year, and every one of her girls had new ribbons on their bonnets; it is a good thing to have rich friends; but, for my part, I had rather wear my old ribbons."

"There go Sam Bliss's people with a barrel of flour; it was but yesterday she was at the judge's, begging."

"None of the widow Day's girls were at meeting; but they can walk out as soon as the sun is down."

This is but a specimen of the talk of these unfortunate people, who seem to have turned their home into a common sewer, through which all the sins and foibles of the neighbourhood run. Have they minds and hearts? Yes; but their minds have run to waste, and there is some taint, I fear, at their hearts.

The noted gossip, Miss —, makes a visit in a town, where she has been previously a stranger. She divides her time among several families. She is social, and, what we think is misnamed, agreeable: for she is perpetually talking of persons and things. She wins a too easy confidence, and she returns home with an infinite store of family anecdotes. She knows that Mr and Mrs So and So, who are supposed to live happily, are really on bad terms, and that he broke the hearts of two other women before he married his wife; she knows the particulars, but she has promised not to tell. She has found out that a certain family, who for ten years have been supposed to live very harmoniously with a stepmother, are really eminently wretched. She has heard that Mr —, who apparently is in flourishing circumstances, has been on the brink of bankruptcy for the last ten years—&c. &c. Could this woman find nothing in visiting a new scene to excite her mind but such trumpery? We have given you this example to show you that the sin of gossiping pervades some communities. This woman did not create these stories. She heard them all, the individuals who

told them to her little thinking that they in turn would become the subjects of similar remark to the very persons whose affairs they were communicating.

What should we think of persons who went about collecting for exhibition samples of the warts, wens, and cancers, with which their fellow beings were afflicted? And yet would not their employment be more honourable, more humane at least, than this gossip-monger's?

We have heard such talk as follows between ladies, wives, and mothers, the wives of educated men, and persons who were called educated women.

"Have you heard that Emma Ellis is going to Washington?" "To Washington! how on earth can the Ellises afford a winter in Washington?" "Oh, you know they are not particular about their debts, and they have six girls to dispose of, and find rather a dull market here."

"Have you heard the Newtons are going to the country to live?" "Bless me! no: what's that for?" "They say to educate their children; but my dress-maker, Sally Smith, who works for Mrs Newton, says she is worn out with dinner parties. He runs the house down with company."

"Oh, I suspect they are obliged to go to economise. You know she dresses her children so extravagantly. I saw Mary Newton at the theatre (she is not older than my Grace) with a diamond ferretiere."

"Diamond, was it? Julia told me it was an aquamarine. The extravagance of some people is shocking! I don't wonder the men are out of patience. Don't tell it again, because Ned Miller told me in confidence. He actually has locked up all his wife's worked pocket handkerchiefs. Well, whatever else my husband complains of, he can't find fault with my extravagance."

Perhaps not; but faults far more heinous than extravagance this poor woman had to account for—the pernicious words for which we must be brought into judgment.

I hope it may appear incredible to you, my young friends, that women, half way through this short life, with the knowledge of their immortal destiny, with a world without them and a world within to explore and make acquaintance with, with the delightful interests and solemn responsibilities of parents upon them, should so dishonour God's good gift of the tongue, should so waste their time, and poison social life. But be on your guard. If your minds are not employed on higher objects, and your hearts set on better things, you will talk idly about your friends and acquaintance.

The habit of gossiping begins in youth. I once attended a society of young persons, from thirteen to seventeen years of age, who met for benevolent purposes.

"Is this reading or talking afternoon?" asked one of the girls.

"Reading," replied the president; "and I have brought Percy's Reliques of English Poetry to read to you."

"Is not that light reading?" asked Julia Ivers.

"These are old ballads and songs."

"Yes, I suppose it would be called light reading."

"Then I vote against it; mother don't approve of light reading."

Julia, who had the lightest of all minds, and the most voluble of tongues, preferred talking to any reading, and without loss of time she began to a knot of girls, who too much resembled her.

"Did you notice Matilda Smith last Sunday?"

"Yes, indeed; she had on a new silk dress."

"That is the very thing I wanted to find out, whether you were taken in with it. It was nothing but her old sky-blue dyed!"

"Can that be? why, she has worn it ever since she was thirteen. I wonder I did not see the prints of the tacks."

"I did," interposed another of the young Committee of Investigation. "I took a good look at it as she stood in the door. She couldn't deceive me with aunt Sally's wedding sky-blue dyed black."

"I don't think Matilda would care whether you were deceived or not," said little Mary Morris, the youngest member of the society, colouring up to her eyes.

"Oh! I forgot, Mary," said Julia Ivers, "that Matilda is your cousin."

"It is not because she is my cousin," replied Mary.

"Well, what is it then?"

Mary's tears dropped on her work, but she made no other reply. She had too much delicacy to proclaim her cousin's private good deeds; and she did not tell how Matilda, having had a small sum of money, which was to have been invested in a new silk gown, gave it instead to her kind "aunt Sally," who was sinking under a long indisposition, which her physician said "might be removed by a journey." It was—and we believe Matilda little cared how much these girls gossiped about her dyed frock.

Julia Ivers turned the conversation by saying, "Don't you think it strange that Mrs Sandford lets Maria ride out with Walter Isabel?"

"Yes, indeed; and, what is worse yet, accept presents from him."

"Why! does she?" exclaimed Julia, staring open her eyes, and taken quite aback by another person knowing a bit of gossip which had not yet reached her ears.

"Yes, she does; he brought her three elegant plants from New York, and she wears a ring which he must have given her; for you know the Sandfords

* London, Charles Tilt.

could not afford to buy such things; and, besides, they never do."

I have given but a specimen. Various characters and circumstances were discussed, till the young gossips were interrupted by a proposition from the president, that the name of the society should be changed; "for," as she said, "the little charities they did with their needles were a poor offset against the uncharitableness of their tongues."

There is a species of gossiping aggravated by treachery; but, bad as this is, it is sometimes committed more from thoughtlessness than malice. A girl is invited to pass a day, a week, or a month it may be, in a family. Admitted to such an intimacy, she may see and hear much that the family would not wish to have reported. Circumstances often occur, and remarks are made, from which no harm would come if they were published to the world, provided what went before and came after could likewise be known; but, taken out of their connection, they make a false impression. It is by relating disjointed circumstances, and repeating fragments of conversations, that so much mischief is done by those admitted into the bosom of a family.

You know that, with the Arabs, partaking salt is a pledge of fidelity, because the salt is a symbol of hospitality. Show a sacred gratitude for hospitality by never making any disparaging remarks, or idle communications about those into whose families you are received. I know persons who will say, unblushingly, "I am sure that Mr So and So is not kind to his wife. I saw enough to convince me of it when I staid there." "Mrs S. is very mean in her family." "How do you know that?" "I am sure I ought to know, for I staid a month in her house." "If you wish to be convinced that Mrs L. has no government over her children, go and stay there a week, as I did." "The B's and their stepmother try to live happily together; but if you were in their family as much as I am, you would see there is no love lost between them."

Now you perceive, my young friends, that the very reason which should have sealed this gossip's lips, she adduces as the ground of your faith in her evil report.

I have dwelt long on this topic of gossiping, my young friends, because, as I said before, I believe it to be a prevailing fault in our young and social country. The only sure mode of extirpating it is by the cultivation of your minds and the purification of your hearts.

All kinds and degrees of gossiping are as distasteful to an elevated character, as gross and unwholesome food is to a well-trained appetite.

WADE'S BRITISH HISTORY.*

THIS is such a book as we have long wished to see—a condensed view of not only the public and more conspicuous occurrences of our national existence, but also of those private and domestic circumstances which reflect more light, perhaps, on the progress of a people, than the most important political transactions. From the statement of pages below, our readers will perceive that it is a very large volume. The history is given in sections, mostly referring to brief spaces of time, generally to less than a reign. Each of these sections first presents an outline of the political history of the period; then, in a smaller type and in double columns, follows a chronological arrangement of transactions, both political and otherwise, including the heads of acts of parliament, deaths of remarkable persons, the results of statistical inquiries, &c. As a register, it is much more copious than could well have been expected within such bounds. With respect to correctness of dates and facts, the present writer, with the advantage of perhaps rather more than the average acquaintance with the minutiae of British history, is inclined, from the inspection he has given to the volume, to return a favourable verdict. There is less accuracy as to the orthography of names of persons and places. The political tone of the author's mind is that of a Whig; his views, apart from politics, are philanthropic, and favourable to all that promises to increase the wealth, morality, and refinement of the people. We would recommend the book as an excellent one for reference, fit to rank with Mr McCulloch's Dictionary of Commerce, and Ure's Dictionary of Arts and Manufactures. It is calculated to be of especial use to schoolmasters, as a source of minute information wherewith to illustrate the brief narratives read by the children under their charge.

A specimen of the register in Mr Wade's book is obviously not suitable to these pages: the reader will probably take more interest in the following view of the

PROGRESS OF RAILWAYS.

"Both rail-roads and steam-navigation may be considered the inventions of the present century. There were crude attempts previously in both descriptions of mechanical contrivances, but they were either wholly unsuccessful, or of such limited utility as to discourage their general adoption. In the Newcastle collieries wooden railways were used in the seventeenth century, and for which, on a limited scale, iron began in 1767 to be substituted as a more durable material. This experiment met with so little encouragement, that,

thirty years after, a Mr Carr published a book, claiming to be the first inventor of cast-iron rails. These railways, it may be remarked, were all private undertakings; no public railway was attempted. The first act of parliament for a work of this kind was passed in 1801, and was for the construction of a railway in the vicinity of London, from Wandsworth to Croydon. In the twenty-three years that followed, only twenty-one acts were passed for railways, showing the little alacrity with which the new power was brought into use.

There is another discovery connected with the subject of this section, in the first introduction of the locomotive carriage. The Sirius and Great Western may be considered great locomotive steam-carriages on the waters, but those on land form a separate and distinct contrivance, though the motive powers of both are derived from the same mighty agent. Railways, for nearly two centuries after their introduction, were considered only as a means of economising, not superseding, animal labour. So early as 1759, the idea of applying steam-power for propelling carriages was thrown out by Dr Robinson of Glasgow; and, in 1784, Watt, in the specification of one of his patents, stated that it was intended to use his steam-engine for the same purpose; but neither of these philosophers made any effort for reducing their suggestions to practice. In 1787, Mr Symington exhibited the model of a steam-carriage in Edinburgh, but it was not until 1804 that Trevithick invented and brought into use a machine of this kind upon the railroad of Merthyr Tydvil in Wales.

It is a singular fact in the early history of locomotive carriages, that their projectors assumed the existence of a difficulty which is now known to be wholly imaginary; and, like the ancient Romans in the conveyance of water, without a knowledge that it would rise to its level, they resorted to sundry laborious contrivances for overcoming an obstacle that had no existence, and which Nature herself, had she been asked, would have accomplished for them. They assumed that the adhesion of the smooth wheels of the carriage upon the equally smooth iron rail must necessarily be so slight, that, if it should be attempted to drag any considerable weight, the wheels might indeed be driven round, but that the carriage would fail to advance, because of the continued slipping of the wheels. The remedies devised for this fancied counteraction were various. One was conceived so valuable that a patent was taken out for it in 1811, by Mr Blenkinsop of Leeds. It consisted, as the writer well remembers, of a rack placed on the outer side of the rail, into which a toothed wheel worked, and thus secured the progressive motion of the carriage. It was, however, wholly useless—it was an impediment; the simple adhesion of the wheels with the surface of the rails upon which they are moved, being by an immutable law amply sufficient to secure the advance, not only of a heavy carriage, but of an enormous load dragged after it. The honour of discovering this oversight is due to Mr Blackett; but the idea of a want of adhesion had taken such firm hold of the public mind, that it was not generally removed till the opening, in 1830, of the Liverpool and Manchester railway.

A second misconception in the history of these inventions deserves to be recorded. It is a fact that, of all the railways constructed and contemplated up to the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester line, not one was undertaken with a view to the conveyance of passengers. In the prospectus of that work, a hope was held out that one-half the number of persons then travelling by coaches between the two towns might avail themselves of the railway, in consideration of the lower rate for which they could be conveyed; but the chief inducement held out to subscribers was the conveyance of raw cotton, manufactured goods, coals, and cattle. On the contrary, steam-vessels were originally projected for the conveyance, in rivers or coastwise, of passengers only; and they were not employed in this kingdom for the transport of merchandise before the year 1820.

It does not belong to the plan of this work to exhibit the statistics of these extraordinary innovations; only to record, in chronological order, their introduction and progress. At the close of the present reign (William IV.), the island was undergoing, and to a great extent had undergone, an entirely new demarcation, with a zeal not less ardent, and capital and intelligence more ample, than signalled the beginning of turnpike roads and canal navigation. From London, as a centre, lines are radiating in all directions—east, west, north, and south; and these lines are being met transversely by other lines, crossing and intersecting each other at the great estuaries of population and industry—Birmingham, Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Norwich, and Edinburgh; which a few years hence will form so many grand railway stations, whence individuals may reach any part of the kingdom in almost as short a time as they traverse the metropolis from one part to another, from Charing Cross to Mile End, Paddington, Camberwell, or Turnham Green.

Had not the government adhered so tenaciously to the system of interfering with nothing that can be executed by individuals, or the joint means of individuals, it is probable some of the new undertakings might have been carried on with more dispatch, economy, and advantage to the public.* - - Rival

companies have competed at an immense cost for different lines, and the interests of private parties have interfered to bias the decisions of parliamentary committees; all or a portion of which evils would have been obviated by the government determining, by preliminary surveys, the most eligible lines, leaving only the execution open to general competition. The expenses incurred by the railway companies in these contests, in buying off opposition, and in battling their projects through parliament, has been enormous, as appears from the following statement of parliamentary charges incurred in obtaining acts of incorporation for the following undertakings:—

London and Birmingham	£ 72,863
Great Western	88,710
London and Southampton	39,040
Midland Counties	28,776
Birmingham and Gloucester	12,000
Great North of England	20,526
The Grand Junction	22,757
Bristol and Exeter	18,592

All this outlay will have to be repaid by the public to the proprietors of the roads, in the form of excessive fares, in addition to the enormous cost of the works. On the London and Birmingham line of 112 miles, had been expended up to June 30, 1838, eleven weeks before it was opened for traffic throughout, £ 4,553,557, 11s. 9d.; and, in the opinion of the directors, the entire expenditure would amount to five millions before the works are in all respects complete. It is indicative of some precipitancy in these undertakings, that before the London and Birmingham railway had been finished the Manchester extension line had been projected, by which the distance between that town and the capital would, by the Grand Junction and the Birmingham, be reduced from 208½ to 179 miles. The total estimated cost of the Great Western railway from London to Bristol, August 15, 1838, was £ 4,560,928. The total number of acts of parliament obtained for railways from the first in 1801 to 1837 inclusive, has been 174, of which number 97 have been passed in the present (William IV.) reign."

JOE WITTON AND THE CUNNING WOMAN.

ILLUSTRATIVE OF A SUFFOLK SUPERSTITION.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.*

In this age, will it be credited, that, within a hundred miles of London, in the eastern counties of England, the lower orders of people believe that the *ague* (which is commonly very prevalent in flat, marshy districts, during wet seasons) proceeds from no other cause than the malicious vagaries of a certain moist fiend, a sort of *ignis fatuus*, who haunts the fens and lowland pastures, where he lies in wait for all such luckless wights as may be unwary enough to enter his demesnes after sunset! Sometimes, not content with such stray game, this terrible imp bestrides a vapour, or sails forth on a fog-wreath, and takes a wider range for prey through the hamlets, villages, or scattered cottages farther afield, where he, generally speaking, selects his first victims from the children who incautiously sit on green banks in the deceitful sunshine of March, or sleep on the wet grass after showers. These are small beginnings, but in no respect to be despised; for once get the *ague*-fiend into the house, say those *time-honoured* sages, the oldest inhabitants of the place, and you know not when it will be possible to get him out again; since it hath been observed from time immemorial that the very day, ay, the very hour and minute, that he leaves one member of a family, he attacks another; and, generally speaking, goes his rounds through them all without favour or exception. In fact, the ignorant sufferers from the *ague* will not be dissuaded from the idea that this distressing intermittent fever is something of a demoniacal possession, and two centuries ago this belief was not confined to the lower orders alone; that learned and minute antiquary, Anthony-a-Wood, relates, in sober seriousness and with pathetic quaintness, a circumstantial account of the manner in which himself and a fellow student were afflicted by the *ague*, and the various schemes which they practised to rid themselves of its persevering influence; but all in vain, for no sooner was one freed from it than it attacked the other, till the knowing old farmer in whose house they had hired "a convenient upper chamber, with the rare accommodation of a fair shelf on which to lay their books," informed them that they knew not how to deal with the *ague*, which was not to be driven out by means of medicine like an ordinary fever, since it was of a nature wholly different. Old Anthony gravely then proceeds to state how he and his fellow-student, in compliance with the said farmer's advice, rowed down a running stream, and when they were in the middle leaped from the boat on to the bridge, and from the bridge to the land, fling-

* British History, Chronologically Arranged; from the first invasion of the Romans to the accession of Queen Victoria. By John Wade, author of the "History of the Middle and Working Classes," &c. 8vo. pp. 1184. London, Edinham Wilson, 1839.

* The author here contends in favour of the suggestion which has been made, that the railways ought to have been state speculations—a view in which we are not prepared to support him.

* The above paper was first printed a few years ago in a periodical work of limited circulation. It is here republished, by virtue of an arrangement with the author.

ing the bridge, which consisted of a single plank, back to the opposite shore, which manœuvres they effected so speedily withal, that they fairly left the ague in the lurch, which could by no means pass over the running water unless by the aid of the bridge, but was sure to attack the next person that attempted to enter the boat, no matter whom. Anthony-a-Wood and his chum were released from its spell, and returned cheerfully to their chambers at Oxford, and the old farmer, though he lost his lodgers, exulted in his sagacity in outwitting the ague.

Almost precisely similar to this quaint relation of the learned chronicler, as far as regards the popular superstition of Oxford, was the account which an old ploughman, who worked on my father's estate some years ago, gave me of the manner in which he and his master got rid of the ague, after it had held them for more than two years, resisting alike medicines, charms, and every device they could imagine to expel it.

"For sartainly," quoth old John Witton, "this was a special arguing fever"—let none of the learned professions take offence; these were his veritable words—"and one of the most subtlest to deal with I ever met with in all my days. As true as I'm alive, he neither minded pepper and gin taken fasting on a Friday morning, nor blackbottle spiders made into pills with fresh butter, nor agrimony tea; and as for doctors' stuff, it was all meat and drink to him; for the more of it I took, the worse I got. Then I went to old Betty Snowling, the cunning woman, who lived in my young time, just fifty summers ago, at the north end of the pathway pigstie, and sometimes went up to the hall, when old my-lord was out of the way, and the young my-ladies chose to have their fortunes told unbeknown to him; and so I said to her, 'Mrs Snowling,' says I, 'for I thought it were best to be civil, 'what am I to do to get rid of this argy, which has almost shaken all my teeth down my throat?' 'Why, narbor Witton,' quoth she, 'to-night's the full o' the moon, and if you'll give me a shilling and a groat, and a farthing for luck, I'll chalk up a cross in my chimbley-back for you, and the argy will waste away as the moon wanes, and you'll be free from it by this day fortnight.' 'Narbor,' says I, 'that's a long time to wait; I'll give you a crown if so be that you'll send it away to-night.' 'Give us hold of the crown,' says she, 'and I'll put you up to a scheme.' So I hauls out my money, and sorely vexed were I to part with it so lightly; but if it had been ten times the size, and sterling gold, I would have given it to get rid of this arguing fever. So then, Betty Snowling went to a corner cupboard, and took out her box of charms, as she called them, and she gave me one of them, which looked as much like a tenpenny nail as ever I saw a thing in my life; howsoever, it had more virtue in it than that could have, as you shall hear.

"When do you expect the fit?" says she. "At six o'clock to-morrow morning, please God," says I. "Then," says she, "go to the four crossways to-night, all alone; and just as the clock strikes twelve, turn yourself about three times, and drive that nail into the ground up to the head, and walk away from the place backwards, before the clock is done striking, and you'll miss the argy; but the next person that passes near the nail will take it in your stead." Sorely glad was I to hear that; and if it had been my own father that was to pass over the nail, I shouldn't have stopped for that, so as I got rid of the argy. When the clock struck eleven, and all decent people were abed and asleep, except my mistress, who was sitting up for master, who was out at a fair, and I began to feel a little queerish or so, as if this argy would come on afore the time with the thought of what I had to do; however, I reached down my hat as soon as the hands pointed to the half hour, that I might be in time. "Where are you going?" says my mistress. "To drive a tenpenny nail in the crossways, to cure the argy," says I. "Umptious! very umptious," says she, holding up her hands; "oh, Johnny, Johnny, I'm afraid you've been dealing with old Betty Snowling, who witched my dear little Samny with an evil eye, and bespoke his death when he was as fine a boy as ever mother smiled on, and before the week was out he was shrouded, and coffined, and laid in the churchyard." And then she would fain have told me the whole long story of master Sammy's sickness, and death, and burial, with the names of the children who carried him to the grave, and the mourners who followed him; but, thinks I, if I stay to hear all that, I shall lose the nick of time to drive the nail into the four crossways, and have another fit of the argy. So as soon as mistress put her apron to her eyes, which she always did when she talked of master Sammy, I slipped out of the kitchen, and ran without stopping, through the churchyard to the crossways, and all the time I consated that I were dodged by two black imps, that properly frightened me. Well, when I came to the crossways, at the end of Calve's lane, going on to the common, there I stood and heaved for breath, for I had run very fast; and then I thought the place looked mighty lonesome, and I began to wonder whether any body were ever buried there, for being necessary to their own death, as 'twas the four crossways, and our mistress had talked of its being umptious to drive a tenpenny nail there. And for sartain the nail must have belonged to the devil, as it came out of Betty Snowling's box of charms. And what, thought I (as I took it out of my pocket, that it might be all ready against the clock began to strike), if it should turn red hot and burn my fingers; and I would have flung it over my left shoulder

to be rid of it, if I had not bought it at such a dear rate; and I shook every joint of me as much as if it had been the hour for the argy, when the church clock began to strike twelve. There was no time to be lost then, if I meant to get rid of the argy that night; so I began to turn myself round, and had turned three times before the third stroke of the clock had sounded, and down I went upon all-fours to hammer the tenpenny nail into the earth with a great stone; but I hadn't a ha'porth of strength left in my blessed bones, and my hand shook like an aspen leaf, and there went the old clock, dang, dang, dang, dang, dang, six strokes, before I had fitted the nail to the ground, and the stone to the head of the nail; dang, dang, went the clock again; knick, knock, went the stone on the head of the nail; dang went the clock again; knick, knock, knock, went the stone; it was well the ground was soft, or I never should have driven it into the earth, for I were all the same as a young child. Dang went the old clock again, eleven strokes; my heart was up in my throat. Skra-a-ah, shrieked the grey owl in the witch-elm over my head; I thought it were Old Harry himself, and Betty Snowling laughing at me for a fool, and that riled me; so down went the stone and drove the nail in smack up to the head, just as the twelfth stroke was beginning to ring in my ear, and I was up and off like a whirligig, and bounced into mistress's kitchen before her clock, that was five minutes slow, had done striking. But whether I went backwards or forwards from the crossways, after I had knocked in the nail, I never could tell, so properly scared were I at the thought of the devil and Betty Snowling. But for sartain I was more afraid of the argy than either, or I never dared have done such an umptious thing, as mistress said. Howsoever, I shall remember to my dying day the pint of humming harvest beer she had heated over the fire for me against I came in, and put such a glass of gin into it, with a toast of bread and a dip of treacle, that it comforted and warmed my very heart, and does me good to think of it now.

Well, ten minutes after in comes master, looking as blue as a harvest-plum, and he sits down by the fire, and he creeps closer to it and closer, and says, 'It's purely cold to-night, mistress,' and presently his teeth fall to chattering, and he begins to dudder all over; and thinks I to myself, but I said nothing, you may be sure, 'As sure as a gun, master, you're in for my argy-fit, for you're the first man that have passed over the tenpenny nail; and sure enough I was right, for I missed the fit that very morning, and master took it, and had the argy sixteen weeks from that time. My mistress always told him it was all along of his staying out so late at the fair, but I knew it came of his crossing over the nail; for, as ill luck would have it, Teddy Todd the turnip-boy, and Charley Cobb the-cow boy, knew it too, for the curious young toads had sneaked arter me, as I found out in a little time, 'cause they had taken it into their fools' heads that I were going to try a love charm, and they wanted to get a little information about them sort of things, and went watching o' me, crawling on hands and knees arter me, as I went through the churchyard to the crossways, little for thinking the real business I were upon, which made every hair stand on end on their heads, for fear the argy-fiend should lay hold on them. Be sure they sneaked home, and took care not to go over the tenpenny nail.

At last master went to Betty Snowling himself to hear of a cure, and she told him to cut nine notches in the cross-bar of a stile before sunrise the morning he expected the fit, and the next person who crossed over that stile should take in the argy instead of him. And sure enough master did as he was told, and said nothing about it to nobody; and who should be the unlucky body to cross the stile that morning first but I my own self! and true as I am alive, I was argy-ridden again worse than ever; and the worst of it was, that the fits took me every night, so that I could not get down to the four crossways to drive in the tenpenny nail at the proper time to witch the arguing fever to somebody else. So away I went at last to Betty Snowling once more, and directly she looked in my face she told me I had got the argy again, and had come to her for a charm. 'But,' said the hungry witch, 'it's of no use coming to me without money in hand.' So I showed her all the money I had left, which was two shillings and sevenpence ha'penny. Then she said, 'Johany, I must leave you enough to pay the hangman, I suppose,' and with that she took the sixpence and one of the shillings, and left me just thirteence ha'penny; and sixpence out of that I gave her on the spot for her to tell my fortune, that I might know what she meant about the hangman. And then she told me that it was all a joke. However, she gave me a string off the handle of her own broom, and told me to knot nine withered crab-apples upon it, and then leave them in a pathway field, across the path, an hour before I expected the fit, and that happened to be an hour before sunset. So I did as she told me; and who should be the first person to cross the field but master, and he got the argy again as bad as before. Then, when he saw as how I missed the fit that night, he began to guess that there was something of a plot in the business; and so, says he to me, 'Johnny, my man, you and I must part, for I see we have got the arguing fever betwixt and between us, and we shall have no luck while we two have a being in the same house.' 'Sure, master,' says I, 'and if we are argy-ridden, we may shift the argy away by some scheme or other.' 'Ah! Johnny,' says he, 'I have had enough of your schemes of shifting of

the argy, that's for sartain; for I never should have had it this year at all, if you hadn't a-driven that tenpenny nail in my path that you knew I must take in coming home from the fair that night, when you first miss'd the fit.' Then I knew by that saying of his that them tiresome toads, Teddy the turnip-boy, and Charley the cow-boy, who I had been forced to flog for some of their tricks, had 'venged upon me by telling about my witchcrafts with the tenpenny nail, for I had now made out that they were the black imps that had dodged me in the churchyard.

'True as I'm alive, Sir, I had not a thought of you, Sir,' says I, the tears coming into my eyes at the thought of losing my good place, with just only sevenpence ha'penny in my pocket to pay for quarters at some of the cottages. 'And, besides, Sir,' says I, 'I'm latten to you till next Michaelmas, and that was for better or worse you know, so you can't get rid of me afore that time without you've any thing to say against my character, but that's what I defy you to say; for though I say it as shouldn't say it, as the saying is, there isn't a steadier, honest, or soberer young fellow than I is. Saving the arguing-fever, which is no fault of mine, for I never was giving to stay out late at fairs and such likes.'

'Ah, Johnny,' says my mistress, 'that's the way people gets argys, and colds, and rhumatis, and then their poor wives have to nurse them.' 'And then,' says I, Sir, 'twasn't I that directed your crossing over the tenpenny nail, for 'twas all a game of haphazard who should be the first to pass that way; and now, after all, master, if there had been any thing in that, it would have been the horse that would have had the argy; since it were he, poor dumb creature, that passed over the nail, and not you.' 'Johnny, Johnny,' said master, shaking his head, 'that won't do; horses arn't liken to Christians, and never do take the arguing-fever; and though I don't blame your trying a scheme to shift away the argy, yet I do think you might have charmed it away into the next parish, or, at any rate, not driven your nail in my path.'

'Well, master,' says I, 'you never takes into account your notchin' the stile that I had to pass over into the bean-field so as I got the argy back again.' 'Why,' Johnny, says master, 'that was my loss in a double sort of way, d'ye see; for, in the first place, I lost your services just in the haystail and turnip-hoeing time, and in the next you brought the argy back into the house, and managed so as to fling it back on me.'

'Then,' says my mistress, 'you see all the good that comes of such umptious doings as dealing with the devil and Betty Snowling.' While we were bating the matter over, comes up to the house old Joe Spilling, the cow-leech, from Brainsford Wood, and master says to him, 'I'll give you a crown, Joe, if you can put me up to a scheme for getting rid of the argy clear out of the house.' Now Joe was a cunning old fellow, who had more know in him than any person for ten parishes round. He could tame the most unruly horse in my lord's stables, and make the most refractory cow in the county give down her milk to the dairy-maid, even the very night the butcher took away her calf. He could charm away warts and cure corns, and burn people in the ear for the toothache, bleed both cattle and Christians, and set a psalm and make the responses at church better than the old clerk, who always followed Joe's readings, and never shamed to skip the hard words that Joe could not make out; for he thought if Joe Spilling could not make them out, it were hardly to be expected that he should. Then Joe wrote and read all the valentines and love-letters for the men and maids far and near, and had given away most of the brides married in his parish, and stood godfather to the children. Ah! Joe was a special fellow; and every body used to say nothing was too hard for him to manage, if he once set his mind upon it. My lord, who was always an awful man about the game, was forced to wink at all Joe's poaching jobs, because he was such a famous hand at breaking his young dogs. Old Betty Snowling and Joe were sworn enemies, because two of a trade never agree; and it was said by some that Joe dealt not a little in her way of life; only I don't think there could have been so much sin in Joe's conjuring, or he never would have been such a constant church-goer; and folks do say that old Betty durst not go into church for the life of her. So when master asked Joe about getting rid of the argy, Joe put his finger to the side of his nose and winked three times, and said, 'You have been dealing with Betty Snowling, both of you.' 'Ah, Joey, you're a cunning chap,' says master, 'but that's not the question; I want to be advised into getting the arguing-fever clean out of the house.' 'Why, master Tibman,' says Joe, turning the crown between his finger and thumb, 'if you only depend on Bet Snowling's charms and devilies, you'll never get rid of it, for she witches it from one on purpose to send it back to t'other; so you might go on till doom's-day at a game of see-saw. Now, if you'll be ruled by me, you shall carry it not only out of the house, but clean out of the parish; so come along with me, both of you.' Off we all set, leading master between us, for the foul fiend of the argy was still ruling him; but for all that Joe made him keep up a brisk pace till we came to a little running brook that parted the parish, and by that time master was all in a heat. There was a plank laid over the brook by way of a bridge, and we all ran across it, and stepped in the other parish till the fit was quite off master. Then Joe gave him a sup out of a bottle that he had in his pocket to keep up his spirits, and we all came back to our own side, only master was last man, and we made a bound

one after the other from the plank to the shore, and flung back the plank after us to the opposite bank, and there the arguy was forced to bide till the next person passed that way, for it could by no means cross running water unless by means of bridge or boat; so we got fairly rid of the arguing-fever; and what is more, neither master nor I ever had it again from that day to this. 'Well, John,' said my father, 'and did you ever find out who was the next person to cross the brook?' 'True as I'm alive, sir,' replied John Witton, with a knowing grin, 'that was the best of the joke, for it was old Betty Snowling herself, coming home in the dusk from telling the old squire's young wife's fortune; but witch as she was, she could not tell her own, for she knew nothing of the bridge being flung back, and she set her foot where the plank used to be, and plumped right into the brook over head and ears, and for a sartain would have been drowned; only, ~~that~~ being a witch she could not sink, but floated over to the other side, and brought the arguy back into our town; only with all her charms she could not cure herself, but had it thirty weeks every day of her life, and was fain to go to the parish doctor at last to be cured, for she was too proud to apply to old Joe Spilling for a cure; no, no, she'd rather have been shook bone from bone than have gone to him for a cure.' 'But did the parish doctor make a cure of her?' demanded my father. 'Well, sir, that's more than I can tell,' replied John, 'for I heard of a service that Michaelmas at higher wage in this here parish, and left our country, and married like all the rest of the fools, because I met with a pretty girl, and here have I lived ever since, so what became of old Betty and the arguing-fever I never heard from that day to this.'

So much for the popular superstitions relating to the cure of the ague. Many of the charms ignorantly employed by the vulgar as antidotes for this disorder, are evidently relics of the homage and sacrifices rendered to the power of darkness in the ages of Pagan blindness and gross idolatry. In some parts of the county of Suffolk, I have known the following mysterious rite observed by way of a charm for the removal of this fever. A small red earthen pan was purchased, into which the afflicted person put a piece of meat (*which must be stolen*), together with a lock of his hair and the parings of his nails, and then buried it in a place where the earth had never before been broken. Surely a more complete oblation to an imagined evil spirit was never practised by the idolatrous tribes in the interior of Africa; and, as I before observed, it is doubtless a remnant of the aboriginal idolatries of the island, and might even be traced by the curious antiquary as a rite observed among the Druids.

LAND NEAR THE SOUTH POLE.

THE immense regions encircling the South Pole remain in a great measure unexplored. Our maps and globes present all within the Antarctic circle as one continuous sheet of water or ice, and on the outside also, for many degrees of latitude, there are laid down only enormous unoccupied tracts of ocean. This was not the case with the older charts and maps of the Southern Pacific. They boldly indicated the existence of vast ranges of land in that quarter of the globe, though, from a total ignorance of all connected with this same country, they were obliged to call it *Terra Australis Incognita*, the Unknown Land of the South. Some excuse for this map-filling procedure was derived from the statements of various early voyagers, and from the universality of the belief entertained by scientific men regarding the existence of a southern continent of prodigious extent, and probably both inhabitable and inhabited. Buffon entertained this opinion, and indulged his imagination by forming the liveliest pictures of the riches of the new continent, and of the vast benefits which would result to commerce from its discovery. Honest, practical Captain Cook did much to extirpate such vain fancies, though he himself believed in the existence of land around the South Pole, as the following quotation from the narrative of his second voyage is sufficient to prove: "In Captain Cook's opinion, the ice that is spread over this vast Southern Ocean must originate in a tract of land, which he firmly believes lies near the pole, and extends farthest to the north, opposite the Southern Atlantic and Indian Oceans, ice being found in these farther to the north than any where else." In fact, Captain Cook himself saw land in latitude 59 degrees 13 minutes, and longitude west 27 degrees 45 minutes, which he could not weather, or sail round, to the south, and which he thought might be the point of a continent extending back towards the pole. This land was called Sandwich Land, and lay to the south-east of Cape Horn. But though thus admitting, upon tolerable evidence, the probability of the existence of a southern continent, Cook thought that the land must lie too near the icy pole to be worth the toil even of attempting to explore it farther, and, in short, that it would present "the horrid aspect of a country impenetrable by the animating heat of the sun's rays—a country doomed to be immersed in everlasting snow." The great navigator substantiated this opinion to a certain extent, by making long and careful explorations on the navigable borders of the polar circle, all of which ended in the discovery of no land or continent in habitable latitudes.

In this state the question long remained, Captain Cook's accuracy of observation being so much trusted in, as to render future explorers of the globe unwilling

to throw away further time in examining the borders of the Antarctic circle. At length, a little merchant brig, the Williams of Blythe (in Northumberland), William Smith master, chanced to be passing from Buenos Ayres to Valparaiso, in the month of February 1819, when the master, fancying that he could improve upon the common passage round Cape Horn, took a wide tack to the south. He in consequence came in sight of what he imagined to be land, at the distance of two leagues. He saw many fields of ice floating about at the same time, and satisfied himself that he was not committing the common error of mistaking one of these for land. This spectacle, occurring in latitude 62 degrees 40 minutes, and longitude 60 degrees, surprised Mr Smith very much. On the second day he stood in towards the land, but approached near enough only to satisfy himself more fully of its true character, and also that it appeared to be an island. To the westward he observed more land. The whole had a bare and rocky aspect, but exhibited snow merely in a very few places. Seals and whales were abundant on these shores. Mr Smith was obliged to content himself with this distant survey, being principal owner of the brig, and fearing to endanger the validity of his policy of insurance in case any accident resulted from the prosecution of the search. Accordingly, he sailed northward and north-westward, and arrived in good time at Valparaiso.

The people there laughed at the master of the brig Williams when he told them of having seen land in such and such latitudes. They ridiculed the notion utterly, and assured him that he must have mistaken ice-islands, after all, for solid land. But Mr Smith, who was a native of Northumberland, had been brought up in the Greenland fishery, and knew the peculiar appearance of icebergs so well, that he was not easily shaken in his opinion. When he left Valparaiso to return to the Rio de La Plata, he sailed again to the south-east of Cape Horn, but the unusual abundance of loose ice then in those seas compelled him to proceed at once to his original destination. At Monte Video, the assertions of Mr Smith became again the subject of ridicule. Some persons, nevertheless, appear to have believed him. These were sharp-eyed American merchants, who offered to charter the brig Williams on a voyage of discovery, and to employ it in whaling, as the ostensible object of the enterprise. But Mr Smith seems to have discovered that the Americans had formed certain national views regarding the sovereignty of the new land, and having the loyal determination in his breast that the discovered territory should belong to Britain, and to Britain only, he refused to disclose the particular latitude and longitude to any but one of his own countrymen. On this rock the negotiation split, and Mr Smith had to wait long, and at great cost to himself, for a new freight. At length he shipped a cargo for Chili, and set sail for that coast, with the determination to verify his former observations by the way. On the 15th of October 1819, he came in sight of land, nearly in the same latitude and longitude as before. He bore up within four miles of it, and discovered it to be an island, covered by innumerable penguins. On the ensuing morning, the master of the Williams could plainly distinguish the mainland, or what appeared mainland, bearing the form of a line of coast running up to a prominent cape on the north-east. To this cape Mr Smith steered, and, seeing a good harbour, he sent a boat's crew and the first mate on shore, where, with three cheers, they planted a board with the Union Jack, and took possession of the land in the name of the king of Great Britain, calling it *New South Shetland*.

The character of the newly discovered country was not very promising at this point. The land was elevated and disposed in hills or great rocks, seemingly of a slaty character, while the coast and low ground were barren and covered with broken slaty stones. The sea on the coast, however, was particularly rich in the spermaceti whale, seal, sea-otter, and such like animals. Only the higher points of land were whitened with snow. The course of Mr Smith now lay to the west, but before leaving the cape alluded to, he saw that, on the eastern side, the shore shelved away to the south-east, continuing as far as the telescope could follow it. In a south-westerly direction, the brig followed the direction of the coast, keeping always within sight of it, for a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. The character of the land was not always the same, as Mr Smith could distinctly perceive some points of it to be clothed with trees, which bore a strong resemblance to Norway pines, and seemed to grow to a tolerable height. Indeed, the whole coast had a striking similarity to that of Norway. When the sailors were on shore, also, they saw abundance of wild land-fowls and fresh-water ducks—a sight indicative of no disagreeable severity of climate and temperature. Having spent no less than six weeks in the meritorious task of acquiring a further knowledge of the country, the enterprising commander found it absolutely necessary to continue his route for Valparaiso.

On reaching that port, his clear and distinct description of the new land, with the evidence of his drawings and of the crew of his brig, satisfied every one that there had indeed been an interesting discovery made. The British naval commander in this region was at once convinced that New South Shetland might be made a place of the utmost consequence to the British whale fishing in the Pacific, particularly as regarded that most valuable variety of the Cetaceous tribes, the spermaceti whale. The existence of land-fowl on the

coasts even excited the hope that various useful and valuable furred animals might be found there, in addition to the seals and sea-otters which had been seen by the crew of the Williams.

In the Philosophical Journal, to which a lengthened notice of Smith's discovery was some years ago communicated, many arguments are offered in support of the belief that this New South Shetland is really but a part of a large continent—the unknown Austral land of chart-makers. But this proved not to be the case. The report of Captain Smith sent off numerous adventurers, in the course of a few years, from the coasts of South America, both eastern and western. They found New South Shetland to be one of a group of pretty large islands, twelve or thirteen in number, and now rejoicing in such names as Barrow, Livingston, and others. The trouble of the parties who visited New South Shetland was well rewarded. The quantities of oil and skins procured on the coasts were very great; but of late years adventurers have gone thither in such numbers, that the supplies have been drained to a serious extent. The soil of these islands is, to appearance, entirely volcanic, and some of the land is more than 2000 feet above the sea.

The great Austral Continent, therefore, is not as yet a thing certainly existing, and the vast blank about the South Pole, visible in our maps and globes, remains unfilled up.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

THE FROG IN IRELAND.

"OF the existence of the frog in Ireland, very erroneous opinions have been entertained. I need not again allude to the legend of St Patrick's extirpatory malediction against the whole race of reptiles; but it is worthy of observation, that even of late years, the belief that frogs, in common with snakes, could not live in that favoured island, was very general. The truth, however, is, that this species is not only now an inhabitant of that place, but, as will appear by the following extract, has been so since the very beginning of the eighteenth century. I owe the knowledge of this passage to my friend W. Ogilby, Esq., who communicated it to me in the following letter:—

"The following is the extract from Swift's work of which I some time since spoke to you, concerning the introduction of frogs into Ireland. It occurs in a tract styled, 'Considerations about Maintaining the Poor,' which, though without date, I fancy from the context, and other collateral evidence, must have been written about the year 1726. Among the public grievances of which he complains, he rather singularly mentions the practice of insuring houses in English offices, which, it appears, was then becoming common in Ireland. 'A third' [absurdity], says he, 'is the Insurance Office against fire, by which several thousand pounds are yearly remitted to England (a trifle, it seems, we can easily spare), and will gradually increase till it comes to a good national tax; for the society marks upon our houses (under which might be properly written, 'The Lord have mercy upon us'), spread faster and further than a colony of frogs.' To this passage, one of Swift's editors, I believe Sheridan, adds the following note:—'This similitude, which is certainly the finest that could possibly have been used upon the occasion, seems to require a short explanation. About the beginning of the eighteenth century, Dr Gwyther, a physician, and fellow of the University of Dublin, brought over with him a parcel of frogs from England to Ireland, in order to propagate the species in that kingdom, and threw them into the ditches of the University park, but they all perished; whereupon he sent to England for some bottles of the frog spawn, which he threw into those ditches, by which means the species of frogs was propagated in that kingdom. However, their number was so small in the year 1720, that a frog was nowhere to be seen in Ireland except in the neighbourhood of the University park; but within six or seven years after, they spread thirty, forty, or fifty miles over the country, and so at last by degrees over the whole nation.' What credit may be due to the note, I will not take upon me to determine, though it appears perfectly circumstantial, and given upon the editor's personal knowledge; but Swift's own notice proves indisputably the fact of the introduction, and the period about which it took place."—*Bell's History of British Reptiles*—a newly published volume, illustrated by many exquisite woodcuts, the work of Mr G. Vasey. In this volume we find doubt expressed that toads are ever found enclosed in stones. The author thinks we still require "better and more cautious evidence to authorise our implicit belief in these asserted facts." This is much what Sir Joseph Banks said fifty years ago, during which space many cases have been reported, some of which with such authentication as to make doubt appear, what we have no doubt it mainly is, a mere piece of philosophical affectation. We refer, for a great range of cases more or less authenticated, to an article which appeared in No. 369 of this Journal. Mr Bell observes, that "numerous experiments have been made in order to try whether toads would die on being artificially embedded in masses of clay, of plaster of Paris, in wooden boxes surrounded by plaster, and in other similar circumstances, but hitherto all have failed, although in some of them the animals have certainly lived for a much longer period than could have been expected, prolonged sometimes to many months, or even to between one and two years." We cannot well understand how all

the experiments can be said to have failed, if in some the animals have lived even this comparatively short period without food and air. But if the author will do us the honour to look into the article in question, he will probably join us in thinking that even the most decided failure of such experiments would not be conclusive against the possibility of toads existing for ages in the heart of solid rocks. The probability is, that at the beginning of their imprisonment they were in a frozen or otherwise torpid state, a very different thing from being enclosed in their ordinary condition. The fishes which Captain Franklin took out of the Coppermine River, and which immediately became to all appearance inanimate pieces of ice, but afterwards revived when placed before a fire, would have probably retained life as long as they remained frozen, though for countless ages. The case of the toads we conceive to be almost precisely similar.

PROJECT FOR PRODUCING RAIN AT WILL.

A Mr Espy, of the United States, whose name has become known in this country with reference to the supposed law of storms first developed at the meeting of the British Association last year, is now attracting notice in his own country to a project for producing rain at will. A New York correspondent of the *Athenæum* gives the following account of the project. "Mr Espy begins by laying down these principles:—1. It is known (he says) that if air should be expanded into double the volume by diminished pressure, it would be cooled about ninety degrees of Fahrenheit. 2. I have shown (he says), by experiment, that if air at the common dew point in summer, (in time of drought, 71 degrees), should go up in a column to a height sufficient to expand it by diminished pressure into double the volume, it would condense into water or visible cloud (by the cold of expansion) more than one-half of its vapour—a quantity sufficient to produce nearly three inches of rain. 3. It is known by chemical principles that the caloric of elasticity given out during the condensation of this vapour, would be equal to about 30,000 tons of anthracite coal burnt on each square mile over which the cloud extended. 4. I have shown, by experiment, that this caloric of elasticity would prevent the air from cooling only about half as much as it would, if it had no vapour in it, or about forty-five degrees at the height assumed, which would cause the air in the cloud to be, at that height, about forty-five degrees warmer than the air on the outside of the cloud at the same height. I have shown from these principles [Journal of the Franklin Institute for 1836] that the barometer would fall, under the cloud thus formed, in favourable circumstances, as much as it is known to fall sometimes under the middle of a dense and lofty cloud; and that, consequently, the air would rush in on all sides towards the centre of the cloud and upwards in the middle, and thus continue the condensation of the vapour, and the formation of cloud, and the generation of rain. I have shown, also, that the air does move inwards on all sides towards the centre of the space or region where a great rain is falling, and of course upwards, after it comes in under the cloud, which is so much lighter than the surrounding air; at least, that it does so in all storms investigated, which now amount to sixteen, besides several tornadoes, in all of which the trees were thrown with their tops inwards. From these principles, established by experiment, and confirmed by observation, it follows, that if a large body of air is made to ascend in a column, a large cloud will be generated, and that that cloud will contain in itself a self-sustaining power, which may move from the place over which it was formed, and cause the air over which it passes to rise up into it, and thus form more cloud and rain, until the rain may become general; for many storms which commence in the West Indies, very narrow, are known to move from the place of beginning several thousand miles, widening out and increasing in size, until they become many hundred miles wide."

Mr Espy now goes on to say, that if his reasoning be correct, thus far, great fires and the bursting out of volcanoes should make rain; and he thinks there is proof that they do so. From some of these principles, too, it might be expected that clouds would form over large cities and towns where much fuel is burnt; and Mr Espy says it is found to be so. He refers to Manchester for proof, and also to Mamett's statements, in his collection of facts concerning the Ashby coal field. The connection, then, he argues, between fires and rain, is not accidental. Humboldt acknowledged this in the case of volcanoes, when he speaks of the mysterious connection between volcanoes and rain, and says that when a volcano bursts out in South America in a dry season, it sometimes changes it to a rainy one. Mr Espy, of course, thinks that he has cleared up this 'mystery,' and that what applies to volcanoes applies to other fires in proportion. He explains why they do not always make rain, and states that he is willing to undertake experiments in proof of his argument, provided Congress or the Pennsylvania legislature will reward him in the event of his being successful."

INFLUENCE OF DRESS, &c. ON SIGHT.

An excess of gilding, or, indeed, of any shining or white articles, in rooms, ought to be carefully avoided. Dress, also, it cannot be doubted, exercises much influence on the visual organs; and many naturally good eyes have been permanently weakened by the apparently innocent custom of wearing a veil, the constant shifting of which affects the sight so prejudicially, in its ceaseless endeavours to adjust itself to the veil's vibrations, that I have

known not a few young ladies who have brought on great visual debility by this means alone. Again, tight clothing is manifestly hurtful to the sight; for it needs not to be demonstrated that the effective state of the eyes, as well as that of every other part of the body, cannot be maintained without a free circulation of blood, which is obstructed when the body is too straightly laced or buttoned.—*Curtis on the Preservation of the Sight.*

THE FUTURE LIFE.

[BY W. C. BRYANT.]

From the "Western Messenger," a Religious and Literary Periodical, published at Cincinnati, United States.]

How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps
The disembodied spirits of the dead,
When all of thee that time could wither, sleep,
And perishes amongst the dust we tread?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain
If there I meet thy gentle presence not,
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again
In thy serene eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there—
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given;
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer:
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven?

In meadows framed by heaven's life-breathing wind—
In the splendence of that glorious sphere,
And larger movements of th' unfettered mind,
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,
And deeper grew, and tenderer, to the last:
Shall it expire with life, and be no more?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,
Await thee there; for thou hast bowed thy will
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me—the sordid cares in which I dwell
Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll;
And wrath has left its scar—that fire of hell
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,
The same fair thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this—
The wisdom that is love—till I become
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

SHAM DEAFNESS.

A marine, while serving on board a ship of war, complained from time to time to the surgeon that he was gradually losing the sense of hearing, and at the end of several months asserted that he was completely deaf. It being, however, presumed that the alleged infirmity was feigned, and as he could not be made to perform his duty, he was brought to the gangway and flogged; but previously to his being paraded for punishment, and during its infliction, he was informed that he should be pardoned if he would admit the fraud and return to his duty. Every means that promised to be successful in surprising him into showing that he possessed the sense of hearing, was resorted to, but without success; firing a pistol close to his ear, suddenly rousing him during sleep, and endeavouring to alarm him, elicited nothing satisfactory. The officers at Haslar Hospital, to which he had been sent, resolved to punish him a second time. Dr Lind, who was then physician to the hospital, begged that punishment might be deferred, with the view of gaining time to try by another experiment whether the man was an impostor or not. His request was granted. The doctor chose a favourable opportunity, and coming unperceived behind him one day, he put his hand on the man's shoulder, and said in an ordinary tone of voice, "I am happy to tell you that you are invalided at last." "Am I!" replied the overjoyed marine. The imposture being thus rendered evident, he was forthwith punished, and sent on board ship.—*Marshall on Enlisting, &c. of Soldiers.*

MARKS OF AN OLD SOLDIER.

Discharged men who re-enlist, and deserters who wish to re-enter the service, frequently omit to state they have been soldiers, and consequently it is of importance to distinguish a man who has been in the army from the ordinary case of recruits. A well-drilled soldier is in general easily recognised; his posture is generally upright, both when he is in motion and at rest; his chest is full, partly from an elevation of the sternum, and also from a greater development of the pectoral muscles; the shoulders are drawn back, and the scapulae nearly approach each other. When, however, he wishes to conceal that he has been in the service, he sometimes assumes a slouching manner, which commonly disappears when he is desired to march smartly backwards and forwards in the inspection-room, and if the word "halt" be given, the influence of discipline becomes instantly evident.—*The same.*

WHAT EDUCATION IS.

Education does not mean merely reading and writing, nor any degree, however considerable, of mere intellectual instruction. It is, in its largest sense, a process which extends from the commencement to the termination of existence. A child comes into the world, and at once his education begins. Often at his birth the seeds of disease or deformity are sown in his constitution; and while he hangs at his mother's breast, he is imbibing impressions which will remain with him through life. During the first period of infancy, the physical frame expands and strengthens, but its delicate structure is influenced for good or evil by all surrounding circumstances—cleanliness, light, air, food, warmth. By and bye,

the young being within shows itself more. The senses become quicker. The desires and affections assume a more definite shape. Every object which gives a sensation, every desire gratified or denied, every act, word, or look of affection or of unkindness, has its effect, sometimes slight and imperceptible, sometimes obvious and permanent, in building up the human being, or rather in determining the direction in which it will shoot up and unfold itself. Through the different states of the infant, the child, the boy, the youth, the man, the development of his physical, intellectual, and moral nature, goes on, the various circumstances of his condition incessantly acting upon him—the healthfulness or unhealthfulness of the air he breathes, the kind and the sufficiency of his food and clothing, the degree in which his physical powers are exerted, the freedom with which his senses are allowed or encouraged to exercise themselves upon external objects, the extent to which his faculties of remembering, comparing, reasoning, are tasked; the sounds and sights of home, the moral example of parents, the discipline of school, the nature and degree of his studies, rewards, and punishments, the personal qualities of his companions, the opinions and practices of the society, juvenile and advanced, in which he moves, and the character of the public institutions under which he lives. The successive operation of all these circumstances upon a human being from earliest childhood, constitutes his education; an education which does not terminate with the arrival of manhood, but continues through life—which is itself, upon the concurrent testimony of revelation and reason, a state of probation or education for a subsequent and more glorious existence.—*The Educator, a volume of Essays on Education, just published.*

WOMAN'S PLACE NOT IN POLITICAL CONTESTS.

Participation in scenes of popular emotion has a natural tendency to warp conscience and overcome charity. Now, conscience and charity (or love) are the very essence of woman's beneficial influence; therefore every thing tending to blunt the one, and sour the other, is sedulously to be avoided by her. It is of the utmost importance to men to feel, in consulting a wife, a mother, or a sister, that they are appealing from their passions and prejudices, and not to them as embodied in a second self; nothing tends to give opinions such weight as the certainty, that the utterer of them is free from all petty or personal motives. The beneficial influence of woman is nullified if once her motives, or her personal character, come to be the subject of attack; and this fact alone ought to induce her patiently to acquiesce in the plan of seclusion from public affairs.—*Woman's Mission, a new work, by a lady.*

A NOCTURNAL SKETCH.

Even is come; and from the dark Park, hark,
The signal of the setting sun—one gun!
And six is sounding from the chime, prime time
To go and see the Drury Lane Dane slain—
Or hear Othello's jealous doubt spout out—
Or Macbeth raving at that shade-made blade,
Denying to his frantic clutch much touch—
Or else to see Ducrow with wide stride ride
Four horses as no other man can span;
Or, in the snug Olympic pit, sit, split
Laughing at Liston, while you quiz his phiz.
Anon night comes, and with her wings brings things
Such as, with his poetic tongue, Young sung;
The gas up-blazes with its bright white light
Now thieves, to enter for your cash, smash, crash,
Past drowsy Charley, in a deep sleep, creep!
But frightened by policeman B, 3, flee,
And while they're going, whisper low—"No go."
Now puss, while folks are in their beds, treads leads,
And sleepers, waking, grumble, "drat that cat!"
Who in the gutter catterwauls, squalls, mauls
Some feline foe, and screams in shrill ill-will.
Now bulls of Bashan, of a prize size, rise
In childish dreams, and, with a roar, gore poor
Georgy, or Charles, or Billy, willy nilly;
But nursemaid in a nightmare rest, chest-press'd,
Dreameth of one of her old fables, James Games,
And that she hears—what faith is man's!—Ann's banes
And his, from Reverend Mr Rice, twice, thrice;
White ribbons flourish, and a stout shout out,
That upwards goes, shows Rose knows those bows' woe.
—*Hood's Comic Annual.*

PERMANENT VALUE OF KNOWLEDGE.

One of the most agreeable consequences of knowledge, is the respect and importance which it communicates to old age. Men rise in character often as they increase in years; they are venerable from what they have acquired, and pleasing from what they can impart. If they outlive their faculties, the mere frame itself is respected for what it once contained; but women (such is their unfortunate style of education) hazard every thing upon one cast of the die; when youth is gone, all is gone. No human creature gives his admiration for nothing: either the eye must be charmed or the understanding gratified. A woman must talk wisely or look well. Every human being must put up with the coldest civility, who has neither the charms of youth nor the wisdom of age. Neither is there the slightest commiseration for decayed accomplishments; no man mourns over the fragments of a dancer, or drops a tear on the relics of musical skill. They are flowers destined to perish; but the decay of great talents is always the subject of solemn pity; and even when their last memorial is over, their ruins and vestiges are regarded with pious affection.—*Rev. Sidney Smith.*

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VISITS TO DR ELLIOTSON'S.*

ONE day lately, while residing a short time in London, I dined at the house of a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Portman Square, where I happened to meet and form the acquaintance of the celebrated Dr Elliotson. I had heard of this gentleman only by vague report, and knew little further regarding him than that he had been zealous in the pursuit and practice of animal magnetism, for which he had incurred not a little obloquy and professional animosity. Much as this subject has recently been discussed, I had never paid any attention to it, and probably never should, but for the accident of meeting this eminent magnetist, and being gradually drawn into conversation with him. The good humour of the professor, the vivacity of his manner, and the truthful force of his observations when they bore upon philosophical subjects, gave me reason to imagine that deceit formed no part of his character; but at the same time I put myself on my guard, and was resolved to be carried away by "no sort of nonsense." On my bringing the conversation round to the subject with which his name was so intimately connected, I found that he had formed no distinct code of laws or precise theory regarding mesmerism, as he called it. He said that the experiments he had been able to make, were, in his opinion, highly interesting, as developing physical and mental phenomena of no ordinary kind; that he felt assured there existed in nature an unseen agent or agency, an influence, or whatever it might be called, which flowed from one living animal to another like a stream of electricity, although at the time the animals were not in contact with each other; and that in highly irritable conditions of the bodily frame, that agency produced certain phenomena of a most remarkable kind; that he did not pretend to account for or to understand the nature of the agency; all he insisted upon was, that such an agency existed, that it could be excited into activity, and was therefore, as a truth in nature, worthy of being examined, and to have its phenomena duly recorded. "I do not wish to lead you one way or another," he continued; "but if you feel any inclination to pursue the inquiry, call at my house, and I will perform some experiments in your presence on two patients, and you can think for yourself."

These explanations were so candid and fair, that I at once agreed to go and see the experiments. Tuesday next at four o'clock was appointed for my visit, and at that time I proceeded to the doctor's house, an elegant mansion in Conduit Street, taking with me two gentlemen of my acquaintance, one of them a medical man, who had never seen any experiments in mesmerism, and who I hoped would have all his eyes about him to make sure that there was no trickery or collusion.

We were shown into a splendid suite of rooms, and the doctor, his assistant, and his two patients, immediately made their appearance. The two patients, as he mentioned to me, were sisters, Elizabeth and Jane Okey, the former eighteen, and the latter sixteen years of age. In appearance, however, they were much younger, being small in figure; and I soon perceived that their behaviour was marked by an extreme silliness or infantile imbecility. They laughed, giggled, spoke broken nonsensical language, and ran about the room like two children at play. They could, however, understand what was said to them, and do as they

were bidden, their imbecility not being that of absolute idiots. The doctor explained to us that they had at one time been afflicted with epileptic fits, for which they had been placed under medical treatment in one of the London hospitals; that he had cured them of that malady by mesmerism, but that they were left in the infantile condition in which we now saw them; that this condition was a mode of existence quite peculiar; they had no recollection of any thing, not even of who they were; and they had every thing to learn afresh. He also mentioned that their susceptibility of mesmeric treatment was now excessive; that a single wave of the hand could stupify them, or send them to sleep; and that they were further susceptible of being thrown into a state of *perfect somnambulism*, or *waking sleep*, in which they were in a condition of existence different from the preceding. If I understood him rightly, they are susceptible of three conditions: first, the condition of silliness in which I saw them; second, the condition of somnambulism; and, third, that of rationality, in which all their old recollections revive, and they remember nothing of what has passed while in their other conditions. To these susceptibilities, however, there are occasional and very remarkable exceptions, and at all times their respective states of excitability are different. Both are sometimes so slightly irritable—or the force of the agency is so ineffective—that they cannot be operated upon in the usual manner; but a mode has been discovered of rendering them excitable. This is done by the touch of gold or silver, the contact being made on the palm of the hand.

The first experiment performed was something really startling. I had asked for a glass of water, which the doctor ordered Jane to bring into the room. She had just set down the water bottle and glass on a side table, when Dr Elliotson, at the distance of about twenty feet, and unseen by her, by a wave of his open hand transfixed her in the attitude in which she happened to be at the moment. She seemed frozen to the spot, and thus stood for a minute or two, with the rigidity of a statue. In half a minute she recovered with a sort of shudder, and came running back, whining as if affronted, and sat down on a chair. The series of experiments performed on her while she was looking at us, was equally striking, though some of them might certainly have been the result of previous rehearsal. A wave of a single finger, of two fingers, and of the whole hand, had each a peculiar effect in setting her asleep. The whole hand being passed through the air in front of her, made her, as I have said, stiff and motionless; her hands were clenched so firmly, that I could not with all my strength open them. From this rigid state, and with her eyes shut, she was recovered by the doctor holding the point of his hands (the two palms pressed together) directed to her hand, a process which seemed to relax the muscles, as if something had passed out of his into her hands, though at the distance of one or two inches. A little breath blown by the mouth also appeared to transfix her, and the same thing seemingly recovered her, the breath simply causing an alteration of condition in either way.

The touch of gold, silver, or nickel, or friction with any object, produces a similar effect in setting her asleep. Gold, if held previously in the hand of the operator, has a particularly powerful effect; and a streak of water with a small brush, if the water has been previously blown upon, and had the fingers of a person in it, has the most powerful effect of all; so much so as to be in some measure dangerous to the patient. The touch of, or friction with, iron, always loosens the rigidity, and awakens the patient.

One experiment appears to me worthy of particular description. The assistant procured a thick paste board, which he held to the neck, and round the face of the girl, so that she could not see any thing before her. We sat down in front of her. The doctor rubbed the palm of one of her hands with a piece of lead the size of a pencil. He repeated the experiment several times, but no effect was visible. At length he rubbed the lead on a sovereign which he held in his hand, and then applied the lead to the girl's palm; instantly the hand was clenched into rigidity. The doctor now took me to the door, and said, "Tell me how many times I shall repeat the rubbing with the lead alone, and at what time I shall touch the gold." I answered, "Touch the gold in your hand at the fifth time." We returned to our seats, and the experiment being repeated, he rubbed four times without effect; when, at the fifth time, having, as I perceived, touched the lead with the gold, her hand became clenched like a vice. While these experiments were performing, her face was so enveloped with the pasteboard, that she saw nothing of the operations; neither, I feel assured, could she hear any sound from the rubbing of the lead on the gold; if the operator or his assistant made any secret signal to cause her to clench her hand, nothing of the kind was apparent.

These, and most of the other experiments, were performed on Jane, the younger sister. Elizabeth, the elder of the two, a beautiful girl of a dark complexion, with finely moulded features, and who had been amusing herself meanwhile in running over the keys of a piano, was now experimented upon. She possesses a degree of mesmeric susceptibility which permits the performance of an experiment very elegant in its nature. By certain passes of the hands, and other means, she was thrown by Dr Elliotson into the somnambulist condition. In this she stood fixed in the most graceful attitude for several minutes, her eyes open, but looking vaguely forward, while an innocent smile played upon her countenance. The doctor spoke softly to her as she thus stood gazing in a statue-like attitude (harsh speaking being, as he said, hurtful and displeasing to her while in the somnambulist state); he asked how long she would remain in the way she was, and she replied "ten minutes." At about the eleventh minute, as I reckoned by my watch, she passed out of the somnambulist condition by falling back in a kind of swoon or sleep, and was immediately recovered by being blown upon by the breath: she awoke to her condition of infantile playfulness. While this experiment was performed on Elizabeth, my companions were chatting with Jane, and, as I afterwards learned, experimenting upon her. My medical friend, by a pass of his hand when her back was turned towards him, threw her at once into a sleep, and she would have dropped but for the timely support which was given. This extraordinary susceptibility, and to all appearance the entire absence of deception, astonished my friends not a little.

The experiments were altogether so curious, and so unexplainable by any known laws, that I felt my mind bewildered. I told Dr Elliotson that I had now seen what seemed very extraordinary, and almost magical; still that I was not convinced, and should like to see something more; however, that could scarcely be, as I intended to leave London next day. Dr Elliotson now mentioned that he was to have a public exhibition next day at three o'clock, and that he should be glad if I would remain in town one day longer, and make one of the company. I agreed to this polite proposal, and returned next day accordingly.

I found on this occasion from thirty to forty

* It may be proper to state that the writer of the above paper, and witness of the transactions described in it, is one of the conductors of the Journal.

ladies and gentlemen in the room, along with Dr Elliotson, his assistant, and the two patients, as before. The company being all met, a series of experiments commenced, similar to those which I had already witnessed, with a few others that I had not seen. Not to be tiresome, I shall briefly describe those that were new to me. Jane was placed in a chair, beside which stood on the ground three iron weights tied together, making eighty-six pounds, which she was told to lift by the ring of the principal weight. At first she could not perform this feat; but, her hand being placed on the ring, Dr Elliotson drew his hands upwards several times, as if drawing something out of her hand, and, after a certain number of these upward passes, her hand actually lifted the eighty-six pounds off the floor, and swung the weights round. Being relieved, she rose up, and I among others advanced to try our powers of lifting; but not one of those who attempted it could raise the weights in the sitting position. Several gentlemen lifted them standing. The circumstance of a feeble girl of sixteen years of age, with one hand, lifting or swaying off the ground a weight of eighty-six pounds, and at the time sitting in the worst possible attitude for performing such a feat, is of itself a most extraordinary fact, and the cause of it altogether baffles my comprehension.

The next thing done was the recovering of the same girl, Jane, from her condition of imbecility to that of sound reason. This was a disagreeable experiment. The doctor closely pressed her face with his hands, while his assistant similarly pressed the back of her head. This mode of applying the hands was peculiar. They were placed across the face and across the back of the head. We were told that if they were placed up and down the face and head, the desired effect could not be produced. The point of the patient's nose was only visible, and left at liberty for breathing. A wave of the hand downwards first sent her to sleep, and the process of pressure, as I have described it, proceeded. Once or twice she seemed to be recovering, but by an instantaneous application of the hand longitudinally, the sleep was continued, it being important that she should not recover too soon, for then her irrational condition would not be dissipated. After some minutes were spent in this manner, the doctor said he believed she would now certainly recover to consciousness. She heaved sundry deep sighs, the operators took off their hands, and she awoke to all appearance a new creature. She seemed astonished to see such a crowd of persons, stood up and curtsied to the ladies, and spoke with modest diffidence on being addressed. She had no remembrance of any thing that had taken place while in her former condition; she did not know who I was, although she had known and named me previously, from having seen me the day before; she knew her sister, however, from early recollections in her rational condition, but her sister did not know her. After a little time, she was allowed to go out of the apartment. At a subsequent part of the proceedings, she was recalled, and, by a pressure of the doctor's thumbs on her palms, sent back into her infantile condition, when she immediately began to speak and act nonsense.

The reader will here naturally ask a question which occurred to my own mind, and which I put to Dr Elliotson—if the patient can thus be restored to reason at the will of the operator, why not allow her to remain in that condition, and so restore her to society? The doctor, in answer, explained, that the infantile condition would seem to be a state of mind most suitable for the progressive strengthening of the physical frame, and so permitting a cure of that nervous irritability which in the first instance produced epileptic fits—that while in the infantile condition she was gaining health and strength—that, in point of fact, both girls had greatly improved in intelligence since they came into his charge—and that ultimately the nervous irritability would possibly be so much allayed, that a final and complete restoration to reason might be ventured on with safety. This, as far as I can recollect, was the substance of Dr Elliotson's explanations, and I gathered his meaning so far as to comprehend that it was in reality an act of humanity to allow the two girls to remain in the mean time in the half-idiot condition in which I saw them. I further learned that the doctor had cured other patients of epilepsy by mesmeric treatment, and that all persons were less or more liable to be acted upon, though in many cases a month's treatment (that is, waving the hand towards them for a few minutes once a day for a month) would be required before they could be rendered so susceptible as to be thrown into the magnetic sleep.

Dr Elliotson now proceeded to show another experiment, that of drawing the girl, Elizabeth, after him, by the action of his hands, although at a con-

siderable distance from her. Having placed her in an easy-chair, and set her to sleep, he retreated slowly from her backwards, his eyes looking steadily at her, and his hands held together and pointed towards her. As he retreated, he repeatedly drew in his hands towards him, as if drawing something in the air along with him. He thus retreated the breadth of the room and across a lobby into another apartment, a distance of perhaps fifty or sixty feet. As he retreated, the girl at intervals appeared convulsed, and endeavoured to raise herself, or to bend forward as if desirous of following the operator, but always fell back into her position of repose. The experiment being performed, the girl was recovered.

This experiment did not make a deep impression on the company, for the phenomena it exhibited could be too easily accounted for by supposing that the girl simulated. The next, which was the touching the palms of Elizabeth with unanuried and afterwards anuried lead, was more striking and unaccountable. Determined to prevent collusion betwixt the operator and patient, if such existed, I solicited the office of performer, and the doctor being quite willing, I forthwith began. All was expectation. Fancy the girl reclining in an easy chair, with a thick pasteboard held sloping upwards close round her neck, so that she could see nothing but the roof; I sitting in a chair in front of her; the crowd of spectators behind me on seats; and the doctor, by my request, placed out of sight near the door. In the right hand I held the stalk of lead, in the other a sovereign. I told the girl to open her hand, and I then rubbed it with the lead—perhaps twenty or thirty rubbings on the palm. I told her to close her hand; she did so. I told her again to open her hand; and she did so. I thus rubbed her palm *thrice*, and at each time caused her to close and then open her hand. It was evident to all that the lead had no effect. I now rubbed the lead on the sovereign, and rubbed her palm as before. I then asked her to shut her hand, and she did so. Now came the trying moment. I asked her to open her hand, but she could not; it was stiff and clenched. A murmur of surprise burst from all around. It appeared as if the contact of the gold with the lead had caused this remarkable phenomenon; and it was equally apparent that there was no collusion. I feel satisfied that the girl did not see what I was doing. How the anuried lead should have had the effect it appeared to have (granting there was no deception in the case), is beyond my power to explain.

I next proceeded to perform the experiment of streaking the fingers of the patient with water. Two wine-glasses were half filled with common water from a jug, and into each was put a camel-hair pencil. Into the water in one glass the doctor's assistant put two of his fingers, and also breathed several times, as if to affect it with some kind of influence. To the water in the other glass nothing was done. The girl sat on the chair in a deep magnetic sleep, with her face shielded by the pasteboard. Using the common water, I now streaked the back of the first and third finger of her left hand, which was lying conveniently on her knee, and then streaked the second and fourth with the mesmerised water. I repeated the streakings three or four times. After an interval of a minute, and while all anxiously looked on, the fingers touched with mesmerised water moved and pointed outwards, but the other fingers continued fixed as they happened to lie. On touching both thumbs with the mesmerised water, they shortly moved in the same manner. The patient was now recovered by the usual means, though with some difficulty, as the mesmerised water has, as I said, a very powerful effect.

Both before and after this experiment, I had, unperceived by Jane, waved my hand behind her, and it uniformly and constantly fixed her into rigidity. Other gentlemen present took similar opportunities of magnetising her by a pass of the hand, and always with the same result, for the power seems to reside in any one. I need hardly say that this bye-play caused extreme astonishment to every one who saw it practised, and all confessed that they could not previously have the smallest conception of its effects. Towards the conclusion of the proceedings, a cockatoo was brought into the room, and when the girl rubbed it with her hand, the same kind of stupor was produced in her person; the lower animals as well as mankind being agents, as I was told, of this mysterious power.

Before my departure, I took out my watch and held it towards her, as a person holds a watch before a child's face to engage its attention. I asked her to kiss the watch, and doing so she was instantly fixed in a stupor in a bending attitude: the gold, as was explained, had produced this effect. She recovered by my blowing in her face. Again she became fixed by taking hold of the chain; but on afterwards kissing the glass of the watch, she was not in any way affected. I touched the back of her neck with the gold side of the watch, and it stupified her; on touching her with the glass, no effect, as before, was produced.

I now finish the account of this very strange exhibition; it will be perhaps asked by the reader, what is my opinion on the subject, but I profess my inability to give one. My feelings are those of astonishment. I cannot believe that any deception was practised, although I possess no proof that there was not. Dr Elliotson pledged his honour that there was no collusion; and as he is a man of education and fortune above being acted upon by sordid or mean motives, I cannot imagine that the phenomena which I have

described occurred from any trick on his part. I, however, leave the reader to think for himself, and simply content myself with having given an account of certainly one of the most curious "sights" of London.

THE HON. C. A. MURRAY'S WORK ON AMERICA.

SECOND NOTICE.

A CONTINUOUS flow of lively description and abundance of incident were formerly mentioned as the chief characteristics of Mr Murray's volumes. To such an extent, in truth, are they distinguished by these qualities, that, even after the lengthened notice in our previous number, our only difficulty is still in selection. On the present occasion we propose to give our readers some idea of the general style and tenor of that portion of the work relating to the American Union, various districts of which the author visited both before and after his ramble among the Pawnees.

While America excels all other countries in the number and extent of its canals and railways, its ordinary roads, even in important districts, appear to be of the most execrable kind. For example, in performing a day's journey of thirty-two miles between Washington, the legislative metropolis of the Union, and the village of Leesburgh, Mr Murray found that "in one place the road, or rather the passage, with a high bank on one side and a canal on the other, was so thickly strewn with rocks, that it was impossible to guide either horse or wheels between them; the aforesaid flank barricades prevented the attainment of the usual remedial luxury in this country, of driving by the side of the road over stumps of trees or through a morass. My little Indian leader (for I drove my pair of ponies *tandem*) was now perched on a stone with his tail above the wheeler's head, then descended into a pool where he was hardly visible;" and, in short, the whole progress of the author and his vehicle was something like that agreeable journey (he says) described by Milton:—

"Nigh foundered, on he fares,
O'er bog, or steep, through straits, rough, dense, or race,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way."

So much for a sample of a rocky journey. Leaving Washington in another direction a short time afterwards, our traveller descended the Potomac for sixty miles, and then, quitting the river, took the road by Fredericksburgh for Richmond, the capital of Virginia. Let the reader keep in mind that this road is the great highway between the Virginian metropolis and the seat of the federal government, and then peruse the following description of the route from the landing-place on the Potomac to Fredericksburgh. "I was informed that the distance was only twelve miles, and I was weak enough (in spite of my previous experience) to imagine that two hours would bring me thither, especially as the stage was drawn by six good nags, and driven by a lively cheerful fellow; but the road bade defiance to all these advantages—it was, indeed, such as to compel me to laugh outright, notwithstanding the constant and severe bumping to which it subjected both the intellectual and sedentary parts of my person. I had before tasted the sweets of mud-holes, huge stones, and remnants of pine-trees, standing and cut down; but here was something new, namely, a bed of reddish-coloured clay, from one to two feet deep, so adhesive that the wheels were at times literally not visible in any one spot from the box to the tire, and the poor horses' feet sounded, when they drew them out (as a fellow-traveller observed), like the report of a pistol. I am sorry that I was not sufficiently acquainted with chemistry or mineralogy to analyse that wonderful clay, and state its constituent parts; but if I were now called upon to give a receipt for a mess most nearly resembling it, I would write, 'Recipe—(nay, I must write the ingredients in English, for fear of taxing my Latin learning too severely)—

Ordinary clay	-	-	-	1 lb.
Do. pitch	-	-	-	1 lb.
Bird-lime	-	-	-	6 oz.
Putty	-	-	-	6 oz.
Glue	-	-	-	1 lb.
Red lead, or colouring matter	-	-	-	6 oz.

Fiat haustus—agrot. terq. quaterq. quatiend.'

Whether the foregoing, with a proper admixture of hills, holes, stumps and rocks, made a satisfactory draught or not, I will refer to the unfortunate team—I, alas! can answer for the effectual application of the second part of the prescription, according to the Joe Miller version of "When taken, to be well shaken!"

It has been already remarked, that the author of this work abstains from lengthened and invidious comparisons between American and European or British manners and customs. At the same time he records always what he saw and heard, and the following extract will give an example of his way of showing both sides of the question. Speaking of his passage along the rail and canal line to Pittsburgh, he says, "The company on board these packet-boats is very mixed, including every grade, from the operative to the highest class in Philadelphia. I was very fortunate in meeting with an elderly gentleman well known as one of the most eminent and accurate reporters in this country. I enjoyed much agreeable and not un-instructive conversation with this gentleman, and I never saw the autumn of life adorned with more sober or more cheerful hues: happy in his home, honoured by his children, with a good constitution and a religious

and contented spirit, and maintaining his opinions, which were strong and somewhat peculiar, with all the warmth and energy of youth, I could not help wishing, that thirty years hence, if I am destined so long to live, my mind and body might be in a similarly happy frame.

I found an amusing contrast in the manners of some western travellers, who were cast in a rougher mould: they were not satisfied till they had found out who I was, where I came from, *why* I came, where I was going to, how long I meant to stay, and, in addition to these particulars, how much my umbrella cost, and what was the price of my hat. This last inquiry was followed by the party taking it up from the bench, and putting it on his *head*, which was not very cool, neither did it appear to have suffered much annoyance from water or from comb; luckily the hat did not fit, and after giving it two or three stout pulls in a vain attempt to draw it over his scalp, he returned it to me. Another fellow saw me smoking a Carbanos cigar; he asked me, 'Stranger, have you got another of them things? I will give you a cent for one' (a halfpenny). I immediately gave him one, saying, in perfect good humour, 'I will not sell you one, but I shall be very glad if you will accept this.' To my surprise he became irritated and angry, and tried two or three times to force the cent upon me. I refused as stoutly; and at length told him, that if he was determined to buy, and not to accept the cigar, I should charge him half a dollar for it. This view of the case induced him to take it gratis, but he seemed annoyed, and by no means grateful.

Mr Murray simply remarks, after relating this anecdote, that he does not believe these men to be "less civil and good-humoured than those of a similar class in Lancashire or Yorkshire." He discriminates between manners and intentions, and, conceiving them not to have the intention to be impertinent, does not hold them to be so, because their manners wear that aspect to one otherwise trained. Their behaviour to one another, being precisely the same as their conduct to strangers, shows them to have no wish to be specially rude to the latter. One example of the equality they preserve among themselves will amuse the reader. While Mr Murray was sailing in a steamer down the Mississippi, it chanced that he and the "captain went ashore at a wood-yard; and on entering the log-butt, the housewife, a woman about thirty-five, seemed to recognise his features (they had once lived in the same neighbourhood), and she addressed him thus: 'Why, you ar'n't Wilson?' He answered, 'No, madam; my name is Fox.' She replied (holding out her hand to him in the most friendly manner), 'Why, Fox, *conserve your old skin!* is that you?' Keeping such things in mind, our author, like a sensible man, only laughed good-humouredly, when, on the very first night of his stay with a worthy Virginian farmer, "not only my host, but his farm-assistants and labourers, called me *Charlie*."

While in the States, Mr Murray saw much reason to regret and condemn the system of duelling there practised. In the army and navy, duels are fearfully frequent, though it is among civilians that the practice usually appears in its most detestable form. When at Leesburgh, near Washington, "I became acquainted (says he) with a gentleman, Colonel M—, who had been concerned in one of those extraordinary duels unheard of in any other civilised nation. He had quarrelled with General M—, to whom he was related (they were either first-cousins or brothers-in-law, I forget which), and upon some occasion of meeting and dispute, the colonel knocked the general down. Of course he immediately challenged Colonel M—, leaving him the choice of any medium of destruction which suited his fancy. Colonel M—, knowing the general to be an experienced swordsman and an unerring shot, proposed to the gentleman who came to settle the preliminaries of this 'mighty pretty quarrel,' that he and the general should sit upon the same barrel of gunpowder, and by the application of a match, both take a trip into the aerial regions. This very sociable proposal was declined by the general; and the colonel, still determined to have the honour of his relation's company in the long journey 'from which no traveller returns,' suggested the propriety of their taking hands and jumping together off the top of the Capitol. This courteous (query, *Curtius*) offer was also declined by the unaccommodating and unreasonable general; and the third proposal of the colonel was *musket and ball, at five or ten paces* (I forget which). To this arrangement there could be no objection. They met—fired together by signal—the general was shot through the heart, while his ball, which was pursuing its true course to his opponent's breast, struck against the breech of his musket, glanced off, and did no further injury than shattering a part of one of his wrists; he showed me the scar of this wound. I have given this story exactly as it was told me by several of the colonel's own acquaintances in the town where he lives, and have no reason to doubt its correctness. It is only necessary to add, that both these parties were men of as high standing as any in their district, both members of the legislature, and that this duel was fought within fifty miles of the capital of the United States." This system of fighting differs very little from deliberate murder; and that it prepares the mind for the perpetration of that worse crime, is shown by such incidents as the following, which occurred in the state of Louisiana. "On the 3d of February 1835, a little before the usual time of the meeting of the House of

Representatives, Mr J. Grymes, a distinguished lawyer of New Orleans, entered the hall; and advancing towards Mr Labranche, the *Speaker* of the House, raised his cane and struck him; whereupon Mr Labranche drew a pistol, and fired at Mr Grymes. The ball passed through the lapet of his coat; he immediately drew a pistol, and fired at Mr Labranche, who fell, wounded. After a long dispute as to the right of the house to try Mr Grymes for this assault, it was carried in the affirmative, and he was brought up to the bar and—*reprimanded!*"

It is to be feared that such exhibitions as these, where the actors are men filling high stations in the republic, cannot be without their effect in encouraging that cruel style of fighting, with the practice of which the lower orders have been charged in some parts of the Union. Both are abominable modes of settling personal quarrels. It is in Kentucky that the "rough-and-tumble" method of fighting, where eyes are occasionally pulled out, has been most practised; but Mr Murray's observations on the spot led him to the conclusion that "the stories current respecting 'gouging,' as it is called, are exaggerated, and mostly *intended*." In place, however, of pursuing this disagreeable subject, we prefer to turn to some of our author's remarks on Kentucky, where he was for some time a guest of Mr Clay, the celebrated senator and orator. With a party from this gentleman's hospitable mansion, he went to see a farm near Lexington, belonging to General Shelby, one of the most famous agriculturists and cattle-breeders in the province.

"General Shelby's pastures are on a fine virgin soil, well shaded by noble forest-timber, with here and there an open glade (something like an English park). It is scarcely credible, but undoubtedly true, as I have it from the lips of these gentlemen in company, that this beautiful farm of two thousand acres, together with another in the neighbourhood (of eighteen hundred acres), were bought by Mr Shelby's father for an old rifle—at least, for a rifle, whether old or new I know not! The property is now worth at least sixty dollars an acre (besides the houses, &c.), which, according to Cocker, would give a sum of £45,000 sterling, as the value of an estate sold only fifty years since for a rifle! It makes one angry to see or hear of such luck happening to a fellow-worm; and when I looked at General Shelby, I almost felt that I had as good a right to the farm as he had." General Shelby showed his visitors a large and most excellent stock of cattle and mules. "The former are mostly crossed, more or less nearly, from the Durham breed; one lot, of three years old, was in prime order, and would have extracted a nod of approbation from a Lincolnshire grazer. They were probably worth *here* about 70 dollars, or £14, a-head. Mr Shelby told me that last year he sold a lot of fifty, averaging twelve hundred-weight each! The mules are becoming the most lucrative farm-stock in this state; they are found to be so much more serviceable and tough than horses, especially on plantations worked by slaves, where they are apt to be ill fed and ill attended to, that a good mule sells here for 150 dollars, which is a very high price for a horse. As an illustration, I will merely mention one instance, given to me by Mr E—. He bought a fine female ass, two years ago (in foal), for 100 dollars; she produced a fine male, which he sold for 400 dollars; she produced a foal again this spring, for which he has refused 300 dollars; and he sold the dam herself lately for 600 dollars; so, in this instance, there was a clear gain of 1200 dollars from one ass in two years! Mr Shelby has a great number of mules; he sold last year 3000 dollars' worth of them."

One of the few instances in which Mr Murray departs temporarily from his own straightforward narration to advert to what has been said by preceding travellers in the United States, occurs on the occasion of his visit to Cincinnati. He describes the situation of this city as at once beautiful and convenient, and its numerous edifices, holding forty thousand people, as handsome and regular. He then challenges the justice of Mrs Trollope's remarks on the inhabitants. "I have been in company with ten or twelve of the resident families, and have not seen one single instance of rudeness, vulgarity, or incivility, while the shortness of the invitations, and absence of constraint and display, render the society more agreeable, in some respects, than that of more fashionable cities. If the proposition stated is merely this, 'that the manners of Cincinnati are not so polished as those of the best circles in London, Paris, or Berlin, that her luxuries, whether culinary or displayed in carriages, houses, or amusements, are also of a lower cast,' I suppose none would be so absurd as to deny it. I hope few would be weak enough gravely to inform the world of so self-evident a truth; but I will, without fear of contradiction, assert, that the history of the world does not produce a parallel to Cincinnati in rapid growth of wealth and population. Of all the cities that have been founded by mighty sovereigns or nations, with an express view to their becoming the capitals of empires, there is not one that, in twenty-seven years from its foundation, could show such a mass of manufacture, enterprise, population, wealth, and social comfort, as Cincinnati, and which owes its magnitude to no adscititious favour or encouragement, but to the judgment with which the situation was chosen, and to the admirable use which its inhabitants have made thereof."

When I think of the short period that has elapsed since the red Indian, the bear, the elk, and the buffalo,

roamed through these hills; since the river (bearing on its bosom nothing but the bark canoe, or the flat-bottomed boat of the Indian trader) flowed in silence through the massive and impenetrable forest; and turn from that fancied picture to the one now before my eyes, displaying crowded and busy streets, rattling with drays and carriages; factories on all sides, resounding with the regular and mighty swing of the engine; numerous taper spires pointing to heaven; thence turn to the river, and see it alive with streaming commerce; and look beyond over the villages, the neat farms, the orchards, and the gardens—I am filled with astonishment and admiration at the energy and industry of man, and with pride at the self-suggested reflection, that this metamorphosed wilderness is the work of Britain's sons; and I do pity, from the bottom of my heart, the man (and, above all others, the Englishman) who can see nothing in such a scene but food for unjust comparisons, sneers, railery, and ridicule!"

Though in the recently settled quarters of the Union our author found himself exposed to great inconveniences in the inns and taverns, he speaks most favourably of the accommodations and treatment he met with in the older or long-settled districts, such as New York, Vermont, and New Hampshire. "I never had reason (he says) to complain of want of cleanliness, good victuals, or civility." It is true (he continues) that "upon entering or driving up to a tavern, the landlord will sometimes continue smoking his pipe without noticing your entrance; and if you ask whether you can have dinner, you may be told 'dinner is over, but I guess you can have something.' If you are a true John Bull, you will fret and sulk; and silently comparing this with the bustling attention and *empressment* of an English waiter or boots, you walk about by yourself, chewing the bitter cud of your wrath: but if you are a traveller, or formed by nature to become one (which John Bull is not), you will take this reception as you find it and as the usage of the country, and in a few minutes *he* of the pipe will be assisting to arrange your baggage, to dry your wet great-coat, and a tolerable dinner will be in preparation." Mr Murray also informs us, that upon one occasion, when accidental circumstances had rendered such civility desirable, one of these same landlords, though a perfect stranger to him, accepted his draft on New York for the price of a pony; and at another time, an individual of the same class advanced him fifty dollars, by indorsing his draft on New York, and cashing it at the nearest local bank. Our author justly doubts whether a stranger would meet with the same liberality in a country town in Britain; and observes, that these circumstances are at least very inconsistent with the charge of eagerness and suspiciousness in money matters which we are too apt to bring against the Yankees.

We must now part with this entertaining production, and we do so with the recommendation to our country friends to put it into their district libraries as soon as they conveniently can.

SNOW'S LEGENDS OF THE RHINE.*

In the preface to this work, the author mentions that "the wild and wondrous legends which appertain to each particular castle on the Rhine—the extraordinary traditions which attach themselves to almost every spot on its shores—the spirit-stirring histories connected with its cities, and towns, and hamlets, through the long period when it was, not alone the sole highway of central Europe, but the centre of European civilisation, have never yet been gathered together, nor given in a complete shape to the world." It has been his object to perform this task to the English public, and the result is before us. The book is a very elegant one, being beautifully printed, and embellished with a great number of plates, chiefly representing the cities and castles of the Rhine, besides a number of woodcuts illustrative of the legendary narrations. The author has evidently exercised great activity in collecting the romantic stories of the Rhine, as well as considerable powers of graceful narration in his manner of working them up. The great majority refer to the middle ages, and involve many supernatural details; but we prefer a specimen of a different description, in

THE MILLER'S WATD.

There is a lonely mill, close beside the little hamlet of Udorf, near the Rhine shore, between the villages of Hessel and Ursel, on the left bank below Bonn. This mill is said to have been the scene of the following story.

It was on a Sunday morning, "ages long ago," that the miller of this mill, and his whole family, went forth to hear the holy mass at the nearest church, in the village of Hessel. The mill, which was also his residence, was left in charge of a servant-girl named Hännchen, or Jenny, a stout-hearted lass, who had long lived with him in that capacity. An infant child, of an age unfit for church, was left in her charge likewise.

The girl was busily employed in preparing dinner

* The Rhine—Legends, Traditions, History—from Cologne to Mainz. By Joseph Snows, Esq. 2 vols. London, F. C. Westley.

for the return of her master and his family, when who should enter all of a sudden but an old sweetheart of hers, named Heinrich Botteler. He was an idle, graceless fellow, whom the miller had forbidden his house, but whom Jenny, with the amiable perversity peculiar to her sex, only liked, perhaps, all the better because others gave him no countenance. She was glad to see him, and she told him so too; and although in the midst of her work, she not only got him something to eat at once, but also found time to sit down with him and have a gossip, while he dispatched the food she set before him. As he ate, however, he let fall his knife.

"Pick that up, my lass," said he, in a joking way, to the good-natured girl.

"Nay, Heinrich," she replied, "your back should be more supple than mine, for you have less work to make it stiff. I labour all day long, and you do nothing. But, never mind! 'twould go hard with me an I refused to do more than that for you, had though you be."

This was spoken half sportively, and half in good earnest; for, kind-hearted as the girl was, and much as she liked the scapegrace, she was too honest and industrious herself to encourage or approve of idleness and a suspicious course of life in any one else, however dear to her. She stooped down, accordingly, to pick up the knife. As she was in the act of rising, however, the treacherous villain drew a dagger from under his coat, and caught her by the nape of the neck, gripping her throat firmly with his fingers to prevent her screaming the while.

"Now, lass," he said, swearing out a bad oath at the same time, "where is master's money? I'll have that or your life; so take your choice."

The terrified girl would fain have parleyed with the ruffian, but he would hear nothing she could say.

"Master's money or your life, lass!" was all the answer he vouchsafed to her entreaties and adjurations. "Choose at once," was the only alternative he offered her; "the grave or the gold!"

She saw that there was no hope of mercy at his hands; and, as she saw it, her native resolution awoke in her bosom. Like the generality of her gentle sex, she was timid at trifles: a scratch was a subject of fear to her; a drop of blood caused her to faint; an unwonted sound filled her soul with fear in the night. But when her energies were aroused by any adequate cause, she proved, as her sex have ever done, that in courage, in endurance, in presence of mind, and in resources for every emergency, she far surpassed the bravest and coolest men.

"Well, well, Heinrich!" she said, resignedly, "what is to be, must be. But if you take the money, I shall even go along with ye. This will be no home for me any more. But ease your gripe of my neck a little—don't squeeze so hard; I can't move, you hug me so tight. And if I can't stir, you can't get the money; that's clear, you know. Besides, time presses; and if it be done at all, it must be done quickly, as the household will shortly be back from Hersel."

The ruffian relaxed his gripe, and, finally, let go his hold. Her reasons were all cogent with his cupidity.

"Come," she said; "quick! quick!—no delay. The money is in master's bedroom."

She tripped up stairs, gaily as a lark; he followed closely at her heels. She led the way into her master's bedroom, and pointed out the coffer in which his money was secured.

"Here," she said, reaching him an axe which lay in a corner of the room, "this will wrench it open at once: and while you are tying it up, I shall just step up stairs to my own apartment, and get a few things ready for our flight, as well as my own little savings for the last five years."

The ruffian was thrown off his guard by her openness and apparent anxiety to accompany him. Like all egotists, he deceived himself, when self-deceit was most certain to be his destruction.

"Go, lass," was all he said; "but be not long. This job will be done in a twinkling."

She disappeared at the words. He immediately broke open the chest, and was soon engaged in rummaging its contents.

As he was thus employed, however, absorbed in the contemplation of his prey, and eagerly occupied in securing it on his person, the brave-hearted girl stole down the stairs on tip-toe. Creeping softly along the passages, she speedily gained the door of the chamber unseen by him, and likewise unheard. It was but the work of a moment for her to turn the key in the wards and lock him in. This done, she rushed forth to the outer door of the mill, and gave the alarm.

"Fly! fly!" she shrieked to the child, her master's little boy, an infant five years old, the only being within sight or sound of her. "Fly! fly to father! fly on your life! Tell him we shall all be murdered an he haste not back! Fly! fly!"

The child, who was at play before the door, at once obeyed the energetic command of the brave girl, and sped as fast as his tiny legs could carry him on the road by which he knew his parents would return from church. Hänchen cheered him onward, and inspired his little heart as he ran.

"Bless thee, boy! bless thee!" she exclaimed, in the gladness of her heart; "an master arrives in time, I will offer up a taper on the altar of our blessed Lady of the Kreutzberg, by Bonn."

She sat down on the stone bench by the mill door to ease her over-excited spirit; and she wept, as she sat, at the thoughts of her happy deliverance.

"Thank God!" she ejaculated, "thank God for this escape. Oh! the deadly villain! and I so fond of him, too!"

A shrill whistle from the grated window of the chamber in which she had shut up the ruffian Heinrich, caught her ear, and made her start at once to her feet.

"Diether! Diether!" she heard him shout, "catch the child, and come hither! I am fast. Come hither! Bring the boy here, and kill the girl!"

She glanced hastily up at the casement from which the imprisoned villain's hand beckoned to some one in the distance, and then looked anxiously after her infant emissary. The little messenger held on his way unharmed, however; and she thought to herself that the alarm was a false one, raised to excite her fear, and overcome her resolution. Just, however, as the child reached a hollow spot in the next field—the channel of a natural drain, then dry with the heats of summer—she saw another ruffian start up from the bed of the drain, and, catching him in his arms, hasten towards the mill, in accordance with the directions of his accomplice. In a moment she perceived her danger, and in a moment more she formed her future plan of proceeding. Retreating into the mill, she double-locked and bolted the door—the only apparent entrance to the edifice, every other means of obvious access to the interior being barred by means of strong iron gratings fixed against all the windows; and then took her post at an upper casement, determined to await patiently either her master's return, and her consequent delivery from that dangerous position, or her own death, if it were inevitable.

"Never," said she to herself, "never shall I leave my master's house a prey to such villains, or permit his property to be carried off before my eyes by them, while I have life and strength to defend it."

She had barely time to secure herself within, when the ruffian from without, holding the hapless child in one hand, and a long sharp knife in the other, assailed the door with kicks, and curses, and imprecations of the most dreadful character.

"Confound thee!" he cried, applying the foulest epithets of which the free-speaking Teutonic languages are so copious; "open the door, or I'll break it in on ye!"

"If you can, you may," was all the noble girl replied. "God is greater than you, and in him I put my trust."

"Cut the brat's throat!" roared the imprisoned ruffian above; "that will bring her to reason."

Stout-hearted as poor Hänchen was, she quailed at this cruel suggestion. For a moment her resolution wavered; but it was only for a moment. She saw that her own death was certain if she admitted the assailant, and she knew that her master would be robbed. She had no reason to hope that even the life of the infant would be spared by her compliance. It was to risk all against nothing. Like a discreet girl, she consequently held fast in her resolve to abide as she was while life remained, or until assistance should reach her.

"An ye open not the door," shouted the villain from without, accompanying his words with the vilest abuse, and the fiercest imprecations, "I'll hack this whelp's limbs to pieces with my knife, and then burn the mill over your head. 'Twill be a merry blaze, I trow."

"I put my trust in God," replied the dauntless girl; "never shall ye set foot within these walls whilst I have life to prevent ye."

The ruffian laid the infant for a moment on the sward as he sought about for combustibles wherewith to execute his latter threat. In this search he espied, perhaps, the only possible clandestine entrance to the building. It was a large aperture in the wall, communicating with the great wheel and the other machinery of the mill, and was a point entirely unprotected, for the reason that the simple occupants had never supposed it feasible for any one to seek admission through such a dangerous inlet. Elated with his discovery, the ruffian returned to the infant, and, tying the hands and feet of the little innocent, threw it on the ground even as a butcher will fling a lamb destined for the slaughter, to await his time for slaying. He then stole back to the aperture, by which he hoped to effect an entrance. All this was unseen by the dauntless girl within.

In the meanwhile her mind was busied with a thousand cogitations. She clearly perceived that no means would be left untried to effect an entrance, and she knew that on the exclusion of her foe depended her own existence. A thought struck her.

"It is Sunday," said she to herself; "the mill never works on the Sabbath; suppose I set it a-going now! It can be seen afar off; and haply my master, or some of his neighbours, wondering at the sight, may haste hither to know the cause. A lucky thought," she exclaimed; "'tis God sent it to me!"

No sooner said than done. Being all her life accustomed to mill-gear, it was but the work of a moment for her to set the machinery in motion. A brisk breeze which sprang up, as it were by the special interposition of Providence, at once set the sails flying. The arms of the huge engine whirled round with fearful rapidity; the great wheel slowly revolved on its axle; the smaller gear turned, and creaked, and groaned, according as they came into action: the mill was in full operation.

It was in that very instant that the ruffian Diether had succeeded in squeezing himself through the aper-

ture in the wall, and getting safely lodged in the interior of the great drum-wheel. His dismay, however, was indescribable when he began to be whirled about with its rotation, and found that all his efforts to put a stop to the powerful machinery which set it in motion, or to extricate himself from his perilous situation, were fruitless. His cries were most appalling; his shrieks were truly fearful; his curses and imprecations were horrible to hear. Hänchen hastened to the spot, and saw him caught, like a reptile as he was, in his own trap. It need not be added that she did not liberate him. She knew that he would be more frightened than hurt, if he kept within his rotatory prison; and she knew, also, that unless he attempted to escape, there was no danger of his falling out of it, even though he were insensible and inanimate all the while. In the mean time, the wheel went round and round with its steady unceasing motion; and round and round went the ruffian along with it, steadily and unceasingly, too. In vain did he promise the stout-hearted girl to work her no harm; in vain did he implore her pity on his helpless condition; in vain did he pray to all the powers of heaven, and adjure all the powers of hell, to his aid. She would not hear nor heed him; and, unheard and unheeded of them likewise, muttering curses, he was whirled round and round in the untiring wheel, until at last feeling and perception failed him, and he saw and heard no more. He fell senseless on the bottom of the engine, but even then his inanimate body continued to be whirled round, and round, and round, as before; the brave girl not daring to trust to appearances in connection with such a villain, and being, therefore, afraid to suspend the working of the machinery, or stop the mill-gear and tackle from running at their fullest speed.

A loud knocking at the door was shortly after heard, and she hastened thither. It was her master and his family, accompanied by several of their neighbours. The unaccustomed appearance of the mill-sails in full swing on the Sunday, had, as she anticipated, attracted their attention, and they had hastened home from church for the purpose of ascertaining the cause of the phenomenon. The father bore his little boy in his arms; he had cut the cords wherewith the child was tied, but he was unable to obtain any account of the extraordinary circumstances that had occurred from the affrighted innocent.

Hänchen, in a few words, told all; and then the spirit which had sustained her so long and so well while the emergency lasted, forsook her at once as it passed away. She fell senseless into the arms of the miller's eldest son, and was with great difficulty recovered.

The machinery of the mill was at once stopped, and the inanimate ruffian dragged forth from the great wheel. The other ruffian was brought down from his prison. Both were then bound, and sent off to Bonn under a strong escort; and, in due course, came under the hands of the town executioner.

It was not long till Hänchen became a bride. The bridegroom was the miller's son, who had loved her long and well, but with a passion previously unrequited. They lived thenceforward happily together for many years, and died at a good old age, surrounded by a flourishing family. To the latest hour of her life, this brave-hearted woman would shudder as she told the tale of her danger, and her deliverance.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MISTAKES OF WELL-KNOWN WRITERS.

PERHAPS of all the things which the world, from prejudice or ignorance, habitually misunderstands, there is nothing more largely misunderstood than Malthus's theory of population. Mr Thomas Hood, in one of his witty works, says, "I concede not to that modern doctrine which supposes a world on short allowance, or a generation without a ration. There is no mentionable overgrowth likely to happen in life or literature. Wholesome checks are appointed against overfecundity in any species. Thus the whale thins the myriads of herrings, the teeming rabbit makes Thyesian family dinners on her own offspring, and the hyænas devour themselves. Death is never backward when the human race wants hoeing; nor the critic to thin the propagation of the press. The surplus children that would encumber the earth are thrown back into the grave; the superfluous works into coffins prepared for them by the trunk-maker. Nature provides thus equally against scarcity and repletion. There are a thousand blossoms for the one fruit that ripens, and numberless buds for every prosperous flower. Those for which there is no space or sustenance, drop early from the bough," &c. It may safely be said that Mr Hood never made a better joke than this, for, while evidently inspired with antipathy to the name of the Malthus doctrines, and anxious to show that he does not believe them, he actually states these very doctrines as his belief—the theory of Malthus being, not that the numbers of mankind become too many for the food, but that they have a tendency to become so, and are prevented from doing so by the insufficiency of aliment—exactly what Mr Hood says in the above extract.

Confucius says, "Never contract friendship with a man that is not better than thyself." What a saying for a sage! What is the superior person to do? Is he also only to contract friendship with his superiors? In that case, his inferiors have, we suspect, a poor

chance of obtaining his regard. In fact, the thing altogether defeats itself, and is simply impracticable. There is a similar error in a poem of Burns :—

"Keep yourself
Free critical dissection;
But keep through every other man,
We sharpened sly inspection."

If every one is to arm himself in complete mail, how is any one to get in his dagger-point at all? Such mistakes arise from a confusion of mind as to particular and general. The advice may serve for one, as far as the possibility of realising it is concerned, though founded on gross selfishness; but it will not serve for the whole; and this simply, because we cannot have all sharpeners, or all victims.

THE SPANIEL OF DARMSTADT.

A NEW phenomenon has recently appeared in the musical world. Marvels of this kind are not uncommon, in the shape of little biped urchins, not yet out of petticoats, who execute variations upon the fourth string, and write fugues without knowing a note of music. But this novel phenomenon is of an entirely different order, being a modest quadruped of the canine race. Dogs have been occasionally observed, both in modern and past days, to show an extreme sensibility to music. On some of them, fine music has been known to produce an apparently painful effect, causing them gradually to become restless, to moan piteously, and, finally, to fly from the spot with every sign of suffering and distress. Others have been seen to sit and listen to music with seeming delight, and even to go every Sunday to church, with the obvious purpose of enjoying the solemn and powerful strains of the organ. All these displays, however, of musical tendencies on the part of the canine race, are as nothing in comparison with the following, which a recent German paper gives an account of, for the amusement of the world of harmony.

Frederick S—, a musical amateur of Darmstadt, in the grand duchy of Hesse, possesses a female spaniel, which has become a strange source of terror to all the mediocre musicians of the place and its vicinity. Having acquired a competency by commercial industry, Mr S— retired from business, and devoted himself, heart and soul, to the daily and hourly enjoyment of his favourite science. Every member of his little household was by degrees involved more or less in the same occupation, and even the housemaid could in time bear a part in a chorus, or decipher a melody of Schubert. One individual alone in the family seemed to resist this musical enticement; this was a small spaniel, the sole specimen of the canine race in the mansion. Mr S— felt the impossibility of instilling the theory of sounds into the head of Poodle, but he firmly resolved to make the animal bear some part or other in the general domestic concert, and by perseverance, and the adoption of ingenious means, he attained his object. Every time that a false note escaped either from instrument or voice—as often as any blunder, of whatever kind, was committed by the members of the musical family (and such blunders were sometimes committed intentionally)—down came its master's cane on the back of the unfortunate Poodle, till she howled and growled again. By and by, simple menaces with the stick were substituted for blows, and at a still more advanced period of this extraordinary training, a mere glance of Mr S—'s eye was sufficient to make the animal howl to admiration. In the end, Poodle became so thoroughly acquainted with, and attentive to, false notes and other musical barbarisms, that the slightest mistake of the kind was infallibly signalled by a yell from her, forming the most expressive commentary upon the misperformance.

When extended trials were made of the animal's acquirements, they were never found to fail, and Poodle became, what she still is, the most famous, impartial, and conscientious connoisseur in the duchy of Hesse. But, as may be imagined, her musical appreciation is entirely negative; if you sing with expression, and play with ability, she will remain cold and impassible. But let your execution exhibit the slightest defect, and you will have her instantly showing her teeth, whisking her tail, yelping, barking, and growling. At the present time there is not a concert or an opera at Darmstadt to which Mr Frederick S— and his wonderful dog are not invited, or, at least, the dog. The voice of the prima donna, the instruments of the band, whether violin, clarinet, hautbois, or bugle—all of them must execute their parts in perfect harmony, otherwise Poodle looks at its master, erects its ears, shows its grinders, and howls outright. Old or new pieces, known or unknown to the dog, produce on it the same effect.

It must not be supposed that the discrimination of the creature is confined to the mere execution of musical compositions. Whatever may have been the case at the outset of its training, its present and perfected intelligence extends even to the secrets of composition. Thus, if a vicious modulation, or a false relation of parts, occurs in a piece of music, the animal shows symptoms of uneasy hesitation, and if the error be continued, will infallibly give the grand condemnatory howl. In short, Poodle is the terror of all the middling composers of Darmstadt, and a perfect nightmare to the imagination of all poor singers and players. Sometimes Mr S— and his friends take a pleasure in annoying the canine critic, by emitting all sorts of discordant sounds, from instrument and voice. On such occasions the creature loses all self-command, its

eyes shoot forth fiery flashes, and long and frightful howls respond to the immelodious concert of the mischievous bipeds. But the latter must be careful not to go too far; for when the dog's patience is tried to excess, it becomes altogether wild, and flies fiercely at the tormentors and their instruments.

This dog's case is a very curious one, and the attendant phenomena not very easy of explanation. From the animal's power of discerning the correctness of musical composition, as well as of execution, one would be inclined to imagine that Mr S—, in training his dog, had only called into play faculties existing (but latent) before, and that dogs have in them the natural germs of a fine musical ear. This seems more likely to be the case, than that the animal's perfect musical taste was wholly an acquirement, resulting from the training. However this may be, the Darmstadt dog is certainly a marvellous creature, and we are surprised that, in these exhibiting times, its powers have not been displayed on a wider stage. The operatic establishments of London and Paris might be greatly the better, perhaps, of a visit from the critical Poodle.*

THE MAN OF ROSS.

"Rise, honest muse, and sing the Man of Ross."

THE true history and character of the individual, to whom the muse of Pope, thus invoked, arose and gave immortality in song, are but little known to the world at large, although almost every reader of the poet's lines must have felt an interest in a being so noble as the Man of Ross was there represented to be. John Kyrle was the proper appellation of the person whom local circumstances, as will be explained in the sequel, caused to bear the title of the Man of Ross. He was a native of the parish of Dymock, in the county of Gloucester, and was born on the 22d of May 1637. He was descended from a respectable family, once possessed of considerable estates on the borders of Gloucester and Hereford shires, and one of his immediate progenitors filled the office of high-sheriff of the latter county. The paternal grandmother and great-grandmother of the subject of our memoir were both personages of distinguished extraction, the former being the sister of Waller the poet, while the other stood in the same degree of relationship to John Hampden the patriot. Though the patrimonial property of the Kyrles (or Crulls, or Curls, as they had occasionally been named) had greatly decreased in extent previously to the time of John Kyrle, his father was yet in a comfortable position in society, and able to give the son a most liberal training, and every educational advantage which the country and time could afford. Being intended for the bar, young Kyrle was entered a commoner of Balliol College, Oxford, on the 21st of April 1654. On his admission, he presented a piece of plate to the college, in the form of a tankard, promising to enlarge this donation when any other person gave a better. Apparently, such an event really happened, since the plate, which weighed originally little more than eighteen ounces, was increased, in or before the year 1670, to a degree of gravity exceeding sixty-one ounces. The tankard is understood to be still in use in Balliol College.

At the decease of his father, John Kyrle, who was the elder of two sons, found himself inheritor of little more than the family dwelling-house in the town of Ross in Herefordshire, together with a few patches of land in the neighbourhood. But these possessions seem to have been quite sufficient to maintain him respectably, as he did not follow up the profession of the law, but permanently took up his residence in the district of his nativity. In truth, his frugal way of life, as well as his economical and judicious mode of managing his property, soon placed him in the most easy circumstances, and enabled him to make repeated accessions, by purchase, to the patrimony which had descended to him. But, though frugal in his habits, the subject of our notice was far, very far indeed, from exhibiting at any period of his career a spirit of avarice or money-hoarding. On the contrary, he was endowed with one of the most generous and noble hearts that ever fell to the lot of man, and hence, in reality, his celebrity—hence the immortality of his name as the Man of Ross. It was as a most extensive and unostentatious benefactor of his species that Pope enshrined John Kyrle in undying verse, and gave his name to all coming time. Before quoting the poet's lines, we may briefly describe to the reader the personal appearance and habits of Mr Kyrle, as far as any records on these points permit us to do.

The portraits of the Man of Ross display a regular, well-formed countenance, rather square in general outline, and strikingly expressive of mild cheerfulness and benevolence. The brow is open and expansive. In person, Mr Kyrle was tall, thin, and well shaped, and during his whole life his usual attire was a suit of brown, after the fashion of the day. He maintained his health by regular exercise from his youth upwards, turning his own hands to service in his favourite pursuits of horticulture and planting. A spade and a watering-pot were usually seen in his grasp, as he passed backwards and forwards between his dwelling and his fields. Having speedily increased his means, as we have said, and made his income re-

spectable, he lived well, and enjoyed himself frequently with his friends, though much company was not agreeable to him. It was his practice, as his habits became fixed, to entertain a party of his acquaintances on every market-day, and on every fair-day, in the town of Ross. Nine, eleven, or thirteen (he seemed partial to odd numbers), were the usual sum of the guests at his invitation dinners, including himself and a kinswoman, Miss Bubb. His dishes were plain and good, and the only beverages which appeared on his table were malt liquor and cider. At ordinary times, moreover, he loved dearly to see his neighbours dropping in upon him in the evening, was cheerful always with them, enjoyed a pleasant tale, and was uniformly discomposed and sad when time brought round the parting hour.

Such were the personal peculiarities and the merely personal habits of the Man of Ross. Let us now depict him in his character of a member of society, and display his conduct in his relations to his neighbours, to the poor around him, and to his fellow-creatures at large. Did that conduct justify these high commendations of the poet Pope?

P. "But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest muse! and sing the Man of Ross:
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the water flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heav'n-directed spire to rise?
'THE MAN OF ROSS,' each lisping babe replies!
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread—
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread.
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where Age and Want sit smiling at the gate.
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans bless'd,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more.
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now an useless race.
B. Thrice happy man, enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
O! say, what sums that generous hand supply,
What mines, to swell that boundless charity?
P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed—five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars, hide your diminished rays!
B. And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, almost his name unknown?
P. Who builds a church to God, and not to Fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history.
Enough, that virtue filled the space between—
Proved, by the ends of being, to have been."

In every particular item of this panegyric, the poet's assertions were founded in strict truth. Pope acquired his intimate knowledge of the circumstances from being in the habit of occasionally visiting a Roman Catholic family resident in the immediate vicinity of Ross. We shall not attempt to tell at what periods of Mr Kyrle's life, which was extended to the term of eighty-seven years, the individual actions and events to be alluded to took place. Some of these acts were continued, indeed, through a long series of years. The clothing of "the sultry mountain with woods," and the bestowal of the blessing of "water upon the swains of the vale," to which Pope refers, were public acts, performed for the service of the people of Ross, at great private cost to Mr Kyrle. The "causeway," and the "seats for weary travellers," were matters of a similar character, and the "heav'n-directed spire" was another benefit, or rather ornament perhaps, to the town of Ross, conferred by its indefatigable MAN. Mr Kyrle thought the old spire in danger of falling, and his humane mind never rested till a new one was substituted, to the erection of which he contributed most amply. These are but one or two of the public benefits which so deeply endeared him to the people of Ross. But higher and nobler deeds are to be mentioned. His care of the poor was incessant. He fed them, clothed them, and cared for them every way, and this not for a time, or to relieve a passing necessity, but for long years—from the time, in truth, when he was in his manhood's pride, to the term when his head was white and hoary.

"Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread,
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread."

This was strictly true. Some pious bishop or lord of former times had decreed that the tolls paid for all corn brought to the Ross market should be the property of the poor, and the grant remained long in force. But the poor, through imperfect management, derived no good from the privilege, until the Man of Ross took the matter under his care, ground the toll-corn, and had it baked into bread at his own house, after which he distributed it every Saturday with his own hands in front of the market-house. "Tradition reports in homely language (to use the words of a notice of Mr Kyrle), that it would 'have done one's heart good to see how cheerful the old gentleman looked (for he was then very old) when engaged in distributing the bread.'" The "almshouse" to which Pope refers was one in reality "fed" daily by the Man of Ross, since every day saw food taken from his own table to that of the charity. But, to speak the truth, any person who claimed this benevolent being's hospitable assistance received it, and that again and again. To poor girls

* Adapted from a French newspaper of recent date.

he often gave marriage portions, and paid the apprentice fees for poor orphan boys. At his kitchen fire-place was placed a large wooden block for poor people to sit on, and to the poor, also, a piece of boiled beef, and three pecks of flour, in bread, were given every Sunday.

"Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blest'd,
The young who labour and the poor who rest."

"Is any sick?" continues Pope, and describes the attention of the Man of Ross to the sick poor; his purse, his medicine chest, and, what was more, his personal ministrings, being ever ready for their relief. The passage, "Is there a variance," &c., has reference to another feature in the life of the subject of our memoir. Himself averse to all quarrelling, legal or otherwise, he exerted himself to maintain harmony among his neighbours, and for much more than half a century he was arbitrator in all their disputes—the chosen judge, in fact, of all civil causes in the district. Perhaps, in this character, his influence was more beneficial than in any other. In closing now our comment upon the text of Pope, we come to the most remarkable point in this whole history. Upon what mines, says the bard, did this mirror of benevolence draw to supply the demands of his boundless charity? No princely or ducal estates were his.

"This man possessed—five hundred pounds a-year."

A truly wonderful instance this is, indeed, of the vast amount of good which prudent management may put in the power of those even of limited fortunes. Yet the whole is but another proof that Will and Skill can accomplish all things.

The town which Mr Kyrle so long adorned was justly proud of him during his life, and deeply revered his memory, when he was laid in the tomb. The name of the Man of Ross was not bestowed in the first instance by Pope, but was previously the common and popular designation of Mr Kyrle in the country around Ross. The subject of our notice never married. The poor of his district were his children and his family. From them he was removed at the venerable age we have mentioned, and the whole population of Ross and its vicinity followed the remains of the good man to the grave. Numerous as were the eyes that beheld the earth closed over the Man of Ross, perhaps not one individual there could not say, "There is the last sight of my benefactor." The day of his death was November the 20th, 1724, and he was laid in the chancel of Ross in Herefordshire. For a long time no other monument marked the place where he lay, than a flat stone with the initials J. K. But in later years a handsome stone has been erected over the body of the Man of Ross. The spot is a hallowed one to the inhabitants, and, indeed, every thing connected in the remotest degree with his memory is matter of reverence to the people of the place. One striking proof of this was afforded recently, when the church underwent a repair or renovation of its pews. The community with one voice exclaimed against the removal of one portion of John Kyrle's pew. It was left precisely in the position in which it was, when occupied by him.

ANECDOTES OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THE following narrative, while it strikingly exhibits the fallible and uncertain nature of circumstantial evidence, affords also a convincing proof of the indispensable necessity of procuring medical testimony of the highest order, in all criminal cases relating to injuries of the person. The narrator, Mr Perfect, a surgeon at Hammersmith, sent the statement to the editor of the *Lancet* (Mr Wakley) in January of the present year, and as its diffusion is likely to do good, we take leave to transfer it from the pages of that periodical into our own:—

"It is now thirty years ago, that, accidentally passing the Pack-Horse, Turnham-green, my attention was attracted by a mob of persons of the lowest order, assembled around the door of that inn, who were very leud in their execrations against some person who was suspected of having murdered his brother; in corroboration of which, I was told that his bones were found near the premises where he formerly resided, upon view of which a jury was then sitting, after an adjournment from the day preceding. I found that two surgeons had been subpoenaed to inspect the remains, and I had no doubt but that every information as to their character had been obtained; curiosity alone, therefore, induced me to make way into the room, where I found that the coroner, and, I believe, a double jury, were sitting for the second day, and were engaged in an investigation which tended to show that a farmer and market-gardener at Sutton-court Farm, had, a few years before, a brother living with him, who was engaged in the farm, but whose conduct was dissolute and irregular, to a degree that often provoked the anger of his elder brother, and sometimes begat strife and violence between them; that the temper of the elder brother was as little under control as the conduct of the younger; and, in fine, that they lived very uncomfortably together.

One winter's night, when the ground was covered with snow, the younger brother absconded from the house (for they both lived together), by letting himself down from his chamber window; and when he was missed the ensuing morning, his footsteps were clearly tracked in the snow to a considerable distance, nor were there any other footsteps but his own: time passed

on, and after a lapse of some few years no tidings were heard of his retreat, nor perhaps have there ever been since. Some alterations in the grounds surrounding the house having been undertaken by a subsequent tenant (for the elder brother had then left the farm), a skeleton was dug up, and the circumstance appeared so conclusive that one brother had murdered the other, that the popular clamour was raised to the utmost, and a jury empanelled to investigate the case.

After listening attentively to these details, I ventured to request of the coroner to be allowed to examine the bones, which I found were contained in a hamper basket at the farther end of the room, and I felt much flattered by his immediate compliance, for he desired the parish beadle, who was in attendance, to place them upon the table; and having myself disposed them in their natural order, I found that they represented a person of short stature, and from the obliteration of the sutures of the skull, and the worn down state of the teeth, must have belonged to an aged person. But what was my surprise when I reconstructed the bones of the skeleton, and found the lower bones of the trunk to be those of a female. I immediately communicated the fact to the jury, and requested that the two medical men who had before given their opinions might be sent for, one of whom attended, and without a moment's hesitation corroborated my report.

I need not add that the proceedings were instantly at an end, and an innocent man received the *amende honorable*, in the shape of an apology, from all present, in which the coroner heartily joined. It has since been proved, beyond all doubt, that the spot where the bones were found was formerly the site of a large gravel-pit, in which hordes of gipsies not only assembled, but occasionally buried their dead, and, perhaps, more skeletons are yet to be found in that vicinity."

At the distance of thirty years, the narrator of this occurrence may well look back upon it with pleasure, and congratulate himself upon having been "the happy instrument in the hands of Providence of rescuing a worthy and innocent man from the obloquy, and perhaps the fate, of a murderer."

Not so fortunate in its issue was the case which we subjoin to this, and which occurred in England previously to the reign of Charles II. The narrative is given in one of the early volumes of the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

"A gentleman died possessed of a very considerable fortune, which he left to his only child, a daughter, appointing his brother to be her guardian, and executor of his will. The young lady was then about eighteen; and if she happened to die unmarried, or, if married, without children, her fortune was left to her guardian and to his heirs. As the interest of the uncle was now incompatible with the life of the niece, several other relations hinted that it would not be proper for them to live together. Whether they were willing to prevent any occasion of slander against the uncle, in case of the young lady's death; whether they had any apprehension of her being in danger; or whether they were only discontented with the father's disposition of his fortune, and therefore propagated rumours to the prejudice of those who possessed it, cannot be known; the uncle, however, took his niece to his house near Epping Forest, and soon afterwards she disappeared.

Great inquiry was made after her, and it appearing that on the day she was missing she went out with her uncle into the forest, and that he returned without her, he was taken into custody. A few days afterwards he went through a long examination, in which he acknowledged that he went out with her, and pretended that she found means to loiter behind him as they were returning home; that he sought her in the forest as soon as he missed her; and that he knew not where she was, or what was become of her. This account was thought improbable, and his apparent interest in the death of his ward, and perhaps the petulant zeal of other relations, concurred to raise and strengthen suspicions against him, and he was detained in custody. Some new circumstances were every day rising against him. It was found that the young lady had been addressed by a neighbouring gentleman, who had, a few days before she was missing, set out on a journey to the north, and that she had declared she would marry him when he returned; that her uncle had frequently expressed his disapprobation of the match in very strong terms; that she had often wept and reproached him with unkindness and an abuse of his power. A woman was also produced, who swore that on the day the young lady was missing, about eleven o'clock in the forenoon, she was coming through the forest, and heard a woman's voice expostulating with great eagerness; upon which she drew nearer the place, and, before she saw any person, heard the same voice say, 'Don't kill me, uncle; don't kill me; upon which she was greatly terrified, and immediately hearing the report of a fire-arm very near, she made all the haste she could from the spot, but could not rest in her mind till she had told what had happened.

Such was the general impatience to punish a man who had murdered his niece to inherit her fortune, that upon this evidence he was condemned and executed.

About ten days after the execution, the young lady came home. It appeared, however, that what all the witnesses had sworn was true, and the fact was found to be thus circumstanced:—

The young lady declared, that having previously agreed to go off with the gentleman that courted her, he had given out that he was going a journey to the north, but that he waited concealed at a little house near the skirts of the forest, till the time appointed, which was the day she disappeared. That he had horses ready for himself and her, and was attended by two servants also on horseback. That as she was walking with her uncle, he reproached her with persisting in her resolution to marry a man of whom he disapproved; and after much altercation, she said, with some heat, 'I have set my heart upon it; if I do not marry him, it will be my death; and don't kill me, uncle; don't kill me; that just as she had pronounced these words, she heard a fire-arm discharged very near her, at which she started, and immediately afterwards saw a man come forward from among the trees, with a wood-pigeon in his hand, that he had just shot. That coming near the place appointed for their rendezvous, she formed a pretence to let her uncle go on before her, and her suitor being waiting for her with a horse, she mounted, and immediately rode off. That instead of going into the north, they retired to a house in which he had taken lodgings, near Windsor, where they were married the same day, and in about a week went a journey of pleasure to France, from whence, when they returned, they first heard of the misfortune which they had inadvertently brought upon their uncle.

So uncertain is human testimony, even when the witnesses are sincere, and so necessary is a cool and dispassionate inquiry and determination, with respect to crimes that are enormous in the highest degree, and committed with every possible aggravation."

GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY—THE BOX TUNNEL.

ONE of the greatest obstacles to the accomplishment of this stupendous undertaking was found to exist in Box Hill, a large extent of elevated ground lying directly between, and about equidistant from, Chippenham and Bath. This hill, the highest part of which is about 400 feet above the proposed level of the railroad, could not be avoided; to make an open cutting through it was impossible, and to perforate it was thought by many equally so. Nevertheless, Mr Brunel, with that boldness for which he is so celebrated, adopted the latter plan, and, accordingly, it was determined that a tunnel, one mile and three quarters in length, forty feet in height, and thirty in width, should be made through the hill. The extraordinary attempt of boring through this immense mass, consisting in great part of solid beds of freestone, was commenced in the summer of 1836, and will, it is hoped, be completed in 1841. The difficulties that have stood in the way of the performance of this great work, particularly that part of it on the east, or Chippenham side, have been appalling; but hitherto they have been surmounted by the enterprise, skill, and perseverance of Mr Brewer, of Rudloe, and Mr Lewis, of Bath, the gentlemen who contracted with the directors for the completion of that portion of the work. The contract extends from Shaft No. 8, which is sunk at the proposed mouth of the tunnel on the east side, to a point 300 yards towards Shaft No. 6, and altogether 2418 feet from the entrance at the Chippenham end; this portion Messrs Brewer and Lewis confidently expect to be able to finish in January next. Independent of the difficulties arising from the laborious nature of the undertaking, the constant flow of water into the works from the numerous fissures in the rock, has been most annoying, and in the rainy season so formidable as almost to destroy all hope of being able to contend with it. In November 1837, the steam-pump then employed being quite inadequate to the task of making head against it, the water increased so fearfully, having filled the tunnel and risen to the height of 56 feet in the shaft, as to cause the total suspension of the work till the July following. This would have induced many persons to have abandoned the work in despair; but Messrs Brewer and Lewis, determined to fulfil their contract if possible, erected a second pump, worked by a steam-engine of 50 horse-power, and had the satisfaction of vanquishing their enemy and resuming their work. A few months afterwards (in November 1838), the works were again stopped by an influx of water, which, however, was got under in ten days, the engine discharging 32,000 hogheads of water a-day. The tunnel between Shafts No. 7 and No. 8 (1520 feet in length) is entirely finished at the roof, and for six feet below it, where the base is fourteen feet wide; but half way between the two shafts there still remain about 350 feet of cutting to be done, which is expected to be cleared away some time next month. In this portion of the work Messrs Brewer and Lewis commenced their operations at each end, working towards the centre; and when the two cuttings closely approximated, much anxiety was felt lest a straight line should not have been kept, and the union of the two portions of the work should not have been true; but on breaking through the last intervening portion of rock, the accuracy of the headings was proved, and to the joy of the workmen, who took a lively interest in the result, and to the triumph of Messrs Brewer and Lewis's scientific working, it was found that the junction was perfect to a hair as to the level, the two roofs forming an unvarying line; while at the sides the utmost deviation from a straight line was only one inch and a quarter. This, in a cutting of 1520 feet in length, begun at opposite ends, and worked towards a common centre, is perhaps unexampled in the annals of tunnelling. Notwithstanding the unfortunate accidents with which Messrs Brewer and Lewis have had to contend, and the probability that these accidents will deprive them of that fair profit which ought to attend such an adventure, their spirits have never given way; and the obstacles which have crossed their path, have only incited them to greater efforts to complete their undertaking in the time stipulated for in the contract. At this time they are using extraordinary efforts to make up for the delay which the interruption of

the water occasioned; upwards of 300 labourers being now employed by them. The cutting on the Chippenham side has hitherto been, and it has already extended 2000 feet, through one solid bed of freestone or superior oolite, in many places 130 feet thick, and lying upon a bed of fuller's earth, or clay, 120 feet in thickness; under which blue marl, resting upon lias clay, is found. So uninterrupted and compact is the rock through which this end of the tunnel passes, that no masonry is required on any part of it, the stone itself forming sides and roof, and nothing being required at the bottom but the rails on which the carriages will run.—*Abridged from the Wiltshire Independent.*

THE KENT DISTURBANCES OF MAY 1838.

SECOND ARTICLE.

WE are now to give an abridgement of the report made by Mr Liardet to the Central Society of Education, with regard to the moral and intellectual condition of the district in which these disturbances took place. This district comprehends the parishes of Herne-hill and Boughton, together with the ville of Dunkirk; but most of the rioters belonged to Herne-hill. "The scenery of this little region is peculiarly English. Gently rising hills, and picturesque vales, covered with a rich herbage, or bearing the show of a minute and skilful husbandry, succeed to each other. Fields of waving corn are interspersed with gardens, hop-grounds, and orchards."

Mr Liardet was at first incredulous as to the faith alleged to have been reposed by the country people in the pretensions of Thoms. For the purpose of ascertaining the truth on this important point, he questioned almost every person with whom he came in contact, in cottages, in beer-shops, and the fields; and their testimony was all concurrent to the effect that the greater part of Thoms's followers believed him to be what he had represented himself, and considered that they were not only justified in obeying him as their lord, but that disobedience would entail upon them the most tremendous of calamities.

Of eight persons killed in the riots, Mr Liardet gives the following account:—

"Edward Wraight was a substantial yeoman, farming about sixty acres of his own land. He had received the usual education of persons of his class, and could read and write. He is represented by those who knew him, as a man of a sullen, uncommunicative character, extremely tenacious of his rights. He never went to church or chapel; and when pressed upon the subject, said he would not go to hear a man who robbed him every day of his life by taking tithe. He was not in the habit of reading much, and had only a few books, chiefly of a religious character. He was more than sixty years of age, and his children are all capable of providing for themselves.

William Foster was a labourer, in the service of Mr Smoulton of Canterbury, and received two shillings and sixpence per diem. He was a good workman, always employed, a quiet, well-behaved man, and in the constant habit of attending church. Foster could read, and in his cottage were a Testament and a few religious books. He has left a widow and five children.

William Rye, an industrious labourer, in constant employment, receiving two shillings and sixpence per diem; an attendant at church. He has left a widow and four children. Rye had never learnt to read, and had no books in his cottage.

George Branchett had been a private in the East Kent militia. He was a labourer, an industrious man, but during the last winter had fallen into great distress, and was taken, with his family, into the Union workhouse at Faversham. While there, his wife and two of his children died; and shortly after leaving it, two more children died. He has left three other children, two of whom have since his death been received back into the workhouse. This poor man had received no education, and his misfortunes and distresses left him peculiarly open to the alluring promises of Thoms.

Stephen Baker was an inoffensive young man, in constant employment at the rate of two shillings and threepence per diem. He could read a little, and was in the habit of attending church. He has left a widow, but no child.

William Burford was a labourer, and the only one killed who was known as a decidedly bad character. He was a reputed sheep-stealer, and suspected to be concerned in several depredations that had been committed. I could not ascertain whether he had received any education. In his cottage were a Testament and one or two other books of a religious nature. He has left a widow and child.

George Griggs was a regular farm-servant, with good board and wages. He had been in his youth a constant attendant at the Sunday school, and is mentioned as having made great progress in religious knowledge, and as being capable of returning very suitable answers to questions on such subjects. He was unmarried.

Phineas Harvey, another single man, was a sober industrious labourer. He was in constant employ, and receiving two shillings and threepence per diem. I could not ascertain what degree of education he had received; but he was represented as a quiet, well-conducted man, and usually attended church.

Of the sixteen persons now in jail at Maidstone, and eleven others discharged on their own recognizances,

nearly the whole were men of steady, reputable character. Four only of them were in distressed circumstances; the remainder were either labourers in well-paid, constant employment, or possessing tenements of their own. Of these last there were no fewer than six."

Mr Liardet gives a minute statistical account of the district, from which, however, little more appears than that the bulk of the people are agricultural labourers, and by no means destitute of physical comfort. With regard to the moral condition of Herne-hill, he says, "Of the fifty-one families examined, seven parents only ever opened a book after the labours of the day were closed. To the inquiry how they passed their time in the long winter evenings, the answer in most cases was, 'About home, doing sometimes one thing sometimes another; but, in most instances, going early to bed for want of something to do.' In two cases only was the alehouse confessed to be the usual resort, though there is little doubt but that these candid persons were not so wholly without the countenance of their neighbours as the answers would imply. Indeed, if they were, the landlords of the two public-houses and two beer-houses (for that is the number in the village) might long ago have taken down their signs.

The number of books in the possession of the cottagers corresponded with their indifference and inaptitude to mental recreation of any sort. Out of the fifty-one families, four only are mentioned as possessing any books besides the Bible, Testament, prayer and hymn books. In thirty-four cottages, one or other of the last-mentioned books was found, and, in some instances, a few religious tracts. These constituted the whole of the mental aliment of the district. Not a Penny Magazine, nor any of the other cheap publications of the day, which convey so much useful instruction and amusement to the working-classes in the towns, was to be seen.

The returns give to the fifty-one families forty-five children above the age of fourteen years, and one hundred and seventeen under that age. Of the first class, eleven only can read and write, twenty-one can read a little, and the remainder cannot. In the second class, forty-two attend school, but several of these go only occasionally. The rest do not go at all. Six only can read and write; of twenty-two who can read, only thirteen read fluently, and nine very little; and the remainder cannot read at all. In twelve families, the boys are instructed in gardening, husbandry, or in something distinct from reading and writing. This, however, must be taken with some qualification; for, in most cases where the inquiry was pursued, it proved that the boys were merely employed in assisting their father in his labours, in doing which they seldom received any instruction. In fifteen families, the girls were said to learn brewing, baking, and other household matters, independent of sewing; while in thirty-four families they practised nothing but washing and needle-work.

The parish possesses a Sunday school, and three others, in one only of which is writing taught. This school is kept by a master, who, being from physical infirmity incapable of labour, was obliged to adopt this mode of life. He has only eighteen scholars, and half of this number come from neighbouring parishes. The mode of instruction is the old system, and the instruction itself of the simplest kind. The only books used are the Universal Spelling Book, Vyse's Spelling Book, Duncan's English Expositor, Eticck's Dictionary, the Bible and Testament, and one of the old manuals of arithmetic. Not more than one-half of the scholars can write, and of these a few only are instructed in the rudiments of arithmetic. History, geography, and grammar, do not form a part of even the nominal scheme of instruction. It is, however, the high school of the place, and those parents who sent their children there took credit for the sacrifice they made. The terms are—for reading only, sixpence a-week; and for reading, writing, and arithmetic, 13s. 5d. a-quarter. The village, however, is unable to support even such a school as this; for, as before stated, one-half of the scholars come from other places.

The two other schools are merely dame-schools, in which nothing but sewing and reading are taught. Many of the children attend so irregularly, and are often absent for such long periods, that they forget all they have learned. Owing to this, some children are unable to read, after being members of the school two or three years. The books in use are the Bible, the Testament, Catechism, and some religious tracts. From being confined constantly to these books, the children imagine they cannot read others. When asked if they could read, a common answer was, 'Yes, a little in the Testament.' Children who could read this book fluently enough, instantly began to spell and hesitate when desired to read out of another. The reason is, they have read, and heard read, the same thing so often, that the sound of one word suggests the following one. They even remember some words from their length or form, and the position they occupy in the page, which they would not know in another book. This accounts in some measure for instances, not very uncommon, of boys of thirteen or fourteen, who have left school two or three years, answering, when asked if they could read, that 'they could once, but have forgot now, since they left school.'

The largest of the two dame-schools is chiefly supported by the vicar of the parish. For this purpose he allows the schoolmistress to convey rent free, the

vicarage-house, a small building well adapted for a school, and the garden and some land belonging to it. In return, the vicar retains the right of sending to the school such children as he chooses without payment, though for some he pays voluntarily fourpence a-week. The parents of the other children pay threepence a-week for each child. The number attending the school varies very much, being sometimes as low as thirty, and at others as high as fifty. It is remarkable that the last mistress who kept this school, the husband of the present one, and the husband of the mistress of the other school, were the three staunchest adherents of Thoms, and put more faith in his absurd pretensions than any others of his followers.

The Sunday school is also supported chiefly at the expense of the vicar, and the superintendence of it is undertaken by his lady. The school is held in their residence, and they have been at great pains to increase the number of those intended to be benefited by their laudable endeavours. The instruction given, as in most Sunday schools, is entirely of a religious nature. The object (as described) has been to make the children practically acquainted with moral and religious truths. With this view, after repeating the answers in the Catechism, the children are required to give the substance of the answers in their own language. By these means many of them became (to use the words of my informant) as well instructed in the principles of religion, and were as capable of giving pertinent answers to questions concerning them, as the generality of the children of the opulent. There were, however, complaints that, notwithstanding this apparent progress, the children could never be brought to connect what they learned in school with their practice in life, and remained as idle, mischievous, and vicious, as before. A young lad, named Griggs, who was killed in the affray, had been one of the most promising pupils while in the school, and she said it was impossible to attribute his conduct in joining Thoms to any want of religious instruction.

The schools above described are the only means of instruction open to the children of the parish; and how utterly incapable they are of affording even the lowest degree of education required in the present day, need not be said. In justice, however, to the present incumbent of the parish, it should be recollected, in addition to what has before been stated, that no school of any kind existed before his appointment to it.

The facts ascertained respecting the other portions of the district were of the same character, and need not be repeated. Mr Liardet adds, that an inquiry made two years ago respecting eight parishes in Kent, gave exactly similar results:—"It would be easy," he further says, "if it were required, to adduce reasons for believing that the gross ignorance shown to exist in these districts is not confined to them, but that their condition may be regarded as a fair sample of that of the same class in other parts of the country."

He gives some curious illustrations of the tendency of this ignorance to bring about pauperism. Its tendency to occasion fanaticism is thus adverted to:—"A little consideration of the nature of rural life will show the danger of leaving the peasantry in such a state of ignorance. In the solitude of the country, the uncultivated mind is much more open to the impressions of fanaticism than in the bustle and collision of towns. In such a stagnant state of existence the mind acquires no activity, and is unaccustomed to make those investigations and comparisons necessary to detect imposture. The slightest semblance of evidence is often sufficient with them to support a deceit which elsewhere would not have the smallest chance of escaping detection. If we look for a moment at the absurdities and inconsistencies practised by Thoms, it appears at first utterly inconceivable that any persons out of a lunatic asylum could have been deceived by him. That an imposture so gross and so slenderly supported should have succeeded, must teach us, if any thing will, the folly and danger of leaving the agricultural population in the debasing ignorance which now exists among them."

From all that has been ascertained, the following deductions may, we think, be very fairly made. The English rural intellect is not naturally of an active or penetrating character. The people get little education, and that little is not conducted in such a way as to rouse the mind to a state of activity, so as to supply the want of natural shrewdness. What they learn, therefore, is only apparently learned. They become able to read certain pages of certain books by rote, but, for want of a right system of teaching, they never attain an understanding of what is written on these pages, and, when removed from school, retain no tincture whatever of their so-called education after forgetting the forms and local arrangement of the words composing their lessons. In such circumstances, it is obvious that the well-meant exertions of their superiors to inculcate religious truths, must be in a great measure baulked. With a people naturally of lively intellect, like the Scotch, those exertions would be effectual for their own particular end, and we should then have a rural class rationally pious, as the northern neighbours now are, and equally impenetrable to fanaticism. But as the case stands, the mind remains inert, and no real progress is made. What is immediately wanted is something to rouse or awake the mind, so that the limited education in the mean time given may become effectual. Were the intellectual mode of instruction introduced, it might further this end considerably. Something more, however, is

wanted. The intellect of the rural class must be subjected to an extensive training, not only in religious, but other kinds of knowledge. Only then, we are persuaded, can we attain success even with the religious part of education; still more can we only then fit the human being for all his various duties, and for becoming a sound and safe citizen.

ADVENTURE ON THE CLYDE.

AFTER an agreeable residence of a few weeks on the sea-shore near Gourock, which may be styled the Margate or Ramsgate of Glasgow, I went one day on board a steamer to re-ascend the Clyde. The weather was fine, and the deck of the boat was crowded with passengers of all kinds, from the portly manufacturer of the western capital, returning like myself from a little pleasurable rustication, to the poor shattered invalid, whom the beautiful day and the low fare had tempted to take a sail down the river and back again. Many were the vessels passing to and fro that day on the Clyde, but one only of these drew any particular attention from our company. This was a large Irish steamer, which shot past us just as we were opposite to Dumbarton, being probably on its way to Belfast or Dublin. Perhaps it was the number of genuine and unmistakable Milesians on the deck, all returning, ragged as they came, to their native soil, that made myself and others fix our gaze for a minute or two on this vessel. While doing so, we heard a loud cry emitted by some one on board, and saw a great bustle take place on the deck, all the passengers running to one side. Almost immediately the steam was let off, and the vessel brought to a stop. Our captain, on seeing these movements, said, "Surely there is some one overboard!" But the distance was every moment increasing, and we failed to satisfy ourselves that such was the cause of the stir. In a little while, the passengers, one after another, turned lounging and indifferently away, and the Irish steamer was soon alike out of sight and out of mind.

Our own vessel moved on. We passed the terminus of the Roman wall and site of Henry Bell's well-deserved monument. A fiddle, tolerably well played, was struck up by a musician hitherto undistinguished in the crowd of passengers. As we were approaching Erskine ferry, a female voice was heard exclaiming, "My bairn! my bairn! Where is my bairn!" and, on turning round, I found that the words proceeded from a young woman of six or seven and twenty, who bore one child in her arms, and led another in her hand. Her countenance was turned anxiously and imploringly to the captain, as she uttered the words just mentioned. The captain was close behind me. "My good woman," said he, "don't distress yourself. If you have missed one of your children, it cannot be far away." "Oh, sir," returned the mother, "I missed it but shortsyne; but I looked every where about the deck before I spoke. Oh, where is my bairn!" The passengers had assembled around the spot, and the poor woman's appealing eyes were cast on the circle, as she gave vent to the last exclamation. "Some of the men may have taken the child below for amusement," said the captain, soothingly, and away he went to ascertain the truth of his own conjecture. The young wife followed him. The result, however, was, that the child could not be seen or heard of in the ship. The captain began to look gloomy, and the company on board the steamer were again in a buzz of sympathising curiosity. Conjecture once more was busy, though it could only tend to one single point—that the child was overboard. But how it had got overboard was the question. Being but five years of age (the eldest of three who had been with the mother), he could scarcely be supposed to have climbed the side of the vessel, even if he had been desirous of looking over into the water. How then could the thing have happened?

One man only could throw a single ray of even conjectural light on the fate of the child. This passenger stated, that, while he had been seated by the side of the vessel occupied in reading, and in such a position that his eye could see the water nearly to the side of the boat, he had at one time got a momentary glance of what seemed to him a piece of paper or rag on the water; but, through the motion of the vessel, the object had been but an instant before his sight, and could scarcely be said to have occupied his thoughts for a second's duration, if at all. Shortly afterwards, he observed another circumstance which he did not then suppose to have any connection with what he had previously seen. This was the open state of the gangway door, or that portion of the bulwark which is so constructed as to open for the admission of passengers and goods. On observing it open, he had risen to shut it, but thought no more of the matter. Both incidents were so trifling that he could not say at what period of the voyage they had taken place.

The passengers and captain proceeded to the gangway door. The bolt was examined, and it was found on trial, that the wood beneath the staple, and the staple itself, were so much worn away, as to cause the door to burst open to the outside, on the instant that any force was applied to it from the deck or inside. Every face looked sad, and yet satisfied, at this discovery. Here was, in all human probability, the place and the cause of the child's unhappy disappearance; and the object seen on the water by the reading passenger confirmed the supposition. We remember feeling pleased with the conduct of an Englishman present on the occasion. With the straightforward

and fearless candour of his country, he openly administered a severe reprimand to the captain for his carelessness in permitting the gangway door to remain in such a condition. "It is nothing less," said the rebuker, "than a direct trap for children! Where can they think themselves safe, when agitated by natural fears at finding themselves for the first time in a ship, if not when they sent themselves on deck, and lean for firm support against the vessel's sides? This child has entertained the thought, and has fallen a victim to it."

Who can describe the state of the poor mother all this while? When the discoveries just related had been made, hope seemed to take flight for the first time. Her exclamations went to the heart of all on board. She was the wife of a humble tradesman in Glasgow, and her children having been attacked by an epidemic, she had been sent by her husband to take a trip down the Clyde and up again, in order to speed their convalescence. "Oh! what will their father say?" was her constant cry: "I took three away, and bring home but two! What will their father say!" The prospective distress of her husband seemed to pain her more than any thing else, yet, ever and anon, all feelings but the mother's departed, and she shed the agonising tears of a "Rachel weeping for her children." While glancing now and then at her grief-steeped countenance, which was naturally a comely and interesting one, every person on board that vessel would have given much to have been able to alleviate her distress, and when the boat landed at the Broomielaw, many were eager to assist her on her course homewards. But she was accompanied by a friend of her own sex, who precluded the necessity of any such aid. With this person, then, she wended her way to the home, which, for the first time, probably, she felt reluctant to enter. What were the feelings of the father on hearing of the accident, can only be imagined.

I afterwards learned that the distress of the honest pair lasted but one night. Joy came to them with the morning—and the Greenock coach; for in that vehicle, before breakfast-time, arrived the missing boy. As conjectured, he had fallen backwards through the treacherous gangway door, and been precipitated into the water. The receding tide had carried him rapidly down the river for a short space. Luckily he was observed from the Irish steamer, the captain of which instantly stopped to pick him up. This was the cause of the bustle we had observed in that vessel, and I now wondered that no one had thought of the possibility of such being the case when the mother was weeping for a lost son. By using the proper exertions life had been restored to the poor child, and when they reached Greenock, the parties on board left him to be sent back to his parents, each contributing a trifle to pay the necessary expenses. I could not help thinking it almost worth while to have a son thus endangered, and suffering the acutest pain on his account for a night, in order to draw forth so much good feeling from one's fellow-creatures, and experience so joyful a relief from temporary sorrow.

THE SHAH OF PERSIA.

His majesty was seated near the window, supported by a pile of cushions, while a single attendant knelt behind him, waving a broad fan of feathers above his head. His dress was, as usual, perfectly simple: the rich jewelled handle of his dagger alone betokened his rank. His age does not exceed one or two-and-thirty, but his thick beard and heavy figure make him appear an older man. His countenance is rather handsome, and, except when his anger is excited, of a prepossessing and good-humoured expression; his manner, especially towards Europeans, is extremely affable; he generally speaks Turkish, the language of his tribe, but, both in that and in Persian, his enunciation is so rapid, that it requires some practice to understand him. Compared with the generality of Asiatics, the Shah is a man of considerable energy, and by no means deficient in information; he is well versed in the history of his own country, and has a tolerably correct idea of the geography and political state of Europe. His army is his hobby, and to his thirst for military fame he sacrifices both his own ease and comfort, and the welfare and prosperity of his own country. His court is far inferior in style and splendour to that of his grandfather and predecessor, the principal offices of state being occupied by men of low origin, deficient in that magnificent courtliness of manner which formerly distinguished the Persian noble. The late king was always attended by a numerous and gallant retinue of princes of the blood and officers of state, besides a crowd of inferior retainers; the present monarch often rides out with a few ill-mounted and worse-appointed followers. The Shah is a strict and conscientious Mussulman; he never indulges in the forbidden juice of the grape, an abstinence rare in a royal family; nor does he follow the universal practice of smoking. His harem, unlike that of his grandfather, the number of which exceeded all credibility, is within the limits prescribed by the Mohammedan law. Well would it have been for Persia and Fatteh, had Ali Shah been as moderate; for every government, however significant, was conferred upon one of his countless sons, who drained the very heart's blood of the country. Since the accession of the present monarch, the greater part of these have been removed, and many of them are now reduced to the utmost distress, living from hand to mouth by the sale of shawls and jewels, the relics of better days. Some of the late king's wives have passed into the harem of private individuals; others, who had amassed some property, live in their respective villages. Mahommed Shah has two sons; the eldest, the destined successor, is now at Tabree, under

the care of Suleman Khan, his maternal uncle. The mother of the boy was of the royal tribe. The second, who resides at Tehran, is a chubby little fellow, about three years old, the son of a Koordish woman.—From *Wilbraham's Trans-Caucasian Travels*.

THE SABBATH MORN.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

[From a Miscellany published at Huddersfield, in aid of the Sunday and Infants' School of that place.]

Light of the Sabbath—soul-awakening Morn,
Thou mirror of the mystery above!—
Oh! sainted day, on prophet pinions borne,
How waits the heart thy solemn rest to prove;
How longs the soul with Deity to move,
And drink thy deathless waters!—and to feel
Thy beauty—and thy wisdom—and thy love—
Sublimely o'er the soaring spirit steal,
Till ope the heavenly gates JEHOVAH to reveal!—

Whilst, mounting and expanding, the Mind's wings
Thus like a seraph's reach eternal day;—
Futurity its starry mantle flings
And shrinks the Past an atom in its ray!—
So mighty—so magnificent—the way
Which leads to God!—so endless,—so sublime!—
The skies grow dark, THEIR grandeur falls away
Before the wordless glory of that clime
Which feeds with light the suns and thousand worlds of Time!—

Light of the Sabbath—soul-awakening Morn;—
Take me, Religion, on thy holy quest;—
Lead me 'mid desert hills, the wild and lorn,
To mark the lowly shepherd hail his guest
And bless the Voice which ever leaves him blest!—
Makes his rude cot an altar to God's praise!—
Where 'neath a mother's pious bosom prest,
His child, with little hands, and upward gaze,
Pleads for its parents' health, and happy length of days!

Sun of the Sabbath—lead me to the vale
Whose verdant arms enfold yon village fair;—
Afar from towns where passions stern prevail,—
Afar from Commerce and her sons of care—
Guide me where maidens young for Church prepare
In cottage grace—and garments Sunday-white!
With reverent step, and mild submissive air,
Oft let me hear their tuneful lips unite
To hail with humble hearts the Sabbath's sacred light!

Oh, sight the loveliest human eyes e'er found!
To view two sisters o'er the same page bend,
Their lovely arms each other's waist around—
Their soft, bright hair in careless ringlets blend—
Their mingling breath like incense sweet ascend
Over God's Book—His angel-book of Truth!—
Their hearts, minds, feelings, all emotions lend
A vision of that paradise of youth
Ere Adah's beauteous form drooped 'neath the serpent's tooth!—

Morning of worship!—with thy beams arise
Devotions sanctified by memories dear;
With thee the hymns of Nations wake the skies!—
The broken prayer;—the sinner's contrite tear;
Hail, blessed morn, that brings the distant near;
Bids kindred meet the hallowed page around;—
Pours comfort in the friendless Widow's ear,
For Who the wild birds fed whilst Winter frowned,
Will succour her poor babes when she sleeps in the ground!

Some hand, she prays, an INFANT SCHOOL may raise!—
And learn—oh task divine!—their lips to bless!
Teach them that hope the Book of Christ conveys,
To be their consolation in distress!—
And He—the father of the fatherless—
The sheltering wing of the poor orphan dove,—
God,—more than words may show—or thought express,—

Shall aid them with his own almighty love!—
For Angels plead for these—the motherless!—above!
Hail Sabbath hour!—Hail comforter and guide!
Hour when the wanderer home a blessing sends;
Hour when the seaman o'er the surges wide
To every kindred roof his heart extends!—
Hour when to all that mourn thy peace descends!
When e'en the captive's bonds less sternly lower:—
Hour when the Cross of Christ all life defends;—
Hour of Salvation!—God's redeeming hour!—
Eternity is thine! and Heaven-exalting power!

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A FEW HINTS RESPECTING MENTAL ABILITY.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY is not, we believe, a favourite study. Its importance is not denied; but the power of comprehending it is felt by few. Is it not possible, nevertheless, that we might succeed, in our own way, in elucidating a few of the truths which bear the strongest reference to human convenience and happiness? Let us try.

In the general ignorance on the subject of mind, it is not wonderful that the very first principle has no abiding place amongst the ideas of most of us—namely, that the thinking, willing, and sentimental powers, are dependent, in our present form of existence, on that part of our organic structure termed the nervous system. From this not being generally acknowledged, or, if acknowledged, not seriously reflected on, very grave results arise. The intellect is used as if it were not capable of injury from any cause, whereas, in reality, it is as liable to be both structurally and functionally hurt as any other organ of the body. Were we to consider digestion as a total abstraction, and treat the stomach as if it were something which had nothing to do with food, we should not be committing a more dangerous mistake. On the contrary, if the true state of the case were thoroughly understood, a regard would be paid to the laws of the nervous system; its health would be sustained by an observance of the proper rules; or, if lost, would be restored by a recourse to the proper remedies. Many of the evils which at present beset the race, would be avoided, particularly in the more advanced countries, where mind is most apt to be kept in high action.

It is also very desirable that the fact should be generally known, that the mental system is not one, but a cluster of faculties, and that the endowment of different beings with each of these faculties in varied proportions, is what produces the wonderful variety of mental character observable in all kinds of society. There are no two trees alike; neither are there any two men. Some slight difference of organisation in one part is enough to produce a variety. As the twenty-four letters of the alphabet can be combined in a variety of ways amounting to millions of millions, so may the somewhat greater number of the mental faculties be combined in still a greater variety of proportions; so that it is not necessary that any two persons from the beginning of the world should have been quite alike. Seeing that this is a decree of nature, why should we so much fall out with each other for difference of character?

The providential end of a variety of endowment, is obviously variety of service in the general economy. Some are endowed for one purpose in life, and some for another. Difference of endowment is one thing; but the capability of each faculty to acquire, in the course of existence, both greater strength and greater facility of action, is another. This is to be done by exercise, just as the arm will get stronger and more ready to act, in consequence of its muscles being frequently brought into play. It is obvious that the different degrees of exercise given to faculties by different men, must add to that variety of character which is found in the race. Even were two men any where born alike, it is likely that the different circumstances in which they would be reared, and the different play thus given to various faculties, would ere long make them dissimilar. It is the efficacy of circumstances and training which causes each country to assume the character of the one preceding it, whether that character be barbarous or civilised. It is upon this fact that the views of modern educationists are founded; they wish, simply, to modify the native character to the utmost

possible advantage. The new generations, however, of a civilised country, are not exactly the same in native organisation as those of a barbarous one. Organisation itself becomes modified. The brain of the son is, in the generality of instances, the better that the brain of the father has been well exercised and kept in good regulation—an additional reason, of course, for all efforts being made to train the community as well as possible.

While acknowledging this great law, we must keep its limits steadily in view. Using the intellectual powers will improve them, but only to a certain extent. It will not make any one intellect as good as any other intellect. We often hear such maxims as that nothing is denied to diligence and application. Sir William Jones, singularly endowed as he was, used to say that no intellectual eminence which had ever been reached by one man was unattainable by any other; and even Franklin, with all his sagacity, was of opinion that the only differences amongst men were in their comparative industry. Under the influence of these delusive notions, young men are urged to prosecute tasks and enter professions for which they are unfit. In reality, a vast number of things are denied to diligence and perseverance. A faculty of certain power might exert itself never so much or so perseveringly, in a certain line of study, without success, if the study were of a nature to require such a degree of power as no exercise could ever give to that faculty. Intellect A may go the length of three inches by native power, and by diligence might be made to go six, but if Intellect B be only qualified to go one inch by nature and two by diligence, its going to three or six is a thing not within the bounds of possibility. All this may well be, though the important fact remains that each can be made to go to much more than its own native power by diligence. There is one feature of mind in which very great differences are seen to exist even amongst able persons. Some comprehend abstract subjects much better than others. In this line, above all others, we would say, it is hopeless to push one mind to the triumphs achieved by another. The narrative intellect of Scott might have been stretched to cracking before it would have taken up what was simplicity itself to the metaphysical Stewart. So may a youth of excellent intellect for high reasonings, but no great aptitude for the acquisition of language, be strained in vain to the latter pursuit, while perhaps a boy of only moderate reflective talent, but well endowed with the faculty for expression, will easily outstrip him in that walk. These are things which ought to be universally known, but in point of fact are scarcely known at all. With parents and teachers, diligence is every thing—natural power and aptitude nothing. Study is entirely a question of time. "How many hours a day does he devote to his books?" is the only consideration. The youth who gives fourteen is great, but he who gives sixteen is a hero—when the fact is, that more than ten is sure to injure health. A person of high reputation, on being elected a few years ago to the rectorship of the Glasgow University, chiefly insisted in his address on the value of diligence. The glories of a Smith, a Watt, and a Simson, were held up to imitation, as if all were capable of becoming Smiths, or Watts, or Simsons, if they chose. There is, in this, a cajolery that would be ludicrous were it not hurtful. Some years ago, when we chanced to visit this very university, we heard of an uncommonly diligent young man, the wonder and praise of all who knew him. It was told to his honour, that he was sometimes nineteen hours at his books in one day. Next time we visited the same city, on inquiring for the same person, we learned that he was in the asylum for the insane.

The frequent occurrence in our obituaries of such notices as—Died, aged nineteen, such a person, student of such a thing, to the great grief of his friends, and with the regrets of all who knew him—speaks to the same error. Such events are looked upon as inscrutable; and so they are in the great sense—but, as to their proximate causes, they are, to any one who has studied the laws of our mental organisation, no more mysterious than a cold from sitting in a draught, or a cholera from overloading the stomach. Ignorance is alone to blame. The error unfortunately is not confined to those whose children or pupils are of average or below the average intellect. All must be driven to top speed, the clever as well as the dull. We verily believe that, though a child were to master plane geometry at five years of age, the happy parents of the prodigy would not be satisfied till they had pushed him into conic sections. What a learner acquires easily by dint of natural aptitude, seems as nothing at all. There is no thorough satisfaction unless he devotes some preposterous and anti-natural space of time to his books, and encounters some tremendous difficulties, such as even mature intellects might shrink from. It is clear that there can be no great improvement till more correct notions are attained of intellect and its modes of manifestation. Till it is fully seen that the minds of individuals are different, have different powers, different aptitudes, different inclinations, and that one may easily master what another would vainly endeavour to comprehend, we shall witness the same monstrous mistakes, with all their fatal results.

It is remarkable that most of the mistakes about mind arise from well-meaning. The mind is not always in possession of its ordinary strength—neither at different times of the same day, nor at different times of the same life. One discovers in himself, we shall say, a disinclination to the continuance or renewal of a certain task. He would rather play. This, however, his conscientiousness sets down as an emotion of folly or love of nonsense; and resolving to check all such impulses, he forces himself to work. Now, in all probability the disinclination arose from nothing but the exhaustion of the organs. It was exactly the same phenomenon as the sense of a wearied pair of limbs after a walk of twenty miles, and a dislike to take once more to the road. The disposition to take a little amusement, or to do nothing, was simply the voice of nature prompting what was the proper course in the circumstances. That voice ought to have been attended to; but, such not having been the case, the organs of course are tasked beyond their strength, and a certain injury ensues. Many a man has thus had himself conscientiously *knocked up*, if not altogether destroyed. There is the best of meaning; but then there is ignorance too, and there are few more dangerous or mischievous things in the world than ignorant well-meaning. We have said that the powers of a certain mind will vary at different periods of the same life. It is in youth, chiefly, that these variations are observed. Many boys have what is called a dull year. It most frequently occurs about the ninth or tenth. They then disappoint all the hopes that were formed of them, by standing at the bottom instead of the top of their classes. They seem to have contracted a dislike for books, and are only anxious about play. These symptoms are bewailed and checked. The efforts of teachers, under the eager sanction of parents, are increased, but all in vain. The fact is, the muscular system has taken to growing, and is engrossing some influences which formerly went to the support of the nervous system. The latter is for the present in abeyance, to allow the former to make an advance which will ultimately be for the benefit of both. The

dispositions thought to mark a moral falling off in the boy, were only the voice of nature calling for exercise to what was growing, and repose to what was weak. Pushing a poor child in such circumstances is the height of cruelty, and apt to be grievously hurtful. Between fourteen and seventeen, another similar period of nervous inaction often takes place. At whatever time such an event should happen, it is the clear duty of those who have any interest in the patient (if satisfied that there is no shamming) to allow nature to have her way. Intellectual education ought then to be slackened, and physical education almost alone attended to.

The writing of the words within parentheses reminds us that, by the acknowledgment of some of the above truths, it may be presumed that illness receives some encouragement. Perhaps there is a little danger on that side too; but we are satisfied that there is not nearly so much as in the opposite direction. The misbeliefs arising from the overstraining of naturally weak faculties, or of faculties in a temporary state of weakness, are gross, open, palpable—while it seems extremely doubtful if any real good is ever realised from the same course. Let us, in the first place, get this evil corrected. If any idle fellow be disposed to take advantage of the doctrine to plead for his favourite indulgence, a little good sense will easily detect the trick.

THE LOST CHILD.

BY MISS TRAIL,

Author of "the Backwoods of Canada."

AMONG the many casualties and accidents that befall the inhabitants of this forest land, there is none of more frequent recurrence than that of persons being lost in the woods.

There are, I believe, few persons that have not at one time or other experienced the miserable consciousness of finding themselves bewildered in the trackless mazes of the forest, without possessing the most distant clue to guide them to their homes. Many are the interesting stories of this kind that have been related to me, and many are the facts that have fallen beneath my own knowledge; some of which have ended in melancholy tragedy, others more fortunately.

The following advertisement, which appeared in the *Cobourg Star*, dated August the 2d, 1837, excited the interest of all classes of people in the district, but more especially of those persons inhabiting the vicinity of the spot where the child's friends lived:—

"CHILD LOST! L50 REWARD.—Lost on Saturday last, the 29th of July, on the road leading from Bow-skill's mills to Foe's tavern, near the Rice Lake Plains, a child about six years old, the daughter of Mr Thomas Eyre of Hamilton, near Cobourg. She wore a blue plaided satin frock, and was without her bonnet. Whoever will give such information as may lead to her discovery, shall receive the above reward.

THOMAS EYRE."

I shall also copy the accompanying paragraph, which contains some particulars respecting the child not contained in the advertisement; it is as follows:—

"One of those afflicting accidents which occasionally call forth the sympathy of a whole community, has just transpired in this neighbourhood, and is now occupying the attention of all classes. Its nature is briefly told in the above announcement, which informs us that a child has been lost, and is now wandering alone on the Rice Lake Plains, or may be dead.

On Saturday last, Mr and Mrs Eyre of Hamilton, with a party of friends, went to gather huckleberries on the plain, and enjoy the pleasures of a picnic. Having dined, they proceeded to gather the berries, in which occupation the children participated with all the eagerness and heedless avidity that characterises their age, wandering gaily from bush to bush, thoughtless of any danger; but, alas! one of the little party was destined to pay fearfully for its temerity. On mustering to return home, Mr Eyre's little daughter, Jane, a fine child about six years of age, was missing from the party, and, notwithstanding an active and immediate search was commenced by the whole party, consisting of not less than thirty persons, and which has since been continued by hundreds of people from this and the adjacent townships, she still remains undiscovered, having been now four nights and three days alone in the wilderness, without food and without shelter, otherwise than what the bushes and trees may have afforded her.

We hear that nearly a thousand persons humanely assisted the distracted parents in their search for the poor little wanderer yesterday, and that a party of Indians started in quest of her, headed by Captain Pantosh. We sincerely hope before this time some trace of her may have been found.

In addition to the reward offered by Mr Eyre for the recovery of his child, we learn that Lieutenant Rowe, his neighbour, has most generously pledged himself to add a further sum to the Indians of 100 dollars, should they succeed in finding her alive. Mr Rowe has been indefatigable in his personal exertions, having been out night and day since the search began.

THE CHILD FOUND.—Intelligence has just reached us that the child was found this morning (Thursday) near Cold Spring, alive and well, after having wandered in the woods five days and nights."

I learned the following interesting particulars from a gentleman who was himself one of the active searchers for the lost child, and who arrived on the spot

where the Indians found her a few minutes after the poor thing had been conveyed to the arms of her afflicted parents: thither he followed at full speed, to learn the state in which she was. "I found the poor child," he said, "lying on the same bed with her father, who was completely worn out with grief and fatigue. The child was greatly emaciated, and presented a pitiable spectacle; her poor hands, face, and neck, were blistered and burned with the sun, while her clothes were rent in tatters, and her feet torn with briars. She never complained of hunger, though she said she only tasted a few berries from the time she was lost to that very day, but appeared to suffer the most tormenting agonies of thirst. It was thirst in the first instance that had led her to absent herself from the rest of the party. She had taken a saucer in her hand to search for drink; a hope she had never lost sight of, for she still retained the saucer in her feeble grasp when found. She said she had wandered a long way in search of water, but found neither creek nor spring. On being questioned if she had heard the voice of the party in search of her the first day, she said, 'Yes, but as she did not hear her papa's voice, she would not answer; she did not see any of her own folks, and she was afraid to speak.' This unaccountable timidity proved the cause of all her own prolonged suffering, and the anguish endured by her distracted parents. Each day, she said, she heard people out in search of her, and she grew more and more alarmed lest she should fall into the hands of strangers, who might take her away; so she hid herself, and once lay down under some logs and bushes when a party were coming near her; but the last day she was so thirsty, and felt so ill, that she thought she would not hide herself; so she climbed up on a high log, and held up her hand, hoping some one would see her, and take her to her papa, and give her drink. It was fortunate for the poor little wanderer that she came to this resolution before it was too late, for exhausted nature must soon have sunk under the privations she endured. It is remarkable that the spot where she was found was not a mile from the place where she was first missed, and where she must have been discovered very soon after she was missed from the party but for her singular timidity. A few days' careful treatment soon restored the runaway to her former health and spirits; and, young as she is, her adventure on the Rice Lake Plains will not easily be effaced from her mind."

A circumstance of a similar nature occurred some time back in the province of New Brunswick, in the township of Sidney (I think it was); but in this instance the little heroine of my tale displayed a very different disposition; and as it may not be uninteresting to trace the different workings of the infant mind under parallel situations, I shall simply record the circumstances as they occurred: to the best of my recollection they were as follow:—

Somewhere about three years ago, a young gentleman who had been out for some days on a hunting or shooting expedition, reached the banks of Bear Creek, which he was desirous of crossing, being anxious to make his way home before nightfall. To his disappointment, the log-bridge which he had passed the day before had been carried away by the current, which happened to be very strong in that place. Remembering, however, having noticed a fallen tree across the stream lower down, he pursued his way. Just as he had reached the spot, and was preparing to cross over, his ear was attracted by the sound of footsteps upon the dry sticks; the sound was accompanied by a cautious rustling movement among the thicket of wild raspberries that covered the opposite space; with the alertness of a sportsman anticipating a shot at a deer or bear, his finger rapidly found its way to the lock of his rifle; and while his keen eye was warily fixed on the bushes, a slight attenuated hand, stained purple with the juice of the berries, was quietly raised to reach down a loaded branch of fruit; another instant, and the fatal ball had been lodged in the heart of the unconscious victim. A cry of terror and of thankfulness burst from the lips of the hunter as he sprang with eager haste across the stream, and approached the child. It was a little girl, apparently not more than eight years old; her torn garments, soiled hands, dishevelled locks, and haggard face, betrayed the fact that she had strayed from the forest path, and been lost in the trackless wilderness. The child appeared overjoyed at the sight of the stranger, and told her artless tale with a clearness and simplicity that drew tears from the eyes of her preserver, who felt, indeed, as if he had been an instrument in the Divine hand sent to rescue the forlorn being before him from a melancholy and painful death. Had not the loss of the bridge led him to seek another spot whereby to gain the opposite bank, she would in all probability have perished on that lonely spot; but it was ordered otherwise, and the heart of the young man was filled with grateful emotion. He learned from the child that she had been sent by her mother to carry a basket of food to her father, who was chopping in the wood near the house, but that, by some mischance, she had strayed from the path, and, misled by the echo of her father's axe, she had wandered away in an opposite direction; every attempt to retrace her steps only led her deeper and deeper into the

wood; but still she went on. At first, she said, she cried a great deal, but finding her tears and lamentations brought no relief, she consoled herself with eating some of the food she had brought with her. When night came on, she was overcome with weariness, and lay down to sleep in a sheltered place, and rose with the first sound of the birds to pursue her hopeless way. When she had exhausted the provisions in the basket, she beguiled her sorrows by seeking for herbs and berries. Fortunately it was the season of summer fruits, else the poor wanderer must have perished. On the third night she lay down to sleep, and heard, as she supposed, the tread of cattle near her. She said she was very glad, for she thought the dark creatures she saw moving about in the dim light must be her father's oxen; and she called to them very often, "Buck, Bright," but they did not come nearer, and she wondered she did not hear the ox-bell. Another night, she said, she saw two great black shaggy dogs, which she thought were neighbour Hewet's dogs; but when she called them by their names, they stood up on their hind legs, and looked hard at her, but did not come near her, and soon went away into the wood; and she knew they were dogs, for that night she heard them howling. In all probability these animals were bears, for the woods abounded with those animals, and the stream the hunter had crossed bore the name of Bear Creek; the howling most probably arose from wolves, but her innocent heart knew no fear. The day after this she found herself near a deserted shanty; the clearing on which it stood was overgrown with strawberries and raspberry bushes; and here she remained picking the berries, and sleeping beneath its sheltering roof at night. She led the hunter to her solitary hut, where he proposed leaving her whilst he went in search of help to convey her home, or to some dwelling-house; but the little creature clung to him with passionate weeping, and implored him so pathetically not to leave her again alone in the dark lonely forest, that his heart was not proof against her entreaties, and, though weary with his own wandering, he took the little foundling on his back, and proceeded on his journey, occasionally resting on the fallen timbers to ease him of his burden. The shades of night were closing in fast upon them, and the weary pair were making up their minds to pass another night under the shade of the woods, when the sound of water, and the working of mill-wheels, broke upon their ears, and soon the light of the last glow of sunset broke through the trees in the distance, and the child, with a shout of joy, proclaimed they must be near a clearing at last, for she saw light through the stems of the trees. Gladly did the poor wayworn travellers hail the cheerful sight of the mill, and the neat log-house beside it, and gladly did the kind inmates of the place receive and cherish the poor lost child, who had been sought for till hope had departed from the hearts of her sorrowing friends, and she was reckoned among the dead. She had wandered away miles from her home, and been absent many many days; but she had been supplied with water and fruits, and her spirits had been wonderfully sustained during her wanderings.

MARSHALL ON MALINGERING.

"On the Enlisting, Discharging, and Pensioning of Soldiers, with the Official Documents on these Branches of Military Duty; by Henry Marshall, Deputy-Inspector-General of Army Hospitals," is a title from which the public at large could scarcely expect matter of a kind likely to interest them; yet the book so designated* does present a considerable range of facts of a curious and instructive nature. Those parts which relate to the discharging of soldiers, present some most remarkable details of what is usually called *malingering*, or the simulation of diseases, in order to effect a discharge from service. The practice of malingering has long prevailed in the army, to an extent of which the public at large have no conception. During the late war, or, to speak more correctly, between the years 1806 and 1829, a soldier had two prizes in view if he could successfully feign a disability for service, namely, his discharge, and an annuity for life. A strong temptation was thus held out to malingering. But, by a regulation or warrant of 1829, although a discharge may be obtained, there is no chance of a pension for life being granted without long previous service. The inducement being thus diminished, the practice has naturally become less common, and happily so for the military surgeons, who occasionally suffered an incredible degree of trouble and annoyance from this cause. With such a reward before them as a life of pensioned ease, the malingerers, to gain their end, resorted to the most ingenious tricks at times, bore with unflinching fortitude whatever trials they were subjected to, and often mutilated themselves in such a manner as to render limbs or eyes useless for life. In fact, by perseverance and constancy they very frequently attained the desired object. "Old soldiers (says Mr Marshall) who prosecute their schemes with art, who possess

* These plains are not, as their name would infer, mere level tracts of country, but comprise large extents of hill and dale, beautifully diversified with groves of oak and scrubby pine, rich pasture, and open spots of luxuriant herbage, intermixed with low shrubs, and an abundance of wild-fruits and flowers.

* Blacks, Edinburgh, 1830.

great fortitude and an inflexible resolution, will, I believe, commonly succeed in obtaining their discharge, either by making falsehood appear more probable than truth, or perhaps more frequently by exhausting the patience of medical and commanding officers. Many a simulator will hold out not only for months, but for a number of years, passing his time chiefly in hospitals." The strait-waistcoat, the log, and the solitary cell, have often been tried on them in vain.

Diseases of the eyes were very frequently counterfeited by malingerers, and for good reasons. "For a great number of years (says the volume before us), partial or total loss of sight was in an especial manner held to confer a claim to a large pension for life. The bounty of government was followed by a great increase in the number of men disabled by impaired vision; and factitious inflammation of the eyes was carried to a very great extent in the British army. The alleged means employed in factitious ophthalmia are lime, corrosive sublimate, tobacco, ashes, &c. As soon as a regiment was ordered to the West Indies, or any other unpopular station, disease of the eyes became common among the men, and continued so till the corps had embarked. The number of cases then decreased, and no more was heard of it until the period when a detachment was ordered to embark for the service companies." The following cases will give an idea of the means resorted to by the soldiery to produce inflammation of the eye. "In 1809, three hundred of the men of two regiments which were on duty at Chelmsford became affected with ophthalmia; the healthy men of both corps were transferred to another station, while the sick remained in hospital, but under strict military control. Information reached the commanding officer that one of the nurses was in the practice of going to a druggist's shop for the purpose of purchasing drugs, by which means his suspicions were excited, and, in conjunction with the medical officer, a successful attempt was made to discover whether the men had any articles in their possession which might be employed to excite inflammation of the eyes. The commanding officer entered one of the wards, which contained twenty-four men, about midnight, and ordered them to form rank entire in a state of nudity, and they were in that condition marched into an adjoining empty ward, which had been prepared for their reception. The old ward was secured for the night, and next day the beds were examined, when a number of parcels of corrosive sublimate were found concealed under the clothes. Means were taken to prevent a fresh supply of this drug, and in a very short time two hundred and fifty of the men recovered, and were transferred to their respective corps." Another common way of producing this disease was by anointing the organ of sight with the noxious matter of ulcers. But malingerers would often go the length of destroying one eye utterly. "The late Mr C—, surgeon to the — regiment, brought two men before a court-martial, one for submitting to have an eye destroyed, and the other for actively abetting him—in fact, for performing the work of destruction. The instrument employed was a common table-fork. Mr C— saw the operation performed through the key hole of the ward in which the men were accommodated." The men were found guilty, and punished. Under the old system, the loss of vision in one eye, provided the party could make out a plausible story of accidental injury, would have gained a discharge and pension for life; but, by a new regulation, the possession of perfect vision in one eye is held sufficient for the purposes of the service, and, accordingly, the crime alluded to is now unknown.

Deafness is another favourite pretence of malingerers, and as the defect may really exist without the slightest vestige of outward affection, there is great difficulty for the most part in detecting the imposture. Sometimes, after all ordinary means have been tried in vain—after pistols have been fired close to the patient's ear without seeming to startle him from his slumbers—a little finesse will throw the impostor off his guard, and lay bare his deception. "A recruit from Cork, who joined the depot of the East India Company at Chatham, alleged that he had almost totally lost the sense of hearing. Dr Davies, surgeon to the depot, admitted him into hospital, and put him upon spoon diet. For nine days Dr Davies passed his bed, during his daily visit to the hospital, without seeming to notice him. On the tenth day he felt his pulse, and made signs to him to put out his tongue; he then asked the hospital serjeant what diet he gave the man. 'Spoon diet,' replied the serjeant. The doctor affected to be displeased, and, in a low voice, said, 'Are you not ashamed of yourself? The poor fellow is almost starved to death. Let him instantly have a beefsteak and a pint of porter!' The recruit could contain himself no longer. With a countenance expressive of gladness and gratitude, he addressed Dr Davies by saying, 'God Almighty bless your honour; you are the best gentleman I have seen for many a day!' Thus by playing on the poor rogue's better feelings, he was led to forget his cue, and regained that sense which the harshest treatment might never have restored. As these deaf impostors are apt to be troubled by puzzling questions, some among them have found it convenient to lose the faculty of speech also. A trooper, named M'Keon, stationed at Piershill barracks, pretended one morning to have become both deaf and dumb. Every possible scheme was tried to discover whether the loss was real or otherwise, but no noise, however loud, sudden, or artfully employed,

seemed to have the slightest impression on his organs of hearing. He was sent to the Edinburgh Infirmary, and after a time was dismissed as incurable. At the end of a year his defects were fully believed to be real, and he was so much commiserated, that an order for his discharge was procured. The regiment was then at Dundalk, and M'Keon was sent off to Dublin to pass finally at the Invaliding Board. On the first day's march from Dundalk, however, M'Keon allowed his joy to get the better of his prudence. He got intoxicated, and recovered suddenly the use both of tongue and ears. His astonished escort carried him back to Dundalk, but, on arriving there, M'Keon became as deaf and as dumb as ever. He was now sentenced to receive eight hundred lashes, but his astonishing perseverance once more staggered his medical attendants, and in place of being lashed, he was thrown into solitary confinement on bread and water, seeing and hearing no one. For three months longer he held out, and then pretended all at once that his faculties had been restored to him in a dream. He returned to his duty, but ultimately deserted, and was not again heard of. The self-command displayed by this man was something altogether extraordinary.

Hæmoptysis, or spitting of blood, is a disease which soldiers sometimes contrive to simulate, by getting possession of bullock's blood, or the blood of some other animal. The detection is not difficult, however, unless some agent assists the man habitually in keeping up the trick. Ulcers are another fruitful source of deception. By applying various substances to sores, malingerers are in the habit of preventing them from healing, and causing them, in fact, to spread or increase in size at will. In the knapsack of one malingering receipt were found, giving instructions for injuring an eye and exciting an ulcer. "Factitious blindness was to be effected by 'the prog of a needle in the sight (pupil) of the eye,' and after a pension had been procured, soft soap was to be applied to the eye, by which means it was stated that vision would be restored. To excite or irritate an ulcer, yellow arsenic was to be employed." Swellings and ulcerations on the limbs are also kept up occasionally in the way described in the following case:—"Mr Jones, inspector-general of hospitals, had a serjeant under his care on account of swelling and inflammation of the right leg, and the means usually adopted in the like cases were employed without success. Mr Jones at one time thought there was an abscess in the leg, and had a lancet in his hand for the purpose of opening it, but desisted. From the anomalous character of the symptoms, Mr Jones suspected that some means were employed to excite and prolong the affection, and with the view of discovering whether his suspicions had a good foundation, he visited the hospital one evening when he was not expected, and, promptly proceeding to the serjeant's bed, turned off the bed-clothes, and discovered the trace of a ligature round the thigh; for, notwithstanding his expedition, the cord had been removed and concealed. The swelling had almost completely disappeared by the following morning. It is worthy of observation (as a proof how much they will unflinchingly endure to gain their end), that the serjeant did not show the slightest reluctance to the insertion of the lancet when Mr Jones had it in his hand for the purpose." Swellings in different parts of the body are frequently produced by introducing air below the skin, into the interstices of the cellular membrane. But this is a trick more often resorted to by beggars than by soldiers, as military medical men can too easily detect such proceedings.

Being a disease seldom marked by any exterior symptoms, rheumatism, as might be anticipated, is a familiar complaint with malingerers. But those who simulate this disease do not escape without smarting severely for their imposture, as blisters and issues constitute the usual remedial means, and, when suspicion is aroused, are inflicted most lavishly on the body of the malingeringer. It is amazing with what courage and constancy they will bear the hardest trials of this nature. Mr Marshall says that there is perhaps no class of disabilities which requires more care and caution on the part of medical officers, than cases of alleged pains, rheumatism, lumbago, &c. The most experienced may be here deceived. Mr Marshall advises that no treatment should ever be adopted in any suspected case, for which the surgeon would feel regret if the disease proved real. The counsel is judicious and humane, and applies to every instance of asserted disability. In the case of pains, a little finesse will often disclose the truth. "The late Dr Davies, surgeon to the East India Company's depot, had a young soldier under his care, who alleged that, in consequence of a severe pain in the back, he was unable to move or to be moved from his bed. His alleged pain had existed for about a month, and still no indication appeared that he intended to return to his duty. For the convenience of being watched, &c., he was accommodated in a ward by himself. Dr Davies, who considered him an impostor, saw no prospect of his giving in, a circumstance which induced him to adopt a very simple measure for his detection. He went to the window of the ward in the dusk of the evening, and, after gently tapping upon the glass, he in a low voice called the man by name. The patient was at the window in an instant, and the doctor had the pleasure of congratulating him upon the recovery of his locomotive faculty. This man went forthwith to his duty." Sometimes, when blistering, cauterising, cupping, and such like painful remedies, fail utterly in

shaking the firmness of the impostor, a few nauseating doses, calculated bitterly to offend the senses of taste and smell, will answer the purpose. Assafoetida is well known to military surgeons as having most wonderful sanative powers in this way; and Dr Fallois, a French surgeon, relates that he once cured an inveterate rheumatic malingeringer by ordering large draughts of warm water.

Rheumatic affections frequently leave behind them permanent contractions of the limbs and curvatures of various parts of the body. Malingerers are aware of this fact, and nothing in the whole history of imposture is so surprising as the perseverance with which such contractions have been simulated by individuals at the expense of keeping the body or its members in most unnatural and painful positions for a great length of time. A soldier in India, named Fitzgerald, walked for eighteen months with his body bent forward in such a manner that his fingers nearly touched the ground. He declared himself totally unable to stand upright. At the end of the period mentioned, an order arrived, authorising commanding officers to re-enlist men whose period of service had expired, and at the same time to give them a bounty of sixteen guineas. Immediately after the arrival of the order, Fitzgerald coolly and impudently presented himself, erect as a church-wall, to be inspected by the very surgeon under whose care he had so long been. A similar case of crooked back, where the patient had long preserved the rectangular position, was cured by a very ingenious manoeuvre. The malingeringer, who, like Sir Archy Macsycophant, was disposed to "boo, and boo, and boo" for ever, was placed in a wide and deep cask, and water gradually poured into it, till he was compelled, in order to avoid drowning, to raise his head inch by inch, until at length he stood bolt upright for the first time during many months. Having no idea that he was put into the cask for any other purpose than to get his limbs pleasantly bathed, the impostor himself was most thoroughly surprised at the issue. Another clever scheme was hit upon by General Ross, to cure a contraction of very long standing in the right-hand fingers of a soldier of the 52d regiment. The general "directed him to be confined in a solitary cell, in which was an elevated shelf; his left hand was secured to his body, and a loaf of bread and pitcher of water were so placed upon the shelf that he could not partake of them without employing the contracted hand. At the end of the first twenty-four hours, the bread and water were untouched; but, by the termination of another day, the bread had disappeared, and the pitcher was empty. The soldier returned to his duty." In another case, a soldier in India complained of immobility of the right shoulder-joint, and for the extraordinary space of sixteen months, his arm remained in a projected position, forming a right angle with the shoulder. As his comrades and medical attendants declared that the arm continued always in this position, he was recommended for discharge, and was about to be sent accordingly to Britain. "Just on the eve of embarkation, however, the man in question was walking with a large bottle of arrack under his left arm, when a person approached him unperceived, and seized the bottle. Fearing that the prize might be lost, the malingeringer instinctively bent the right shoulder-joint, and firmly grasped the bottle with the right hand. This circumstance was accidentally observed by an officer who knew him; the man was forthwith tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to receive 1000 lashes."

With another extract, referring to a case of simulated palsy, we shall conclude our notice of this agreeable production. "The courage and coolness (says Mr Marshall) with which some impostors resolve to brave pain, is very remarkable. A private belonging to the — regiment complained that he had lost the power of his right arm, but, from the absence of any physical evidence of disease, the medical officer considered him a malingeringer, and tried various means to induce him to return to his duty, but without success. With the view of intimidating him, a proposal was made to amputate the arm, and, in prosecution of this object, an unusual degree of solemnity was observed on the occasion. All the surgical instruments that could be collected were exhibited; but, nothing daunted, he allowed himself to be conducted to the chair preparatory to the operation. The tourniquet was put on, and the amputating knife placed under his arm, ready to make an incision. He sat unmoved; the surgeon was puzzled, and made the best excuse he could for deferring the operation. Being still impressed, however, with the opinion that the arm was not disabled, he resolved to attempt another means of reaching conviction. He recommended change of air for some of his patients, and among others the case of alleged palsy. To reach the place where the surgeon professed he intended to carry the sick, it was necessary to cross a river in a boat. The party embarked, accompanied by the surgeon, who, by a preconcerted signal, directed the boatmen to throw the man in question (who, he knew, was a good swimmer) into the river. At first he used his left arm only, and after a little time seemed to be much exhausted from the exertions necessary to keep himself afloat by means of it alone. The surgeon became alarmed, and had just resolved to take his patient on board, when the fellow uttered an exclamation, and struck out vigorously with both arms. The evidence was conclusive."

The evidence which has now been laid before the reader, will be equally conclusive, we imagine, as to

the merits of this production. Mr Marshall has accomplished a very difficult task, in so far as he has rendered his volume alike interesting to the professional and non-professional portions of the public.

PICTURES OF THE FRENCH, DRAWN BY THEMSELVES.

UNDER this title we have a clever and amusing work, now in the course of being published in numbers.* It is translated from a Parisian publication, the plates of which are, we presume, obtained for the English reprint. In each number there are four characters—for example, the Literary Adventurer, the Political Lady, the Monthly Nurse, and the "Rapun." The object is, by drawing and literary description, to set forth, in an individual, the lineaments which may be presumed generally to characterise the class to which he or she belongs. A late or still current London work, of considerable merit, entitled "Heads of the People," has given the hint for this entertaining publication—the original of both being, of course, the well-known "Characters" of Theophrastus, written more than two thousand years ago. The strength of such *faciæ* lies in the prints, and the letterpress becomes a comparatively subordinate matter; it is only, however, of the latter that we can present any specimen. The following are some of the best points in

THE MONTHLY NURSE.

In Paris there exists, and flourishes, a very lucrative trade for women, which, though in some respects fatiguing, is admirably suited to the habits of the idle; for idleness is not exactly the result of a wish to do nothing, but arises rather from a dislike to uniform and constantly recurring labour. Many an idle man would readily consent to gain his bread by running about Paris, from seven in the morning till five at night, who could never subject himself to the restraint of holding a pen for three hours consecutively in a counting-house: the difficulty to him, and that which he finds most repulsive to his nature, is the steady pursuit of a fixed and settled occupation. Witness, for example, those men, who, holding no place in any class of society, have taken up the "profession" of rope-dancers, street jugglers, and so forth; "professions" which, well or ill, they exercise in the open air, exposed to all the hardships of the seasons, and often at the peril of their lives, when, with infinitely less actual exertion, they might become decent and respectable workmen. To deceive idleness, it suffices that you give variety to the labour you impose. The trade to which I am about to refer, secures, to those who select it, a life the most varied that can well be imagined.

Every month, and sometimes more frequently, Madame Jacquemart changes her dwelling and her bed (when circumstances permit her to sleep in a bed): makes acquaintance with new faces, and finds herself obliged to study new characters, with whom she must sympathise, if she desire to secure herself good treatment in the several houses she inhabits. Whether Madame Jacquemart has, or has not, a family and connections, is of little consequence, since she could never go to visit them, or receive them at her temporary abode; the most she can do is to pass forty-eight hours together, some two or three times a-year, with Monsieur Jacquemart—for Madame Jacquemart is subjected, like every other woman, to the conjugal yoke: she was even in haste to be remarried on becoming a widow, seeing that not only does she wish to find some one to receive her on the rare occasions when she returns to her home, but she cannot confide the care of her dwelling, and of the rather handsome furniture her two rooms contain, except to a well-assured person. She chose three days, therefore, between an inflammation of the lungs and an acute rheumatism, which demanded her attentions, to espouse Monsieur Jacquemart, which Monsieur Jacquemart, an office-waiter of thirty-three years' standing to the Minister of the Interior, established himself, thereupon, in the little manor of two rooms aforesaid, and comes every week to the address she points out, to bring her a change of dress, give her intelligence of her little dog and her canary, and receive the five shillings produced to her by each day and night, together with baptismal fees, &c. &c.—a sum which he is charged to deposit in government securities, and which she invariably gives to him undiminished, for never has she occasion to expend three farthings.† Their interviews, which are often interrupted by the summons of a bell, never last more than ten minutes; they take place in the anteroom or entrance hall, and do not permit a superfluous word to be spoken: it will, therefore, be at once perceived that they are not likely to sue for a divorce on the ground of incompatibility of temper.

Madame Jacquemart is evidently deprived of all those pleasures in which many persons of her class so exceedingly delight: the public walks, the theatres, the dancing assemblies, are things of which she remembers to have heard spoken in her early youth, but from the enjoyment of which she is interdicted. Should some chance present her with a few hours of leisure, she takes care not to lose them in useless runnings hither and thither, but goes to visit those whom she calls "her ladies," informs herself as to their condition, takes those to task who have suffered the year

to pass without demanding her cares, and ascertains precisely at what period this or that person, among her customers, will send to summon her. * * * She has contracted the habit of sleeping equally well day or night, and that whether on a sofa, in an arm-chair, or even on a three-legged stool; nay, at need, she will sleep as she stands! Thus the principal difference is, that Morpheus gives her her due in small change instead of paying her in larger coins; and she suffers so little from this, that no sooner does one arouse her for the performance of some service, than she springs to her legs with a look as cheerful and ready as if she wakened up naturally after a rest of seven hours' duration. Breakfast time being come, Madame Jacquemart receives an enormous cup of coffee, well softened with cream; this is one of the pleasantest moments of her day, for a beneficent fate has decreed that Madame Jacquemart should be the least in the world of a "gourmande." Living always with rich people, or at least with people in easy circumstances, she participates daily with great delight in the various savoury and nourishing dishes, with which she could not regale herself in her narrow home. At her dinner, her supper, and even at intervals between these two meals, comes a good glass of wine to lighten her spirits and keep up her strength; then she has her snuff-box, and from this she extracts, every five minutes, an amusement which gratifies her exceedingly, with the additional merit of keeping her awake: moreover, she has the comfort of not having to pore over a needle from morning till night, as doth many a poor seamstress, for some tennepence a-day.

One other enjoyment of Madame Jacquemart, and doubtless the most vivid, if we may judge by the almost general inclination towards it of the whole human race, is the pleasure which results from the power to command; for excepting the ten minutes of the doctor's visit, when Madame Jacquemart lays down her sceptre and bends respectfully while receiving his orders for the day, it is she who reigns without a rival in the chamber of her patient. No one may half open a door, light a taper, or mend a fire, till she sees fit, in her wisdom, that it should be done. However gently one knocks at a door, it is never softly enough; and for this she will reprove the very master of the house himself. She suffers no visitor to pass without having first well assured herself that he is in no degree offensive, nor without entreating him to speak in the lowest tones. If the slightest noise is heard in the most distant room of the house, she rushes out in a fury, "to silence those people who are going to make her lady's head ache."

Take care how you speak before Madame Jacquemart of any one disease under the sun: she has suffered them all—each and every! On this subject her knowledge is inexhaustible. Not only will she discourse by the hour of such ills as threaten her peculiar patients, but of all the maladies that flesh is heir to. There is no disease for which our nurse has not a cure; and she would undertake the most dangerous, as well as the most simple, with an unshaken reliance on her own skill. Thus, in the house she inhabits, no soul can give himself a sprain, or venture on a cough, but she will instantly settle what species of bath he must submit to, or what decoction he must swallow. Then her memory is so crammed with anecdotes of such miracles as are worked by leeches, infusions, fumigations, and so forth, that one might fairly call her a walking dictionary of domestic medicine.

The consciousness of her importance never deserts Madame Jacquemart, but this does not prevent her from divesting herself, on proper occasions, of a certain respectful stiffness that distinguishes her manner, and assuming an air of cheerful benevolence. This metamorphosis is effected in the course of her transit from the palace of a duchess to the back shop of a tradesman. She arrives at the house of Monsieur Leroux, a fat butcher of the Rue St Jacques, whose wife requires her help for the third or fourth time: she enters smilingly, and without ceremony, greets the shop-boys with a look of old acquaintanceship, nods at the little nurse-maid, and accosts the master with a friendly remark; "Here I am again, Monsieur Leroux!—well, so much the better; that dear Mrs Leroux; let's hope that we shall get through this affair as well as we have got through all the others." Here, all proceeds simply, with round unvarnished phrase, and in good "hail-fellow-well-met" style: the gossip with her patient never ceases, for Madame Leroux is much amused by relations that give her a view of high life, that describe elegant ladies, magnificent hotels—a thousand things, in short, connected with the great world, of which she could have no notion but for the details of her nurse; and Madame Jacquemart fairly revels in the delight of pouring forth her store of histories, tragic and comic. She is besides in excellent temper here, exacts nothing, gives trouble to nobody, is always ready to offer her little services in the household, and goes to the narrow kitchen to prepare her own coffee, "for you are not to suppose that I take the airs of a princess, because I wait on great ladies." The result of all this is, that Madame Jacquemart is treated at Monsieur Leroux's like a friend of the family; she takes her meals with them, and is present with the guests at the christening feast. When they sit at their daily dessert of cheese, Monsieur Leroux brings a bottle of old brandy, which he calls Madame Jacquemart's ancient friend—then what laughing! what gabbling! or rather what listening to Madame Jacquemart's gabble—for she tells

stories of every kind and colour—what lingering at table, too, for we must not leave the renovating bottle in a hurry; Madame Jacquemart will certainly not be the first to rise, and has taken care to make known how "she has left Nanette with Madame Leroux, and Nanette will give her whatever she may happen to want."

In this place it is obvious there will be an absence of the thousand minute attentions usually demanded by ladies on these delicate occasions; not only are the doors of the house "slammed to" with violence on all sides and at every moment, but the patient's very chamber is pervaded by the fumes of tobacco, which rise from the shop below, where Monsieur Leroux is often smoking with his boys. Madame Jacquemart bears all this with as much indifference as Madame Leroux herself—nay, she seems to think "these dainty airs belong only to a parcel of puppets who have nerves that support nothing." The truth is, that Madame Leroux recovers with wonderful rapidity, rises on the fourth day, goes down to the shop on the tenth; and this day past, Madame Jacquemart is at liberty to "up anchor," and convey her cargo of precious cares to other latitudes.

WALKS OUT OF TOWN.

BY HUGH MILLER,

AUTHOR OF THE TRADITIONAL HISTORY OF CROMARTY.

* No. I.

ONE of my maternal uncles had sailed with Nelson and Lord Keith, and fought under Abercromby and Duncan. The happiest hours of his boyhood, like the happiest of my own, were spent on the neighbouring hill; and as he possessed a warm, appropriating imagination, its many beautiful scenes were converted by him into a species of mental property, which he carried about with him in all his wanderings. He had arranged them in his mind like pictures in a gallery, and had learned, when the monotonous languor of a long voyage began to prey on his spirits, to retire within himself to contemplate them, and found in the exercise a never-failing source of amusement. He would pass onward along the paths which wind through the woods of the hill, or over the narrower footways which ascend its cliffs, and as scene after scene has started up before him, in all its breadth of light and shadow, every object of the real scene of which he himself formed a part, has melted from before him. The wide sea and the sidelong vessel have disappeared amid the trees of a forest; the heroes of Camperdown and the Nile have paced unnoticed over the quarter-deck.

There are simple enough circumstances which serve to illustrate principles a good deal more complex than themselves, and the circumstance just related seems to be one of these. Men are first taught to love the beauties of external nature (a love of no very early development in the history of the species) in the way in which my relative learned to solace himself with his pictorial recollections. We have grown the artificial creatures which it is our nature to become. We have learned to build cities and ships, to take long voyages in the one, and to breathe for months together in the pent-up atmosphere of the other, ere our recollections of woods and fields and mountains resolve themselves into poetry. It is to the town we owe much of our love of the country; we stand indebted to art in no small measure for our admiration of nature. A conviction of this kind has ever prevented me from joining in the laugh, which has been raised with a good deal more than the merited success, at the poets of what has been termed the Cockney school; nor have I been at all surprised at finding their writings so filled with primroses and new hay. The Highland herd boy sits unmoved beside the Foyers, or amid the sublimities of Loch Marie; and as the love of such objects has not yet travelled to him from the town, he employs his imagination, like the shepherd in Virgil, with the town itself. And what more natural, on the other hand, to the men who toil on from month to month amid the smoke and dust of London, than an overweening love of the country, and an exaggerated estimate of even its humblest beauties? Had Homer written in an age as highly cultivated as our own, he would probably have told us less of the palace of Ithaca, with its seats of ivory, and its floors and stairs of marble. Scott, with his exquisite nature, is the true landscape painter of artificial life.

I shall attempt introducing the reader to those scenes, the contemplation of which afforded so much pleasure to my relative. Wander among them where we may, we shall find trees, and rocks, and water, and a clear sky overhead, all great matters to those who see them seldom; and should my companion be a dweller amid the bustle and turmoil of the town, and a cherisher of that love of the wild and the rural which springs up of itself in all the drier corners of civilised life, his mind's health may be the better for the walk.

* W. R. Orr and Company, London.

† The days of a nurse, comprising the nights, are always paid at the rate of six francs.

He may find, too, that some of the scenes to which I shall carry him are interesting independently of their great beauty, from the thoughts they are suited to awaken, and some from the little traditional anecdotes connected with them. Nothing is more refreshing than a walk on a quiet wooded hill in a sunshiny morning of early summer, or, more delicious still, on a calm balmy evening; and what better suited to heighten the pleasure than that a country in which almost every cliff, and cavern, and clear bubbling spring, has its wild old legend to connect it with the credulous and highly imaginative past, should spread out to the horizon around us?

After leaving town, our road ascends to the old time-broken chapel of St Regulus, through a natural gateway of hanging wood, which closes overhead, like the arched roof of a cathedral, at fully fifty feet from the ground. The ponderous trunks on either side, gnarled and twisted, and furrowed as if by the chisel, remind us of the columns of Thebes, or of Luxor; but they lighten gradually as they rise into a more elegant style of architecture, and terminate at the roof in a network of foliage and branches. The chapel, with its fields of tombs, rises beyond and nearly overtops the sylvan gateway, occupying the summit of an insulated eminence, separated from the other rising grounds by a deep ravine. We have reached the solitary burying-ground. The trees that rise thick and dark on every side of us, cast their undulating shadows over the graves; the sun hastens to his setting; and the long slanting stream of red light that comes pouring through the opening in the west, catches but the extreme tops of the loftier monuments, and the higher pinnacles of the ruin beyond. There is a little bird chirping among the graves; we may hear the hum of the bee as it speeds homeward, and the low soothing murmur of the stream in the dell below; all else is solemn and solitude in this field of the dead.

There are times when, amid scenes such as the present, one can almost forget the possible, and wish that the silence were less deep. The most contemplative of modern poets, in giving voice to a similar wish, has sublimed it into poetry. "Would," he says of his churchyard among the hills,

"Would that the silent earth
Of what it holds could speak, and every grave
Be as a volume, shut, yet capable
Of yielding its contents to ear and eye."

The dead of a thousand years are sleeping at our feet; the poor peasant serf of ten centuries ago, whom the neighbouring baron could have hung up at his cottage door, with the intelligent mechanic of yesterday, who took so deep an interest in the emancipation of the negroes. What strange stories of the past, what striking illustrations of the destiny and nature of men, how important a chronicle of the progress of society, would this solitary spot present us with, were it not that, like the mysterious volume in the Apocalypse, no man can open the book or unloose the seals thereof! There are recollections associated with some of the more recent graves, of interest enough to show us how curious a record the history of the whole would have furnished.

It is now well nigh fifty years since Willie Watson returned, after an absence of nearly a quarter of a century, to the neighbouring town. He had been employed as a ladies' shoemaker in some of the districts of the south; but no one at home had heard of Willie in the interval, and there was little known regarding him at his return, except that when he had quitted town so many years before, he had been a neat-handed, industrious workman, and what the elderly people called a quiet decent lad. And he was now, though somewhat in the wane of life, even a more thorough master of his trade than before. He was quiet and unobtrusive, too, as ever, and a great reader of serious books. The better sort of the people, therefore, were beginning to draw to Willie by a kind of natural sympathy; some of them had learned to saunter into his workshop in the long evenings, and some had grown hold enough to engage him in serious conversation when they met with him in his solitary walks; when out came the astounding fact—and important as it may seem, the simple-minded mechanic had taken no pains to conceal it—that, during his residence in the south country, he had become a member of the communion of Baptists. There was a sudden revulsion of feeling towards him, and all the people of the town began to speak of Willie Watson as "a poor lost lad."

The "poor lost lad," however, was unquestionably a very excellent workman; and as he made neater shoes than any body else, the ladies of the place could see no great harm in wearing them. He was singularly industrious, too, and indulged in no extraordinary expense, except when he now and then bought a good book, or a few flower-seeds for his garden. He was withal a single man, with only himself, and an elderly sister who lived with him, to provide for; and, what between the regularity of his gains on the one hand, and the moderation of his desires on the other, Willie, for a person of his condition, was in easy circumstances. It was found that all the children in the neighbourhood had taken a wonderful fancy to his shop. Willie was fond of telling them good little stories out of the Bible, and of explaining to them the parts which he had pasted on the walls. Above all, he was anxiously bent on teaching them to read. Some of their parents were poor, and some of them were careless; and he saw that unless they learned their letters from him, there was little chance of their ever learning them at all. Willie in a small way, and to a very small congrega-

tion, was a kind of missionary; and what between his stories and his pictures, and his flowers and his apples, his labours were wonderfully successful. Never yet was school or church half so delightful to the little men and women of the place as the workshop of Willie Watson, "the poor lost lad."

Years of scarcity came on; taxes were high, and crops not abundant; and the soldiery abroad, whom the country had employed to fight with Bonaparte, had got an appetite at their work, and were consuming a great deal of meat and corn. The price of food rose tremendously; and many of the townspeople, who were working for very little, were not in every case secure of that little when the work was done. Willie's small congregation began to find that the times were exceedingly bad; there were no more morning pieces among them, and the porridge was always less than enough. It was observed, however, that in the midst of their distresses Willie got in a large stock of meal, and that his sister began to bake as if she were making ready for a wedding. The children were wonderfully interested in the work, and watched it to the end; when, lo! to their great and joyous surprise, Willie divided the whole baking among them. Every member of the congregation got a cake; there were some who had little brothers and sisters at home who got two; and from that day forward, till times got better, none of Willie's young people lacked their morning piece. The neighbours marvelled at Willie; and all agreed that there was something strangely puzzling in the character of "the poor lost lad."

I have alluded to Willie's garden. Never was there a little bit of ground better occupied; it looked like a piece of rich needle-work. He had got wonderful flowers too—flesh-coloured carnations streaked with red, and double roses of a rich golden yellow. Even the commoner varieties—auriculas and anemones, and the particoloured polyanthus—grew better with Willie than with any body else. A Dutchman might have envied him his tulips, as they stood row beyond row on their elevated beds, like so many soldiers on a redoubt; and there was one mild dropping season in which two of these beautiful flowers, each perfect in its kind, and of different colours too, sprang apparently from the same stem. The neighbours talked of them as they would have talked of the Siamese Twins; but Willie, though it lessened the wonder, was at pains to show them that the flowers sprang from different roots, and that what seemed their common stem, was in reality but a green hollow sheath formed by one of the leaves. Proud as Willie was of his flowers, and with all his humility he could not help being a little proud of them, he was yet conscientiously determined to have no miracle among them, unless, indeed, the miracle should chance to be a true one. It was no fault of Willie's that all his neighbours had not as fine gardens as himself; he gave them slips of his best flowers, flesh-coloured carnation, yellow rose, and all; he grafted their trees for them too, and taught them the exact time for raising their tulip roots, and the best mode of preserving them. Nay, more than all this, he devoted whole hours at times to give the finishing touches to their parterres and borders, just in the way a drawing-master lays in the last shadings, and imparts the finer touches, to the landscapes of a favourite pupil. All seemed impressed by the unselfish kindness of his disposition; and all agreed that there could not be a warmer hearted or more obliging neighbour than Willie Watson, "the poor lost lad."

Every thing earthly must have its last day. Willie was rather an elderly than an old man, and the child-like simplicity of his tastes and habits made people think of him as younger than he really was; but his constitution, never a strong one, was gradually failing; he lost strength and appetite; and at length there came a morning in which he could no longer open his shop. He continued to creep out at noon, however, for a few days after, to enjoy himself among his flowers, with only the Bible for his companion; but in a few days more he had declined so much lower, that the effort proved too much for him, and he took to his bed. The neighbours came flocking in; all had begun to take an interest in poor Willie; and now they had learned he was dying, and the feeling had deepened immensely with the intelligence. They found him lying in his neat little room, with a table bearing the one beloved volume drawn in beside his bed. He was the same quiet placid creature he had ever been; grateful for the slightest kindness, and with a heart full of love for all—full to overflowing. He said nothing of the kirk, and nothing of the Baptists, but earnestly did he urge his visitors to be good men and women, and to be availing themselves of every opportunity of doing good. The volume on the table, he said, would best teach them how. As for himself, he had not a single anxiety; the great Being had been kind to him during all the long time he had been in the world, and He was now kindly calling him out of it. Whatever He did to him was good, and for his good, and why then should he be anxious or afraid? The hearts of Willie's visitors were touched, and they could no longer speak or think of him as "the poor lost lad."

A few short weeks went by, and Willie had gone the way of all flesh. There was silence in his shop, and his flowers opened their breasts to the sun, and bent their heads to the bee and the butterfly, with no one to take note of their beauty, or to sympathise in the delight of the little winged creatures that seemed so happy among them. There was many a wistful

eye cast at the closed door and melancholy shutters by the members of Willie's congregation, and they could all point out his grave. Yonder it lies, in the red light of the setting sun, with a carpeting of soft yellow moss spread over it. This little recess contains doubtless, to use Wordsworth's figure, many a curious and many an instructive volume, and all we lack is the ability of deciphering the characters; but a better or more practical treatise on toleration than that humble grave, it cannot contain. The point has often been argued in this part of the country, argued by men with long beards who preached bad grammar in behalf of Johanna Southcote, and by men who spoke middling good sense for other purposes, and shaved once a-day. But of all the arguments ever promulgated, those which told with best effect on the townspeople were the life and death of Willie Watson, "the poor lost lad."

THE NEW-ENGLAND WITCHES.

THE "Witches of Salem" are so frequently alluded to in works of ordinary reading, that some particulars respecting them and their proceedings may not prove uninteresting. The notoriety which their case attained arose chiefly from its being one of the last instances in which this unhappy and destructive delusion prevailed in the civilised world. It was in the end of the year 1691, when Sir William Phipps was governor of New England, then a colonial dependency of Britain, that the witchcraft mania first broke out in Salem, a town of no great size, yet ranking almost next in importance to Boston, the capital of the province. The Reverend Mr Paris, minister of Salem, had a daughter and a niece, respectively nine and eleven years of age, who on a sudden began to play odd and seemingly unaccountable pranks, such as creeping into holes, crawling under chairs, and the like. After some further time, they fell into convulsion-fits, and complained of being bitten, and scratched, and pinched, by invisible agents. On other occasions they were struck dumb, and their bodies and features became bent and distorted. Mr Paris was in great uneasiness, and formed the belief that the girls were under an evil eye or tongue. His suspicions fell upon an Indian man and his wife, who were servants in the family; and these parties, "after some severities had been used upon them" (to use the language of Neal's History of New England), confessed thus much, that they had tried some Indian ceremonies in private to find out the witch or evil spirit, said to afflict the children. This was an unlucky confession, as the children immediately afterwards declared themselves to be pinched, struck, and tormented by the Indian woman, while she was invisible to others. Upon this plea, Mr Paris treated Tituba, as the Indian was named, in such a manner that he extracted from her a confession that she was a witch, and one of three who had combined to annoy the two girls. Tituba was thrown into prison; but being a slave, and capable of fetching a good price in the market, it did not seem fitting to her prosecutors to press matters to extremity with her. After lying long in prison, she was liberated; and as the time had then arrived when she could speak freely, she declared that "her master (Mr Paris) had beat her, and in other ways abused her, to make her confess and accuse (such as he called) her sister-witches, and that whatsoever she had said by way of confessing or accusing others, was the effect of such ill usage."

We have related minutely the history of this case, because it was the forerunner of a mania so strange and universal, as to destroy for a time the peace of the whole province, and to cause the loss of many lives. Almost every man shared in time in the delusion, from the most ignorant labourer up to such persons as Governor Phipps and Dr Cotton Mather, the latter a divine of singular learning and piety, but who, in this instance, was as deplorably blinded as any savage of the woods. From the family of Mr Paris the infection soon spread to others, as has been said, until a great number of persons complained of being afflicted by witches, male and female, whom they pointed out and laid informations against. Dr Mather, who became the historian of these occurrences, gives the following account of the torments of which the afflicted persons complained. He says that "their limbs were horribly distorted and convulsed, that they were pinched black and blue, that pins were invisibly run into their flesh, and that they were scalded till they had blisters raised on them. One of them (he continues) was assaulted by a spectre with a spindle in its hand, which nobody else in the room could see, till the afflicted, in one of her agonies, snatched it out of the spectre's hand, and then all the company saw it. Another was haunted by a spectre in an invisible sheet; but the afflicted, in

one of her fits, tearing a piece of it away, it became visible. Sometimes they have complained of burning rags being forced into their mouths, which nobody else could see, yet the burns have remained on their mouths afterwards; sometimes they have complained of irons heating in the fire to brand them, the marks of which they have carried to their graves." With a perfect seeming belief in their truth, Dr Mather relates numberless other instances of injury from witches, visible (to the parties only) or invisible. "Some of the afflicted saw a devil of a little stature and a tawny colour, attended with spectres that appeared in more humane (human) circumstances; these tormentors used to tender the afflicted a book, requiring them to sign, or touch it at least, in token of their consenting to be enlisted in Satan's service, which if they refused, the spectres under command of the black man tortured them with prodigious molestations." These spectres, as they were called, usually bore the appearance of certain human beings, whom the afflicted named and accused. It was of no avail that persons thus charged could prove themselves to have been far distant and engaged in minding their own affairs. The presence of these spectral counterparts or counterfeits of them was held to be sufficient proof that they aided in tormenting the afflicted.

By such accusations as these, the prisons of the province of New England were filled to overflowing soon after the commencement of the year 1692. The whole country was thrown into confusion; every one was jealous of his neighbour; and, in truth, no one could find security against an accusation, except by becoming personally an accuser. To this cause the pretended sufferings from witches are in part to be ascribed. In a few other cases, the parties may have been weak enough to imagine themselves really under the influence of such tormentors as they described; but it is only too probable that the majority of accusers were actuated by malice and hate. Whatever might be their motives, the accusations laid by such parties were completely successful, in so far as they were listened to by the judges and magistrates in Salem, Beverley, Andover, and numerous other towns and villages, through which the infection gradually but rapidly spread. The delusion was much strengthened, unquestionably, by the confessions which many of the accused were tempted to make, under the influence of fear and severe treatment. They were told that their only chance of life depended on their disclosing their confederates in crime, and in some cases they were tied neck and heels till the blood gushed from their noses, with the view of inducing them to confession. It cannot be wondered at, that, under these circumstances, the number of confessing witches amounted to fifty, not one of whom was executed, with the exception of Samuel Wardwell, who publicly drew back from his first confession, and preferred to go to the scaffold, rather than continue "to take away the lives of his neighbours to save his own."

Some time having elapsed before the business assumed a regular and systematic form, no trials or executions took place till about the middle of 1692. In the months of June, July, August, and September, however, twenty-eight persons received sentence of death, and of these nineteen were executed, six of them being men and thirteen women. One other man perished in a more miserable way. Giles Cory, a person of bold and firm mind, being asked in court by whom he would be tried, refused to answer in the usual way, and declared that he would not voluntarily put his life into the hands of a jury that had condemned all brought before them. In consequence of this recusancy, Giles Cory was pressed to death, agreeably to the custom in such cases. Of the character of the ordinary trials, and the nature of the evidence there brought forward, the following specimen will give some idea to the reader, who should keep in mind that the lieutenant-governor of the province, with several of the principal colonial judges, sat on the bench on these occasions. "Bridget Bishop was tried upon five several indictments, June 2d, 1692, for using certain detestable arts called witchcraft, in, upon, and against, Mercy Lewis, and four other women; to all of which she pleaded not guilty." These five bewitched women were the first witnesses, and they testified that the prisoner was in the daily habit of choking, pinching, biting, and afflicting them; and that the sight of her caused them to fall down in fits (of which they gave a practical illustration when they met her in court).

Deliverance Hobbs, who had confessed herself a witch, testified that the prisoner had made her become so, and had whipped her with iron rods till she signed the devil's book; and that the prisoner had taken her to a general meeting of witches in a field near Salem village, where they had all partaken of an impious kind of sacrament.

John Cook testified, that about five or six years ago he "was assaulted by the shape of the prisoner in his chamber, and so terrified, that an apple that he had in his hand flew strangely from him into his mother's lap, at a distance of six or eight feet (!)"

Samuel Gray testified, that about fourteen years ago (!) he waked one night, and saw a woman in his chamber. No harm was done to him, but a child that was in the room died soon after. He confessed that he had never seen the prisoner before (that is, till the trial), but was now satisfied that it was her apparition.

John Bly and his wife testified, "that they bought a sow from the prisoner's husband, but having to pay

the money to a creditor of the seller, she (the prisoner) was so angry that she quarrelled with Bly, and soon afterwards the sow was taken with strange fits, jumping, and knocking her head against the fence, which made the witnesses conclude that the prisoner had bewitched it."

The rest of the evidence was of a similar cast, and there is no occasion for troubling the reader with more of it. One point only in the same case may be adverted to. Bridget Bishop was examined by a jury of women, who declared that they found upon her person the noted mark of witchcraft, a coloured spot that would not bleed on being pricked. The accused woman seems to have been so conscious of the erroneous nature of this conclusion, as to get a second examination ordered. The second examiners found no such mark; but, alas! instead of doing poor Bridget any good, the circumstance was held conclusive against her, as proving that the devil had in the interval removed the mark! It is difficult for people now-a-days to believe that comparatively enlightened men could have sentenced fellow-creatures to death upon such testimony as that given in the preceding case, which was no way different from the others. Nay, in some cases material portions of the evidence were shown to be grossly false, yet the fate of the unhappy accused was the same. "At the trial of Sarah Good (says a contemporary writer, Mr Calef of Boston), one of the accusers fell down in a fit, and cried out that the prisoner's spectre was stabbing her with a knife, but had broke it in her body; and to confirm the truth of her relation, she plucked a piece of the blade out of her breast, and showed it in court; but there was a young man present, who, seeing the blade, had the honesty and courage to claim it for his, and to declare before the judges that he broke his knife but the day before, and threw away part of the blade in presence of the accuser, but that he had the handle with the other part of the blade in his pocket, which he delivered into court, and upon comparing them together, they were found to be parts of the same knife; upon which the judge only reprimanded the false witness, and bade her tell no more lies." This incident, which ought to have invalidated the whole future testimonies of these afflicted persons, was of no avail even in the case of Sarah Good. She was one of the first victims of the period.

While the tide of deception and credulity was at its height, no person was sure of life and fortune for an hour. The state of things resembled, on a small scale, that which prevailed in France at the revolution, when each man, full of jealous terror for his own life, believed that he had no way of safety but by sacrificing others, and that to pause was to perish. If any individual did come to a stop through a qualm of conscience, the danger was indeed great, by reason of the time and opportunity thus afforded to enemies. One incident in this New-England reign of terror will illustrate the point. At Andover, in New England, a magistrate named Bradstreet, after granting thirty or forty warrants, came to the resolution of granting no more. The result was, that he and his wife were immediately afterwards accused of committing nine murders by witchcraft, and flight alone saved them from the gallows. Many other persons also fled from the country, preferring the loss of property to the risk of accusation and death. In some cases parents were condemned by the evidence of their own children! At the trial of Martha Carrier, several of her children confessed themselves witches, and that their mother had made them so; but, for the credit of human nature, it ought to be told that these children had been subjected to great suffering, ere they consented to make so unnatural a charge. "George Jacobs senior was condemned (says Mr Neal in his history) by the evidence of his own granddaughter, who, to save her own life, confessed herself a witch, and was forced to appear against her grandfather." Before the old man's execution, the poor girl could not bear up against the stings of conscience, and made a public confession of the falsity of her former story. But the only result of her recantation was the endangerment of her own life. Had it not been for a severe illness, indeed, which prevented her from being brought forward at the time appointed for her trial, she would assuredly have perished on the scaffold. These cases will give some idea of the deplorable state into which society was thrown in the New-England towns and villages, by the prevalence of this witchcraft mania. All the prisons were filled, as has been stated, with the accused, nearly two hundred persons being confined in them at one time.

The majority of these prisoners would certainly have suffered death, had not a striking change come over the public mind, after the executions of June, July, August, and September. The accusers, or witch-afflicted parties, remained as eager as ever in the prosecution of their game, and in truth their numbers continued daily on the increase. The importance attached to their pretended powers of detecting the spectres of witches, was the means of bringing forward many new claimants to the gift. Such persons were actually paid to travel from one place to another, in order to unravel cases of suspected witchcraft, by their powers of seeing what was invisible to others. But after the executions, an alteration took place in the popular feeling, and this was principally owing to the fact, that not one of the victims confessed, at their death, the truth of the charge brought against them. On the contrary, every one of them made a dying pro-

test of their innocence. This weighed strongly with the public, and "the afflicted" increased the impression by overacting their parts, and growing too numerous. They began, for want of less objectionable victims, to testify against persons of unimpeachable character; and the consequence was, that their representations speedily lost much of their efficacy. About the same time, a number of the unfortunate women who had confessed themselves witches, publicly expressed their sorrow for being induced, through fear, ill-treatment, and other influences, to state what was not the truth. Such was the effect of these combined causes, that, ere the close of 1692, all further prosecutions were stopped, and the accusations of the afflicted entirely disregarded and contemned. The prison doors were thrown open, and a free pardon was granted by the governor to all under sentence of condemnation.

Thus was this extraordinary delusion brought to an end, after enduring in all for about fifteen months. Had the people not been in many respects civilised and intelligent, the victims would have been much more numerous; but it required a long time ere the distemper raged so high as to bring them to the point of taking away life. The same civilisation rendered their sorrow deep and sincere when the illusion passed away. Almost all of those who had borne a part in the tragic affair, publicly declared their grief and repentance. The jurors who served at the trials signed a document, praying that "God would not impute the guilt of what had passed to themselves, nor others, and also entreating that they might be considered aright by the living sufferers, as being then under the influence of a strong and grievous delusion, utterly unacquainted with, and not experienced in, matters of that nature." The judges expressed similar sentiments. One of them gave in a paper to be read in open church at Boston, acknowledging that he had greatly erred with respect to the late trials, and begging the prayers of the congregation to be put up for him, that he might obtain pardon for the error. While this paper was reading, he stood up in view of the whole assembly.

It is by these circumstances that the story of Salem witchcraft is rendered chiefly remarkable. In earlier times, thousands of human beings perished on account of similar charges, but gross ignorance then existed among the nations, and we are in no wonder or doubt as to the cause of the barbarities practised. Here, however, the case was different. A film seemed merely to fall for a time over the eyes of comparatively enlightened men, and then to pass away, leaving the vision unclouded save by repentant tears. Let us hope, as we have reason to do, that the story of Salem witchcraft will be the last intermixed with the annals of men of British blood.

A VISIT TO NEWGATE IN MAY 1839.

BY GIBBONS MERLE.

A FEW years have worked great changes in Newgate. Here, as in all other well-conducted prisons, the unhappy position of the prisoner is no longer aggravated by the harsh regulations of a governor, or the brutal disposition of turnkeys, taken as formerly from the worst class of society. Not only have all the rules of the prison been ameliorated by the magistrates, but their mild and benevolent character is rendered still more admirable by the spirit of indulgence exercised by the governor and his subordinate officers in every thing consistent with the safe keeping of the offender. The privation of liberty has been admitted to be a sufficient punishment, without adding to its bitterness by cruel treatment. The presence of the turnkey is no longer dreaded by the unhappy inmates of the different wards, as he appears to take an interest in the persons who are committed to his charge. The head turnkey of Newgate, who is an intelligent man, of kind disposition, visits frequently every department of the prison, and urges the prisoners under sentence of transportation to good conduct, by informing them that notes are taken of their behaviour whilst in Newgate, which will materially affect their treatment when they arrive at the colony. The wards are all remarkable for their cleanliness, and in every one of them there is a good fire during the winter, even up to the 1st of May. The plan of warming by heated air, or by the radiation of heat from hot water, has not yet been introduced here, and there is therefore a sort of cheerfulness about the wards, which does not exist in other places of detention where open fireplaces have been abolished. Whatever may be the advantages of the new mode of warming prisons, it is certain that to an Englishman there is nothing so cheering as an open fireplace. This is a fact universally admitted under all circumstances, and it is considered by the prisoners in Newgate to be a great advantage, for as they group round the fireplace, and relate the stories of early life, they forget for a time the misery of their condition. The diet of the prison is abundant. Each person has twenty ounces of excellent bread per day, and on three days of the week they have also each for

dinner half a pound of good meat and a quantity of potatoes. On the other days they have pease-soup, and every person has a pint and a half of thick gruel at breakfast and at supper. The full allowance of twenty ounces of bread is given every day. They have only water to drink, unless they have the means of purchasing beer, in which case they are permitted to receive one pint per day. They are also permitted to purchase meat or any other kind of provisions on the meagre days, with their own funds. If a prisoner on his entrance be without good clothing, he receives a suit of apparel which has no distinguishing badge, and in the event of acquittal, he is allowed to retain it. His own clothing is put into an oven heated by warm air, and thus vermin and any kind of infection are effectually destroyed. The diet of the prisoner, after condemnation, is the same as before it. The only difference between those under accusation and those who have received sentence, is, that little indulgences are shown to the former which are withheld from the latter. The sleeping places resemble the berths of a ship. They are in tiers, and vary in number from three to twelve in each ward. The bedding consists of a good rope mat and three rugs for each person. There are in every ward a Bible and a Testament, but any other books are prohibited, except to offenders whose crimes are of a light dye, or to whom the indulgence is granted upon a special order. This regulation is one of a very questionable nature; for although upon the approach of the turnkey or governor, those prisoners who wish to obtain a favourable report as to their conduct in the prison affect to be eagerly engaged in the perusal of these holy works, it has been found, by the private inspection through the holes which are pierced in the wall for that purpose, that they are seldom so engaged when they are alone and not in expectation of a visit. It would probably be beneficial to permit the reading of amusing works having a moral tendency, for in this way the mind would be brought into a state which would dispose it to the reading of the Scriptures. It might even be well to encourage the reading aloud, at stated hours, books of this kind, in each ward, by the most competent prisoner, for the benefit of the whole, and this should be done in the presence of the turnkey. There are many books in which lessons of morality and virtue are conveyed in an agreeable manner; but if such were wanting, the authorities would find no difficulty in procuring new ones at a cheap rate, through one of the societies for the propagation of useful knowledge.

The punishments in this prison for infraction of the rules are, separation from the ward in which the offender was placed, and a diet of bread and water; but owing to the vigilant control of the turnkeys, this is not often necessary. Great attention is of course paid to the exercise of the prisoners as a means of keeping up bodily health. They are compelled to walk at fixed hours during the day in the yards, and to move briskly in a circle, the juvenile offenders having with them a well-behaved adult prisoner to maintain order. The condemned cells are not, as generally supposed, subterranean, but are small well-ventilated rooms in a separate part of the building, having two yards attached to them for exercise. In each cell is an iron bedstead, with the ordinary bedding of the prison. These are the cells in which prisoners are placed when ordered for execution. They are now very rarely tenanted, as nearly three years have elapsed without an execution. Nor is it probable that the scenes of horror for which these cells were the preparation, will be again witnessed except at rare intervals.

When I visited Newgate in the month of May, the number of persons in confinement, untried or sentenced, and waiting for removal to undergo their punishment, was 220, of whom 50 were females. Amongst the male prisoners, the majority was composed of persons under twenty-five years of age, and many of them were mere children, most of whom were in confinement for trial, or under sentence for a second or third offence. The conduct of these boys would be intolerable in prison if they were not kept under severe control. Those who have already undergone punishment in other prisons, make a parade of their accomplishments in vice to their fellow prisoners; and as the prison allowance, and, to them, prison comforts, are far greater than what they had been accustomed to when at liberty, they do not appear to suffer much moral depression. Although the system of classification is kept up as far as it is practicable in Newgate, it cannot, from the nature of the building, be carried to such an extent as would prevent the corruption of the comparatively innocent lad by these hardened offenders. The cunning and evasive answers made by such boys show the full perversity of their character; and it is found that when a truly contrite youth, imprisoned for the first time, weeps over his disgrace, the old offender taunts him with his pusillanimity, and but too frequently persuades him that it is less shameful to commit crime than to shed tears at the dread of punishment for the commission of it. It is in the nature of boys to ape the courage of men, and their model is almost necessarily a bad one. From the circumstances in which they are placed in life, they have before their eyes few examples of the courage of virtue in adults of their own class, and the virtuous example of those who are above them is seen only at a distance, and fails to produce any good effect; for the artificial state of society renders it a difficult, if not a hopeless task, for youths of the lower orders to take a place amongst the higher

classes. The young offender, however low born, has frequently a mental organisation, which, if developed under favourable external circumstances, would lead to noble acts; but as he cannot feel the ambition to be a great man when he sees how difficult it is to arrive at such greatness, he has the ambition to become a great scoundrel. Society has much to answer for in neglecting to open the avenues to distinction to the poorer classes, by a proper extension of the advantages of a sound education, the first principle of which should be to teach the possibility of becoming great by virtue. This is not done; and as boys are generally romantic, and are in the habit of reading the histories of thieves who have excited the admiration of the multitude by their cunning or their courage, such personages become the *beau idéal* of their minds, and the profligacy of the adult members of their own class offers but too much encouragement to their own vicious inclinations.

A great deal has lately been done by benevolent persons to provide employment for young criminals after their condemnation, and to prepare the way for their return to society. With this view an asylum has been formed in the Isle of Wight, to which very young persons are sent, and the different penitentiaries are intended for the same end. But whatever may be the gratification which the philanthropist derives from witnessing the benevolent anxiety of the public on this subject, there is a lamentable fact connected with it which must not be concealed. The principal turnkey of Newgate states, that since the formation of the establishment at the Isle of Wight, the number of juvenile offenders has much increased. The cause of this increase is thus explained by him. He states that among the lower orders it is a frequent practice for men to marry widows who have a family, or to live unmarried with women who have children; or for females to marry or live unmarried with men who are thus situated. The children in such cases are generally neglected or ill treated, and are driven into the streets to shift for themselves. In most cases they resort to theft, and if detected, are necessarily committed for trial. The unnatural authors of this mischief lay a kind of unction upon their conscience, if they have any, by the reflection that if the children be not detected, they have done them no harm, and that if they are detected and sent to prison, they will be merely sent to the depot at the Isle of Wight. If the fact be as this person has stated, there was formerly a certain degree of consideration in the parent or step-parent of such children, preventing their total abandonment; which virtue no longer exists. The number of females under twenty years of age in Newgate, is small as compared with that of the male youths. This may be accounted for partly by the difference in the habits of the two sexes, the male youths having a greater degree of liberty to herd together and acquire habits of theft from the more experienced with whom they associate, or a greater spirit of imitation, and partly by the fact that, whilst the viciously disposed of the female sex obtain the means of subsistence in prostitution, the male who is excluded by his habits from honest employment, has no other resource than theft. Those who live in large towns, and who see the streets infested by young females of from thirteen to eighteen years of age, will know what degree of importance to attach to this observation. There would be cruelty in a desire to see the prison allowance of Newgate diminished, or the indulgences to the prisoners abridged; but if some of the persons who are there *ex recedite* are to be believed, the remembrance of their treatment in prison, instead of deterring them from the repetition of crime, had a contrary effect. "What were we to do?" said some who had escaped conviction from informality; "nobody would employ us—we wanted bread, and we knew that in prison we should find a clean home, a good fire, and abundant food."

Two of the best wards of the prison were appropriated to the use of the Canadian insurgents, who had recently been brought to the country, under well-known circumstances. They were in Newgate awaiting the decision of the legislature on their case. Of the nine or ten in custody, some were of the class of small farmers in their own country; one of them, an intelligent young man, a native of the United States, was a clerk in a commercial house; another was a schoolmaster; and one, an elegant-looking man of good education, who appeared to be looked upon with great respect by his companions in misfortune, is said to have had a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, the greater part of which he had expended upon the cause in which he had embarked. Confinement had not daunted the spirit or subdued the energies of these men. Whilst they admitted that their leaders had probably been actuated by base motives, and that they would have acted more prudently if they had exercised a proper degree of judgment as to the resources which they possessed for working out the revolution, they would not allow that the conduct of the government had not been such as to justify their appeal to arms. Of their treatment in Newgate they spoke with a respect approaching to gratitude, for, contrasted with that which they had received from their captors, it assumed the character of benevolence. But the dread of transportation, of an eternal separation from the land of their birth, the fields which they had cultivated, and the homes in which they had enjoyed the prattle of their children, and the sympathy of the wives of their bosom, appeared to them a calamity far

more terrible than death. For death they had been prepared; they had reckoned upon its possibility as one of the chances of the bold and dangerous enterprise in which they had embarked; but they had never calculated on the chance of partaking of the lot of the common felon.*

FOOD OF WORKMEN.

[Translated from the Belgian Almanack for 1837.]

WHEN one considers the manner in which the French and Belgian workmen are nourished, in comparison with those of England, he is forcibly struck by the extreme contrast displayed between the two modes of living.

In various branches of trade, our Belgian workmen eat almost no butcher-meat during the week; if they use it on Sunday, it is solely as an object of luxury. The English operative, on the contrary, makes a habitual use of substantial animal nourishment.

"I have calculated (says M. Charles Dupin, member of the French Chamber of Deputies) the total weight and quantity of the animal substance applied to the sustenance of man, in France and in England, and the result of the calculation is as follows:—For every sixty-one kilogrammes of flesh eaten by a Frenchman, an Englishman takes upwards of 173; that is to say, about three times as much. This difference in the manner of living causes a very sensible difference in physical power. Animal nourishment bestows on man a much greater amount of physical force, for daily use and expenditure, than is derivable from vegetable diet. Hence we may account, in part at least, for the superior quantity of labour executed by English operatives."

It is necessary that our workmen should think of nourishing themselves in a more substantial manner. At this moment, in many departments of trade, those employed take an amount of nourishment very insufficient to repair the daily waste of their powers. The end of the week finds them in a state of great exhaustion. Every Sunday, they seek to regain their lost strength by a diet entirely different, both in nature and quantity, from the meat and drink which they have taken through the week; and it chances to them, as it does to men who suddenly satisfy their appetite after long abstinence, that they are rendered sick and ill, instead of feeling recruited and refreshed as they anticipated. Thus it is, that, on the Monday, the tradesman is found to be less capable of work than at the close of the week, and to the same cause is chiefly to be ascribed the evil custom, so prevalent among the workmen of large cities, of not going to labour at all on the first working-day of the week.

The best way of remedying this inconvenience would be to lead the artisans gradually, by temperate counsels, to make use habitually of better nourishment, which would soon be followed by the abandonment of the custom of Monday idleness; while all the expense consequent on the adoption of better diet during the six working days, would not exceed the gains of the recovered day's labour, and the men's outlay would therefore be no way increased. At the same time, in consequence of the change, they would find themselves able to produce a much greater quantity of work during the five other days, and, of course, to demand from their employers proportionate wages. They would avoid, also, the frequent maladies and the premature decrepitude which are the inseparable attendants of ill-regulated modes of life. They would greatly prolong their span of years, although these years are too apt at present to become to them years of misery, unless they have the prudence to gather up, in youth and manhood, wherewith to satisfy the ever increasing necessities of age.

As the injury which operatives do to themselves by idling all Monday, or making a holiday of it, is not known to themselves, at least in its full extent, it may be of some service to call their attention to the real state of the case. The workman who gains one franc and fifty centimes a day, loses annually fifty-two Mondays, which ought to have brought to him seventy-eight francs. If to this sum be added the extra or extraordinary expense which always attends the idle Monday, and which cannot be estimated at less than half a day's wage, or thirty-nine francs annually, the total annual loss will be found to be 117 francs (£4, 17s. 6d.)

But the matter does not rest here. The pecuniary loss may be the chief result with regard to unmarried men, but heads of families suffer much more, because their absence from home is the spring of many domestic disorders, whose consequences are incalculable. If those who devote the Monday to uncalled-for rest or idleness, would go to work on that day, and place in the Savings' Bank the sum they gained, as well as the sum which they would otherwise have bestowed on the Monday's extra expense (which it is fair to include), they would then, without being a whit worse off than they are in other points, find themselves masters, in a year or two, of a fund which would save them from destitution in case of any emergency, such as mortality seldom escapes at some period or another; or they might taste the joy of being able to dower a daughter, or might buy off from military service the son to whom they looked for support in old age.

Estimating 300,000 to be the number of operatives,

* Since this was written, the Canadian prisoners have been restored to freedom.—Ed. C. E. J.

throughout all Belgium, who idle away the Monday, and calculating the consequent annual loss of each man at the low sum of 100 francs, the total yearly loss resulting to the working orders from the custom, comes to be 30,000,000 of francs (£1,250,000). This is more than one-third of the taxes paid each year by the whole kingdom. This loss will appear still greater, when it is considered that the whole of the funds of the benevolent societies and hospitals appropriated to the comfort of the indigent of the land, does not exceed 10,000,000 of francs (£416,666, 13s. 6d.); and that the amount of the sums lent by the institutions, termed *Monts-de-Piété*, is no more than 7,000,000 of francs (£291,666, 13s. 4d.). It is evident, that were a spirit of economy better spread among them, the working classes might not only emancipate themselves, and that speedily, from the (at best) degrading necessity for charitable help, but might ensure to themselves the means of independence and comfort, which they have hitherto been without.

We have seen with regret, in a statement recently published of the principal articles from which the municipal taxes of Brussels are raised, that the augmentation, during the year 1835, in the article of gin, has been very considerable. The average annual quantity consumed, from the year 1828 to the year 1833, was about 5000 hectolitres, while, in 1835, the quantity consumed was about 12,000 hectolitres. We shall have further occasion to point out the consequences of the great diminution of the taxes upon gin; the immediate effect of that deduction has been to increase the sale of the liquor, and to augment the number of cases of intoxication, and instances of disorder and crime. The idleness of the Monday is particularly favourable to intemperance; it is the day consecrated to libations; and by taking the trouble of examining the admission registers of the hospitals and prisons, one would receive still more convincing proof of the baneful influence which this custom exercises, alike on the purse and personal comforts of the workman, as on his health and morality.

AN IRISH START.

It was market-day at Tralee, and we had great difficulty in getting through the streets, so great was the concourse of people, carts, horses, geese, turkeys, and pigs.

And now, after having passed in safety through many Irish towns on market-days, and started with a great variety of horses and post-boys, I, the most timid and nervous of all foolish women, would address a few words of encouragement to those who may happen to be placed in the like predicaments, with the same feelings of fear.

Never be afraid of an Irish start, even if the leaders come quite round to the carriage door. Never be afraid of having your carriage smashed, even if the narrow street of a little town be (as it generally is) so full of cars, people, pigs, poultry, and horses, that you cannot see the remotest possibility of a passage being obtained for the carriage through the dense mass. Do not be afraid either for yourself, or that any of the swarming population will be run over. The cars, the people, the pigs, &c., will indeed remain in the way, till the leaders which draw your carriage actually touch them. The whole scene looks in most dreadful confusion. The horses rear—the post-boys look as if they could not keep their seats, and had not the least power over the restive horses. The populace halloo, the pigs squeak, the jingle-men vociferate in Irish—jabbering it quicker and more vehemently than ever. But again I say it—do not be in the least afraid, for no accident ever happens.

There seems, indeed, a peculiar providence over Irish drivers, horses, and all the noisy occupants of a crowded street. Drunken men reel about on foot and on horseback, without ever seeming to do themselves or others any harm. At Bandon, I recollect seeing a drunken man gallop down the steep street, and as the horse turned short round at the bottom of it, the rider was precipitated off upon his head; but he very deliberately got up again, and endeavoured to lead his horse away by the tail!

There does in reality seem a special providence expressly provided for Irish men, women, and children, without which, what with fires, floods, burnings, house-fallings, car-upsettings, &c., there would not be a whole bone in the island. "I have been doing my best to drive over a child in this town for the last eight-and-twenty years," said an English mail-coach driver to his friend on the box, "and never could do it!" The risks that are run, the hazards encountered in every excursion by land or by water by these dare-devil people, would astonish and terrify their more civilised and cautious neighbours. At the top of one of the steepest mountain-roads in the west of Ireland, Lord Guillemore stopped the driver of the chaise he was seated in, proclaiming his intention to walk it down rather than proceed in the carriage—the rather as one of the horses, a young, long-tailed chestnut, had given, even on the level road, some very unequivocal signs of hot temper and unsteadiness.

"I'd rather get out here," said the Chief Baron.

"Anan!" said the postilion, purposely turning a deaf ear to what he conceived a slur upon his coachmanship. "I'll get down—open the door, my man," reiterated his lordship.

"True for ye, it's a fine bit of road, yer honour," said the incorrigible fellow, still pretending to mistake what was said, and all the while approaching slowly and insidiously to the verge of the hill. "Now, hold fast," said the wretch, as he laid the lash first over one, then over the other of his horses, and set off down the mountain at a most furious pace. The horses both flying out at either side from the pole, and the chaise spinning and bumping through ruts and over stones that every minute threatened annihilation—the long-tailed chestnut contriving,

even in his top speed, to show both his hind hoofs very near the judge's nose as he sat in the chaise, the postilion springing with wonderful agility from one side to the other, to avoid kicks that threatened every instant to smash his skull. Down they went, the pace increasing, the windows broken by the concussion, and one door flung wide open, and increasing by its banging noise the confusion of the scene. The road terminated at the foot of the mountain in a narrow bridge that led off at a very sharp angle from the line; and here the terrified judge expected as inevitable the fate that he had hitherto by miracle escaped. Down they came, the hot chestnut, now half mad from excitement, springing four or five feet every bound, and dragging along the other horse at the most terrific rate. They reached the bridge—round went the chaise on two wheels, and in a moment more they pulled up in safety at the opposite side, both the horses being driven, collar-up, into a quickset hedge. Before the Chief Baron had time to speak, the fellow was down mending the harness with a piece of cord, as leisurely as if nothing remarkable had happened.

"Tell me, my fine fellow," said his lordship, "was that chestnut ever in harness before?"

"Never, my lord; but the master says he'll give eight pound for her if she'd bring your lordship down this bit of Sliev-na-muck, without breaking the chaise or doing ye any harm."—From a review of *Lady Chatterton's Rambles in Ireland*, in the *Dublin University Magazine*.

THE WAKE OF THE KING OF SPAIN.*

Arrayed in robes of regal state,
But stiff and cold, the monarch sate;
In gorgeous vests, his chair beside,
Stood prince and peer, the nation's pride;
And paladin and high-born dame
Their place amid the circle claim:
And wands of office lifted high,
And arms and blazoned heraldry,—
All mute like marble statues stand,
Nor raise the eye, nor move the hand:
No voice, no sound to stir the air,
The silence of the grave is there.

The portal opens—hark, a voice!
"Come forth, O king! O king, rejoice!
The bowl is filled, the feast is spread,
Come forth, O king!"—The king is dead.
The bowl, the feast, he tastes no more,
The feast of life for him is o'er.

Again the sounding portals shake,
And speaks again the voice that spake:
—"The sun is high, the sun is warm,
Forth to the field the gallants swarm;
The foaming bit the courser clamps,
His hoof the turf impatient stamps;
Light on their steeds the hunters spring;
The sun is high—Come forth, O king!"
Along these melancholy walls

In vain the voice of pleasure calls:
The horse may neigh, and bay the hound,—
He hears no more; his sleep is sound.
Retire;—once more the portals close;
Leave, leave him to his dread repose.

—Mrs Barbauld's Works.

* The kings of Spain for nine days after death are placed sitting in robes of state with their attendants around them, and solemnly summoned by the proper officers to their meals and their amusements as if living.

THE ORIGIN OF TONTINES.

THE word Tontine is only a cant word, derived from the name of an Italian projector. This was one Laurence Tonti, a creature of Cardinal Mazarin; who, finding the people extremely out of humour with his eminence's administration, imagined he could reconcile them by a proposal of making people rich in an instant, without trouble or pains. His scheme was a lottery of annuities, with survivorship, which he proposed in 1653, with the consent of the court, but the parliament would not register the edict.* Three years after, he tried his project again, for building a stone bridge over the Seine, when it had both the favour of the court and the sanction of parliament, under the title of Banque Royale, but it failed again; for somebody having given it the unlucky name of Tontine, nobody in Paris would trust his money in a lottery that had an Italian title. The last attempt poor Tonti made, was to get his plan adopted by the clergy for the payment of their debts; but though they acknowledged the ingenuity of it, they rejected it as unfit for their purpose.

Such was the invention of the Tontine. If it is not trespassing too much upon you, I will now show when it first came into use. When Louis XIV. was distressed by the league of Augsburg, and granted money beyond what the revenues of the kingdom would furnish, for supplying his enormous expenses he had recourse to the plans of Tonti, which, though long laid aside, were not forgotten; and by an edict in 1689, created a Tontine Royale of 1,400,000 livres annual rent, divided into fourteen classes. The actions were 300 livres a-piece, and the proprietors were to receive L10 per cent., with bene-

* [By "survivorship," it is meant that the longest liver of the annuitants becomes ultimately the holder and proprietor of the whole stock. Each annuitant receives interest during life, and at the death of each, this ceases, the heirs of no annuitant but the survivor of all having any claim on the concern. Hence, when Tontine schemes are established, the subscribers usually settle the annuities on their youngest and healthiest children, to give the better chance of the survivorship. Inns and public buildings of different kinds are still sometimes built on the Tontine plan.]

fit of survivorship in every class. This scheme was executed but very imperfectly; for none of the classes rose to above 25,000 livres, instead of 100,000, according to the original institution, though the annuities were very regularly paid. A few years after, the people seeming in better humour for projects of this kind, another Tontine was erected upon nearly the same terms, but this was never above half full. They both subsisted in the year 1726, when the French king united the 13th class of the first Tontine with the 14th of the second; all the actions of which were possessed by Charlotte Bonnemay, widow of Louis Barbier, a surgeon of Paris, who died at the age of ninety-six.

This gentlewoman had ventured 300 livres in each Tontine; and in the last year of her life she had for her annuity 73,000 livres, or about L3600 a-year, for about L30.—*Gentleman's Magazine* for 1791.

SPIDER AND WASPS.

IN autumn 1838, a small party of friends paid a visit to Blair-Athol, and while sauntering through the pleasure-grounds, after visiting the Falls, and admiring the majestic windings of the Tay, one of them, on observing an unusually large spider's web, immediately called a halt and attention to the subject. This summons his companions obeyed, and after examining carefully a spider's web, larger by a half than any of them had ever seen before, great anxiety was expressed to obtain a peep of the giant spider himself. This, however, was a work of some difficulty; but at length, by dint of patient searching, they detected his hiding-place among the surrounding grass, and by means of a piece of paper, formed into a small twisted bag, succeeded in ensconcing him for future experiment. Arrived at Dunkeld, and dinner discussed, the conversation turned a good deal on entomology; each of the party had some anecdote to communicate, or remark to make; story in short followed story, and much, in particular, was said of the relative fighting powers of spiders and wasps. One man's experience was in favour of the superior prowess of the wasp; another's pointed to an opposite conclusion, and in this way discourse progressed, until bets were taken that the Blair-Athol prisoner would kill any wasp or wasps that could be found in the town of Dunkeld; and *vice versa*. As good luck would have it, a grocer situated near to the inn door had just staved a barrel of sugar, and as wasps are never far distant when such a windfall happens to be in the way, the backers of the bastard unproductive bee had an opportunity of picking and choosing at will. Three likely specimens were therefore selected, two of which were placed under a glass, and the third softly deposited at the bottom of a tumbler. The spider was then disenclosed, and placed on the rim of the same vessel; but he contented himself with trailing round and round, and seemed averse to descend. This, however, could not be permitted, and as it was necessary to bring the belligerents to close quarters, both were placed under a glass inverted. And then began the mêlée; both immediately bristled up for defence or attack—the spider a little above, and the wasp below. Watching an opportunity, the spider descended, and endeavoured to wound the wasp in the body; this attempt the other resisted, and in return paid his antagonist the compliment of biting off one of his legs. This throughout seemed the favourite mode of tactics, and as the spider on the other hand carefully avoided such accidents, the inference was that all insects he ventures to attack know instinctively that this is the only method by which he can be met, and, perchance, overcome. The battle lasted for some little time, but after the spider had inflicted a third bite, the enemy dropt, and instantly expired. A second wasp was then introduced, which also attempted to maim and lacerate the spider's legs; but it was less successful, and after receiving three or more bites, shared the fate of its predecessor. A third, therefore, was brought to the scratch, a small but very active wasp, and as the spider was now somewhat exhausted, the fortune of war seemed more varied than it had been before. In the end, however, the wasp received one severe wound, under the effects of which it reeled, and appeared to be dying; but after a little time it rallied, and appeared bent on renewing the combat. The spider, coiled up, watched its motions narrowly, and having by this time probably recruited its stock of poison, descended fiercely, and completed the work of death by a single bite or blow. It was then enlarged as the hero of the ring, and when last observed was wending its way cautiously adown the wall of the inn at Dunkeld.

On another occasion, one of the above party had occasion to send a fine specimen of the spider tribe to a medical friend in Dundee, who is exceedingly curious in such matters. As the readiest means of transit, he enclosed it in a common speil box, and dispatched by coach the tiny traveller. The box, however, was too roomy for the spider's wants, and as he seems to have disliked the jolting incident to coach travelling, he had recourse to a very ingenious remedy. Bees evince extraordinary sagacity in overcoming difficulties of form and situation, and spiders, it would appear, share to a great extent the same delicate and useful tact. Such, at least, is the inference we feel inclined to draw from the following fact:—When the spider reached Dundee, and the consignee opened the box, he was equally surprised and delighted to find that his insect charge had spun for himself a superb hammock, securely hung from the four corners of his prison-house, in which he had couched, in sailor fashion, as softly as he does in his native lair.—*Dumfries Courier*.

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A DAY AT NORWOOD.

ON a beautiful day in last July, I had the pleasure of making an excursion from London to Norwood, for the purpose of inspecting a very remarkable public institution which has for some years been established there. A coach, starting from Charing Cross, soon whirled me a few miles down into the county of Surrey, and in little more than an hour I was at the end of my journey. The district in which I now found myself, is, unlike the most of English ground, agreeably varied by gentle eminences, presenting slopes in all directions, plentifully ornamented with copses, tufts of forest-trees, and hedge-rows; while in every part we discover villages and gentlemen's seats nestling in hollows, or scattered over the rising grounds. The salubrity arising from a varied surface, many years ago caused this fine region to be selected by the guardians of the London poor, for the rearing of the numerous destitute children who fell into their hands. These unfortunates were placed here at nurse in the cottages of the peasantry, where, as is well known, they were not in general treated in such a manner as to aid the effects of the healthful climate. Afterwards they were collected into a large establishment at Norwood, under the charge of one trustworthy individual, who contracted for their nurture *en masse*: it was this establishment, latterly under the care of the new poor-law commissioners, which I had come to see. Formerly it was little thought of and rarely visited; but since the change of management just stated, which has been attended with considerable alterations in the mode of rearing the children, it has become an object of much curiosity, and taken its place beside Westminster Abbey, St Paul's, the Tower, the Colosseum, the Adelaide Gallery, and other established "lions" of the Great Metropolis.

I found the Norwood School of Industry, as it is now called, to be composed of a series of large brick buildings, in the midst of enclosed areas, the whole occupying the top of one of the swelling eminences before alluded to, and thus presenting an aspect of cheerfulness rather uncommon in pauper institutions. The children, at present eleven hundred in number, and of various ages, from two or three to twelve or thirteen, are classed in two separate wards or divisions, according to their sex, and still further classified in their respective divisions according to age and capacity. The present contractor and superintendent is Mr Aubin—a middle-aged man, of that aspect which I am accustomed (being a stranger in the south) to regard as characteristic of the frank and upright Englishman. He undertakes to pay all expenses, in consideration of his receiving four shillings and sixpence a-week for the support of each inmate—a rate which must be considered sufficient, though not by any means extravagant, considering the excellence and copiousness of the diet, the comfortable clothing and lodging, and the extent of intellectual and moral instruction which is conferred. It delights me with the sense of something worthy of a great city, to find the young outcasts of the streets of London thus handsomely provided for—for though a sufficient expenditure does not, of course, insure a right mode of management, it is certainly the only thing which makes that possible. Satisfied that the allowance ought to do all that is desirable, let us now inspect the establishment, to ascertain if the application of the funds be as judicious as their amount is generous.

Before saying a single word respecting the appearance of things in this mighty nursery, it will be important to note what was the ordinary course of instruction in the workhouse schools during the "good

old times." It was then customary to consign the workhouse children to some superannuated pauper within the walls, to be taught a little reading and writing; and as this was considered sufficient in the way of education, it was no uncommon thing for these unfortunate beings to be sent out into the world totally ignorant of any moral or social obligations, and with an intellect almost a perfect blank. Confined from the earliest dawn of intelligence to the joyless (and generally vicious) scene which the walls and floors of their prison-house presented to their eyes, they knew next to nothing of external nature, and were in no shape prepared for depending on their own resources when the period came for their taking an active part in the multifarious concerns of life. The consequence was, that, in those good old times, the workhouse, as it was the first, continued to be the after, refuge of the pauper; it was his home in infancy, his home during any temporary misfortune, his home in old age, and in turn became the home of his children, and his children's children after him—the great patrimonial mansion to which he and his family clung with all the tenacity of an entail.*

To proceed with an account of the new order of things at Norwood. Mr Aubin being a benevolent man, willing to engraft any improvement in his system, the routine of the establishment was revised and remodelled a few years ago at the recommendation of Dr Kay, poor-law commissioner of the London district. It now serves as a pattern for the organisation of workhouse schools throughout the country. The great object held in view is to fit the children to engage with alacrity and ease in any species of useful employment to which they may be put on leaving school, and with minds so morally and religiously trained, that they stand as little chance as possible of finding their way either back to the workhouse or into the criminal jail—in short, to train them up not to be paupers, but active, intelligent, and good members of society. From what came under my notice, I should think there is little fear of the result.

The principal edifice consists of a very long school-room on the lower floor, fitted up with desks and forms, and divided partially by green cloth curtains, which can be raised at pleasure. At the end, nearest the door of entrance, is a gallery or flight of seats, one above another like the steps of a stair, and to these the infant-school, consisting of about 130 pupils, was immediately marched for instruction. No sooner had the little creatures, each in his clean linen blouse, taken their seats, than I was struck with their apparently healthy and robust appearance. There were

* Confined within the walls of the workhouse, where such a spirit reigns, it is difficult to conceive any thing more joyless and miserable than the life of these poor creatures. Surrounded by nothing which can elicit a spark of intelligence, it might be expected that their countenances should be characterised by vacancy, or passion, and such is the case. At Marylebone, about two years ago, the writer of these pages saw a lad of fifteen years of age, who had never but once been out of the house from the time of his birth; he was well-grown, but, as may be easily supposed, deficient in intelligence. It is not more than two years ago since the children were taken out of the workhouse for a walk for the first time; and a person who saw them (and who has been greatly instrumental in introducing an improved treatment of the children in that workhouse) stated that it was a most affecting sight to witness the delight and surprise with which they first beheld the green fields near Primrose Hill. They rolled upon the grass, and appeared incapable of being satiated, so great was their joy. The poor fellow before alluded to fell into every drain and ditch; he had never before experienced such holes in the earth, and a jump or a long step were motions unknown to him, for he had never walked upon any thing but the flags of the workhouse.—*Central Society of Education: third publication.*

not many intellectually good countenances or heads among them, but their rosy and chubby cheeks were an evidence of excellent and sufficient diet, and of a happy mental condition. An English visitor would not perhaps have noticed these appearances; but with me, as being something new, they could not pass unobserved. I could not help comparing the rows of well-fed and happy faces with the pale miserable countenances of the children in most of the pauper asylums of Edinburgh, where the comforts of food, raiment, and lodging, are decidedly too much narrowed. The children being duly seated, an intelligent young teacher, skilled in infant-training, exercised them on a simple branch of useful knowledge, employing the oral and simultaneous method of instruction, and testing the intelligence of individuals by subsequent cross examination. A class of about forty pupils of a more advanced age was next examined on the subject of Bible history, and the readiness of their replies to every question which could be asked in reference to facts in either the Old or New Testament, excited general surprise among the spectators present. The questioner was a clergyman of the established church, who had not previously seen the school, and who seemed highly pleased with the state of religious knowledge which was displayed. We passed from this to other classes, and finally were led out to the boys' courtyard, around which apartments for industrial training are situated.

The spectacle of human industry is always attractive. Even the idle like to look on while others are busy. But the interest of such scenes is greatly increased when the industry is exerted by youth, as it was on the present occasion. In the first room into which we were ushered, sat some twenty boys on low benches, making and mending shoes. This was the shoemaking school, and was under the charge of a young tradesman, who shaped the leather and instructed the pupils in the mysteries of the gentle craft. Divested of their jackets, and tucked in brown leather aprons, the little fellows sat hammering and sewing away as busily as if in a regular workshop; and, on the whole, the shoes which they made were as well executed as those generally in use among boys who are engaged in country labour. From the shoemaking apartment we were conducted into that in which tailoring is in a similar manner taught to a certain number of boys. The clothes on which these worked, were, like the shoes made by the young shoemakers, designed for the use of the establishment. Next we entered, in succession, the workshops devoted to instruction in the business of the blacksmith, and in that of the tinsmith. At both occupations, boys were suitably engaged under the direction of masters. Departments for joinery and gardening are, we were told, not as yet commenced, but about to be so. We were then conducted at once to a large enclosed area or court, in which there is an apparatus representing the deck, mast, and rigging of a ship, with a couple of guns on carriages, the whole being designed for instruction in seamanship. A class of thirty boys, dressed in blue jackets and white trousers, and directed by an under naval officer, went through a variety of manœuvres with astonishing dexterity; among other things, manning the yards aloft, and afterwards letting themselves down by the ropes to the ground. On making inquiry, I found that this and all the other industrial operations which I had seen, or which may henceforth be added, are not taught to only a few selected boys out of the mass, but all the boys in the school are designed to be instructed in every department, one after the other. Thus every boy, it will be observed, must ultimately be able to make and mend his

own shoes, clothes, and house furniture, to employ himself in iron and tin work, to cultivate a garden, and rear the more useful kind of herbs, and also to a certain extent to act the part of a sailor, should circumstances lead him to a life at sea. It is not the object of the commissioners in establishing this description of industrial training, to make the boys proficient in any line of occupation, but to prepare them for some particular handicraft or service by which they may gain an honest living, and at least be enabled to increase the comforts of their household without an expenditure of their earnings. Who can doubt that such benefits as these will be realised from the course of instruction just described; and who can doubt that England would have been a very different thing at the present day, had such instruction, with all its moral aids, been afforded to the poor half a century ago?

From the courtyards of the boys we were led into those of the girls. Here, after examining the classes in the school in which reading, writing, knitting, sewing, and other exercises, formed the appropriate business, we proceeded to the apartments devoted to industrial occupations. The first was a washing-house, in which a number of girls were engaged at troughs in washing the linens of the establishment, and the next a place where a similar number of girls, forming an advanced class, were learning the equally necessary duties of ironing and mangling. The neat tidy dresses of the girls, and their generally smart appearance, were very remarkable, and contrasted favourably in my mind with the plain aspect of the workhouse females in my own country. Besides being taught to wash and dress clothes so as to prepare them for being laundry-maids and for the duties of households, to which as wives they may be hereafter called, the girls are regularly instructed in sundry domestic offices, including a knowledge of plain cookery, serving of meals, nursing the sick or the very young children, milking cows, and the general management of a dairy. They are also accustomed to make inventories of clothes, to write out receipts for frugal cookery, to make out bills of articles sold in small shops, and to keep accounts of domestic expenditure. Their time is thus divided between instruction in school and industrial operations, while their attention throughout is directed to the duties and rewards of females generally in humble situations of life, and the caution, integrity, and perseverance requisite to secure their permanent well-being.

While inspecting this part of the establishment, I was introduced to the gentleman who acts as visiting physician, and by him politely conducted to the ward set apart as an infirmary or hospital. There were not, however, more than six or eight patients, and of these only three were confined to bed. The chief disease which makes its appearance, I was told, is scrofula; such being in many cases a result of the vicious lives led by the parents, for it need scarcely be mentioned that nearly the whole of the inmates are the children of the most depraved class of the population of London. Knowing the prevalence of ophthalmia in our Scotch workhouses—the inevitable result, and perhaps most unfailing mark, of inadequate food and comfort—I was anxious to make some inquiries on this point, and was glad to learn that, unless from the inherent effects of scrofula, ophthalmia was unknown, the wholesome and sufficient diet being apparently a complete preventive.* My medical friend further mentioned a very interesting fact concerning the Norwood school: he stated, that since the introduction of the industrial and mechanical operations, the health of the children had been greatly improved. There were now considerably fewer under medical treatment than formerly; in fact, the indulgence in manual labour in the workshops had wrought like a charm, and sufficiently proved that it had increased instead of diminishing the mental pleasures and resources of the pupils. Possibly the wide dissemination of this very interesting fact may be serviceable in stimulating guardians of the poor to annex schools of industry to the already established seminaries of juvenile paupers.

With respect to the moral and religious training of the Norwood children, it is impossible of course for any one after a single visit to say anything, as from his own observation. Here I shall content myself with quoting the language of Dr Kay, in his account of the establishment contained in the Fifth Annual Report of the Poor-Law Commissioners, to which the reader may be referred for much valuable matter on the training of pauper children. "The moral training (says he) pervades every hour of the day, from the period when the children are marched from their bedrooms to the wash-house in the morning, to that when they march back to their bedrooms at night. By the constant presence of some teacher as a companion during the hours of recreation, they are taught to amuse themselves without mutual encroachment; they are trained in the practice of mutual forbearance and kindness; they are taught to respect property not their own, to avoid faults of language and manner, to treat their superiors with respectful confidence; they are trained in the practice of their religious duties, in a reverential observance of the Sunday, and in deference to the instructions of their religious teachers. Propriety of demeanour in their bedrooms and at

meals is a matter of special anxiety." The schools are provided with a library, the books of which are anxiously perused by the more advanced pupils; and there is a gymnastic apparatus in the play-ground for developing their physical strength and activity. "The industrial training of the children has already had the effect of reducing the age at which they are received into service, and of rendering premiums for apprenticeship unnecessary; not, however, in consequence of their skill in a particular handicraft, but because the children have acquired industrious habits." A better testimony of the truth of all this could not be found, than in the simple fact, that both boys and girls are now eagerly sought for by masters and mistresses, so that no difficulty whatever exists in the way of their getting into an honest and regular means of employment.

With this I conclude my account of a visit to the Norwood School of Industry, hoping that, from what has been stated, the reader will not be surprised at my classifying it as one of the most interesting sights at present within the command of stranger or native in the neighbourhood of the metropolis.*

THE AMERICAN SLAVE-TRADE.

THE general government of the United States of America is now, as is pretty well known, the chief abettor of the odious traffic in slaves, both as respects importation from Africa and trading within the bounds of the Union. The Spanish, Portuguese, and some other flags, are no doubt still used in what we must call the piratical practices of the slavers, but the bulk of the trade is in the hands of American citizens, whose boast is to serve under "the star-spangled banner of liberty." If this revolting species of commerce cannot be prevented by Britain, except at the cost of a warlike contest, which every one must deprecate, the press can at least continue to agitate the question of abolishing slavery in the States, and thus, if possible, aid the cause of humanity and civilisation. We propose, therefore, to be humbly instrumental in turning attention to this deeply interesting subject; and in doing so, shall confine ourselves in the meanwhile to the following series of facts, gleaned from a work which has lately come into our hands, entitled, "View of the action of the Federal Government in behalf of Slavery, by William Jay," (New York, 1839.)

One of the most remarkable features in the internal branch of slave traffic in America, is the prevalence of a system of rearing negroes for market, on a principle as nearly as possible resembling that of rearing live stock, such as cattle, sheep, or pigs, for market in England. Maryland, Virginia, and North Carolina, also a part of Kentucky, are the principal slave-rearing districts for exportation. Mr Jay accounts for this peculiarity in the rural economy of these states as follows:—"The rapid extension of the cotton and sugar cultivation in the extreme south, together with the settlement of the new states of Alabama, Mississippi, Missouri, and Arkansas, occasioned a prodigious demand for slaves; and the agriculturists of Virginia, and the neighbouring states, discovered that their most lucrative occupation was that of raising live stock for the southern and western markets. In Georgia and South Carolina, it has also been found more advantageous to export their supernumeraries to Mobile, New Orleans, or Natchez, than to employ them on their already well-stocked plantations. Hence has grown up an almost incredible transfer of slaves from the north to the south; and recently a new market has been opened in Texas, giving an additional stimulus to the trade."

In Virginia and Maryland the trade is carried on by dealers in the large towns, who purchase the young slaves from those who have reared them from their birth, or collected them from remote parts of the country. "Dealing in slaves," says the Baltimore Register, "has become a large business; establishments are made in several places in Maryland and Virginia, at which they are sold like cattle; these places of deposit are strongly built, and well supplied with cow-skills and other whips."

The nature of the trade may be understood from the advertisements of the Baltimore merchants. The following are among those quoted by Mr Jay:—

"Cash for Negroes.—The subscribers are particularly anxious to make a shipment of negroes shortly. All persons who have slaves to part with, will do well to call as soon as possible.—OVERLY AND SAUNDERS."

"The subscriber being desirous of making another shipment by the brig Adelaide to New Orleans, on the 1st of March, will give a good market price for fifty negroes from ten to thirty years old.—HENRY DAVIS."

"The subscriber wishes to purchase one hundred slaves of both sexes, from the age of ten to thirty, for which he is disposed to give much higher prices than have heretofore been given. He will call on those living in the adjacent counties to see any property.—ANSLEY DAVIS."

"Notice.—This is to inform my former acquaintances, and the public generally, that I yet continue in the slave-trade, at Richmond, Virginia, and will at all times buy

and give a fair market price for young negroes. Persons in this state, Maryland, or North Carolina, wishing to sell lots of negroes, are particularly requested to forward their wishes to me at this place. Persons wishing to purchase lots of negroes are requested to give me a call, as I keep constantly on hand at this place a great many on sale, and have at this time the use of one hundred young negroes, consisting of boys, young men, and girls. I will sell at all times at a small advance on cost to suit purchasers. I have comfortable rooms, with a jail attached, for the reception of the negroes; and persons coming to this place to sell slaves, can be accommodated, and every attention necessary will be given to have them well attended to; and when it may be desired, the reception of the company of gentlemen dealing in slaves will conveniently and attentively be received. My situation is very healthy, and suitable for the business.—LEWIS A. COLLIER."

Joseph Wood, of Hamburg, South Carolina, "a gentleman dealing in slaves," advertises that he "has on hand a likely parcel of Virginia negroes, and receives new supplies every fifteen days."

In 1829, it was estimated that the annual revenue to Virginia from the export of human flesh, was one million and a half of dollars. From this period the traffic steadily advanced, and in 1832 it had arrived at so high a pitch, that Thomas Jefferson Randolph declared in the legislature of the state, that Virginia had been converted into "one grand menagerie, where men were reared for market like oxen for the shambles." An idea of the increase in 1836 may be obtained from an article in the Virginia Times on the importance of increasing the banking capital of the Commonwealth: the writer estimates the number of slaves exported for sale during "the last twelve months" at forty thousand; each slave averaging in value six hundred dollars, and thus yielding a capital of twenty-four millions of dollars, of which the writer thinks at least thirteen millions might be contributed for banking purposes.

We shall have a very incorrect idea of the traffic in slaves in Virginia and other places, if we imagine that by the term *negroes* black-skinned human beings only are meant. The following notices offering rewards for runaway slaves, afford a tolerably convincing proof that *white* men may be classed as negroes, and pass by that name, when they happen to be the descendants of an African ancestry:—

"One hundred dollars reward will be given for the apprehension of my negro Edmund Kenney. He has straight hair, and complexion so nearly white, that it is believed a stranger would suppose there was no African blood in him. He was with my boy Dick a short time since in Norfolk, and offered him for sale, and was apprehended, but escaped under pretence of being a white man.—ANDERSON BOWLES."

"Fifty dollars reward will be given for the apprehension and delivery to me of the following slaves: Samuel, and Judy his wife, with their four children, belonging to the estate of Sacker Dubberly, deceased."

I will give ten dollars for the apprehension of William Dubberly, a slave belonging to the estate. William is about 19 years old, quite white, and would not readily be mistaken for a slave.—JOHN T. LANE."

"One hundred dollars reward.—Run away from the subscriber, a bright mulatto man slave, named Sam. Light sandy hair, blue eyes, ruddy complexion; is so white as very easily to pass for a free white man. EDWIN PAXTON."

"Run away from the subscriber, working on the plantation of Colonel H. Tinker, a bright mulatto boy named Alfred. Alfred is about 18 years of age, pretty well grown, has blue eyes, light flaxen hair, skin disposed to freckle. He will try to pass as free-born. S.G. STEWART."

Mr Paxton, a Virginia writer, tells us in his work on slavery, that "the best blood in Virginia flows in the veins of the slaves."

Dr Torrey, in his work on Domestic Slavery in the United States, p. 14, says, "While at a public-house in Fredericktown, there came into the bar-room on Sunday, a decently dressed white man, of quite a light complexion, in company with one who was totally black. After they went away, the landlord observed that the white man was a slave. I asked him with some surprise, how that could be possible? To which he replied, that he was a descendant, by female ancestry, of an African slave. He also stated that not far from Fredericktown there was a slave estate, on which there were several white females, of as fair and elegant appearance as white ladies in general, held in legal bondage as slaves!"

A paper printed at Louisville, Kentucky, the 'Emporium,' relates a circumstance that occurred in that city, in the following terms:—"A laudable indignation was universally manifested among our citizens on Saturday last, by the exposure of a woman and two children for sale at public auction, at the front of our principal tavern. The woman and children were as white as any of our citizens; indeed, we scarcely ever saw a child with a fairer or clearer complexion than the younger one.—Niles's Register, June 1821."

The business of collecting and rearing slaves for the southern market, as we are told by Mr Jay, is carried on to no small extent in the district or small state of Columbia, as well as in Maryland and Virginia. This is the most disgraceful fact connected with the American slave-trade, for Columbia, in which Washington the capital is situated, is solely governed by the general Congress, which could hence abolish slavery in at least one district, without encroaching on the rights of any of the several states. A few advertisements culled by Mr Jay from the Washington newspapers, present the same points of character as those of Baltimore. The

* The breakfast of the children consists of hasty pudding made of flour and milk, also bread; three times a week the dinner is of meat either roast or boiled, with vegetables; and supper every evening consists of bread and butter, and a quantity of sweet milk and water.

* By the Croydon railway, which passes at a short distance from the place, there is now a ready means of communication betwixt London and Norwood; the Annerly station is the nearest stopping point. The school can be viewed only on Fridays at two o'clock, and by an order.

National Intelligencer of the 28th March 1836, contained the following announcements:—

"Cash for five hundred negroes, including both sexes, from ten to twenty-five years of age. Persons having likely servants to dispose of, will find it their interest to give us a call, as we will give higher prices in cash than any other purchaser who is now or may hereafter come into the market.—FRANKLIN AND AMFIELD, Alexandria."

"Cash for three hundred negroes.—The highest cash price will be given by the subscriber, for negroes of both sexes, from the ages of twelve to twenty-eight.—WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS, Washington."

"Cash for four hundred negroes, including both sexes, from twelve to twenty-five years of age.—JAMES H. BIRCH, Washington City."

"Cash for negroes.—We will at all times give the highest prices in cash for likely young negroes of both sexes, from ten to thirty years of age.—J. W. NEAL AND CO., Washington."

"Here," says Mr Jay, "we find three traders in the district advertising in one day for twelve hundred negroes, and a fourth offering to buy an indefinite number. In a later number of the Intelligencer we find the following:—

"Cash for negroes.—I will give the highest price for likely negroes from ten to twenty-five years of age.—GEORGE KEPHART."

"Cash for negroes.—I will give cash and liberal prices for any number of young and likely negroes, from eight to forty years of age. Persons having negroes to dispose of, will find it to their advantage to give me a call at my residence on the corner of Seventh Street and Maryland Avenue, and opposite Mr Williams's private jail.—WILLIAM H. RICHARDS."

"Cash for negroes.—The subscriber wishes to purchase a number of negroes for the Louisiana and Mississippi market. Himself or an agent at all times can be found at his jail, on Seventh Street.—WILLIAM H. WILLIAMS."

Fostered by Congress (continues the indignant abolitionist), these traders lose all sense of shame; and we have in the National Intelligencer the following announcement of the regular departure of three slaves, belonging to a single factory.

"Alexandria and New Orleans Packets.—Brig Tribune, Samuel C. Bush master, will sail as above on the 1st January—brig Isaac Franklin, William Smith master, on the 15th January—brig Uncas, Nath. Boush master, on the 1st February. They will continue to leave this port on the 1st and 15th of each month, throughout the shipping season. Servants that are intended to be shipped, will at any time be received for safe-keeping at twenty-five cents a day.—JOHN AMFIELD, Alexandria."

But the climax of infamy is still untold. This trade in blood; this buying, imprisoning, and exporting of boys and girls eight years old; this tearing asunder of husbands and wives, parents and children, is all legalized in virtue of authority delegated by Congress! The 249th page of the laws of the city of Washington is polluted by the following enactment, bearing date 28th July 1831:—"For a licence to trade or traffic in slaves for profit, four hundred dollars."

Such is the character and extent of the American slave-trade, impudently and wickedly called by the Senate 'the coasting trade'—a trade protected and regulated by the very government which, in the treaty of Ghent, with wonderful assurance, declared that 'the traffic in slaves is irreconcilable with the principles of justice and humanity.'

Of the extent of the export trade in slaves from Columbia, Maryland, Virginia, and other places, to the southern and western markets, no statement has ever been presented in the commercial statistics of the United States, nor could such well be made, for the transport takes place by land as well as by sea. Whole coffles or gangs of chained slaves are driven long and painful journeys in the interior, much in the same manner as in the wilds of Africa. "The Rev. Mr Dickey, in a published letter (we quote from the authority before us), thus describes a coffle he met on the road in Kentucky:—"I discovered about forty black men all chained together in the following manner: each of them was handcuffed, and they were arranged in rank and file; a chain, perhaps forty feet long, was stretched between two ranks, to which short chains were joined, which connected with the handcuffs. Behind them were, I suppose, thirty women in double rank, the couples tied hand to hand."

Mr Dickey's statement is confirmed by the following touching account given by J. K. Paulding, the present secretary of the United States navy, in his "Letters from the South," published a few years ago in New York. "The sun was shining out very hot, and in turning an angle of the road we encountered the following group: first, a little cart drawn by one horse, in which five or six half-naked black children were tumbled like pigs together. The cart had no covering, and they seemed to have been actually broiled to sleep. Behind the cart marched three black women, with head, neck, and breasts uncovered, and without shoes or stockings; next came three men, bareheaded, half naked, and chained together with an ox chain. Last of all came a white man on horseback, carrying pistols in his belt, and who, as we passed him, had the impudence to look us in the face without blushing. I should like to have seen him hunted by bloodhounds. At a house where we stopped a little farther on, we learned that he had bought these miserable beings in Maryland, and was marching them in this manner to some of the more southern states. Shame on the state of Maryland! I say—and shame on the state of Virginia! and every state through which this wretched

cavalcade was permitted to pass. Do they expect that such exhibitions will not dishonour them in the eyes of strangers, however they may be reconciled to them by education and habit?"

Mr Jay produces a number of other facts criminative of the general government of the United States in the matter of foreign and domestic slavery, and these we recommend to the attention of those parties who are now anxiously agitating the subject in this country.

LEGACY-HUNTERS AND LEGATEES.

BY MISS AGNES STRICKLAND.

THE first legacy-hunter I ever knew, was a girl in her teens, who lived next door to a wealthy misanthropic old gentleman, called Mistress Bridget Fenning. Mistress Bridget was an ancient spinster, of the most penurious habits and crabbed temper, bearing both in mind and person a strong resemblance to the description of one of those amiable creatures of fairy lore, yeleft an ogress.

Mistress Bridget Fenning, who had neither relations nor friends, lived all alone in a small house in one of the back streets of Scrapelston-west, a little market-town situated almost at the world's end. She was completely antisocial in her habits, and was never seen abroad, except on a Saturday evening, when she crept forth, basket in hand, to pick up a bargain or two among the refuse of the provisions that had been left unsold in the market, and this supply always lasted for the ensuing seven days.

As she was a person in extreme old age, and nearly bent double with rheumatism, she experienced some difficulty in hobbling home with her freight, light as it was, and was very anxious to impose her burden on any good-natured young person who happened to be going the same way. Now, Maria Wakefield, her neighbour's niece, being a damsel of a remarkably stayed and meek deportment, was generally honoured by Mistress Bridget with the office of porter-in-ordinary on these occasions. Maria took this as a very favourable symptom of the rich old spinster's regard, especially as Mistress Bridget had confidingly informed her aunt one day, "that she appeared a steady, well-disposed young person, who knew how to behave herself to her elders and betters, which would be the better for her, perhaps, one day."

Both Maria and her aunt forthwith conceived the most sanguine hopes from this intimation, especially as the old lady was destitute of heirs: it seemed to them the most natural thing in the world that Maria would be the fortunate legatee to whom her treasured hoards would be bequeathed, provided she only paid her sufficient attention.

From the moment the simple girl came to this conclusion, she surrendered her time, her pleasure, and her liberty, into the hands of the most unconscionable old wretch in Christendom, who made a favour of accepting her services, and vented all her splenetic humours on her in return for her exertions to please her. Mistress Bridget Fenning did not keep a domestic of any kind, not so much as a cat, in order to avoid the expense of feeding what she considered useless incumbrances in a house; as for wages, she would have died sooner than disburse a single shilling in that way to either servant or washerwoman.

In process of time Maria Wakefield took all these offices upon herself, without receiving the slightest acknowledgment in return, or indeed expecting it, except in the shape of a fat legacy, at which reward Mistress Bridget occasionally pointed when she required some extraordinary exertion on the part of her slave-voluntary.

After a diurnal apprenticeship of seven years to the whims of her rich neighbour, Maria Wakefield was given to understand that Mistress Bridget found the nights long and lonely, and would be glad of her company for a sleeping partner.

Hitherto Maria's evenings had been at her own disposal, but now, in compliance with Mistress Bridget's requisition, she patiently sacrificed this last precious remnant of her freedom into the hands of the encroaching old hag, who locked up her doors and went to bed at nine precisely in the summer, and eight in the winter. A farthing rushlight always lasted her a week, and if it were extinguished accidentally, she never permitted it to be relighted the same evening, but compelled Maria to undress her, and go to bed in the dark.

She neither bestowed supper nor breakfast on her obsequious attendant, but duly sent her home to her aunt for her meals, strictly charging her not to waste her time by staying longer than was absolutely necessary, for she had many things for her to do.

Maria was obediently attentive to all the instructions of Mistress Bridget, whose legal heiress she now considered herself; and, truth to tell, was in that light regarded by all the neighbourhood, and became an object of positive envy and ill-will on that account to all legacy-hunters who were not actively engaged in the pursuit of promising game of their own.

Every day the wealthy spinster grew more and more exacting and ill-tempered. Her infirmities increased, but there were no immediate hopes of her death. She assured Maria that she had made her will in her favour, and even offered her the satisfaction of perusing it; but it is rather a delicate matter for any one but a lawyer to avail themselves of such a permission in the testator's presence; so Maria modestly

declined the pleasure of ascertaining the precise amount of her future possessions.

The damsel's forbearance was so well pleasing to the rich woman, that she patted her on the back, told her she was a good girl, and would one day see what she had done for her in that same will.

It is, however, beyond the power of even the most subservient being in existence to retain the affection of such a whimsical and tyrannical personage as Mistress Bridget Fenning; generally, an irreparable breach sooner or later takes place in intimacies like that which is now described. The termination of Maria's period of service and sycophancy, which at length came to pass, may be taken as a warning by all who have the meanness to follow her example. One bitter cold night she was ordered by her mistress to heat a brick upon the hob for the purpose of placing it at her feet in bed. This she did with her usual complacency; but alas! alas! the brick proved over-hot—why disguise the fact?—red hot on one of its sides, and this being unperceived by the luckless Maria, the burning of certain integuments of Mistress Bridget was the consequence. "Get out of my house," cried the infuriated ogress, "get out, you good-for-nothing hussy, and never presume to set foot in it again. It would be of no use if you did, for I shan't leave you a farthing."

The old lady kept her word, and Maria Wakefield reaped no other reward for her seven years' slavery than the derision of all her acquaintances. Mistress Bridget Fenning bequeathed the vast sum of her wealth to a person who never expected it, and who scarcely knew her by sight; a rich old bachelor, whose habits were almost as penurious as her own. "I leave my money to Mr Timothy Crompton," said she, "because it is evident he knows the value of money, and will take care of it and prize it accordingly."

The said legatee, Mr Timothy Crompton, was a crusty curmudgeon, whose only comment on hearing of this unexpected bequest was an ungracious growl, intimating "that he should be compelled, he supposed, to put himself to the expense of a suit of mourning for a person who was not in any way related to him."

After this great accession to his property, Mr Timothy Crompton became in his turn an object of increased interest to all the legacy-hunters of Scrapelston-west, who had the honour of being of his acquaintance, and of speculation to many who were not. He afforded very little encouragement to persons of this description, for he rejected all presents, and returned civilities with insults; nevertheless, he was most closely and perseveringly besieged with the attentions of a legacy-hunting cousin-germain, who was bent on supplanting the heir-presumptive to the accumulated wealth of the rich man. The heir-at-law of Mr Timothy Crompton was a sister's orphan son, a wild, thoughtless, young fellow, with all the spendthrift propensities that, generally speaking, pertain to a miser's heir. There was of course no friendly feeling between these rival kinsmen of the wealthy Mr Timothy Crompton, though they had some remarkable points of similarity in accidental circumstances respecting them, which were sometimes productive of confusion and inconvenient mistakes. Both were named Henry Glasspoole, and both were lieutenants, serving in the same regiment; consequently it was not always easy to know which Lieutenant Henry Glasspoole was meant when one was mentioned, without a particular explanation was given. They were constantly opening each other's letters, and more than once the worldly-wise Henry Glasspoole was in danger of being arrested for the debts of his thoughtless cousin; but this he well knew how to turn to his own sinister purposes in representing the matter to Mr Timothy Crompton.

The two Glasspooles were brothers' sons, but the mother of the elder Henry Glasspoole was the aunt of Mr Timothy Crompton; that of the younger Henry (or Harry Glasspoole, as he was generally called) was the sister of that amiable person.

Harry Glasspoole was gay, good-humoured, rash, and extravagant. All his follies and foibles were duly related to his uncle, with malicious exaggeration, by his designing cousin, who had exchanged into the same regiment, in order to become a spy upon all his actions. Timothy Crompton would have regarded the violation of every article in the Decalogue as trivial offences on the part of his nephew, in comparison with the crime of extravagance; but when that sin was proved against him beyond the power of contradiction, he resolved on making a will for the purpose of disinheriting the graceless spendthrift. He did so, and bequeathed his thousands and tens of thousands to the greedy legacy-hunter, who had played the part of informer and supplanter. The rich man did not long survive the painful exertion of appointing a successor to his worshipped wealth. It appeared to him like signing his own death-warrant, and he would have committed the document to the flames, if the remembrance of the cost of the parchment had not deterred him. It went against his nature to waste anything, especially a thing so expensive.

He fell sick. The Scrapelston apothecary, who was also a legacy-hunter, paid him friendly visits, physicked him gratis, and supplied him with a nurse.

"Ah, nurse," sighed Mr Timothy Crompton, "I shall surely die."

"Die, sir!" ejaculated the nurse with great naïveté; "to be sure, sir, you don't mean to be so foolish as to die! Lauk, sir! you had better stay where you are, for you'll never be so well off any where else."

"I am of the same opinion, nurse," replied the rich man, and—gave up the ghost.

And now arose a difficulty for the executors of the last will and testament of Mr Timothy Crompton, which no one had foreseen.

In accordance with his usual system of small savings, Mr Timothy Crompton had made his own will, in which he bequeathed the whole of his property, real and personal, to his dearly beloved relative Henry Glasspoole, Esq. of his majesty's—regiment of light infantry, but which of his two relatives of that name serving in that regiment, was by no means indicated, unless the epithet "dearly beloved" was intended to denote the favoured individual. Each Henry Glasspoole contended that he, and he alone, was the "dearly beloved" named in the last will and testament of the late Mr Timothy Crompton, and claimed the benefit of his bequest.

Mutual friends advised a compromise, but neither of the claimants felt disposed to resign any portion of a property, to which each considered himself legally entitled; so it was agreed by all parties that there was no remedy but an appeal to Chancery. Fortunately, however, for Henry Glasspoole the no-legacy-hunting nephew, the cause was settled in his favour in a very unexpected manner, by a decree more immutable than was ever pronounced by a lord chancellor either of whig or tory principles; that decree summoned Henry Glasspoole, the legacy-hunter, to his last account in such a hurry, that he, who had spent all his life in thinking of another man's will, had not time to make his own, but died intestate, leaving his rival, who was his nearest of kin, the undisputed heir not only to the fortune of Mr Timothy Crompton, but to his own.

It is not always that affairs of this kind are disposed of with so satisfactory a measure of poetic justice, for Mammon being the prince of this world, we sometimes find his votaries in a more thriving condition than honest people could wish. Yet, with regard to the business of legacy-hunting, I think experience will sufficiently prove, that for one instance of success, there are at least five hundred failures in that honourable calling.

THE SOCIAL SYSTEM OF FOURIER.

BY GIBBONS MERLE.

It is not generally known that there is a sect of Socialists in France, who, although differing materially from Mr Owen in the details of their plan, have the same object in view, namely, the melioration of the general condition of society.

Charles Fourier, from whom the sect took its rise, was born at Besançon, in France, on the 7th of April 1772. His parents, who had followed a trading profession, intended him to pursue the same career, and gave him an education fitted to their views. His maternal uncle, who had made a large fortune in trade, was also desirous that Fourier should follow similar pursuits. In 1780, this uncle retired from business, and purchased letters of nobility. At his death he bequeathed two millions of francs to his heirs. Young Fourier evinced the possession of talent at an early age. At seven he wrote a poetical essay on the death of a pastry-cook, which astonished the professors of the college at which he was placed, and in 1785 he carried off the two chief prizes of his class for Latin poetry. His favourite study at this time was geography, and he passed whole nights over maps which he had purchased with his pocket-money. The culture of flowers was his favourite recreation. His room was a flower garden, in which he had collected plants of various countries, and for which he adopted various modes of culture. He was passionately fond of music, and at a subsequent period continued to cultivate the science, and made it, as it were, the natural algebra of his writings. The heart of Fourier was always in harmony with his professions. When at school, he shared for a long time his breakfast with a poor half-starved peasant, and this self-abnegation was not known until the individual in whose favour it was exercised, could, by the absence of Fourier, speak of it without wounding his delicacy. On quitting school, Fourier was sent to a commercial house at Lyons, and having distinguished himself by his judgment and good conduct, was chosen by the heads of the establishment to represent them in a commercial tour to their customers. In those days the competition among wholesale dealers had not risen to such a height as to render regular journeys necessary, and the commercial traveller was generally a young man of good family, who made his journey as much a tour of improvement as of business. In this way Fourier visited the greater part of France, Germany, Holland, and Belgium, and returned to Lyons with a mind enriched by observation. In 1793, Fourier entering into business on his own account, laid out the whole of his patrimonial property in colonial produce, and Lyons having been declared in a state of siege by the Convention, he was suddenly ruined. He was subsequently arrested several times by the agents of that reign of terror, and escaped with life almost by miracle. In the same year he was included in the grand requisition, and compelled to enter the army, in which he served six years. On his return to Lyons he devoted himself with ardour to his system of association, and contributed many articles of high interest to the *Bulletin de Lyon*. His first work, called *The Theory of the Four Great Movements*, was printed in

1808, but remained almost unknown until the year 1816, when it was accidentally seen by M. Juste Murion, who resolved to promulgate it. His next work, called *A Treatise on Domestic and Agricultural Association*, in two large volumes, was published through the pecuniary aid of M. Murion. In 1825, Fourier, who had paid a visit to Paris, where he made a fruitless attempt to propagate his doctrines, returned to Lyons in such a state of poverty, that he was glad to accept a situation as a clerk in a commercial house, with a salary of only 1200 francs per annum. His *New Industrious World* (*Nouveau Monde Industriel*) was published in 1829; and in 1831 he published a pamphlet called *Delusions and Quackery of the Sects of Owen and St Simon* (*Pièges et Charlatanisme des Sectes Owen et St Simon*), in which he indulged in a strain of abuse, for which he frequently afterwards expressed his deep regret. In 1832, he contributed some articles to the journal called *Le Phalanstère*, which was founded in that year, and in 1835 published two volumes entitled *False Industry* (*La Fausse Industrie*). On the 9th of October 1837, he died in a state of great moral discouragement at the ill success of his plans for the improvement of society.

It is only since the death of Fourier that his projects have met with public attention, and been in some manner carried into execution. A society or sect of Fourierists has been established, but although it has made many converts, it still may be considered in its infancy. Whether that infancy is to become manhood, or to attain merely its teens, must depend as much upon circumstances over which the society has no control, as upon its own conduct. Persecution and disdain have been alternately shown by the authorities, but under the reign of the present mild government in France, it has a fair chance of arriving at distinction, if its merits be such as its partisans proclaim them to be; at least neither persecution nor contempt will be resorted to for the purpose of preventing the promulgation of their doctrines. So little, indeed, is the government disposed to prevent their progress, that the law which in France prohibits the assembling of more than nineteen persons at one time without the special permission of the police and the presence of a police officer, is seldom if ever enforced on the occasion of their public meetings, although there is reason to believe that many violent young men of that turbulent class called *La Jeune France* are members of the society. The number of enrolled members is not very considerable, and the monthly banquet which takes place in Paris is seldom attended by more than fifty or sixty persons; but there are various branch societies in Paris and in the French provinces which adopt the social system of Fourier, although they do not profess to be governed by all the obligations of the parent institution. They all, however, profess to take for their motto the words of Fourier, *Neutrality in politics and religion*, and to seek to arrive at their object by the force of moral energy, and an open disavowal of physical violence. Until very recently, the society had only one public organ of their opinions, which appears once a month, and is called the *Phalange*; but as members have branched off and devoted themselves to special modes of working out the main principle, other publications have been started, amongst which the most prominent are the *Chronique du Mouvement Social*, and the *Nouveau Monde*, which are regular periodicals. The most influential writers in these papers are M. Reverchen, a Frenchman, M. Doherty, an Englishman many years resident in France, and M. Czynski, a Pole. The latter has lately distinguished himself by a little pamphlet in a cheap form called *Atteindre des Ouïers*, in which he points out the folly and criminality of acts of violence on the part of the labouring classes, and attempts to convince them that they can only obtain the melioration of their condition by the unwearied exercise of virtuous industry, and an enlightened system of association. The parent society has many partisans in Belgium, Spain, Portugal, Mexico, and the United States. At Lyons there is a division of Fourierists under the name of *l'Union Harmonieuse*, and which boasts of having corresponding societies in thirty-four towns in France and in Switzerland and Algeria. It would appear, also, that the system has been introduced into Texas by an enlightened German. This gentleman, after studying the social condition in France, proceeded to the United States for the same purpose; and there, although he found none of those old institutions of what the labouring classes in Europe have been accustomed to complain as the source of the evils of their condition, and saw all the democratic changes which have been here clamoured for by the mass as a panacea, in full force, he witnessed the same demoralisation and the same absence of what the Fourierists consider real knowledge, as amongst the same class of persons in Europe. Determined to try the effect of the social system on a practical scale, this gentleman has induced fifty German families of New York to emigrate to Texas, where they are to live in community under the direction of a Fourierist, and it is expected that another emigration of one hundred German families will take place in the autumn of the present year. This little colony is called the *Phalange*, and is to be governed by the following statutes:—

1. The property of each individual in furniture, utensils, instruments of labour, and money, is to be placed in the hands of a committee, in exchange for certificates of shares, which may be exchanged or sold amongst the colonists.

2. No new member is to be admitted without the approbation of two-thirds of the society.

3. Trading is prohibited, except by the medium of the committee, who are to make all sales and purchases.

4. Members are to be allowed to quit the society, which is to repay all their advances.

5. The labour is to be performed by *series*, which are to be subdivided in *groups*. The *groups* are to appoint chiefs, and the chiefs of the groups to appoint those of the series; the latter are to name the central committee, and the central committee are to appoint the director or manager.

6. The gains of the community are to be thus divided—labour, five-twelfths; talent, three-twelfths; capital, four-twelfths.

7. The society are to educate the children, and the sick are to be attended to in the same manner.

8. The infirm members unable to labour are to have a decent maintenance from the society.

9. All the officers are to be elected for one year only, but they may be re-elected.

10. In the first instance, the *Phalange* is to be composed exclusively of Germans, but this regulation may be subsequently modified.

11. The maintenance of order and regularity, and the moral government of the society, are to be left to the chiefs of the *groups* and *series*; daily reports are to be made to the director, and by him to the committee, who are to have power to inflict punishment for slight offences. For grave offences, expulsion may be pronounced, but in such case the society alone can give final judgment.

This is the first attempt to carry the doctrines of Fourier into practical operation, but the parent society is endeavouring to make arrangements for doing it on an extensive scale in France; and the *Nouveau Monde* announces that Mr Doherty has been invited by some capitalists in Ireland to get up a practical society in that country. It will be very curious, if this should be realised, to see the working of the two systems of Owen and Fourier, the one in Ireland, and the other in England. The public will therefore have an opportunity of ascertaining how much of real good there is in both or either of these systems, and whether the practical difficulties which were opposed as an argument against them really formed part of their essential character, or were the mere actions of human prejudice, which is so apt to regard as visionary what it cannot at once understand.

It will be seen from the rules laid down for the government of the colony at Texas, that the bases of the system are—an integral association for domestic agriculture and manufacturing labour; the equitable division of profits, according to the application of capital, talent, and labour. The objects aimed at are—a production quadruple that of the present system of society, the rendering of labour attractive and agreeable, the attainment of comfort and happiness by all the members of the society, and general harmony and unity throughout the civilised world. On this latter point many of the admirers of the system of Fourier, as far as the melioration of the condition of the labouring classes is concerned, differ from the founder of the society. They regard his plans for the regeneration of mankind as visionary, although they are very willing to adopt his spirit of association for all the practical purposes of life. Hence it is that whilst all the branch societies respect the principles and views of the amiable individual to whom they owe their existence, they confine themselves more or less to those portions of his system which may be at once tried without trenching upon the attributes of established governments, and the institutions which are immediately under their guidance and control. It must be observed, however, that in every case the Fourierists contend for an entire change in the mode of education, which, according to their plan, is to be public, in order that children may not be exposed to the chance of a neglected or perverted education by their parents.

Madame Gatti de Gamond, a Belgian lady, has recently published an account of Fourier and his system, which has gone rapidly through three editions, and which continues to attract great notice. As an instance of this, it is stated in the *Nouveau Monde*, that a French capitalist has offered to place at her disposal a sum of 50,000 francs towards the foundation of the first practical essay of which she may approve. Madame Gatti thus describes the nature of the association proposed by Fourier:—"The smallest number of which a Phalanstère can be composed, is 400 individuals, or 80 families; the largest to which it can extend, is 1800 persons, or 400 families. If there be more or less, the attainment of harmony will be impossible. In an essay of 400 persons, there should be a general aptitude for occupation; unequal fortunes as much graduated, however, as possible, each bringing his share of capital, skill, and labour, or one of these three. The dwellings should be of different dimensions, and their styles of living according to the different fortunes. He who brings only his labour, is at once to receive the minimum as relates to the food, lodging, and clothing; of another class, each labourer, being paid his share of its proceeds, will soon be in a condition to repay the advances which may have been made for him by the community, acquire talent, and thus participate in the retribution of that talent. The maintenance of the sick, the infirm, and children up to five years of age, is to be at the charge of the community. Transferable shares are to be given to those who bring capital or

property into the common stock; and capitalists, not otherwise members of the community, may be allowed to contribute, taking, at their option, either a fixed dividend of 8 per cent., or a dividend upon the portion of the profits to be set aside for capital. Children are to be entitled, after the age of five, to a proportion of the gains of the community, which are to be laid aside for them until they attain their majority." In another part she describes the arrangement of a *Phalanstère*:—"The centre is to be consecrated to dining-rooms, an exchange, committee-rooms, libraries, and school-rooms; here also are to be the place of worship, the telegraph, and the observatory. In one wing are to be the manufactories for labour attended with noise, and in the other the sleeping-rooms, ball-rooms, and reception-rooms. Near the public hall for dining, are to be smaller rooms for those groups or series who may prefer dining by themselves, and also rooms for private social meetings. The stabling and warehouses are to be opposite the main edifice. In addition to the grand courtyard, there is to be a courtyard for the winter, planted with evergreens. The whole building is to be so arranged that all the communications may be under cover, and heated so as to keep up a constant and genial temperature."

The mode of classing the Phalansterians for the purposes of labour, recreation, and education, is detailed in the condensed view of Fourier's system, which has been published by Madame Gatti. Much of this resembles the system proposed by Mr Owen, and could only interest the reader in connection with the development of the whole plan, of which this article is intended to be merely a general outline. Fourier, like Owen, proposes to make labour useful to all by its becoming the amusement of all, and, like Owen, he goes further than the mere organisation of families in one community for their own particular exigencies. He also would regenerate society in all its bases; but his disciples, less enthusiastic than himself, and more prudent, perhaps, inasmuch as they know that the deep-rooted prejudices of society must to a certain extent be indulged, if they cannot be respected, until they shall disappear under the influence of practical conviction, have confined themselves to such parts of the system as may be at once brought into operation without exciting the fears of any government, or of any class of persons. The greater part of the branch societies limited their views to the establishment of agricultural and commercial communities, governed by their own laws so far as may regard all their internal regulations, but demanding for themselves no greater degree of liberty, as regards the established institutions, than can be fairly conceded by any government and in any country. Hence it is that the modified Fourierists are gaining ground and receiving offers of capital, and even a certain degree of encouragement from the French government.

MANCHESTER AS IT IS.

THIS is the title of a little volume recently published by Messrs Love and Barton of Manchester, as a guide to what they well describe as the *manufacturing metropolis of England*. It contains a great quantity of useful information, condensed into small space, arranged with judgment, and written with neatness and propriety. Some of the references which it makes to business transactions of this extraordinary town, are of a very interesting nature, and we believe we shall be gratifying our readers, without injury to the publishers, by extracting them.

There are several mercantile firms, we are told, in Manchester, who each make sales to the extent of one million sterling per annum, and who employ nearly fifty salesmen and clerks. In walking the streets, it is remarked, "the bustle and activity, the loading and unloading of waggons, the carriers' carts waiting to receive packages, and the dyers' and bleachers' vans waiting to deliver pieces, the waggon-loads of cotton, the immense iron-hooped bales for exportation, drawn along the streets, which, at the most hasty glance, cannot fail to convey to the mind of a stranger an idea of the amazing amount of commerce that is daily transacted."

The mills are immense buildings, raised to the height of six, seven, and eight stories, erected at an expense of many thousands of pounds, and are filled with machinery, costing as many more. The capital sunk in a single mill will sometimes be £50,000, and frequently is as much as £100,000. Some of the mills contain nearly two thousand hands. A visit to one of the largest mills, if an introduction can be procured, is a gratifying treat. The rooms are kept in the most perfect state of cleanliness, and the strictest order and regularity prevail. Every operation is performed by rule, and the subdivision of labour is carried out in the most minute manner." As a specimen, that of Messrs Birley and Co. is described. Here several hundred thousand pounds have been sunk in buildings and machinery. "The number of hands employed by this firm is sixteen hundred, whose wages annually amount to the sum of £40,000. The amount of moving power is equivalent to the labour of 397 horses. The number of spindles in the mills is about 80,000. The annual consumption of raw cotton is about 4,000,000 pounds weight! The annual consumption of coal is 8000 tons. It will perhaps excite surprise in a person unacquainted with the nature of machinery,

when informed that the annual consumption of oil, for the purpose of oiling the machinery, is about 5000 gallons; and the consumption of tallow, for the same purpose, 50 hundred-weight. The annual cost of gas is £600. One room alone, belonging to this firm, contains upwards of 600 power-looms. The establishment in which the fabric is manufactured for waterproof clothing, such as 'Macintosh cloaks,' belongs to Messrs Birley and Co., and is a part of their concern. The number of hands employed in this business varies from two hundred to six hundred. The immense amount of 250,000 pounds weight of India-rubber is annually consumed in the process of manufacture, to dissolve which, 100,000 gallons of spirits are employed.

The method of paying the wages of the work-people in Messrs Birley and Co.'s establishment, is one that is worthy of imitation, and ought to be made known. By procuring a large amount of silver and copper every week, each individual receives his or her wages *separately* before leaving the premises, thus obviating the necessity of going to the public-house or beer-shop to seek change, a practice much too general on the Saturday evenings. To a stranger, the paying of so large a number of work-people would appear a work of some difficulty; but so excellent are the arrangements, that the whole amount is counted and distributed for payment by one individual in about two hours."

The making of machinery is now one of the most important departments of Manchester business. In steam-engine-making and engineering, one of the principal establishments is that of Mr Fairbairn, to which we some time ago made allusion in this work. Here "the *heartiest* description of machinery is manufactured, including steam-engines, water-wheels, locomotive-engines, and mill-gearing. There are from five hundred and fifty to six hundred hands employed in the various departments; and a walk through the extensive premises in which this great number of men are busily at work, affords a specimen of industry, and an example of practical science, which can scarcely be surpassed. In every direction of the works the utmost *system* prevails, and each mechanic appears to have his peculiar description of work assigned, with the utmost economical subdivision of labour. All is activity, yet without confusion. Smiths, strikers, moulders, millwrights, mechanics, boiler-makers, pattern-makers, appear to attend to their respective employments with as much regularity as the working of the machinery they assist to construct.

In one department mechanics are employed in building those mighty machines which have augmented so immensely the manufacturing interests of Great Britain, namely, steam-engines. All sizes and dimensions are frequently under hand, from the diminutive size of 8 horses' power, to the enormous magnitude of 400 horses' power. One of this latter size contains the vast amount of 200 tons or upwards of metal, and is worth, in round numbers, from £5000 to £6000.

The process of casting metal is conducted here on a very large scale. Castings of twelve tons weight are by no means uncommon: the beam of a 300 horses' power steam-engine weighs that amount. Fly-wheels for engines, and water-wheels, though not cast entire, are immense specimens of heavy castings. A fly-wheel for an engine of 100 horses' power, measures in diameter 26 feet, and weighs about 35 tons. In this establishment some of the largest water-wheels ever manufactured, and the heaviest mill-gearing, have been constructed; one water-wheel, for instance, measuring 62 feet in diameter. The average weekly consumption of metal in these works in the process of manufacturing, owing to the quantity of wrought-iron used, and the immense bulk of the castings, is 60 tons or upwards, or 3120 tons annually.

The preparation of patterns—wood fac-similes of the castings—is a very costly process. Every piece of machinery, before it can be cast, must be constructed in wood; and these *patterns*, as they are termed, are made to form, in sand, the mould into which the liquid ore is poured. Fifty men are daily employed in making patterns. The patterns, which are part of the proprietor's *stock in trade*, are worth many thousand pounds. After being used, the most important are painted and varnished, and laid carefully aside, in a dry room, to be ready for use when machines may accidentally get broken, or to aid in the construction of new ones. The patterns are made frequently of mahogany.

A most curious machine is employed for the purpose of *planing iron*, and by means of its aid, iron shavings are stripped off a solid mass of metal, with apparently as much ease as if it were wood, and with the greatest regularity and exactness. Not the least interesting department of these works is that appropriated to boiler-making. Boilers, for steam-engines, are composed of a number of plates of wrought-iron, about $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in thickness. They are riveted together with rivets about $\frac{1}{2}$ of an inch diameter, holes to receive which are punched through the plates by a powerful yet simple machine, with as much facility as if the resistance was mere air. The process of riveting was, on the *old method*, an extremely noisy one; but a new plan is adopted here, and by it the work is performed silently, and much more efficiently. Some time ago about fifty boiler-makers were employed by Mr Fairbairn. They 'struck,' as it is termed, because their employer infringed, as they considered, upon their privileges, by introducing a few labourers, not in 'the union,' to perform the drudgery connected with the work. On this occurring, Mr Fairbairn and Mr

Robert Smith invented a machine which superseded the labour of forty-five out of the fifty of his boiler-makers. The work is performed by the machine much quicker, more systematically, and, as before said, without noise.

This extensive concern forwards its manufactures to all parts of the world. The stranger is told, on inquiry, that *this* article is for Calcutta, *that* for the West Indies; this for St Petersburg, that for New South Wales: and there are, besides, men belonging to it located in various parts of Europe, who are employed, under the direction of Mr Fairbairn, in superintending the erection of work manufactured on these premises.

Many of the hands employed receive from £2 to £3 weekly wages, and scarcely any, except common labourers, receive less than 25s. per week. The total weekly wages amount to nearly one thousand pounds! From these facts, some idea of the capital necessary to conduct a concern of this description may be imagined."

THE FORTUNES OF THE GRENADIER MOREAU.

WONDERFUL enough in all points of view, the victories of the French under the Empire were in nothing so extraordinary, as with respect to the great and eventful changes which they produced in the condition and fortunes of individuals of all ranks and classes, from the conscript peasant to the possessor of a throne. No Arabian story-teller ever dreamt of inventing such things as were then seen to take place in real life, and of this truth the city of Tours, in the year 1829, witnessed one striking proof, in the history of the grenadier Moreau, whose name is prefixed to the present narrative. It was in the year 1806 that this individual, then a youth of twenty, was sent from the recruiting depot in his native town of Tours towards the Prussian frontier, where the Emperor Napoleon was at the time concentrating his forces, and preparing for the opening of a great campaign. Eugene Moreau was descended from a family which had once been of high provincial respectability, but had become latterly so much decayed that his immediate progenitors held the humble position of small farmers, or, to speak more plainly, of peasants. As regarded personal appearance, Eugene would have done honour to the noblest ancestry. To say that he was merely handsome, would be disparaging and unjust. His person was tall and beautifully formed; his features remarkably fine and regular, and his eye dark, sparkling, and animated; while his air and gait were at once pleasing and noble. In short, a sculptor would have had but to cover the youth's black and glossy locks with a Greek head-piece, to have in him a perfect model of the goddess-born Achilles, or the more graceful Antinous.

The eye of the emperor was too searching and discriminative not to alight soon on such a figure as that of Moreau. On reaching Bamberg, a Bavarian town where the first head-quarters of the grand army were established, the young recruit chanced to fall in Napoleon's way. After a momentary glance of admiration, the emperor turned to an inferior officer behind him, and, pointing with his finger to Moreau, exclaimed, "That stripling is for my guard." Moreau heard the words, and imagined at the moment that he felt in his grasp the baton of a marshal of France. For the time, his fanciful anticipation was no further gratified than in his finding a place among the private grenadiers of the third regiment of the imperial guard. But youth and hope kept his fancy still at work in drawing magnificent pictures of the future. More particularly was this the case, when, wrapped in his cloak and stretched on the ground by the side of the bivouac fire, he listened to the older soldiers going over their reminiscences of Egypt, and revelling in exaggerated descriptions of the riches which their eyes had there beheld, or perhaps their hands had touched, and of the dark-eyed sultanas, glittering with pearls and diamonds, who had smiled upon the soldier's path, and offered, it may be, to follow him over the world. Moreau had received but an ordinary education, and simplicity was a natural characteristic of his mind. He knew not yet what war really was, and his ear drank in such recitals, till he became accustomed to regard the hopes excited by them as certain to be realised in his own case.

The French army ran over a portion of Prussia, and came to the vast plain of Jena. There, as every one knows, was fought a mighty battle, which delivered over Berlin to the Emperor of France. This great conflict has nothing to do with the particular history of Moreau, but it is a matter of justice to say that he fought in it like a lion, and helped well to maintain the fame of the guard of which he was a member. Subsequently to the engagement, the main army marched upon the Prussian capital, while a small division to which Moreau was attached, was ordered to take station temporarily at Weimar.

In the distribution of billets at Weimar, our young soldier got one fixing him singly upon a little chateau about a mile distant from the town. As the light-hearted Eugene walked from the town to his destined abode, scarcely feeling the weight of his arms or his knapsack, his thoughts ran back over the changes which had taken place during the last six months of his life. In May, a peasant, labouring on his father's little field; in October, a soldier—a member of Napoleon's guard, and one of the conquerors of Jena; and who knew how grand the next change might be? His company had lost many men, and had performed prodigies of valour. The hour of reward was yet to come, and then his arm might be decorated by the corporal's or serjeant's stripes—the only honourable kind of them—and even the cross of honour might be planted on his breast. Such were Moreau's imaginings as he drew near to the chateau, pointed out to him as the place designed in his billet. He rang the gate bell, and the door opened instantly. Stepping forward into the court, he saw no human being, but two furious dogs met him in the face, and threatened to tear him to pieces. In fact, the servants, seeing the soldier approach, had thought this a fit way to receive and repulse an enemy. But Moreau was not one to beat a retreat on such grounds as these. Keeping the dogs at bay with his musket, he cried, "Hollo!—down, you vicious brutes! Hollo! you inside there! call off the dogs, else I shall be obliged to hurt them! Hollo!"

No one chose to hear the cry, however, and Moreau struck one of the dogs lifeless at his feet by a blow from the butt end of his piece. The other animal he dexterously contrived to seize by one of the hind legs, and, swinging it above his head with a powerful arm, dashed out its brains against the court wall. He then tranquilly advanced to the inner entrance of the chateau, which was half open. As he pushed this door to the wall, he saw a whole posse of domestics flying out at an opposite side of the lobby hall. Eugene thought to himself that a soldier of the emperor's guard had a right to better treatment than this, but he was patient and sweet-tempered; so he said nothing, but marched forward. Apartment after apartment showed him no living person, and he began to grow wearied of this style of reception, as well as a little irritated thereby, when all at once he heard the sound of a female voice. Following the direction, he soon found himself in a retired chamber, face to face with a young lady, who was seated with her harp by her side, and her fingers in the act of touching its chords.

"*Mein herr*," said the startled young lady, and then paused; for her eye had caught the tricoloured cockade in the soldier's cap, indicating that he belonged to the hostile army that had invaded her country. "*Monsieur*," said she, changing her address from her mother tongue to that of her visitor. But she carried her speech no further. Her fingers quitted her harp, and she remained motionless before the young soldier of France.

Often, often did Moreau in after years describe that first interview, and always with a degree of tenderness that affected the hearer, though circumstances might make him doubtful at the time of the truth of the narration. All Moreau's anger fled at the sight of the lady; his fusil trembled in his hand; and that fair-haired beauty of the north, with her blue eyes and her snow-like skin, appeared to him far to surpass all the pictures which his older comrades had drawn of Egyptian loveliness. Her eye was cast on him with an expression at once of entreaty and kindness, as if beseeching his protection and proffering a friendly reception. It would appear as if she had noticed his impatient look on entering the room. "My servants," said she, when, after a pause, she followed with her first word *monsieur*, "my servants have received you inhospitably, but they are grieved at late events, and grief does not reason." But poor Moreau was already so far from feeling anger, that he could almost have knelt down and asked pardon for having killed the lady's dogs, though, had he not done so, they would probably have torn him in pieces.

The Countess Diana de Drucken was the name of the lady in whose chateau Moreau now took up his residence. She was a widow, and still extremely young, having been married almost in childhood to a wealthy old noble, at the wish or rather command of her proud and ambitious brothers and kindred. Her husband soon died, leaving no child to inherit his wealth. The young countess lived alone at the time when fortune brought Moreau to the chateau. Whether from the lady's desire not to provoke an invading enemy, or from other motives personal to Moreau (whose ancestral respectability she soon learnt from conversation with himself), certain it is that he was entertained, during his stay of several weeks, like an honoured guest. He occupied the apartments of the late master of the mansion, and the same domestics who had lately received him so curiously, became his devoted slaves. In his simplicity, the young soldier was no whit astonished at all this; he found it quite natural to live in a beautiful chateau, to walk (not alone) every morning in a magnificent park, to mount the finest horses for an evening ride, to be served by lacqueys covered with embroidery, and to dine on three courses daily with a countess. Had not he heard at the bivouac fires, that such was the soldier's common fortune in Egypt? Moreover, he loved the countess, and, remembering the ancient honours of his family more than his present condition, he thought not of concealing his love.

On him the passion took its usual effect; it softened his manners, gave inspiration to his tongue, and threw a grace and delicacy over his every thought and every action. The sincerity of his love was too obvious to be doubted for an instant. He was young (in truth, almost a boy-soldier), beautiful, and a conqueror. The Countess Diana could not help herself. Though seeing their true relative position much more clearly than Moreau did, the passion of the soldier found an echo ere long in her bosom. She had none about her to keep her pride of rank awake. An old infirm chaplain, verging on the grave, was her only present friend and counsellor, and he was too much attached to her to make any annoying opposition to her wishes. The issue may be guessed.

The happy Moreau saw nothing in the future but visions of pleasure and joy. He loved too sincerely ever to cast a thought on the fortune of the countess, but he had other ambitious thoughts. "It is true," said he, "that I am only one of the humble soldiers of the emperor, but it is from among them that he chooses his captains, and I feel assured that I shall become one of them." The countess was less hopeful of the future, but she could not cast a damp over these anticipations. And when the period of Moreau's stay came to a close, when his detachment was ordered to join head-quarters, she did not express to the young soldier the fears that filled her own mind whenever the thought of her haughty relatives, and of her reunion with them, crossed her memory. The last words of Moreau were, "It is but necessary that I should speak to my major, and he will speak to the emperor, and all will be arranged." The countess swore to be ever faithful; and Moreau promised that he would be careful of his life, and return with the cross of honour, and the epaulettes of an officer. Bathed with the countess's tears, the young soldier then took his way from the chateau, but often cast back his eyes, and gazed, as long as he could see it, on the hand of the lady of his love waving a kerchief in token of reiterated farewells.

The soldier of the guard rejoined his regiment an altered being. A marshal's baton no longer glittered before his eyes; a parchment, sealed with the great seal of the empire, and authorising his legal union with the Countess Diana de Drucken, was the object to which all his thoughts tended. He forbore to speak of the lady of the chateau to his comrades, but to his major he took an opportunity of revealing all. That officer replied briefly, "Ah! well, my fine lad, all this may be true, but we can say and do nothing about it till we come to the emperor's head-quarters." Soon afterwards, Moreau's regiment entered Potsdam only some hours before the expected arrival of the emperor, and was drawn up beside the palace of Sans-Souci, to be reviewed by him as he passed. Napoleon's visage was bland and smiling as he moved slowly on his white battle-horse along the ranks which had so bravely fought at Jena. When he came before the spot where Moreau stood, the latter, who had made up his mind to plead his own cause, stood forward from the ranks, presented arms, and begged permission to say a word. "Speak," said the emperor, who encouraged these personal appeals. "I wish to marry, sire, if it be your good pleasure," said Moreau. "What! in the middle of a campaign?" replied Napoleon; "what suttler gipsy has deceived you to this?" "Sire!" said the simple-hearted Moreau, "it is no angel, but a lady near Jena, who is beautiful as an angel, and rich as the mayoress of Tours." The emperor smiled, and the young soldier continued—"She has sworn her faith to me; and, for me, I have promised to her to have one day the cross of honour and the epaulettes of a captain." "Her name?" said the emperor. "The Countess Diana of Drucken," was Moreau's answer.

At this name the emperor showed a degree of displeased surprise. In a second or two he exclaimed, "Fy! you a soldier of France, to forget yourself thus, and wish to degrade yourself and your comrades by an alliance with a stranger, an enemy of France! Think no more of it! Return to your place in the ranks." As he spoke, he gave the spur to his charger, and flew at full gallop to another regiment. The exact motives which led him thus to crush the hopes of poor Moreau, can scarcely even be guessed at with any certainty. It is possible that he doubted the statement of the soldier, and thought there could be no true desire for such a marriage on the part of the Countess of Drucken. Whatever was the emperor's impression, his decision was ruinous to Moreau's hopes. The emperor's sanction alone could have removed all obstacles from the way of the lovers. Even a simple discharge could not be got without it, and the soldier would have died sooner than desert.

The campaign went on, and Moreau fought bravely through it. Another and another campaign followed, and he was still in the guards of Napoleon. The fearful invasion of Russia found him in the same position, and he was with his master till the abdication at Fontainebleau. By this time Moreau had won the cross of the legion of honour, and had risen in the service, though not to a commission; but hard toil and wounds had done much of the usual work of time upon him. The remembrance of the Countess Diana, however, remained ever fresh on his memory. He had written to Weimar, to Madame the Countess of Drucken, but either the post or the lady was faithless. He received no reply—not a word—not a token of reminiscence. When the Bourbons finally brought with them a

general peace, Moreau revisited his aged father and his native Tours. There he found many old friends, and they would have had him to marry a young and pretty girl, and settle himself for life; but he was the chosen bridegroom of a countess, and he refused all proffers of this kind; waiting always, with undiminished anxiety, for the appearance of the coronetted carriage, which he confidently expected to come one day and carry him to his beloved. At length, weary of waiting in vain, he set aside four or five quarters of his pension, and, with a staff in his hand, took the road to Prussia. Very different was he in appearance from the tall, erect, and noble-looking guardsman, who had followed on his emperor's heels from victory to victory on the German plains. Moreau, though comparatively young in years, was in aspect a toil-worn veteran, with wrinkled brow and slightly stooping figure; but his heart was as simple as ever, and he had preserved all the bright hopes and illusions of youth, and *one*, in particular, in undying freshness. He reached Weimar, and, with beating heart, passed on to the chateau of the countess. Diana had disappeared; the chateau had long been possessed and inhabited by strangers, to whom nothing but the name of the former proprietors was known. About their abode and condition Moreau could learn nothing.

Tours saw our soldier return once more, poor and wearied, but hoping still. His relatives and friends, to whom he talked confidently and freely on the subject, considered his expectations as completely illusory, and resembling one of those curious instances of monomania which are not unusual in the world. All loved the veteran, nevertheless, for he was the most innocent of human beings.

In the year 1829, Moreau still remained at Tours, and still found the chief solace of life in the hopes which all who knew him considered vain and delusive. The summer of the year mentioned, however, was signalled by the arrival in Tours of a superb *berlin* (a particular species of German travelling-carriage), drawn by four horses. A young man was the sole occupant of this, and scarcely had he entered the town, when he left the carriage, and made inquiry "if Moreau, a grenadier of the old imperial guard, was still alive, and still resided in Tours?" The answer was in the affirmative, and the young man requested to be guided to his residence. A person readily offered to execute this task, and walked towards the veteran's dwelling, the carriage as well as its owner following. "Yonder is Moreau," said the guide, "seated on his stone bench." The young man moved forward alone to the side of the old soldier, who was indeed basking his still noble-looking head in the rays of the evening sun. "Are you Moreau of the old guard?" said the stranger, with a faltering voice.

The German accent of the youth was instantaneously caught by the veteran's ear. "Yes!" cried he, starting up, "I am Moreau, of the third regiment of the old guard, whom the emperor at Potsdam prevented from marrying. Does my bride call me at length? Does Diana send to seek me? I am here!—I am ready!" It was an affecting sight to see a white-haired old man thus warming at the remembrance of youthful love.

"It is you whom I seek," said the youth, clasping the old man's hand, and seemingly struggling to conceal his emotions from the public eye; "enter this carriage. I am come to conduct you to the chateau of Drucken." Half embraced by his conductor, Moreau ascended the vehicle, and the postillions, at a signal, drove rapidly away. Moreau, the grenadier of the old guard of Napoleon, was no more seen in Tours, or in his native France!

Diana Countess of Drucken was not unfaithful to the young soldier. But when rejoined by her family, after the terrors caused by the French visit had a little subsided, they threatened her even with death if she attempted to prosecute her engagement with Moreau. Effectually to mar her purpose, they strove to induce her to marry again, but this they could not effect. It was only, however, when the truth could not be longer concealed, that she dared to tell them that the ceremony of marriage had already passed between Moreau and herself, the old chaplain being the officiating minister, and also the sole witness, on the occasion. Bitterly as the kindred of the countess cursed this secret connexion, they agreed, on condition that she solemnly swore never to disgrace them by sending for Moreau, to torment her no more with schemes of re-marriage, and to permit herself to bring up the boy to whom she gave birth, under the character of her nephew and avowed heir. The very name of Moreau was sentenced to oblivion. The fear of endangering her son's welfare caused the countess to keep her engagement unbroken, though her unchanged affection for Moreau would often strongly tempt her to an opposite line of conduct. But, on her deathbed, the countess revealed for the first time to her son his true history and parentage, and laid her dying commands upon him to go to Tours, and to render comfortable the old age of his father, if he still lived. Her own heart, at that truth-displaying moment, was wrung with remorse at the reflection that she had permitted any engagements whatever to separate her from one to whom she had solemnly and lastingly bound herself.

Arrived at Drucken, Moreau could only weep over the tomb of her for whom he had yearned for twenty-four long years. But the tender cares of his son, who had taken him from Tours, rendered the veteran's

latter days happy. If he had not the object of his life's dream beside him, he had at least the satisfaction of knowing that she had not been unfaithful to him.

[This story is a version, with some slight changes, of a little piece which appeared recently in one of the French periodicals.]

JIM SOOLIVAN.

We find the following capital bit of Irish humour in a late number of the Dublin University Magazine, a periodical, by the way, which is rapidly improving both in the variety and piquancy of its articles.

JIM SOOLIVAN was a decent, honest boy as you'd find in the seven parishes, an' he was a beautiful singer, an' an illegant dancer intirely, an' a mighty pleasant boy in himself; but he had the devil's bad luck, for he married for love, an' av course he never had an asy minute after. Nell Gorman was the girl he fancied, an' a beautiful slip of a girl she was, just twinty to the minute when he married her. She was as round an' as complate in all her shapes as a firkin, you'd think, an' her two cheeks was as fat an' as red, it id open your heart to look at them. But beauty is not the thing all through, an' as beautiful as she was, she had the devil's tongue, an' the devil's timper, an' the devil's behaviour all out; an' it was impossible for him to be in the house with her, for while you'd count tin without havin' an argument, an' as sure as she riz an argument wid him, she'd hit him a wipe iv a skillet, or whatever lay next to her hand. Well, this wasn't at all plasin' to Jim Soolivan, you may be sure, an' there was scarce a week that his head wasn't plastered up, or his back bint double, or his nose swelled as big as a pittaty, with the violence iv her timper, an' his heart was scalded everlastinly wid her tongue; so he had no pace or quietness in body or soul at all at all with the way she was goin' an'. Well, your honour, one cowlid snowin' evenin', he kim in after his day's work regulatin' the men in the farm, an' he sat down very quite by the fire, for he had a scrimidge wid her in the mornin', an' all he wanted was an air iv the fire in pace; so divil a word he said, but dhrew a stool an' sat down close to the fire. Well, as soon as the woman saw him, "Move aff," says she, "an' don't be intrudin' an' the fire," says she. Well, he kept never mindin', an' didn't let an' to hear a word she was sayin', so she kim over, an' she had a spoon in her hand, an' she took jist the smallest taste in life iv the boilin' wather out iv the pot, an' she dhropped it down an' his shins, an' wid that he let a roar you'd think the roof id fly aff iv the house. "Hould your tongue, you barbarian," says she; "you'll waken the child," says she. "An' if I done right," says he, for the spoonful of boilin' wather riz him intirely, "I'd take yourself," says he, "an' I'd stuff you into the pot an' the fire, an' boil you," says he, "into castor oil," says he. "That's purty behaviour," says she; "it's fine usage you're givin' me, isn't it?" says she, gettin' wicked every minute; "but before I'm boiled," says she, "I'll try how you like that," says she; an', sure enough, before he had time to put up his guard, she hot him a rale terrible clink iv the iron spoon across the jaw. "Hould me, some iv ye, or I'll murder her," says he. "Will you?" says she, an' with that she hot him another tin times as good as the first. "By jabers," says he, slappin' himself behind, "that's the last salute you'll ever give me," says he; "so take my last blessin'," says he, "you ungodderable baste," says he; an' with that he pulled an' his hat an' walked out iv the door. Well, she never minded a word he said, for he used to say the same thing all as one every time she dhrew blood, an' she had no expectation at all but he'd come back by the time supper id be ready; but faix the story didn't go quite so simple this time, for while he was walkin', lonesome enough, down the borheen, with his heart almost broke with the pain, for his shins an' his jaw was mighty troublesome, av course, with the threathment he got, who did he see but Mick Hanlon, his uncle's sarvint iv, ridin' down, quite an' easy, an' the ould black horse, wid a halter as long as himself.

[To make a long story short, Jim gets on the horse along with the by (boy), and is carried to his uncle's house, where he is drifted up with snow for upwards of a week. Meanwhile the mutilated body of a man is found near Jim's home, and being taken for Jim, is waked and buried as such. His widow, "bad luck to her," marries Andy Curtis, and all is comfortable with the pair when Jim finds his way back to his own door one very cowlid night.]

So, one night (as the story proceeds), when Nell Gorman an' her new husband, Andy Curtis, was snug an' warm in bed, an' fast asleep, an' every thing quite, who should come to the door, sure enough, but Jim Soolivan himself, an' he began slakin' the door wid a big blak-thorn stick he had, an' roarin' out like the divil to open the door, for he had a dhrop taken. "What the devil's the matter?" says Andy Curtis, wakenin' out iv his sleep. "Who's batin' the door?" says Nell: "what's all the noise for?" says she. "Who's in it?" says Andy. "It's me," says Jim. "Who are you?" says Andy; "what's your name?" "Jim Soolivan," says he. "By jabers you lie," says Andy. "Wait till I get at you," says Jim, hittin' the door a lick iv the wattle you'd hear half a mile off. "It's him, sure enough," says Nell; "I know his speech; it's his wandherin' sowl that can't get rest, the crass o' Christ betune us an' harm." "Let me in," says Jim, "or I'll dhrove the door in a top iv yis." "Jim Soolivan, Jim Soolivan," says Nell, sittin' up in the bed, an' gropin' for a quart bottle iv holy wather she used to hang by the back iv the bed, "don't come in, darlin', there's holy wather here," says she; "but tell me from where you are is there any thing that's throublin' your poor sinful sowl?" says she. "An' tell me how many masses will make you asy, an' by this crass I'll bny you as many as you want," says she. "I don't know what the divil you mane," says Jim. "Go back," says she, "go back to glory, for God's sake," says she. "Divil's

cure to the bit iv me 'ill go back to glory, or any where else," says he, "this blessed night; so open the door at onst, an' let me in," says he. "The Lord forbid," says she. "By jabers you'd better," says he, "or it 'ill be worse for you," says he; an' wid that he fell to wallopin' the door till he was fairly tired, an' Andy an' his wife crassin' themselves an' sayin' their prayers for the bare life all the time. "Jim Soolivan," says she, as soon as he was done, "go back, for God's sake, an' don't be freakenin' me an' your poor fatherless children," says she. "Why, you bosthoon, you," says Jim, "won't you let your husband in," says he, "to his own house?" says he. "You wor my husband, sure enough," says she, "but it's well you know, Jim Soolivan, you're not my husband now," says she. "You're as drunk as can be consaved," says Jim. "Go back, in God's name, pacibly to your grave," says Nell. "By my sowl, it's to my grave you'll find me, sure enough," says he, "you hard-hearted bairn, for I am jist aff wid the cowlid," says he. "Jim Soolivan," says she, "it's in your decent coffin you should be, you unfortunate spirit," says she; "what is it's annoyin' your sowl, in the wide world, at all?" says she; "hadn't you every thing complete?" says she, "the oil, an' the wack, an' the berrin?" says she. "Och, by the hoky," says Jim, "it's too long I'm makin' a fool iv myself, gosterhin' wid you outside iv my own door," says he, "for it's plane to be seen," says he, "you don't know what you're sayin', an' no one else knows what you mane, you unfortunate fool," says he; "so, onst for all, open the door quietly," says he, "or, by my sowkins, I'll not have a splinter together," says he. "Well, whin Nell an' Andy seen he was gettin' vexed, they began to bawl out their prayers, with the fright, as if the life was lavin' them; an' the more he bate the door, the louder they prayed, until at last Jim was fairly tired out. "Bad luck to you," says he, "for a rale divil av a woman," says he. "I can't get any advantage av you, any way; but wait till I get hould iv you, that's all," says he. An' he turned aff from the door, an' wint round to the cow-house, an' settled himself as well as he could, in the athraw; an' he was tired enough wid the thravellin' he had in the day-time, an' a good dale bothered with what liquor he had taken; so he was purty sure of sleepin' wherever he thrun himself. But, by my sowl, it wasn't the same way with the man an' the woman in the house; for divil a wink iv sleep, good or bad, could they get at all, wid the fright iv the spirit, as they supposed; an' with the first light they sint a little goosoon, as fast as he could wag, straight off, like a shot, to the priest, an' to desire him, for the love o' God, to come to them an' the minute, an' to bring, if it was plasin' to his reverence, all the little things he had for sayin' mass, an' savin' sowls, an' banishin' spirits, an' freekenin' the divil, an' the likes iv that. An' it wasn't long till his reverence kem down, sure enough, on the ould gray mare, wid the little mass-boy behind him, an' the prayer-books an' bibles, an' all the other mysterious articles that was wantin', along wid him; an' as soon as he kem in, "God save all here," says he. "God save ye, kindly, your reverence," says they. "An' what's gone wrong wid ye?" says he; "ye must be very bad," says he, "intirely, to disturb my devotions," says he, "this way, jist at breakfast time," says he. "By my sowkins," says Nell, "it's bad enough we are, your reverence," says she, "for it's poor Jim's spirit," says she; "God rest his sowl, wherever it is," says she, "that was wandherin' up an' down, opposit the door all night," says she, "in the way it was no use at all, thryin' to get a wink iv sleep," says she. "It's to lay it, you want me, I suppose," says the priest. "If your reverence 'id do that same, it 'id be plasin' to us," says Andy. "It 'ill be rather expinsive," says the priest. "We'll not differ about the price, your reverence," says Andy. "Did the spirit stop long?" says the priest. "Most part iv the night," says Nell, "the Lord be merciful to us all!" says she. "That'll make it more costly than I thought," says he. "An' did it make much noise?" says he. "By my sowl, it's it that did," says Andy; "leatherin' the door wid sticks and stones," says he, "an' I fairly thought every minute," says he, "the ould boards id smash, an' the spirit id be in an' top iv us, God bless us," says he. "Phiew!" says the priest, "it'll cost a power iv money." "Well, your reverence," says Andy, "take whatever you like," says he; "only make sure it won't annoy us any more," says he. "Oh! by my sowkins," says the priest, "it'll be the quarest ghost in the seven parishes," says he, "if it has the courage to come back," says he, "after what I'll do this mornin', please God," says he; "so we'll say twelve pounds, an' God knows it's chape enough," says he, "considherin' all the circumstances," says he. Well, there wasn't a second word to the bargain; so they paid him the money down, an' he settled the table out like an althar, before the door, an' he settled it out wid all the things he had wid him; an' he lit a bit iv a holy candle, an' he scattered his holy wather right an' left, an' he took up a big book, an' he wint an' readin' for half an hour, good; an' whin he kem to the end, he tuck hould iv his little bell, and he began to ring it for the bare life; an' by my sowl he rang it so well, that he wakened Jim Soolivan in the cow-house, where he was sleepin', an' up he jumped, widout a minute's delay, an' med right for the house, where all the family, an' the priest, an' the little mass-boy, was assembled, layin' the ghost; an' as soon as his reverence seen him comin' in at the door, wid the fair fright, he flung the bell at his head, an' hot him sich a lick iv it in the forehead, that he stretched him an' the floor; but faix he didn't wait to ax any questions, but he cut round the table as if the divil was after him, an' out at the door, an' didn't stop even as much as to mount an' his mare, but leathared away down the borheen as fast as his legs could carry him, though the mud was up to his knees, savin' your presence. Well, by the time Jim kem to himself, the priest persaved the mistake, an' Andy wint home, lavin' Nell to make the explanation. An' as soon as Jim heard it all, he said he was quite contint to lave her to Andy, intirely; but the priest would not hear iv it; an' he jist med him marry his wife over again, an' a merry widdin' it was, an' a fino

collection for his reverence. An' Andy was there along wid the rest, an' the priest put a small pinnace upon him, for bein' in too great a hurry to marry a widdy. An' bad luck to the word he'd allow any one to say an' the business, ever after, at all at all, so, av course, no one offnded his reverence, by spakin' iv the twelve pounds he got for layin' the spirit. An' the neighbours wor all mighty well plased, to be sure, for gettin' all the divarsion of a wake, an' two weddin's for nothin'.

ENGLISH HAY-MAKERS OF THE DISTRICT AROUND LONDON.*

ONE of the most remarkable peculiarities of the land for a number of miles around London, is the large extent of ground kept in grass for producing hay for the metropolitan market. The hay is generally of a sweet and nourishing quality, very unlike the harsh kind of wiry grass and clover which prevail in the northern part of the United Kingdom, where it would be called by the name of meadow hay; and its preparation forms an important branch of rural economy. The hay-making season, which is the busiest in the year, draws labourers from places most remote from the scene of operations, in the same manner as the grain harvest attracts a throng of reapers in other quarters of the country. Those who mow or cut the grass, are almost to a man English labourers; but the other class of workers are a mixture of English and Irish, the former being about two to one of the latter. A Welshman is rarely to be seen among either class, and a Scotchman never.

The hay-making season is from about the middle of June to the third week of July. In the beginning of June, English labourers are to be seen on the different roads, travelling with their faces towards London, each bearing his scythe and a basket or small bundle, the edge of the scythe carefully protected against the action of the atmosphere. These precursors are mowers, men known to be good and trustworthy workmen, who, year by year, work on the same farm, and until the time of cutting are sure of other work. Day by day the numbers of the travelling labourers increase, and by the middle of June the roads are thronged with them. Some of the English bear scythes, and most of them a bundle or basket; now and then one has a fork, its points guarded with corks. A few of the Irish carry a bundle, but the majority bear no greater burthen than the clothes they wear. To persons not acquainted with the customs of these labourers, they are apparently wanderers in search of work, but, in reality, the greater part are not so. They are making their way to certain points, where they have worked in former years, or where they have been recommended to be employed. Some men do not leave home until they have received a message from their usual employers or some acquaintance, stating the time they will probably be wanted, and these messages (usually by word of mouth) are also a guide for others as to the right time of starting; a carrier or drover is generally the bearer of such a message, and the punctuality with which it is delivered, and the accuracy with which it is understood and acted upon, would surprise the lettered man, who can only imagine a correct correspondence to be carried on between parties at a distance by means of letters. These word-of-mouth messages are an ancient practice, and the continuance is owing probably to the cost of postage; but the saving is questionable. Master and man commonly meet the bearer at a road-side inn; so, what between treating him, and their own loss of time, a much greater expense is incurred than probably the postage of a letter would amount to. At home, and on the road, the English term their migration "going upwards for work." The English labourers commonly travel alone, or in parties of two, three, or four, and usually leave home with provision sufficient for the greater part or the whole of their journey, and money to pay for decent lodgings at night. On the other hand, the Irish, first congregated on board a vessel, when they reach England, commonly travel in droves, trusting mainly to chance for food and lodging during their travels.

The mowers are paid by the acre. A common price at the beginning of the season of 1839 was 4s. 6d. an acre without beer, but it afterwards rose to 5s. and 5s. 6d. an acre with beer. Each mower finds his own tools; the cost of a scythe complete is 12s. 6d., the price of a good blade by itself about 7s., and a mower in full work requires a new blade every season; such a man in a season will use a dozen whetting-stones of the price of about 4d. each. The edge only of a scythe blade is steel. A mower will cut from an acre to two acres a-day, but two acres is an extraordinary day's work, and to perform it a man must labour hard, early and late, beginning before sunrise and keeping on until sunset, and that during the longest days of the year. He also requires extraordinary food, and the profuse use of his perspirations would exhaust him, were he not supplied with great quantities of drink to keep it up: for this purpose small beer is the usual beverage, but sometimes water is used; strong beer being only taken at a meal, or after the work of the day is over. In fine weather, when not mowing, the mowers are

* The above paper is the composition of an individual, who, as the matter of it will amply prove, is intimately acquainted with the class whom it professes to describe. As a minute and apparently faithful picture of a section of the rural population of England, it cannot fail to have some interest, at a time when the attention of all classes is so eagerly directed to each other's condition.

employed at other work in hay-making, receiving the highest wages paid to daymen. The mowers do not calculate on being employed the whole time in mowing. Mowing is performed by parties of from three to six; the same man is always the leader, and is sometimes termed "the lord;" he is to his party what a stroke-man is to a boat's crew.

At the beginning of the season 1839, the pay of a hay-maker (in distinction to a mower) was 2s. and 2s. 6d. a-day, and afterwards rose to 3s. and 3s. 6d. a-day, with an allowance of beer, some of them finding their own forks. When the hay is spread, or is fit to carry, and rain is expected, the farmers urge all hands to increased exertions by extra allowances of beer, and promise of a supper. In this district, compared with others, the women employed in hay-making are few, and their pay is commonly 1s. a-day: this is not fair; for, although it is true that a woman cannot take every place in the work, she will, in the lighter portions, perform as much as a man. The boys employed are also few. In fact, very few women and boys are employed but those belonging to the resident agricultural population. The migratory hay-makers are paid, in full or on account, day by day; and if the weather will not allow the work to go on regularly, they are only paid according to the time they actually work, this time being on all farms reckoned down to an hour. Where payment on account is adopted, it is to prevent a labourer leaving, in the event of wages rising in the course of the season in other places.

In the beginning and at the height of the season, the public-houses and cottages in the district, where lodgers are taken, are crowded with the migratory labourers. Every chamber has as many beds as can be put into it, and the men sleep two, sometimes three, in a bed; in rooms of not greater dimensions than fifteen feet by twelve, from eight to ten, and even twelve men, pass the night. The price of lodging to a man who has a bed to himself, is sixpence a-night, but when more than one sleep in a bed, the charge for each is fourpence. If a man pays four nights consecutively, he pays no more that week; at least this is the practice in some places. The Englishmen usually sleep in beds, and the Irishmen in barns, stables, or outhouses, sometimes ensconcing themselves in a hay-cock. A prejudice exists against the Irish labourers, that they are not so clean in their persons as the English, and some publicans make a point of refusing them lodgings. When the Irish hay-makers have women and children with them, they often camp in the lanes, but without tents, there cooking their food, and taking their evening meals; such a case with an English party is very rare.

Beer is the hay-makers' usual drink. They very seldom have recourse to spirituous liquors, and, compared with the workmen on canals, railroads, and in brick-fields, they are generally of sober habits. The Irish are decidedly more sober than the English. When lodging either at a public or private house, each man buys his own food, the cooking being performed, and pepper and salt provided, gratis. The publicans usually keep bread, cheese, and bacon, and sometimes cooked meat, for sale; at some houses soup is supplied, for which the charge is twopence a basin. Tea and coffee are not commonly used.

Towards their employers and strangers, the hay-makers are civil in manner and language, but with each other practical jokes are not uncommon. The language of the English labourers among themselves, particularly of the young men, is mixed up with many oaths, and horrible imprecations. This species of language is at present dreadfully on the increase, and has not yet reached its climax; for these labourers are still behind the workmen on railroads and canals, inland boatmen, brickmakers, and the like, from whom the contagion has been caught.

Upon their way from home, and at their places of destination, anxious are the inquiries and the mutual talk of the men as to the probabilities of the weather, the state of the crops, the numbers of workmen likely to come up, the prices of labour, and the masters who have and who have not engaged their complement of men. The season fairly entered into, the merits and demerits of the different masters who give the best wages, whose beer is the best, who are most liberal in giving that and victuals, and who look most sharply after their people, are engaging subjects of conversation; but of these, "the beer" is the most frequent; and it is impossible for strangers to conceive the importance which hay-makers, in particular the English, attach to beer, either as a source of pleasure or a help to work. When elevated with this same beverage, their own capabilities are boasted of; and how much, in one day, a man can mow of grass, cut or thrash of corn, feats of strength and agility, and the like, supply matter for noisy but friendly debate. Sometimes the meaning of words and phrases locally used in the neighbourhoods of their respective homes, and local peculiarities in manners and customs, especially as regards labour, beguile their leisure hours. With them Saturday nights are times of carousal; but Monday is never Saint Monday, if the weather be fine. Sunday is a tiresome day, not one hay-maker in a hundred attending a place of worship; from singing, or any kind of play, they usually abstain on Sunday, but often get tipsy; and if their master required it (as is sometimes the case in wet weather), they would not hesitate to work. Tobacco, in smoking, is used in great quantities; a few chew it; but snuff is only taken in fun, when an

elderly mechanic or old woman offers a pinch. Tossing halfpence, to decide which man shall pay for beer, or a game of skittles, the stake very seldom exceeding a pint of beer, is almost the only gambling in which they indulge; cards are very seldom used. Over their jugs and pipes, a song is a favourite recreation; the music, however, is never, and the words not frequently, of a refined order. Occasionally a song is sung in praise of poaching, after the manner in which war or sea songs set forth the hardships, pleasures, glories, and honours, of war and the ocean. The way in which such songs are received, and the heartiness in which all join in the chorus, prove that with the English agricultural labourers, poaching is not considered a crime; though, in talking of poaching, they treat it as a misfortune for a man to have a propensity towards it, and call him a fool for indulging therein. Politics they never discuss. If any portion of a weekly newspaper be read aloud, it commonly is something which relates to a murder, a robbery, or dreadful accident. Quarrelling, likely to lead to fighting, is carefully avoided; and if a man in this respect lacks discretion, he is repressed by his fellow-workmen, particularly a mower by fellow-mowers, and reminded, that a fight will probably spoil him for work for a week; not a slight consideration with a labourer, miles away from home, depending upon his daily work for his daily bread.

In past times great jealousies and feuds have existed between the English and Irish hay-makers. These jealousies and feuds, however, are yearly diminishing in number, and will in time disappear. Already, the English labourers are rather pleased than otherwise to have an Irishman in their company, as his remarks are usually shrewd and witty, and tend to keep up the general harmony and mirthfulness, whether in the field or on the road.

Whether, upon the whole, these hay-making excursions are profitable to the English labourers, in a pecuniary point of view, is questionable. No doubt they are looked forward to with pleasure, are a time of pleasure in a fine season, and a pleasurable source of conversation on their return home. But the loss of time and expenses in travelling; the payments for lodgings; the higher price of their provisions, being less able to make the most of them than when at home; the inducements to spend money lavishly when they have any; extra wear and tear of clothes and payment for washing; the greater chance of illness, and then without the comforts of home; the families of those who have families living on credit, for which a high price is given and imposition practised; the risk of bad habits being acquired by the young; the dislike incurred from masters at home in being left at a busy and important time of the year, and this dislike acting prejudicially on a winter's employment or the price of winter's work; are serious drawbacks from the higher wages of five weeks' hay-making. It is true that some of them, in a fine season, take home sums of money varying from one to three pounds, but the greater part generally return as poor as they set out. The Irish labourers, on the contrary, by living in the poorest possible style, and resorting to begging when it can be accomplished, contrive to save money during the hay-making season; all which earnings are, as is well known, carried home as a sacred fund to pay the rent of the slip of land from which they draw the ordinary means of existence.

POETRY AT SIGHT.

A remarkably successful operation has just been performed on the eyes of an elderly lady, who had been blind and deaf from her birth. The following letter to her niece has been sent to us by her friends, to show the rapidity of her literary acquirements, immediately on her attainment of the power of vision; and such of our readers as can fancy themselves deaf, will certainly see it to consist of capital rhymes.

Dear Dolly, I'll thank you to send the cocoa,
And Susan, who brings it, shall take back your boe.
Pray tell Doctor Bleed'em I've got a sad cough;
I caught it while watching young Hodge at the plough;
I thought the day fine, and was simple enough
My umbrella to leave, so got wet through and through.
For it came down in torrents; your poor aunt was caught
In the rain, and I afterwards sat in a draught.
This made me much worse, but experience I bought,
And I'll never more trust to the sunshine and drought!
Well, I made myself dry, and I sat down to tea;
Of the good that it did me you'd form no idea.
But I quite hate the country, the weather's so rough,
So you'll see me, dear, soon in your little borough.
I hope, after all, that my cold will be trivial—
But still you may send me that stuff in the vial—
In the kitchen you'll find it, just over the trough,
Oh, my cough! oh, my cough! it all comes of the plough.
—From the Comic Almanack.

ELECTRICITY OF VEGETATION.

As plants, during vegetation, exert a chemical action on the atmosphere, sometimes converting its oxygen into carbonic acid gas, and at others decomposing the carbonic acid already existing in it, assimilating the carbon and disengaging the oxygen, it was conceived that electricity might be thus developed; and, from the very extensive operation of vegetation, the quantity might be sufficient to influence the atmosphere. The results of experiments confirm this anticipation. When seeds were sown in the earth, there were signs of electricity as soon as the germs appeared at the surface, and the electricity became more evident as vegetation advanced. So considerable was the evolution, that it was calculated that a powerful battery might be charged by the vegetation

from an area of one hundred square yards. Every green tree and every leaf of verdure is, therefore, continually supplying the atmosphere with electricity; and in hot and humid climates, as that of Brazil, the quantity derived from this source must be extraordinary, if we reflect on the vigour with which the growth of plants is carried on. According to the assertion of a respectable traveller, rain in the evening will, by sunrise, have given a greenish tinge to the earth; if the rain continue, there will be sprouts of grass an inch long on the second day; and on the third day, the grass will be strong enough for the pasturing of cattle.—*Companion to Almanack*, 1839.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE OF THE BEGGARS OF MULLINGAR.

When the gallant 50th were removed to Mullingar, it was supposed that this town produced a greater number of beggars than any in the king's dominions. A swarm of paupers rendered the streets almost impassable, and ingress or egress to or from a shop was occasionally impracticable. Now, beggars were to the head major an abomination, and for two days he ensconced himself in his lodgings, rather than encounter the mendicants of Mullingar. Confinement will increase bile, and bile may induce gout; and at last, wearied of captivity, he sallied forth, and to every application for relief he replied by specifying an early day on which he wished the numerous supplicants to call upon him at a particular hour, and above all things to be punctual. His wish was faithfully attended to, and on the expected morning the street where he resided was completely blocked up. The major, under a volley of blessings, appeared at the hall door. "Are you all here?" he inquired, in accents of the tenderest compassion. "All, your honour—all, young and old!" responded a big beggarman. "We're all here, Colonel, avourneen!" exclaimed a red virago, "but my poor man Brieny Boccoh; and he, the cratur, fell into the fire on Sunday night, and him hearty, and sorrow stir he can make, good nor bad." "Ah, then," said the humane commander, "why should poor Brien be left out? Arrah! run yourself, and bring the cripple to us!" In a twinkling, off went the red virago, and after a short absence issued from a neighbouring lane, with Brieny on her shoulders. "Are ye all here now?" inquired the tender-hearted major. "Every single sowl of us!" said an old woman in reply. "Ogh! that the light of heaven may shine on his honour's dying hour, but it's he that's tender to the poor!" "Amen!" responded a hundred voices. "Silence!" said the major, as he produced a small book bound in red morocco. "Whisht, you sows!" cried the big beggarman. "Are ye listening?" "Shah, shah! Yes, yes!" was responded in English and Irish. "Then, by the contents of this blessed book, a rap I won't give one of ye, you vagabonds, if I remained a twelvemonth in Mullingar!"

"HOW TO GET ON."—THE APOTHECARY METHOD.

"Don't you see?" said Bob; "he goes up to a house, rings the area bell, pokes a packet of medicine without a direction into the servant's hand, and walks off. Servant takes it into the dining-parlour; master opens it and reads the label, 'Draught to be taken at bed-time—pills as before—lotion as usual—the powder. From Sawyer's, late Nockemoff's. Physicians' prescriptions carefully prepared: and all the rest of it. Shows it to his wife—she reads the label; it goes down to the servants—they read the label. Next day the boy calls: 'Very sorry—his mistake—immense business—great many parcels to deliver—Mr Sawyer's compliments—late Nockemoff.' The name gets known, and that's the thing, my boy, in the medical way; bless your heart, old fellow, it's better than all the advertising in the world. We have got one four-ounce bottle that's been to half the houses in Bristol, and hasn't done yet."—From the *Pickwick Papers*.

PARENTAL PARTIALITIES.

Parents can never too carefully avoid showing a distinction between children in the distribution of their affection. Parental love during infancy and youth should be the patrimony of all, and—so far as human infirmity will allow—like the kindly dews of heaven, which descend equally "on the just and on the unjust." The faults of early years should not be visited by a withdrawal of affection from the wayward child, nor should a naturally amiable disposition entitle its possessor to that interest in a parent's heart which excludes others who have the same claim of consanguinity. We of course only refer to the commencement of life; for the parental love of after-years assuredly is justly influenced by the conduct of our offspring. To the inexperienced in such ties, it may appear a task hard of fulfilment to guard against the froward behaviour of children influencing our bearing towards them; yet, strange to say, here is not the error that so often spreads jealousy and dissension in families. It is not the natural yearning of the heart towards the most amiable—no, it is the bestowal of our partial affection on one child in preference to another, from the accident of sex, or from being the youngest or the oldest born—from form or feature, or the early indications of intellect. Here the election is made by the father or mother, often to the ruin of the favourite child; and it may generally be remarked, that the favoured of a parent under such circumstances is the first to make that heart ache, the partiality of which was so unjustly engrossed.—From *John's Legend and Romance, African and European*.

In some recent numbers of the New York Mirror, we perceive the following articles or pieces—"Claude Duval," "Fortune's Frolics," "Augustus Broom," "Song of Peace, by Giffillan," and "Scene with a Pirate," all of which have been copied from Chambers's Edinburgh Journal, without any mark of quotation or acknowledgment. We make no complaint of this: the editors of the New York Mirror are at liberty to copy our entire paper weekly, if it shall suit their purpose to do so; but we beg to represent to them the impolicy of not marking the authority whence they draw their selected matter, as the practice throws a doubt over the originality of articles which are absolutely their own.

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A CHAPTER FOR THE UNMARRIED.

WHEN we are visited by the evils of which every mortal must in this life expect to have a certain share, patience and resignation are called for. It is at the same time proper that every effort should be made to avoid evil: for this express end, we are endowed with the qualities of foresight and prudence. There is one class of evils which might be greatly reduced in number and severity, by the exercise of foresight and prudence—namely, those which arise from matrimonial alliances. We are well aware that this is the very department of human affairs in which maxims of wisdom are most liable to be disregarded; yet let us never despair of the effects of a few words of plain sense, plainly spoken. If unable in any degree to control the dictates of Passion, we may at least in some instances, where the danger chiefly lies in Ignorance, be able to rouse prudence and awaken conscientiousness.

Maxims as to the age, temper, and other qualities of the parties who are to be made wives and husbands, are perhaps sufficiently plenty. Nothing, we apprehend, that is strictly new, can be said on these points. We are more anxious, on the present occasion, to call attention to certain natural laws which greatly affect the happiness of the married state, not only of the immediate parties, but of their posterity, and often tell, again, by reflection, from posterity, back upon the immediate parties.

One of these laws bears reference to the consanguinity of the parties forming an alliance. All experience shows that an unsoundness of constitution is the unavoidable inheritance of those who derive their existence from parents nearly allied in blood. How or why this should be, is of no importance at present, though we may be very sure that, as with all the other laws of nature, a beneficial end is served by it. Certain it is, that the children of parents related in blood are in many more instances conspicuously unsound in body and mind, than those of parents who stand in no known relationship to each other. Often they are well enough to pass amidst the crowd of mankind; and such instances are apt to be adduced in defence of a marriage of the kind in question. But these are exceptions from a rule; or perhaps we should rather say that these are only instances, in which the unsoundness chances to be of small amount, or not sufficient to be observable in a community where so many are from other causes unsound. That there is a greater likelihood of conspicuously unsound children from such marriages than from others, which appears to be established beyond contradiction, is enough for our argument. Such marriages ought to be avoided, because, in them, a danger is incurred, without any of those good reasons or ends which alone can sanction the incurrence of any heavy risk. It is very unfortunate that cousins, from the attachment of relationship, the frequency of their intercourse, and other circumstances, should be so apt to entertain for each other the tender feelings which give the wish for a matrimonial union. But these are only reasons why the greater pains should be taken to warn all such persons against the dangers in question. Friends, instead of making it, as they often do, a matter of policy to bring cousins together, should exert all their eloquence to depict to them the terrible griefs which attend a progeny irremediably weak and liable to perish before their time. It would even be proper to make this a point in the education of all young persons; for what is of more importance than that persons entering into life should be biassed from a step which is likely to make that life a scene of continual misery? Delicacy, it may be said, dictates

silence on the subject; but surely it must be a false delicacy which can impose such a restraint—a restraint as to words, while conduct is left free to the most disastrous errors. Nor would we only call upon the young of both sexes to repress the feelings which are apt to lead them into alliance with their kindred, but we would have pointed out to them the important fact that there is a corresponding virtue in the remoteness of origin of those whom they may select for their partners. If not natives of the same town or parish, it is well; if not of the same county, we would say it is still better. If other circumstances made it possible or prudential for persons of different countries to marry, we would say that that were best of all. We see the force of this advice when we contemplate the little isolated communities which nestle in the recesses of mountainous countries—such as the Swiss Alps and the Highlands of Scotland—where idiots are always abundant; as also in the vigorous national character which invariably arises where races have been much mixed—for example, in our own island. The crossing of breeds of animals, and the importance in agriculture of sowing grain which has been raised from a different soil, are illustrative facts which need only be hinted at. On this point there seems to be one law throughout the whole of organic nature.

The soundness of constitution of those who are to become parents, is another matter of the highest importance. That a taint of constitution, in the mental as well as in all the other faculties, is likely to be inherited by offspring, is apparently as well established as the law we have above alluded to. Certain diseases, as epilepsy, consumption, and fatuity, are noted for reappearing in children; but it is probable that many kinds of unsoundness, which do not take any very recognisable form, are also transmitted from parent to child. Evil and grief are thus perpetuated from one generation to another. The first party, not satisfied with his own life of suffering, seeks to have it represented by other human beings in the next and future ages. He both feels the pains of his own maladies, and, if he survives so long, he experiences the still more exquisite distress of contemplating those of a set of creatures whom nature endears to his bosom, and for whose ease he would diligently sacrifice his own. A deterioration to that extent of the body of the future people of his country, is another point of view in which the evil may be regarded. Now, by what means might such evils be prevented? Obviously by the abstinence from marriage of those who are affected by incurable disease. It may be thought too much to expect from mankind that any individual of either sex should exercise so much self-restraint for such a reason; and we readily own that with many little is to be expected. Yet we have hopes from a few—and whatever may be the result, we may certainly assert the principle. We are not, then, for advocating the maxim that the sound should keep apart from the unsound. We do not like the selfishness of that form of the maxim. What we would say is this—that every human being who is sensible of possessing a hereditary taint of whatever kind, is bound in conscience to abstain from sending it into a new generation. No human being has a right to make others miserable; neither has any human being a right to call into existence beings who are sure from that very fact to be miserable. Men are every day of their lives preaching the propriety of avoiding giving each other unnecessary pain. Shall they do so—shall they be shocked when they see one inflict so much as a harsh word on another, and yet be reckless though they occasion to perhaps more than one a whole life of misery? Assuredly, as the conscientiousness of our race becomes clearer and of greater force, it must see

this in the right light, and set it down as one of the greatest of all offences to become a medium for the perpetuation of such great afflictions.

It is interesting to observe how exactly the interests of immediate parties, those of the other nearly concerned parties, and those of the world at large, harmonise in all these matters. By marrying one remote in blood, the health and strength of the next generation is most likely to be secured; the parents are thereby rendered happy; the community is advantaged by the addition of sound instead of unsound members. By the contrary course, all the benefits are reversed into evils. Again, when an unsound person abstains from marrying, the misfortunes of his state are confined to their original amount—he acquires no satellites to reflect back the light of his own pains in tenfold intensity upon himself—the race is spared the evil of new vitiation. By the contrary course, all these benefits are in like manner reversed into evils.

SONG-WRITERS.

BURNS, who of all men that ever lived appears to have possessed the greatest natural capabilities for song-writing, declares the art to be a difficult one, and desires those who think otherwise "to sit down and try their hand at it," when the truth of the matter is likely to dawn upon them. Such an opinion, coming from so high an authority, is entitled to great weight, and it is corroborated by the undeniable fact, that few persons have ever attained to real excellence in the practice of composing songs. The total number of first-rate songsters who have adorned literature since its origin to the present day, may be counted upon one's ten fingers, and not a tip be touched twice. Men of the highest poetical genius have attempted this department of composition in vain, and of the truth of this assertion we have many living evidences. Has either Wordsworth or Southey produced, in the long roll of their multifarious works, one single verse which is familiarly sung in the homes of their country, be they rich or be they poor? Not one; and this is not because the endeavour has never been made, but because these great poets have failed utterly in the instances where they have attempted the composition of songs. Byron, too, though his want of success was less decided, has left behind him, upon the whole, not one song that has been or ever will be popular among his countrymen.

While it is thus obvious that the possession of the highest poetical genius does not ensure success in song-writing, we find, on the other hand, that many of our best and most popular songs have been produced by persons who never, excepting in these individual instances, evinced the possession of any poetical talent whatever. In the annals of Scottish song, in particular, numerous cases occur where lasting reputations have been won by the composition of one single song—"The Flowers of the Forest," "Auld Robin Gray," and "Lucy's Flitting," will rise to the recollection of every one as having made famous the names of Miss Elliott, Lady Anne Lindsay, and William Laidlaw. The list might be largely extended, and would include the fine songs of "The Boatie Rows," "Roalin' Castle," "Were na my heart light, I wad die," and "The Broom o' the Cowdenknowes." The art of song-writing seems, in the one point of view, an art of surpassing difficulty, while on the other hand we might be tempted to think the very reverse, from its being excelled in by persons who never displayed poetical genius otherwise. The explanation is to be sought for in the peculiar nature of the song, its construction, and its uses.

In minutely examining the masterpieces of Burns, the feature which most forcibly presses on one's attention, is their extreme *simplicity of thought and language*. Another striking feature is the almost prosaic plainness of grammatical construction in the sentences or verses. No such thing is to be found in his best songs as an *inverted expression*, or any other complication of arrangement. A third characteristic is, the total absence of *parenthesis*, or even any thing resembling a parenthetical clause. Let the reader look, in the illustration of these remarks, at the song, "Of a' the airts the wind can blaw."

"Of a' the airts the wind can blaw,
I dearly like the west,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I luv best;
There wild woods grow, and rivers run,
And mony a hill between;
But day and night, my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.
I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair;
I hear her in the tuneful birds,
I hear her charm the air;
There's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There's not a bonnie bird that sings,
But minds me o' my Jean."

Every line here holds precisely the form and place which would be given to it, if the same thing had to be told in prose. The thoughts are peculiarly simple, and the meaning clear and obvious, while expressed, at the same time, in the fewest possible words. *Concentration* is a most marked characteristic, even *epithets* being avoided as far as practicable. If we turn to other songs of Burns, we find them presenting the same distinctive features. "John Anderson my jo," which, when sung well, moves the hearer even to tears, is almost transparently simple in thought and expression.

"John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill theither,
And mony a centy day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither;
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And we'll sleep theither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo."

It is unnecessary to multiply examples. Let any one examine for himself, and he will find that the distinguishing features here pointed out pervade the whole of the best songs of Robert Burns. In no point, it may be further observed, is his care for the preservation of simplicity so obvious, as in his introduction of similitudes, which, in ordinary writing, are usually more or less parenthetical in their position and character. Burns seldom or never resorts to the use of, "As the," &c., or "So the," &c., or "Like the," &c.; his similes are managed in a very different way. Here is one fine specimen:—

"Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Fu' sweet upon its thorny tree;
And my fause lover stole the same,
But ah! he left the thorn with me."

It is in this manner that he incorporates his similitudes with the song, without breaking its "even tenor," by giving them an abstracted form.

Reasons for all this may, we think, be easily found. It is the object, we apprehend, of a song, to represent or embody some of those trains of sentiment which rise spontaneously in the mind under the influence of peculiar circumstances, as love, regret for the absence of a mistress, joy for her consent—the social enjoyments—patriotism. When we are under these feelings, we do not naturally seek fine or involved language in which to express them: they come from us in an unpremeditated burst of exclamations, straight, clear, and continuous. If a song be of corresponding structure—and all successful songs could, we think, be shown to be of such a structure—the mass of mankind feel, without any critical prompting, that it is appropriate and suitable to express the sentiment professedly conveyed by it—they feel that, under the circumstances, they would speak in the same way; it therefore answers its end, and becomes, to use a sufficiently significant term, popular. On the contrary, when a song is composed, as poetry usually is, in an elaborate fashion, with all attainable literary graces of language and thought, it becomes a poem, but never is accepted as a song. It may be said, in opposition to this argument, that many of Mr Moore's songs are of the latter description, and yet are sung; to which we would answer, that the songs in question have, to a certain extent, by their very brilliancy, overcome the objection, and therefore form a sort of exception to the rule, though we should still doubt if their popularity will be permanent, while we have no doubt that some others by him, particularly a few of his patriotic songs, in which he always takes more direct and natural forms of expression, will last with the language. Another point of importance is to be noted—that involved and parenthetical phraseology is unsuitable for being conveyed in music. In prose recitation, a careful management of the voice will make out the most involved composition, but no such management is attainable in singing. It is, then, by inattention to these points that so many poets fail utterly in the production of songs. They write beautiful lyrics, and often have them united to beautiful music, but find, to their great mortification, that

the public will not take them into their mouths and make "household words" of them, although perhaps conferring that honour, at the same moment, upon verses far inferior in beauty of thought and expression. This is a matter of surprise to the poets so passed over, but we believe the whole to be capable of an easy explanation upon the principles stated above. Of course, the most successful writers of song are those who bring poetical genius of the highest order to the pursuit and practice of the rules necessary for success in that line of composition. Robert Burns was one so situated; and it was this that made him eminent among other followers of the art. The same rules hold good with regard to ballads, which are merely narrative songs; and we may illustrate our remarks by referring to two versions of the celebrated story of Helen of Kircornell, the one the composition of some old and unknown author, and the other the production of William Wordsworth. Every one remembers the older piece:—

"Gleniffer, I were where Helen lies—
Night and day on me she cries:
O that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kircornell's isle."

O Helen fair, beyond compare,
I'll make a garland of thy hair;
I'll bind my heart for evermore,
Until the day I die.

O think na ye my heart was sair,
When my love dropt and spoke nae mair,
She sunk and swooned wi' mickle care
On fair Kircornell's isle.

Curst be the hand that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms I dropt Helen dropt,
And died to succour me."

Here we have a most passionate yet most simple opening of the story of poor Helen, and which, when finely sung, might draw tears even from the eyes of an inquisitor. Wordsworth, also, aims at great simplicity in this version, but, alas! how different is it in general effect from the antique strain!

"Fair Ellen Irvine, when she sits
Upon the braes of Kirtle,
Was lovely as a Grecian maid
Adorned with wreaths of myrtle;
Young Adam Bruce beside her lay,
And there did they beguile the day
With love and gentle speeches,
Beneath the budding beeches.
From many knights and many squire
The Bruce had been selected,
And Gordon, fairest of them all,
By Ellen was rejected.
'Said tidings to that noble youth!
For it may be proclaimed with truth,
If Bruce hath loved sincerely,
The Gordon loves as dearly."

No one, we imagine, can compare these modern verses with the preceding, without being at once sensible that the old ones would have an immensely superior effect when sung. There every word tells, the poet's meaning being expressed in a brief and simple manner, and each thought having a plain and intensely passionate reference to the subject-matter of the song. On the other hand, Wordsworth departs at the very outset from the straight-forward construction necessary to give effect to the verses in singing, by describing parenthetically the locality adorned by the lady, "when she sate upon the braes of Kirtle." And then, supposing the piece to be set to fine pathetic music, corresponding with the melancholy tenor of the story, how awkward and ridiculous would be the effect of the singer expending his most mournful tones upon the very lively simile contained in the words "as lovely as a Grecian maid adorned with wreaths of myrtle," or upon the pretty and cheerful phrase of the "budding beeches." It is true that the modern poet does not speak, as in the case of the old song, in the character of the lamenting lover, and therefore is not bound to use language so profoundly sorrowful; but as it is evident that Wordsworth has aimed at giving the poem the style of a song, and of course of a sad one, these remarks are still applicable. This case shows very clearly the immense advantage which Burns possessed, in composing his verses to existing and known music. It enabled him to try every thought and line with the utmost critical severity, and to adapt his production to every turn of the music to which it was intended to be sung. Moore enjoyed a similar advantage in composing the words for the Irish melodies, and much of his brilliant success may be ascribed to it. Had Wordsworth, when he composed his song, been humming to himself a piece of sad music intended for it, he would at once have seen the incongruity of the simile alluded to.

Without pretending to say or believe that the individuals in question walked knowingly and purposely by the rules now adverted to as those proper for song-writing, we can scarcely err in assuming, that the success of those personages who produced excellent single songs is to be ascribed generally to the simplicity indispensable to such compositions. The tone wanted is something so extremely like the plain and simple language of real and every-day life, that it is scarcely to be wondered at, that persons possessed of no marked degree of poetical genius should occasionally have given a happy expression of natural feelings in song. Tannahill, certainly, does not rank in this class of incidental songsters, for he possessed the poetical endowment to a very considerable extent, and wrote many pieces of one kind and another; but he presents a fine instance of the all-effective power of simplicity in the composition of song. The "Braes

o' Gleniffer," the "Flower of Lavern Side," "Gloomy Winter's now awa," the "Harper of Mull," and many of his most popular songs, are so simple in thought and language, that one could scarcely believe, unless from experiencing it, how admirable their effect would be in singing. A specimen of Tannahill may be given in proof of these assertions:—

"While I there seek their evening sports,
I wander, dowie, a' my lane,
For when I join their glad recruits,
Their daffin' gleams meekle pahn.
Altho' it was nae shortytime,
When a' my nights were spent wi' glee;
But O! I'm feared that I may tane
The love that ye hae promised me.
Dear lassie, keep thy heart aune,
For I hae waired my winter's fee,
I've coft a bonnie silken gown,
To be a bridal gift for thee.
And sooner shall the hills fa' down,
And mountains-high shall crown the sea,
Ere I'd accept a golden crown,
To change that love I bear for thee."

The success of Thomas Campbell's songs depends upon the same distinguishing features which gave popularity to those of Burns and Tannahill. Wordsworth once said, that he had in vain endeavoured to discover any merit in Burns's noble war-song, "Scots wha hae." Doubtless he would also set down the "Wounded Hussar," and the "Exile of Erin," as quite unworthy of the author of "Gertrude of Wyoming," yet these songs are the most heart-rendingly effective that can be poured from human lips. The merit of the same poet's naval songs, also, lies mainly in the vigorous concentration of thought and straightforward brevity of expression which characterise them.

HENRY HUDSON—HIS LIFE AND ADVENTURES.

HENRY HUDSON was an Englishman by birth, but respecting his early history little or nothing is known. He was regularly trained to a seaman's life, and appears to have acquired considerable repute for professional skill previously to the year 1607, when he was in the prime of manhood. At that period, "certaine warshipfull merchants of London" appointed him to the conduct of an expedition undertaken at their charge, and which had for its object to explore the coast of Greenland, and to discover a passage by the North Pole to Japan and China.

Though the dangers attending such an undertaking were incomparably greater in those days than they can be now, this expedition under Hudson, as regards its complement of ships and men, presented a striking contrast to the exploratory parties of our own times. One vessel, with a crew of twelve persons in all, inclusive of the commander and his young son John, constituted the whole equipment for the enterprise, the perils of which cannot be fully appreciated unless by keeping in mind that Columbus and his immediate successors had scarcely yet examined more of North America than the shores of the Mexican Gulf, and that to the northward of this point all was mysterious, dark, and unknown. Henry Hudson, nevertheless, fearlessly set forth on his difficult course on the 1st of May 1607, after solemnly taking the sacrament, with all his crew, in the church of St Ethelburge in Bishopgate Street. His log, or journal, which was printed in the old work called "Purchas' Pilgrimage," relates that he reached the Shetland Isles in twenty-six days, and, continuing his route to the north-west, came on the 13th of June in sight of Greenland. For some time he coasted along its shores, hoping always to be able to round it, but impeded in his endeavours by the severity of the weather. In reference to this part of his voyage, he says, "Considering we found lands contrary to that which our cards make mention of, we accounted our labour so much the more worth." Finally, he found it advisable to strike to the eastward, where he touched at Spitzbergen, an island which he usually receives the credit of having discovered. But it had been in reality visited before by a Dutch mariner named Barentz, and Hudson knew its name and position ere he saw it in person. From the 27th of June to the 27th of July, our navigator struggled to pass to the northward of Spitzbergen, but, after encountering imminent risks of ice, he was compelled to turn to the southward, in the consciousness that nothing further could be done that season. He arrived at Tilbury Hope on the Thames, September 15th, after an absence of four and a half months.

The London Company of Worshipful Merchants were induced to fit out a new expedition in the following year, in the hope of discovering a north-east passage, or a route to the East Indies, by Nova Zembla and the north of Asia. The companions of Hudson amounted on this occasion to thirteen persons, himself and his son making the complement up to fifteen. On the 22d of April 1608, he left the Thames, and shaped his course to the north-east. After a tedious and difficult passage, he rounded the North Cape on the 3d of June, and soon after fell into the neighbourhood of great quantities of ice, which exposed the ship to constant peril, besides impeding his progress northward. The

head winds, also, obstructed his advance, and actually drove him southwards for many days. He knew at this time that he was near the west coast of Nova Zembla, and it was with the deepest reluctance that he gave up his cherished hope of passing it on the north side, where he could not get farther than the seventy-fifth degree. He then resolved to make an attempt to pass Nova Zembla to the south, by the Vaigatch Straits, known to divide it from Russia. Turning southwards, he soon saw the coast of Nova Zembla, and continued coasting about till the month of July was far advanced, making several excursions on land, and exploring sounds and rivers, in the vain endeavour to find an eastward passage. At length the scantiness of his stores compelled him to turn homewards once more. He reached England on the 26th of August.

Though Hudson's observations on Greenland, Spitzbergen, and Nova Zembla, were not without their value to mariners, his voyages had been unproductive of profit to merchants, and the Worshipful Company of London were discouraged. Our navigator was not so, and he immediately offered his services to the Dutch East India Company, who, having heard of him as a skilful and courageous explorer, gave him the command of a small vessel with a complement of twenty hands, Dutch and English, and sent him once more to seek a north-east passage thither to China and the Indies. Leaving Amsterdam on the 25th of March 1609, he again doubled the North Cape, but finding his way impassably obstructed by ice, fog, and head winds, he took it upon him to change his course to the west, and passed directly over to the coast of Newfoundland. Having heard from his friend, Captain John Smith, an intrepid contemporary navigator, that there existed an unexplored passage to the western Pacific Ocean by the south of Virginia, Hudson gave his crew the option of either sailing in quest of this passage, or of trying the north-west route by Davis' Straits. The men chose the Virginian enterprise, and, accordingly, the ship moved southward from Newfoundland, and about the middle of July ran into Penobscot Bay, on the coast of Maine (which names, of course, are of later origin). Traders had already visited these coasts at one or two points, and had begun to traffic with the natives, but very little of the internal country, or its rivers, had as yet been examined by civilised men. Hudson was soon visited by the natives, who came to sell furs and other articles. The journal from which we derive the particulars of this expedition was not drawn up by Hudson, but by his mate, Robert Juet, a man of good talents and seamanship, and who had been with the navigator in the previous voyage to Nova Zembla. This person being the author of the journal, we know not whether the leader of the expedition sanctioned a murderous and plundering descent which Juet describes himself and some companions to have made on the dwellings of the natives. "We manned our boat and scute with twelve men and muskets, and two stone pieces or murderers, and drave the salvages from their houses, and took the spoil of them, as they would have done of us." This presumption of the evil wishes of the natives seems to have been totally unsupported by any single overt act of injury on their part during their whole intercourse on this occasion with the voyagers.

From the coast of Maine, Hudson moved southwards, and after seeing and passing the northern and southern extremities of Cape Cod, he came to the entrance of Chesapeake Bay in the middle of August. Two years before, a colony of one hundred and five Englishmen had settled near this spot, but our navigator was prevented by adverse winds from visiting them. He went south as far as the latitude of 36 degrees, and then, despairing of finding that passage to the Pacific of which his friend Captain Smith had spoken, he turned once more to the north, resolving, seemingly, to render his voyage of some advantage by his examinations of the North American eastern coast, since he could not effect his purpose of finding a way to China. In retracing his steps accordingly, he discovered Delaware Bay, and afterwards entered Sandy Hook Bay. Happily for his fame, which can never perish so long as these regions continue to be the habitation of a great people, Hudson resolved to penetrate the waters which he had now entered upon. After sending a boat's crew forward to explore the way, he himself passed through the Narrows, and anchored in New York Bay. Previously to this, however, he had seen many of the natives, and had been under the necessity of seizing two of them as hostages, in consequence of his exploring boat being attacked by a party of them, and one man killed. There was some danger of his ship and his small crew being altogether overpowered by the savages, but this prospective peril could not move Hudson from his resolution of ascending the noble stream which now lay before him, and which at this day bears his name.

On the 12th of September, he commenced his memorable voyage up the Hudson. At first the wind impeded him much, and he spent the time in trading with the natives, who brought off furs, oysters, Indian corn, tobacco, and other vegetables, to be exchanged for beads, knives, and the like. On the evening of the 14th, he had only got about fifty miles up, and was among the fine scenery of the Highlands, as the region is now named. Next day, the two hostages made their escape through the port-holes—a circumstance regretted at the time, but more so afterwards. On the 16th, the vessel reached the spot which is now occupied by a flourishing city, that bears the name of Hudson.

Continuing his trading with the natives, yet always jealous of their intentions, and on his guard against treachery, Hudson advanced as far as the present site of Albany, about one hundred and forty miles up the river. Finding the waters here becoming shallow, and the soundings irregular, he resolved to turn about and descend, satisfied that his discovery and ascension of this great navigable stream would open the way for his employers to trading or colonial possessions of immense value. The country to which he had found the key, was fertile, he saw, to excess, its indigenous animals numerous and valuable, and its vegetables of a still richer kind, there being "great store of goodly oaks, and walnut-trees, ewe trees, and trees of sweet wood, in great abundance," while the climate was delightful, and the waters seemed stocked with the finest fish. All this was a source of gratification to Hudson, although the exploration of this river had thrown no light on the India passage, as he may at first have expected. By the 1st of October he had descended the river as far as Stony Point, and here commenced a series of attacks from the savages, to which they were apparently urged by the two hostages who had escaped. Hudson was under the necessity of using his fire-arms to a very deadly extent, before he could repel the natives and save his ship. Finally, he got away from them, and leaving the Hudson, made his way once more into the Atlantic. On the 4th of October he arrived at Dartmouth, in England.

It is asserted by Dutch authors, that, through the jealousy of the English, Hudson was not permitted after his landing to pass over to Holland, but was forced to send the vessel home without him. The navigator, however, seems to have contrived to transmit all his charts and papers to his employers, as they were over in the Hudson with trading ships in the course of the very next year, long before the English, or any other nation thought of going thither. Besides, a Dutch author published an account of the voyage in 1613, which was several years before the publication of Juet's Journal in Purchas' Pilgrims. The Dutch writer states that he drew up his account of the expedition from the papers of Hudson, then in his possession. This proves beyond a doubt that the jealousy of his sovereign and his countrymen could not induce the honest and manly navigator to yield up the fruits of his observations and toils to any but those who were entitled to them.

But he was willing and ready to give his native land the benefit of his future services. The Worshipful London Company were encouraged by his late successes to send him out once more in quest of that undiscoverable thing, the north-west passage. On the 17th of April, a vessel named the *Discovery*, manned by twenty-three persons, left London under the command of Hudson, and proceeded in a straight course for Iceland, which was seen, with its flaming mountains and smoking springs, by the middle of May. Near Iceland, the first symptoms appeared of an unhappy spirit, which rendered the sequel of this voyage ever to be deplored. Robert Juet, the mate, has been already mentioned; he was again with Hudson on this voyage. A young man named Henry Greene was also on board, a person who had been cast off by his family for his depraved habits, and whom the generous Hudson had taken with him out of mere pity. Another of the crew was Habbakuk Pricket, a person, like both Juet and Greene, of tolerable education, and from whose private journal the events of this voyage became chiefly known. "At Iceland (says this journal) the surgeon and he (Henry Greene) fell out, and he beat him ashore, which set all the company in a rage." Robert Juet seems to have taken this opportunity to excite the crew against the captain, who, he said, defended Greene, and made a spy and favourite of him. Juet, moreover, was heard to remark, that there would be "bloodshed before the voyage was over." These things came speedily to the ears of the captain, and he was on the eve of returning to Iceland and putting Juet ashore, to be taken home by some fishermen; but the persuasions of others caused him to change his purpose. In the early part of June, he made the coast of Greenland, and having rounded its southern extremity, pushed westward for nearly a month across Davis' Straits. He now came in sight of unknown land, and fell into a current to the south of it, which carried him farther west. Here his peril became great from the enormous masses of ice which were floating about in every direction. Hudson was forced to run the vessel among the larger and more fixed masses, and there let her lie for a time, although one mountain of ice had shortly before fallen over close by the vessel's side, and had given the crew a thrill of mortal alarm. As soon as it was practicable, the captain struggled to carry the ship through the ice, but in vain; it became at length so wedged in as to be immovable.

Fixed in the centre of a boundless waste of rugged mountains of ice, with a band around him of discontented if not mutinous men, Hudson might well have sunk into despondency. But he gave way to no such feelings. He summoned all the crew before him, showed them his charts, told them where he thought they were, and convinced them that they had no hope of extricating themselves but by active, persevering, and combined exertions. The love of life gained the mastery over other passions, and the crew set determinedly to work to clear away the ice around the ship. Ere long, they got her relieved, and brought into open sea. Hudson now pursued his course to the north-west, and passed more than a month in travers-

ing the straits which bear his name. In the beginning of September he reached the most westerly point of Hudson's Straits, and his mind was then filled with the most profound joy, as he believed himself to be just entering into the vast waters of the Pacific, and to have at length discovered the much-desired passage. His crew were anxious that he should stop for a time at Cape Digges, at the corner of the straits, where provisions might have been got; but the commander was eager to make his way into the open sea, and held on in a southerly direction till about the middle of September, when, to his bitter disappointment, he came to the bottom of Hudson's Bay, or of the large inland sea, rather, which is known by that name. Still hoping, however, to find an outlet in the desired direction, he spent the remaining part of September and all October in exploring the bay. In the beginning of November he was compelled to run into a small bay, to haul the ship aground, and take up a station for the winter.

This location was chosen as carefully as possible, but, under any circumstances, the crew of the *Discovery* had the prospect of a miserable winter before them. In ten days the ship was completely frozen in, and the party began to suffer the extremity of cold. The ship, moreover, had only been victualled for six months, and prudence required that the stores, which were falling short, should be dealt out sparingly. To remedy this misfortune as far as lay in his power, the captain offered a reward for every beast, fish, or fowl, that could be killed. All these evils were aggravated by the discontented spirit of those subjected to them. In the middle of September, Hudson had found it necessary to punish Juet the mate, and Francis Clement the boatswain, by depriving them of their posts, on account of various acts of insubordination. Some time after the winter station was taken up, the gunner died, and this event led to new disturbances. It was the custom in those days to sell by auction the clothes of dead seamen, and the gunner had left a strong cloth wrapper, which was coveted by all the crew. But Hudson would not permit it to be put up to auction, because Greene had set his heart upon possessing it. He did not obtain it, however, after all. Having backed the carpenter in his refusal to do a particular piece of work, Greene lost Hudson's countenance, was taunted by him for former discreditable conduct, and had the mortification of seeing the grey gown given to another. Greene was thus added to the number of the mutinous. Such is the account given in the journal of Pricket, who displays the "master" as having become soured in temper, hasty, and irritable. His recent disappointments may have made him so, but he certainly exhibited no such spirit on former occasions. We have, unfortunately, no authority but that of Pricket to follow in these matters. The navigator did not live to tell his own tale.

It was not till the winter had passed, and the ship was again at sea, that the spirit of mutiny reached its height. The men had suffered terribly from frost-bites and hunger, and on the day that the anchor was weighed, Hudson had divided the small remnant of provisions among them with tears in his eyes. This allowance was quickly and almost ravenously consumed, and then the commander proposed that every man's chest should be examined, lest any thing edible should have been concealed. He gave up his own chest for examination in the first instance, and, strange to say, a bag containing thirty cakes was there found. This extraordinary oversight on the part of Hudson exasperated the crew beyond measure, and produced the fatal crisis. Greene and Juet appear to have coalesced, and become friends, in their mutual desire to be revenged on the commander. They formed a cruel plot to seize Hudson and set him adrift in the boat, with all who were sick at the time, and all who were most friendly to him. It was about the middle of June, when the ship was lying at anchor, partially surrounded by ice, that the scheme was carried into effect. Pricket says that he himself was then so lame that he could scarcely move, but that he crawled on deck and besought the conspirators, on his bended knees, to "remember their duty for the love of God, and do as they would be done by." His words were of no avail. Hudson was seized, bound, and put into the boat, scarcely making any cry or act of resistance. Regarding those set adrift in the boat with him by the wretches, an American writer says, "To have killed their victims (the sick) outright would have been comparatively merciful; but a long lingering and painful death was chosen for them." The imagination turns with intense and fearful interest to the scene. The form of the commander is before us, bound hand and foot, condescending to no supplication to the mutineers, but calling in vain for assistance from those who would gladly have helped him, but who were overpowered by numbers, or disabled by sickness. The cry of the suffering and dying rings in our ears, as they are dragged from their beds, to be exposed to the inclemencies of the ice-covered sea in an open boat. Among them appears the young son of Hudson, whose tender years can wake no compassion in the cold-blooded murderers. We refrain from following the unhappy beings, even in fancy, through their sufferings after they are separated from the ship. Over these awful scenes the hand of God has hung a veil, which hides them from us for ever." Not one among them was heard of again.

It is remarkable that the only person who voluntarily chose to follow his commander's fortunes, was the carpenter, with whom Hudson had had the quarrel,

which made Greene his enemy. It is not less remarkable that Greene, Juet, and Wilson (who had been recently made boatswain), were the very men, of all the crew, who should have been the last to lay a finger on Hudson to his injury, in place of acting, as they did, as the leaders in this most inhuman affair. But they reaped, from another hand than that of man, the fitting retribution. Greene was appointed commander, and under his conduct the ship was carried to Digges' Cape, where, in the search for food on shore, the crew were attacked by savages, and Greene was killed on the spot. Wilson was also wounded mortally, and died soon after, with two other men, in great torture. Subsequently, the surviving voyagers passed through Hudson's Straits, killing occasionally some fowl and fish, and thus contriving to sustain life. When they at last got into the open sea, they were reduced to far greater extremities, and were glad to devour the tallow candles and every oleaginous substance they could get. Juet died of sheer want, just as the ship came near the coast of Ireland. Here a fishing vessel picked up the miserable voyagers, and they were afterwards taken safely to England by a pilot. They had been absent in all one year and five months.

Deeply lamenting the fate of Hudson, the London people sent out the *Discovery* in the year following, under the command of Captain Thomas Button, to ascertain if the navigators were yet alive. To this expedition, which proved fruitless, Prickett consented to act as guide, and this circumstance serves to confirm the truth of his narrative in its main points, as he must otherwise have dreaded the re-appearance of his old leader. There is little doubt, therefore, that Henry Hudson came to his end in the manner here related. He had previously done enough, happily, to give him an imperishable name among the explorers of the earth.

WALKS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

EGYPTIAN ROOM—FOURTH ARTICLE.

AMONG the remaining relics of ancient Egypt are to be seen one or two specimens of the spindles used by the people of the country three thousand years ago. These are made of wood, and measure a little more than one foot in length. A ring of wood, or a plaited loop, served to secure the twisted materials on the spindle, and the whole spinning process appears to have been managed by the hands alone. Among other implements preserved in this part of the room, a netting-needle, brought home by Mr Salt, merits particular notice, from its being precisely the same in shape with those commonly used at the present day. It is of wood, and split open at both ends. The Egyptians seem also to have used the distaff, and to have possessed looms of tolerably perfect construction. This latter fact is made apparent by some portions of the Theban paintings, as well as by the remnants of cloths of various kinds which we find in the Egyptian room. The most noticeable point about these cloths, some of which are of close and regular texture, is the fringe attached to many of them, consisting of the twisted ends of the warp, which recalls to mind the directions of Moses to the Hebrews, delivered in times nearly coeval with those under consideration. In the book of Numbers, the children of Israel are bid to "make them fringes in the borders of their garments, throughout their generations," and to "put upon the fringe of the borders a ribbon of blue." The whole process of manufacturing linen or woollen cloths must certainly have been a tedious one, as conducted in ancient Egypt; though this was a matter of minor consequence in a country where labour seems to have been the cheapest of all imaginable things.

The cases of the Egyptian room display a vast variety of children's play-things, or small ornamental articles which we may conceive to have been of that description. Dolls are abundant—some of them bearing shapes recognisable as models of existing animals, and others constructed at the bidding of the most grotesque fancy. Several of these articles are moveable in part or parts, and appear to have been set in action by strings for the delectation of the juvenile Egyptians, in the same manner as our jumping-jacks are put in motion at this enlightened day. For the amusement of these children of old, mimic animals exhibited their powers in a hobbling gallop, and figurative bakers wrought lustily at their kneading-board at the touch of an infant's finger. A curious instance of the occasional utility of even the most trifling relics of antiquity in throwing light on subjects of greater and real interest, is afforded by one of these toys, which is in the Leyden Museum, and wears the form of a crocodile. Herodotus, notwithstanding his having visited Egypt in person, commits the blunder of supposing that the crocodile cannot move its lower jaw, and, upon his great authority, the notion has continued prevalent almost up to the present hour. The mobility of the lower jaw of the toy shows that the Egyptians at least did not share this error, or instil it into the mind of the old historian, but that they knew the under jaw to be the moving one in this creature, as it is in other members of the animal world.

Children's play-things naturally suggest the subject of adult games or sports in ancient Egypt. In the cases of the Egyptian room, we find several balls, formed of a variety of stuffs, and indicating the game of ball to have been common in Egypt. Some of these balls are covered with skin or leather, and stuffed with bran, while the interior of others is composed of plaited

rushes. Children used these articles, doubtless; but the paintings on the tombs show us that the game of ball was commonly practised also by grown-up people, and particularly by women. Sometimes one ball only was thrown into the air, as if for mere exercise of the arms; and in other cases, the player kept up three or four balls at one and the same time, like the modern eastern jugglers. The paintings exhibit another and more curious mode of ball-playing, where one person is seated upon another's back, and in that situation engages in a game with another party, holding precisely the same position at a short and fixed distance. When either of the players fails to catch the balls passing between them, the one so failing dismounts, and becomes the supporter in turn of the party on whose back she was placed: we say *she*, because the painting representing this game displays four women engaged in it. Another amusement, common in ancient Egypt, was that of throwing the dice, of which articles several specimens have been found. These are formed of ivory or bone, and have the usual number of sides (six), marked in the very same way as the ordinary ones now in use. We do not exactly know whether the Egyptians used these articles in connection with any other game, such as backgammon, but the dice are implements of such a nature, that, once possessed of them, no one can be at a loss for multiform varieties of gambling. In truth, mortals can make sufficiently exciting and perhaps ruinous trials of fortune or chance, without any such implements at all, as is satisfactorily displayed on some of these same Theban paintings. There we find parties obviously engaged in playing at "odds and evens," a game well known to children in this country, and performed by one person holding in his hand or hands a number of small objects, while another guesses whether the number be an even one or otherwise.

The magnificent work of the learned Italian professor, Rosellini, as well as the excellent production of Mr Wilkinson in this country, contain plates illustrative of various other Egyptian games depicted in the monumental paintings, and of which no record exists, or indeed could be expected to exist, among the preserved relics of the country. Among others, we find a representation of playing with the thimble, or thimble-rigging. Professor Rosellini's work exhibits (not thimbles, certainly, but) four small cups in the usual fashion, with the conjuror apparently haranguing away to an intended victim, and defying him to discover under which the ball (pea) lay. The meaning of the painting is not to be mistaken. The modern world of civilisation, therefore, which has so long had the vanity to regard the refined science of thimble-rigging exclusively a creation of its own, must yield the palm, in this as in so many other points, to the people of old Thebes. Tumblers, a class of performers who now-a-days exhibit on nearly the same scenes as the thimble-conjurors, were abundant in Egypt, if we may put faith in the same monumental paintings. Women, in tight dresses, seem to have been usually the performers, and some of their postures indicate them to have accomplished very difficult feats. For example, one tumbling feat appears to have consisted in the continued circumgyrations of two persons, who commenced their task in such a way that, when one was standing, the head of the second was downwards, and her feet or legs projected over each side of the first's neck. The first bent backwards till the projecting feet of her companion reached the ground, when the latter, standing firm, threw the first one's limbs over her head in turn. They contrived in this manner to go over and over like a revolving wheel. Other feats of agility, not less curious, are represented as having been performed by these Egyptian tumblers.

It is worthy of notice, also, that among other games, one resembling chess or draughts appears to have been known to the Egyptians. One or two upright pieces of wood, of small size, have been found about the tombs, and, from the sculptures or paintings representing the game, these have been concluded to be specimens of the pieces or men which the players moved on the board. The principles of the game, of course, cannot be ascertained from the delineations of it, which merely exhibit two persons seated opposite to each other, with a board (in profile) between them, on which appears a row of the upright pieces alluded to. From these and other facts relating to the Egyptian games, it may be concluded, on the whole, that the people of that country had abundant and varied means of enjoyment, both in-doors and out-of-doors, of the kind derivable from such sources. Wrestling, and other athletic sports, are shown by the tomb paintings to have been practised among them, and we regret to add, that the same unquestionable authority shows bull-fighting to have been also one of their common public amusements.

We have now glanced over the principal portion of the articles in the Egyptian room, which possess sufficient interest to justify a particular description. Yet, after all, but a small proportion of these relics has been here noticed. Whole shelves, for example, are covered with Egyptian deities, or household gods, formed of wood, metal, or stone, and moulded into an immensity of fantastic shapes. These, though almost indescribable on paper, will both interest and amuse the eye of the visitor to the room. The same may be said of the numerous sepulchral figures contained in these cases, of the human mummies and their elaborately ornamented receptacles, of the animal mummies, and of many other relics to be seen in this interesting

apartment. In our successive notices of the remains of ancient Egypt, however, it has been our object to confine our descriptions chiefly to such articles as illustrated the condition of the domestic arts among this remarkable people, and thus to afford room for a comparison between the state of civilisation which the world had attained three thousand years ago, and that which it displays at the present hour. The result will be felt, we believe, to be much more favourable in many respects to antiquity, than could have been believed without such infallible testimonies as these relics present. As regards domestic luxuries, the furnishings of dwellings, and various important arts of life, mankind seem actually to have advanced scarcely a step beyond the point which their predecessors had reached in Egypt, in the times under notice. The carpenter, the potter, and many other craftsmen, appear to have wrought with the very same tools now in use, and to have produced specimens of workmanship that lose nothing by contrast with aught of modern manufacture. There is something painful in the thought of all this, though the feeling is mitigated by the consciousness that, in some great and prominent particulars, we can boast of a vast superiority over our Egyptian predecessors on the stage of time. The press, steam, and gas, need only be mentioned in proof or explanation of this assertion. The first two, at least, of these mighty inventions, are alone calculated to change the face of a world, and, recently as their energies have been developed, it is to them that we really owe the superiority we possess over the ancient Egyptians, both as regards intellectual cultivation and the condition of the manufacturing arts—in short, as regards civilisation, in the most comprehensive sense of the term.

In any view of the question, what a long blank interval of non-improvement there has been in the annals of the world! Had our course of melioration been unchecked, from the palmy era of Thebes downwards, mankind would now have been, or ought to have been, far, far in advance of their present condition. War, the perpetual and self-inflicted scourge of blinded man, has been the great impediment in the way, and has caused what may be fairly termed a loss to the human race of all the benefits deducible from the experience of three thousand years.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

"IT IS LOW."

WE scarcely know any error into which people are more ready to fall than the notion that certain things—for instance, certain lines of business—are *low*. "Oh, it would be looked upon as so *low*. I can't do such a thing as that." "I should think shame to be seen following such a *low* profession." And so on, with fifty excuses and stupidities equally ridiculous. What this thing is which is called low, we never have been rightly able to understand, for it varies in different places, and is never exactly the same any where. What is reckoned low in latitude fifty-five degrees fifty-four minutes, is not low in latitude forty-eight; what is low in the longitude of Greenwich is not low in the longitude of New York. It likewise varies according to times. A thing was low twenty years ago which is not low in the present day. We have a distinct remembrance of things being considered low, which are low no longer. The publication of our own poor little paper was, by most people, looked upon as low. The aristocracy of sixpence and half-a-crown viewed the affair as an excessively low thing, in the same manner, and from the same feeling, that the authors of folios and quartos in the reign of Queen Anne, viewed the paltry efforts of the daily press, of which Addison gives us a humorous account in his *Essays*. Whether we are still reckoned to be low, we do not pretend to say, but we are quite certain of the fact, that those who once called out low, have themselves yielded to the spirit of lowness, and now emulate the cheap press in its multifarious efforts. Thus a change is perpetually going on in notions of what is low. The idea is breaking down. The thing that is low in one year, is not low the next; and he who scruples to transact any honest piece of business from an idea that it is low, may rest assured of this, that he will soon see some one less fastidious step in and take the said business from him; and, what is more, he will see that very person thrive and be respected for doing that which he at one time foolishly rejected and was ashamed of. The truth is, there is nothing intrinsically low if it be consistent with what is just and reasonable. We are all, every one of us, living by ministering, some way or other, to each other's necessities and comforts. The nobleman who lets his land to a farmer, properly speaking, lives by the sale of turnips, grass, and cattle, the farmer being merely a convenient instrument for conducting the negotiations and gathering in the money; or he possesses coal-pits, and through the medium of a tacksman or lessee, supplies fuel to all and sundry who will buy of him. What great difference, then, is there, in one respect, between

the nobleman who possesses these sources of revenue, and the merchant or tradesman who keeps a shop! No one pretends there is any substantial difference. The whole world is but a great shop, in which all are sellers and buyers in turn, and in which each is expected to do something useful for the general well-being of the concern. Let us, for the sake of consistency and common sense, get rid of this preposterous notion of lowness, which, as we say, is ever shifting its ground, and gradually getting broken down. It is the bane of rational enterprise, and keeps hundreds from doing that which would be really honourable and lucrative. Honour and shame, as Pope has observed, arise from no particular condition in life; true merit consists in the correct performance of our part, whatever that may chance to be.

STORY FROM FORBES'S ORIENTAL MEMOIRS.

IN Forbes's Oriental Memoirs, a work published more than twenty years ago, and one of the very ablest productions on the subject of the East, we find the subjoined story related as having occurred in the history of an individual with whom the writer was well acquainted, and for whose respectability and veracity he could confidently vouch.

A lady, known to Mr Forbes, had been twice married in India. "Her first husband dying when she was very young, left two children, a son and a daughter: the latter remained with the mother; the boy was sent to England for education, and at the age of sixteen embarked to return to Bombay, with the appointment of a writer. All the ships of the season arrived in due time except that in which he sailed, and that was at length despaired of; but the mother still walked at evening upon the beach, looking towards that quarter where ships from Europe would first be seen. A brahmin, well known among the English for some extraordinary instances of second sight, noting her resort to this place, and her anxious looks, asked her the cause of her anxiety, and she in reply, believing in his power, inquired why a man so gifted should ask what he must needs know. The brahmin was affected, and said, 'I do know the cause of your sorrow; your son lives; the ship will soon arrive in safety; but you will never more behold him.' The conversation was immediately reported to her friends; the ship soon reached Bombay: and it was then learnt that the youth had changed his religion on the way at Rio de Janeiro, and entered as a novice among the Jesuits; in that order he professed, and wrote occasionally to his mother, till the Jesuits were suppressed, and banished from South America. After that, he was heard of no more.

The mother, having removed to England, lost her daughter there, and sank into a state of despondency, from which neither time, nor religion, nor the efforts of an affectionate husband, could rouse her. An intimate friend of the family having money remitted from India by bills on Portugal, went to Lisbon to receive it. Walking near a prison in that city, an Englishman, through the grate of a subterranean dungeon, asked charity; he stopped to relieve his countryman, and inquiring who he was, and how he came there, found it was the son of this lady. The intelligence was immediately conveyed to England, and communicated to her with all possible tenderness; she was told that money had been remitted to him, and such means taken for his deliverance that there could be no doubt of their success. The news did create a momentary joy, but it was succeeded by keener pangs of sorrow; and she continually exclaimed, 'Oh the brahmin! the brahmin! If the devil possessed the power of making us miserable, it would be by giving us this foreknowledge that he would most successfully exert it.' The brahmin had told her that her son lived, but that she should never see him more; the first part of the prediction had been fulfilled, and she could not doubt of the truth of the latter. And the prediction, after the lapse of thirty years, was accomplished in all its parts. The release of the ex-Jesuit was obtained—he heard of life and light, and joy and maternal love; the change was too great for human nature, and he died almost immediately after his deliverance."

In noticing the work of Mr Forbes, the Quarterly Review quotes this story, as it has been now given, and observes at the conclusion—"In the latter part of this very remarkable story we believe Mr Forbes to be incorrect; certain it is, that no Englishman could solicit charity from a dungeon, in Lisbon, without finding immediate assistance from his countrymen. The circumstances, as we heard them at Lisbon, were these:—The English Jesuit having been a man of eminence in his order, was one of Pombal's countless victims, and confined, not where he could call upon his countrymen for charity, but in one of the prisons at Belem, which at high water was under the bed of the river. There he remained, his existence being known only to those who had the charge of feeding him, neglected, and perhaps forgotten, by the unfeeling despotism which had cast him there, till Pombal was disgraced. All the living victims of that minister's policy being then delivered, this dungeon also was opened, and the Englishman, who for many years had never beheld the light of heaven, nor breathed the open air, was left to go where he would. He found his way to the *Praça*

di Commercio (the Exchange), where the English assemble, and there told his story. He was recognised by a friend of the family, and the result was as Mr Forbes relates it: he had lived, like a toad, in the bowels of the earth, and might long have continued to live in his dungeon; his nature had adapted itself to the situation. There was no consumption of life; it existed like the fabled lamps in a sepulchre, in its own atmosphere. But air and light became poison to one who had lived so long in darkness, and the change, in the course of a very few weeks, proved fatal."

We need hardly add, that the brahmin's assumption of the gift of foresight was nothing else than a pretence, and that his prediction was a mere hazard, which came true by chance; had it failed, there would have been no attention paid to the circumstance. Thus, the successful predictions of pretended prophets are always sure to be reported, while their failures are forgotten.

THE ART OF SELF-EXAMINATION.

MR WYSE, in his large and excellent work on Education, offers a suggestion which is exceedingly worthy of the attention of those who are charged with the instruction of youth: he recommends that, for the better moral training of pupils, each should be initiated and confirmed in the art of self-inquiry and self-examination. "This," he observes, "has been reduced to practice at Hofwyl. When a boy commits a fault, he is sent to write down a detailed account of what he has done, the motives and reasons which prompted him to its commission, &c. The effect of this, it is obvious, must be most powerful. Suppose a boy has told a falsehood to serve himself and implicate another, what is more likely to make him deeply sensible of the meanness of what he has done, than the retracing, step by step, the circumstances, reasons, feelings, &c., which urged him to the act? First of all comes the action which he has endeavoured to deny, falsehood; then the fear of discovery, cowardice; the seeking the means to avoid it, cunning; the implication of another, baseness, treachery, &c.: while all this continues a confused heap in his mind, self-love, taking advantage of the confusion, will attempt to disguise its enormity. But let it be thus analysed, and if he be not absolutely hardened, he must be covered with confusion. Such, indeed, conjoined to an affectionate attachment to all above them, has been the result. So far now from seeking to disguise or excuse their errors, in order to avoid this confusion, they are usually the first to report them themselves."

"Make the pupil (continues this intelligent author) observe, examine, account, not for the circumstances only, but for the motives of his fault; and not with rebuke and harshness, but with that sympathy and paternal love, which, if he be the child which such a discipline should form, depend upon it will be punishment and correction enough. The dread of this confession, the necessary consequence of every error, enhanced, as it will always be, by the kindness and judgment of a good teacher, will soon be transferred to self-examination, to the confession of his own heart, in the solitude of his own chamber. He will blush to meet himself as he did his teacher, after an act of duplicity, or selfishness, or passion. The censure of the teacher's eye will be weak compared to his own, for conscience will be the court, and God the judge, and he himself will be his own accuser. When once this habit is formed (and how easily may it be formed!) the master has indeed achieved his work. He has surrounded these young and undefiled spirits with omnipresence and omniscience; he has introduced the severest and surest of all police (a preventive power, in comparison to which all corrective is weak) into the innermost foldings of the young heart. There is nothing now necessary but punctuality and perseverance. No evening should be allowed to pass without this inquest; and in order that it may be conducted in the most effective manner, even mechanical aid should not be despised. Various have been proposed: that suggested by Franklin, and developed, in an article in the Journal of Education, under the name of the 'Regulator,' is excellently adapted to this evening examination."

The following is the plan pursued by Franklin, which is recommended in an especial manner to young men. "Finding that bad habits usually crept in from want of attention, and that his propensities were often too strong for his reason, he adopted a method framed for the purpose of breaking up these habits and controlling these propensities with something like certainty, and forming and strengthening the opposite dispositions and qualities. Observing that very vague ideas were attached to the names of virtues in general, he specified more minutely those he was desirous of acquiring, and ranged them under the thirteen following heads:—1. Sobriety. 2. Silence. 3. Order. 4. Resolution. 5. Economy. 6. Application. 7. Sincerity. 8. Justice. 9. Moderation. 10. Cleanliness. 11. Tranquillity. 12. Chastity. 13. Humility. Resolved to acquire each, he did not attempt the task in gross. He took each of the thirteen in succession, beginning with *Sobriety*. He accompanied this, conformably, as he says, to the advice of Pythagoras, with a *Daily Evening Examination*; and in order to conduct it with effect, he adopted the following plan:—He assigned in a small book, for each of the virtues just mentioned, a page ruled with red ink, in seven columns, one for each day in the week; these columns were crossed by thirteen horizontal lines, at the beginning of each of which was the initial letter of one of the virtues. On this line, and in the appropriate column, he marked the violations committed during the day against that particular virtue. He paid strict attention for a whole week to each in succession, leaving the others to take their chance. In case he succeeded during an entire week in keeping clear his line marked, for instance, '*Sobriety*,' he considered the habit of that virtue to have been sufficiently formed, and extended his attention to the next, with the view of obtaining in the next week another line equally exempt

from marks. In this manner he hoped to be enabled to make a course in thirteen weeks, and four courses in the year.

This plan was continued for some time without any interruption. He was surprised, at first, to find that he had many more defects than he had imagined; but he had soon the satisfaction to see them gradually diminish. After a little time, he made only one course during the year; later, one only in many years; at last none, in consequence of the diversity and multiplicity of his avocations, journeys, &c., but he always carried his little book with him. The resolution of Order he found the most difficult of all others to observe; for though practicable as long as he was a journeyman printer, the moment he became master, his time was no longer at his disposal. He found also, from early habits of disorder, and too much reliance on an excellent memory, extreme difficulty in keeping in proper arrangement his papers, books, &c.; for a time he almost despaired of ever acquiring punctuality, and very painfully experienced, even in his latter days, the disadvantages resulting from its want. Yet with all this, and though he did not attain the full perfection at which he aimed, his efforts rendered him better, and much happier, than he would have been had he never formed this plan. He states, for the information of posterity, that to it, with the assistance of God, he was mainly indebted for the constant happiness he enjoyed to the seventy-ninth year of his life. He attributes to his Sobriety his long and uninterrupted health; to his Industry and Economy the independence which he early attained, and the acquisition not only of wealth but of knowledge, which enabled him to perform the duties of a good citizen, and acquire the consideration which he enjoyed amongst the literary characters of his day; to his Sincerity and Justice the confidence and distinctions with which he had been honoured by his fellow-countrymen. In fine, to the union of these several virtues, however imperfectly attained, he was indebted for that equality of temper and good humour which rendered his company an object of delight even to the youngest. He hopes, therefore, that the process he has recommended, will be as eagerly, and he doubts not as successfully, applied by his descendants."

AN INCIDENT A LA CALEB BALDERSTONE.

SOME of our readers have doubtless perused "Stephens's Incidents of Travel in Egypt, &c.," of which we lately published a cheap edition for popular use, but many others in all probability have not. The work is exceedingly amusing, both for the liveliness of the author's style—he is an American—and the graphic accounts which he presents of eastern manners, and the remarkable places he visited. The following scrap affords a tolerably fair specimen of his free-and-easy way of reciting his adventures in sailing up the Nile in quest of pyramids:—

Returning from one of his excursions on the banks of the river, in company with two Englishmen, whose well-replenished boat he was so fortunate as to overtake, "I was glad (he says) to get back to my rascally donkey. If a man were oppressed and borne down with mental anxiety, if he were mourning and melancholy, either from the loss of a friend or an undigested dinner, I would engage to cure him. I would put him on a donkey without saddle or halter, and if he did not find himself by degrees drawn from the sense of his misery, and worked up into a towering passion, getting off and belabouring his brute with his stick, and forgetting every thing in this world but the obstinacy of the ass, and his own folly in attempting to ride one, man is a more quiet animal than I take him to be.

As I intended going the next day up the Cataracts with my companions, and expected to spend the day on board their boat, I had asked them to dine with me in the evening. After giving the invitation, I held a council with Paul, who told me that the thing was impossible, and, with a prudence worthy of Caleb Balderstone, expressed his wonder that I had not worked an invitation out of them. I told him, however, that the thing was settled, and dine with me they must. My housekeeping had never been very extravagant, and macaroni, rice, and fowl, had been my standing dishes. Paul was pertinacious in raising objections, but I told him peremptorily there was no escape; that he must buy a cow or a camel, if necessary, and left him scratching his head and pondering over the task before him.

In the hurried business of the day, I had entirely forgotten my servant Paul and his perplexities. Once only, I remember, with a commendable prudence, I tried to get my companions to expend some of their force upon dried dates and Nubian bread, which they as maliciously declined, that they might do justice to me. Returning now, at the end of nine hours' hard work, crossing rivers and rambling among ruins, the sharp exercise, and the grating of my teeth at the stubborn movements of my donkey, gave me an extraordinary voracity; and dinner—the all-important, never-to-be-forgotten business of the day, the delight alike of the ploughman and philosopher—dinner, with its uncertain goodness, began to press upon the most tender sensibilities of my nature. My companions felt the vibrations of the same chord, and with an unnecessary degree of circumstance talked of the effect of air and exercise in sharpening the appetite, and the glorious satisfaction, after a day's work, of sitting down to a good dinner. I had perfect confidence in Paul's zeal and ability, but I began to have some misgivings. I felt a hungry devil within me, that roared as if he would never be satisfied. I looked at my com-

panions, and heard them talk; and as I followed their humour with an hysteric laugh, I thought the genius of famine was at his heels in the shape of two hungry Englishmen. I trembled for Paul, but the first glimpse I caught of him reassured me. He sat on the deck of the boat, with his arms folded, coolly, though with an air of conscious importance, looking out for us. Slowly and with dignity he came to assist us from our cursed donkeys; neither a smile nor frown was on his face, but there reigned an expression that you could not mistake. Reader, you have seen the countenance of a good man lighted up with the consciousness of having done a good action; even so was Paul's. I could read in his face a consciousness of having acted well his part. One might almost have dined on it. It said, as plainly as face could speak, one, two, three, four, five courses and a dessert, or, as they say at the two-franc restaurants in Paris, 'Quatre plats, une demi-bouteille de vin, et pain à discrétion.'

In fact, the worthy butler of Havenswood could not have stood in the hall of his master in the days of its glory, before thunder broke china and soured buttermilk, with more sober and conscious dignity than did Paul stand on the deck of my boat to receive us. A load was removed from my heart. I knew that my credit was saved, and I led the way with a proud step to my little cabin. Still I asked no questions, and made no apologies. I simply told my companions we were

Paul's hands, and he would do with us as seemed to him good. Another board had been added to my table, and my towel had been washed and dried during the day, and now lay, clean and of a rather reddish white, doing the duty of a table-cloth. I noticed, too, tumblers, knives and forks, and plates, which were strangers to me, but I said nothing; we seated ourselves and waited, nor did we wait long; soon we saw Paul coming towards us, staggering under the weight of his burden, the savoury odour of which preceded him. He entered, and laid before us an Irish stew. Reader, did you ever eat an Irish stew? Gracious Heaven! I shall never forget that paragon of dishes; how often in the Desert, among the mountains of Sinai, in the Holy Land, rambling along the Valley of Jehoshaphat, or on the shores of the Dead Sea—how often has that Irish stew risen before me to tease and tantalise me, and haunt me with the memory of departed joys! The potato is a vegetable that does not grow in Egypt. I had not tasted one for more than a month, and was almost startled out of my propriety at seeing them; but I held my peace, and was as solemn and dignified as Paul himself. Without much ceremony, we threw ourselves with one accord upon the stew. I think I only do our party justice, when I say that few of those famished gentlemen from whose emerald isle it takes its name, could have shown more affection for the national dish. For my own part, as I did not know what was coming next, if any thing, I felt loath to part with it. My companions were knowing ones, and seemed to be of the same way of thinking; and without any consultation, all appeared to be approaching the same end, to wit, the end of the stew. With the empty dish before him, demonstrative to Paul that so far we were perfectly satisfied with what he had done, that worthy purveyor came forward with an increase of dignity to change our plates. I now saw that something more was coming. I had suspected from the beginning that Paul was in the mutton line, and involuntarily murmured, 'This day a sheep has died;' and presently on came another cut of the murdered innocent, in cutlets, accompanied by fried potatoes. Then came boiled mutton and boiled potatoes, and then roast mutton and roast potatoes, and then came a macaroni paté. I thought this was going to spoil the whole; until this I had considered the dinner as something extraordinary and recherché. But the macaroni, the thing of at least six days in the week, utterly disconcerted me. I tried to give Paul a wink to keep it back, but on he came; if he had followed with a chicken, I verily believe I should have thrown it at his head. But my friends were unflinching and uncompromising. They were determined to stand by Paul to the last; and we laid in the macaroni paté with as much vigour as if we had not already eaten a sheep. Paul wound us up and packed us down with pancakes. I never knew a man that did not like pancakes, or who could not eat them even at the end of a mighty dinner. And now, feeling that happy sensation of fullness which puts a man above kings, princes, or pachas, we lighted our long pipes and smoked. Our stomachs were full, and our hearts were open. Talk of mutual sympathy, of congenial spirits, of similarity of tastes, and all that; 'tis the dinner which unlocks the heart; you feel yourself warming towards the man that has dined with you. It was in this happy spirit that we lay like warriors, resting on our arms, and talked over the particulars of our battles.

And now, all dignity put aside and all restraint removed, and thinking my friends might have recognised acquaintances among the things at the table which were strangers to me, and thinking, too, that I stood on a pinnacle, and, come what might, I could not fall, I led the way in speculating upon the manner in which Paul had served us. The ice once broken, my friends solved many of the mysteries, by claiming this, that, and the other, as part of their furniture and stores. In fact, they were going on most unscrupulously, making it somewhat doubtful whether I had furnished any thing for my own dinner; and I called in Paul. But that functionary had no desire to be questioned; he hemmed, and haved, and dodged about; but I told him to make a clean heart of it, and then it

came out, but it was like drawing teeth, that he had been on a regular foraging expedition among their stores. The potatoes with which he had made such a flourish were part of a very small stock furnished them by a friend, as a luxury not to be had on the Nile; and instead of the acknowledgments which I expected to receive on account of my dinner, my friends congratulated me rather ironically upon possessing such a treasure of a steward. We sat together till a late hour: were grave, gay, laughing, and lachrymose, by turns, and when we began to doze over our pipes, betook ourselves to slumber."

MACHINERY—A DIALOGUE.*

In the month of October 1830, there was a great stir among the Belgian workmen. The streets of the city where I dwelt were crowded with them at leisure hours. They ran from spot to spot, gesticulated, and harangued incessantly. On one occasion, a large body of them assembled just under my window, by leaning over which I could not only recognise many of them individually, but could also hear distinctly all that was said among them. Their discourse interested me so much, that I think it worthy of preservation and repetition.

A Cotton-Spinner.—My friends, I tell you that all machines are abominable things. If we do not bring them to an end, they will soon bring us. The spinning machine which I manage does more work by itself than a hundred persons could. Only think what a lot of bread there would be here for poor workmen if it were not for such an invention!

A Spinning-Weaver.—There cannot be a doubt of that; these machines are invented to enrich manufacturers, and nobody thinks of the wrong which they do to the like of us. My master, who has twenty power-looms going, gives work enough to me; but if it were not for the machinery, my wife and my girls, and my boys too, might all be employed in the business.

A Shoemaker.—They are even making shoes now by machinery. Save us! what will this poor world come to, and the poor folks in it! Shoemakers will soon scarcely find enough of work to keep themselves in old slippers.

A Printer.—There is perhaps no need of machines, my friend, to prove the truth of the proverb that "the shoemaker's son is always worst shod." But printers, my friends, will be worse off than any of you; these steam-presses will, by and bye, take away our whole work.

A Field-labourer.—We who toil in the country are far more unfortunately placed. During the whole winter we have no way of living but by thrashing grain to the farmers, and now there are new thrashing machines spreading like wildfire over the whole country.

A Baker.—Fsha! you have much reason, truly, to complain, when, during the whole summer, you can get as much work as you like. It is but in winter that you can suffer; but what do you think of us, who find kneading-machines and such like articles destroying the value of our arms every day in the year; and taking away our bread!

A Carding-machine-maker.—Gentlemen, you complain of machines. Ah, machines were not such bad things when it required men's hands to make them, and when men got bread by the work. But now, what think you of their setting machines to make machines!

All the workmen.—Oh, it is horrible; we can't stand it much longer.

The Printer.—Ah! Bonhomme Richard,† you who are one of the very best workmen living, are not you of our opinion about these machines!

Richard (shaking his head).—No, my friends, I am of quite an opposite opinion. I think that machines are productive of very great good to the country, and even to the workmen themselves.

All.—Impossible! Do you really think as you say?

Richard.—You know well that I always speak what I believe to be the truth. Listen to me, and you will soon think as I do in this matter. Don't you [addressing the printer]; when you buy bread, like better to pay fivepence for it than temperance!

The Printer.—There is no doubt about that.

Richard.—Then the kneading-machine, the thrashing-machine, the ploughing-machine, and all sorts of mill machinery, are as useful to you as they are to others. When you [addressing the baker] find it necessary to buy some yards of cotton; you prefer paying sixpence a yard for the article to paying half-a-crown!

The Baker.—I naturally do.

* The above piece, which places in a simple and clear light the question of competition between manual and machinal labour, is translated from the Belgian Almanack for 1837. Many of the arguments have been repeatedly urged before, but as the operatives are yet far from having arrived at conviction on this important point, the truth cannot be the worse of repetition.

† Bonhomme Richard, being translated, signifies Goodman Richard. The name is familiarly used to designate a sort of emblematic character—the best ideal of a good, worthy man, possessed of a deal of shrewd common sense. The Poor Richard of Franklin gives a pretty correct illustration of the character.

Richard.—Then the cards and the jennies are advantageous things to you. When you [to the field-labourer] want a pair of hose for Sunday, do you find it most pleasant to pay sixteen or eighteen pence for them, or to pay a couple of shillings or more? When you want an almanack to look at the months, whether do you like best to get it for threepence or for temperance!

The Field-labourer.—Ah, you are joking now! Sure enough I like the cheap way best.

Richard.—Then the stocking-loom and the steam-press are advantageous to you. In short, all of you may see, when the point comes to undergo a little examination from you, that the machines of which you complain are useful to each of you individually; and even if they could be shown to prejudice you a little in the exercise of your particular trades (which is not the case, however, as I shall yet prove to you), do they not in the aggregate procure you a host of comforts, which you could never have without them? Suppose for a moment that each of you would gain more if there were no machines. Would this make you richer, if you were obliged to pay dearer for every article of life! No; assuredly not. For, as one of our writers says, "Every diminution in expenditure is equivalent to an increase in gain."

If we examine the question with more care, you will see by and bye why machines must be useful to all the world. Listen.

When any thing exists in sufficient quantity for consumption, the want or utility of it is not what fixes its value; that depends on the amount of trouble and labour necessary to procure the article. Stones are articles in great request; and yet they cost very little. Wood is also a very necessary article, and yet wood, in the greater part of Belgium, is by no means expensive, because the care and labour laid out on the raising of trees, and cutting down of them, are comparatively trifling, and the land is not high in price. Iron, too, is cheap, because easily extracted from the earth, and found in it in abundance. But gold, again, which is far less useful than iron, is very dear, and this is to be ascribed to the difficulty of discovering any great quantity of it in the earth, and of extracting it therefrom. The difficulty and trouble of production, my friends, fix the value upon every article; and if we could discover the means of producing, without trouble, all the things that are now expensive, we should have them cheap enough in the market. Now, machinery affords these very means, and by it alone are all the necessities of life to be made cheap.

A Workman.—But, Richard, when there were no machines, people were happier than they are now.

Richard.—Happier! Ah, my friends, this is nothing but a too oft repeated falsehood. The lower classes, in particular, have little reason to regret the changes which time has effected. Formerly, they were slaves, dependents even for life on those above them, ill clad, ill fed, ill housed, exposed to destructive epidemics, often suffering through famines, and in every respect, as is easily demonstrable from history, subject to wretchedness of which they have now no idea. The good old times were very bad times for the poor.

But suppose that all machines were destroyed, and every thing brought back to the state of a former period. What would be the result? We have now a working population in Belgium of about twelve hundred thousand persons. This number of workers, deprived of mills and all agricultural machinery, would be totally unable to cultivate the lands of the country. A great proportion of the soil would of necessity lie untilled, and in the first year a large section of the population would die from sheer famine. No more arts, no more manufactures; all the available human arms would be forced to till the earth, and, for the price of their toil, would barely raise enough of food to keep themselves alive.

A Workman.—Well, Richard, we believe what you say, as far as regards the necessity for ploughs and other agricultural machines. We should be furnished without their aid in raising food. But this is not the case with other machines; we should not die of hunger, if there was no printing machinery, no power-looms, no paper-machines, and engines like these.

Richard.—You are in error: It is impossible that machinery can be useful in one department and destructive in another. The same cause, in the same circumstances, ought always to produce the same effects. But let us leave agriculture, then, as we find it at this day: it is plain that with its machines, moved by animals, wind, or water, it no longer requires the labour of the whole population, and that the unoccupied individuals will occupy themselves in fabricating all the articles in request among a cultivated people. Supposing that these workmen interdict the use of machines, what would ensue? It is obvious that a great diminution of the quantity of produce would be the first and instantaneous result. Society would then be deprived of a large proportion of the articles now spread among them for their comfort and enjoyment. The scarcity would cause articles to rise to an exorbitant price. The workman would scarcely be able to purchase the article on which his own labour was expended; but if he had even some little advantage with regard to this single article, he would be, as regards all others, a mere common purchaser, and the dearth would be felt by him as much as by the rest of the world. Work, besides, would be executed in an inferior way without machines, and thus the first result

of the diuse of machines would plainly be to make all articles and necessities of life at once scarce, costly, and bad. Machines—

A Workman (interrupting).—But what use is it to workmen that such a state of things is changed by machinery, and that articles are produced cheap, good, and in abundance, if that very machinery deprives workmen of employment, and prevents their having means to buy and enjoy either cheap or dear things?

Another Workman.—Ah! yes, that is well said. What say you to that, Richard? We complain of machines, because, while they make some rich, they throw others into the greatest misery, by taking from them their employment.

Richard.—My friends, it is not difficult to answer this assertion. I will prove to you that machines, the more they are multiplied, give only the greater chances of employment to workmen. Listen to this statement. We inhabit a city of twenty thousand inhabitants. Well; suppose that the art of manufacturing woollen cloth was yet imperfect, and that this cloth (touching his coat) cost 60 francs (L2, 10s.) the yard. How many people do you think there are in your city, rich enough, and extravagant enough, to buy cloth at 60 francs per yard? Not above ten, I should imagine. Suppose, now, that a clever manufacturer invents a machine, which, by economising time, and enabling one man to do twice his previous work, permits the inventor to sell his cloth at 30 francs. At this price, a hundred persons will be found to purchase the goods, in place of ten. Thus, you see, if an invention diminishes the amount of manual labour by one-half, the consumption, on the other hand, is increased ten-fold, and five times the previous number of workmen will be employed. This is the certain consequence of the increased demand. If the manual labour suffers another diminution of one-half, through some new mechanical invention, the manufacturer will sell his goods at 15 francs, and, at a fair enough computation, a thousand purchasers will now be found in the city. The consequence again is, that the number of workmen employed will be twenty-five times greater than when the cloth sold at 60 francs. If by further inventions the price can still be decreased, the augmented consumption will cause the augmentation of the workmen to proceed in the same ratio. The consumption can never fail under natural circumstances, for when the city is supplied, there are still ample markets elsewhere.

The case is still more striking in the matter of printing. A few copyists long occupied the whole trade of multiplying books, and produced them at such prices as to throw an impassable barrier in the way of the spread of knowledge. The discovery of printing, though one of the most direct imaginable savings of manual labour, increased the workmen in the trade to a most wonderful extent. A printer does more work than two hundred copyists; and if we add the press-makers, the type-founders, the ink-makers, the paper-makers, the booksellers, and various other classes of workmen—all dependent on this trade—we shall find that the employment of machinery in the manufacture of books, is and has been the means of giving work to thousands upon thousands, who would never have found it under the manual or copying system.

Look at things which have taken place under your own eyes. Many can remember since all the cotton in Belgium was spun without machinery; let them look at the trade now-a-days, and they will see that the numbers of workmen have vastly increased since the use of machinery, and that all of these men, in clothing, housing, and feeding, are much better off than the few engaged in the trade were formerly. These are facts, and the opponents of machinery should blush for making so senseless an outcry in the face of them.

A Workman.—But every thing should have its bounds. Don't you think machinery may be carried too far?

Richard.—There is but one natural limit to the multiplication of machinery, and that limit is the want of arms to construct and manage it.

The Printer.—Yes; but is there not inconvenience at the moment when machines are introduced? They do the work of many men, and throw those necessarily out of employment. The hundred copyists, for example, whose duty was taken up by one press?

Richard.—Even there, inconvenience is seldom really felt. No new invention comes immediately into use; it has to struggle against prejudice and existing interests; and, in short, before it operates fully on the manufacture with which it is connected, no one can sustain much injury. There were copyists a hundred years after the discovery of printing. Have we not seen how long hand-spinning struggled against machine-spinning in our own day? In a thousand instances we see machinery not yet employed where it will certainly be in time. No; no; excepting in a few rare instances, old things and old ways receive ample warning of coming change, and it is only those who obstinately stand in its way that are crushed by its irresistible impulse.

Yes, my friends, machinery is so far from being an enemy to you, or to any one, that it is the great agent for insuring ease and comforts of every description to mankind. Low prices and abundance follow in its train.

The Peasant.—Well, well, I now see that, after all, Master Richard is in the right. Hurrah! Machines for ever!

All.—Machines for ever!

The crowd now dispersed, reiterating this cry enthusiastically. For my part, I was so struck by the good sense and shrewdness of Richard Bonhomme, that I could not help lending my voice to swell his triumph, and bowed, as I closed my window, 'Machines for ever!'

THE HORTICULTURIST.

We have long been possessed with an indistinct sort of notion that we should write a sketch of these incomprehensible beings, tulip and violet fanciers—persons who go half crazed about the cultivation of such things as heart's-eases, roses, and ranunculuses, but we are luckily spared the pains of doing so: a Parisian author, Alphonse Karr, has hit them off to a tee. His sketch, entitled the Horticulturist, translated and published in that very clever serial (a new word for books coming out in parts or in a series), "Pictures of the French drawn by Themselves," is well worthy of personal, as may be judged by the following extract:—

"Certain tastes brighten and fill up so completely a man's existence, that we can easily understand how all feel the want of a hobby to indulge according to their fancy.

Thus, sometimes we see very superior men devote their lives to a few flowers, or a few insects, and not uncommonly to a single flower, or a single insect: an admirable instinct, or perhaps a wise philosophy, has taught them to present the least possible target to the shafts of fortune, contenting themselves with a humble lot, and enjoying a simple happiness apart from the busy world.

The intensity and violence of a passion are not to be measured by its object. The horticulturists, who, like the bees, live among the flowers, have also, like them, a dangerous sting. The softer passions protect themselves by an outward ferocity, like rare plantations surrounded by brambles and thistles, to preserve them from the encroachments of cattle.

This reminds us how we became acquainted with the naturally bad disposition of sheep, which we had always regarded as emblems of gentleness and kindness. 'Sir,' said a shepherd to us, as we walked side by side along the road to Eperray, 'there is no animal so wicked as the sheep: only look at mine; they care no more for the pasture of that enclosed field than for this on the common, where they may range at will, and yet there they are in the field. They must do it, to have me taken up for trespassing, and fined. Brrr—brrr—seize him there, Medor—brrr—It is the black one yonder that is teasing my dog: it takes a delight in irritating him. The malicious animal is trying to provoke the dog to worry him, knowing that when a dog kills a sheep, it is the poor shepherd who pays. Here, boy, Medor! Medor! Down, sir, down. Behind—fall back!'

A discussion once arose in the presence of the author of this sketch, concerning a stock, asserted to be *blue*, of which the blossoms were a most beautiful yellow; and the writer's life was actually put in jeopardy by his asking of what use it could possibly be to have blue stocks to produce yellow flowers.

It will be remembered with what enthusiasm tulips were cultivated all over Europe, particularly in France and in Holland, about thirty years ago. One root, the *Semper Augustus*, was sold for 12,000 francs. Another, the *Yellow Crown*, for 1123 francs, and a carriage and two bay horses. A third, not very fine, the *Viceroy*, fetched no less than the following articles in exchange:—Four tons of wheat, eight of rye, four oken, eight pigs, twelve sheep, two casks of wine, four barrels of beer, two firkins of butter, a thousand pounds' weight of cheese, a bed, bedstead, and bedding, a chest of clothes, and a silver goblet.

At that time it was quite usual to see in the newspapers such a paragraph as the following, under the head of foreign news:—'AMSTERDAM.—The Admiral Liefers is flowering beautifully at M. Berghem's.'

But to return to our story. Horticulturists took it into their heads one fine day, that yellow tulips were no longer beautiful, and were unworthy the admiration they had hitherto received; that the only tulips worth looking at, or cultivating, were those with white grounds. Henceforth, yellow tulips were to be banished, and their seeds scattered to the winds. Amateurs were not, however, undivided on the subject. Letters, pamphlets, songs, and even thick quavies, were written on the subject. The yellow-tulip party were called obstinate, prejudiced, illiterate, enemies to all improvement, and Jesuits; while the partisans of white tulips were pronounced to be innovators, revolutionists, democrats, and sans-culottes. Friends quarrelled, husbands and wives separated, and families were disunited.

As M. Müller was one evening playing at dominoes with one of his oldest friends, tulips chanced to be mentioned. M. Müller was a yellow tulipist, while his friend sided with the reformed partisans of the white ones. The celebrated composer, Mehul, himself a distinguished amateur, had just gone over to the white party. Being both well-bred men, M. Müller and his friend spoke with the greatest moderation, and appeared to avoid, with extreme care, the most distant approach to a dispute.

'Nature,' said M. Müller, 'as she has made nothing in vain, so has she produced nothing out of place. There is some beauty in every one of her productions. Why should amateurs rigidly exclude from their gardens certain flowers? There are, undoubtedly, some white tulips that I would willingly admit into my collection, were my garden large enough.'

'I, also,' replied his friend, not wishing to be behind in politeness and concessions, 'I am ready to allow that the *Erymanta*, all yellow as it is, is a very presentable flower.'

'I do not condemn the *Unique de Delphes*, white as it is,' said M. Müller.

'But it is not very white,' observed the Friend: 'it keeps, for three or four days, the yellow tint that distinguishes it when its petals first open, and for this reason we do not esteem it much.'

'Yet I have one of all your collection that I should prefer.'

The friends were on these excellent terms when Madame Müller left them to make tea. It would be difficult to ascertain by what imperceptible transitions the discussion warmed into a serious quarrel, until insults were exchanged. It is certain, that when Madame Müller returned to the room, the table was overturned, the dominoes scattered over the carpet, while M. Müller and his friend, having seized each other by the hair, were engaged in a desperate struggle.

It will be readily imagined with what feelings of shame the two antagonists were overwhelmed, after their anger had a little cooled. On the morrow, M. Müller wrote the following note to his friend:—

'I am a brute, really worse than a bear. Pray receive my apologies, and for the sake of our old friendship let us forget this foolish affair. My wife begs of you to come and dine with us to-day. There will be a favourite dish of yours. Your friend, MULLER.'

P.S.—Will you oblige me, my dear friend, by putting aside for me a few of your beautiful white tulips? I have reserved for them one of my best beds. I am particularly anxious for the *Palmeade* and the *Agnes Regale*. Shortly after dispatching the above, he received the following answer:—'I shall be with you at a quarter before five. You will permit me, my dear friend, to introduce to you a horticulturist who desires to see your magnificent tulips, especially your *Tombereuse*, your *Jacobus*, and your delicate *Lisa*.'

Out of compliment to his friend, M. Müller expressed his admiration for the whitest amongst the white tulips, while his friend was no less warm in his praise of the yellow specimens. However, this sudden change could only proceed from generous feeling between the two friends. M. Walter's concession passed away with the sentiment and impulse of the first moment; M. Müller's did not long survive his momentary enthusiasm. The poor white tulips were not half so well tended and cared for as the yellow. The second year, M. Müller thought they encumbered his garden; the third, they were placed near a waterspout, where they flowered badly; and M. Müller, after showing his visitors his fine collection of yellow tulips, in all their brilliancy and splendour of full bloom, would say, 'These are the only samples of white tulips we keep: they were given to me by my friend Walter, and I prize them highly for his sake.' And when, ten minutes afterwards, he added, 'I am at a loss to understand why horticulturists cultivate white tulips,' no wonder that M. Müller's visitors agreed with him.

There were, in the reign of Louis XIV., only four sorts of roses known. At the present day, the reasonable horticulturists—those who are not so blinded by their love of new discoveries as to give five or six different names to the same plant—reckon forty different species, and more than eighteen hundred varieties.

Certain amateurs, led astray by the ambition of being the exclusive possessors of a particular variety, seek for defects in roses with as much eagerness as others would look for beauties. 'If a rose be but rare, that is beauty sufficient; and it is prized on that account, more than those rich in form, colour, or perfume. Rose-fanciers have been seeking, these last fifty years, for a green, blue, or black rose, and for the double-capuchin rose.

Madame de Genlis, who pretends to have originated the moss-rose, gives in one of her works a receipt to procure a green and a black rose; the process, which is exceedingly simple, is only to graft a rose on a *cane* or a *holly tree*. We have tried on both; the holly produced its green and prickly leaves, and the *cane* bore its accustomed fruit.

Every year, towards the end of May, a never-failing report goes the round of the newspapers that the double-capuchin rose is at last discovered. We have journeyed far and wide to see it, but till now we have neither found it double nor capuchin. To produce the blue rose, horticulturists have filled every nook of their gardens with every description of blue flower, in the vain hope that the bees, by carrying the pollen from their stamens to a rose-tree, might give birth to the wished-for flower. We have on this subject an idea of our own, which we shall put in practice some one of these days. The roses designated by the bluest names, such as the 'Negress,' the 'Ourika,' &c., are all violet.

Amateurs are constantly on the watch to observe the most minute differences. One rose is remarkable for its stem, another for its thorns. This is precious on account of its total want of beauty; that is admired in consequence of its having no perfume; and another would not be nearly so valuable, did it not possess an odour peculiarly disagreeable. In fact, the more extraordinary they are, and the farther removed from what

all the world can have, the more highly they are prized.

Happy the man who could possess a rose which would become a vine, that he might make wine from his roses! We have seen a rose-bush which the happy possessor triumphantly assured us had not flowered for five years. Lucky man! but still more lucky would he be if next year it would bear no leaves!"

MANCHESTER SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

We are glad to find from Messrs Love and Barton's lately published work, "Manchester as it is," that in that flourishing and improving town, a School of Design was planted with success in 1838, and promises to be well supported. "The objects of the society are to give instruction to students, by means of competent masters, in design—including ornamental drawing, flower-drawing, drawing the human figure, perspective, geometry, civil engineering, architecture, modelling, light, shade, and colour, pattern-drawing for calico printing, fancy weaving, &c.; delivery of lectures on painting, sculpture, anatomy, zoology, botany, &c.; the formation of a museum for the exhibition of casts, models, paintings, designs, mechanical inventions, and other works of art; and of a library of books and engravings. Persons who pay L.10, or subscribe L.1 per annum, have free personal access for themselves; and persons paying L.20 or upwards, or subscribing L.2 per annum, have free access for themselves and all the members of their families (except males above twenty years of age), to the drawing-school, library, museum, meetings, exhibitions, and all other public parts of the Institution, subject to the regulations of the council. The following is an extract from the first report of the Institution, published in February 1839:—"The school was opened on the 1st of October last, and thirty-six pupils have been admitted, consisting of 12 Pattern Designers, 9 Artists, 5 Architects, 1 Engineer, 1 Glass Stainer, 1 Coach Painter, 1 Cabinet Maker, 1 Printer, 5 Miscellaneous Occupations, 36 total, attending chiefly in the evening, regularly. Of these students, 12 are qualified to draw from the round, either statues or busts; 13 are good copyists; and 11 are elementary students; and the Council have every reason to be satisfied with the general progress of the pupils." The receipts up to the date of the report were L.369; Mr Bell is the master."

TEMPERANCE A THING OF OLD DATE.

KING LOUIS IX. (named St Louis) mixed his wine with water, by measure, according to the strength of it, and what it would bear. "He once asked me," says the Lord of Joinville, when at Cyprus, "why I did not mix water with my wine." I answered, what the physicians and surgeons had told me, that "I had a large head, and a cold stomach, which would not bear it." But the good king replied, that "they had deceived me, and advised me to add water; for that, if I did not learn to do so when young, and was to attempt it in the decline of life, the gout, and other disorders which I might have in my stomach, would greatly increase; or, perhaps, by drinking pure wine in old age, I should frequently intoxicate myself; and that it was a beastly thing for an honourable man to make himself drunk."—*Memoirs of Lord de Joinville, written in the thirteenth century.*

Touching the harm which cometh from the excess of meat and drink, I observe that the excess thereof hath so far alienated the affections of our countrymen from the ancient English worth and valour, that if you compare them which now live, with those who died forty years ago, you would not believe that they are of the same offspring. To the end that no man (who hath coin, and is addicted to the vanity thereof) may be abridged of his humour, alehouses are so plentiful at this day, that almost the one-half of every town is nothing but alehouses (to omit those which are in hamlets, and upon commons and other unnecessary places). Great pity it is that our worthy justices of the peace will not root out a great part of them, considering how many sweet, hopeful, and virtuous young gentlemen, and others, have spilt their whole estates, and shipwrecked their best fortunes, upon the rocks of drunkenness, and brought themselves to untimely deaths. (It hath been a cause of mine own utter impoverishment, and brought so great a mass of miseries and disgraces upon myself, that if the mercies of God had not wonderfully preserved me, I had undoubtedly perished therein). Yet if one or two honest poor men, which have no trade, were permitted to sell ale and beer, and sworn to sell the same according to the statute, this were very well. The abundance of pot-companions would decrease, drink would not be so strong to betray the weakness of men's brains, the price of corn would be abated, and the plenty thereof would abound; sins would be more weakened, God better served, and our commonwealth (by little and little) would recover her ancient lustre. But now, every one, both honest and vicious, if they can procure money to pay for their licences, are permitted to keep tippling houses, and sell their liquor at what rates they please. So that, in my judgment (and I have cause to know more in this than is for my credit), there is no commodity of this kingdom sold, wherein more extortion is used (to the inexplicable detriment of the poor).—*Certain Observations touching the estate of the Commonwealth, composed principally for the benefit of the Gentry of the County of Durham, 1634.*

The Fifth Law.—Thou shalt not drink strong liquors.

COMMENTARY.

This law commands us not to drink any intoxicating liquor. There are many sorts in the western frontier countries, as liquors made of sugar-cane, of grapes, and of many other plants; in this country (China) it is the general custom to make a strong liquor from rice—of all these thou shalt not drink; with this exception, when thou art sick, and nothing else can restore thy health, and then it must be known by all that thou drink strong

liquors. If there be no reason for it, thou shalt not touch any liquor with thy lips, thou shalt not bring it to thy nose to smell at, nor shalt thou sit in a tavern, or together with people who drink spirits.

There was once a certain Yew-po-han, who, by breaking this law, violated also all others, and committed the thirty-six sins; you can see by this that it is no small sin to drink wine (strong drink). There is a particular department in hell filled with mire and dirt for the transgressors of this law, and they will be born again as stupid and mad people, wanting wisdom and intelligence. There are bewildering demons and maddening herbs, but spirits disorder the mind more than any poison. The Scripture moveth us, therefore, to drink melted copper, sooner than to violate this law and drink spirits. Ah, how watchful should we be over ourselves!—*From the Catechism of the Shamans, or, the Laws and Regulations of the Priesthood of Buddha, in China.*

A TYNESIDE ANECDOTE.

Upon the occasion of the visit paid by the allied sovereigns of Russia and Prussia to London, after the overthrow of the man to whom they had so long cringed, a distinguished individual, in the suite of the Emperor Alexander, proceeded to the north of England, for the purpose of having ocular proof of the subterranean wonders of the far-famed collieries of the Tyne. Being provided with letters to the head viewer of the Wallsend colliery, a gentleman of the name of Buddle, who had instructions to take the necessary measures to ensure the prince's object being safely and satisfactorily accomplished, the illustrious stranger was conducted to the residence of the viewer, situated in the immediate vicinity of the principal pit. Before descending to the coal seams in the bowels of the earth, it is necessary to throw off every article of usual dress, and to put on, instead, the attire worn by the pitmen or miners, consisting of thick flannel trousers and jacket. This metamorphosis the Russian prince underwent, and casting aside his glittering uniform and orders, he appeared in the uncouth and soiled garments of a common collier. In this garb he was escorted to the mouth of the pit, down which he was to be lowered, followed by a considerable number of the sooty denizens of the place.

It will be known to almost all of our readers, that pits are round holes, of about ten feet in diameter, sunk into the earth to the depth in some cases of three hundred fathoms, nearly one-third of a mile, and divided by a wooden partition the whole way down, so as to form two shafts. The mode of descending a shaft is either by entering a large basket used for hauling up the coals, or by putting one leg through a large iron hook at the end of the rope, and clinging by the hands to the chain to which it is appended. The latter mode, contrary to what might be imagined, is the best and safest, and for this reason, that the basket is liable to catch the sides of the pit, and be thus turned upside down. Each person is provided with a short stick to keep himself from grazing the black and dripping walls as he proceeds downwards, and the rapidity of the descent is such as to render this precaution highly expedient. To a person who views this dark hole, and the rough apparatus for a dive down it, for the first time, nothing can be perhaps more frightful; and when, to the contemplation of the actual horrors, is added the recollection of all the disasters of which pits have been so frequently the scene, the whole is doubtless sufficient to appal a very stout heart. So much so indeed is this the case, that hundreds of the inhabitants of the coal districts, with that daily exhibition before them which renders the mind careless and indifferent to danger, have never summoned up the requisite quantity of courage to encounter the perils of a coal mine, or if piqued by shame or curiosity to advance to the margin of the gloomy cavern, and cast an eye down its grim jaws, they have recoiled with a shudder from prosecuting their design of entering.

The pit to which the Russian magnate was led at Wallsend, was one of the deepest and narrowest on the Tyne. It was at that period in the full enjoyment of its fame as sending up the finest coals in the world, and offered certainly good cause of astonishment, that out of such a small black hole an individual was reaping an income of L.50,000 a-year. On this account the Wallsend colliery was generally visited by the curious, although the mode of working the mine was not at all different from the one adopted in all the other collieries. What idea the prince had formed in his own mind of a coal-pit, it is impossible to say, but it is to be presumed that he had either thought little about the matter, or been very wrongly informed upon the subject. When Mr Buddle, the viewer, conducted him up the ladder leading to the platform of the pit mouth, and introduced him to the scene of operations, he stopped suddenly short, and asked with alarm whether that was really the place to which he had been recommended to come. Upon being assured that such was actually the case, he went forward to the very edge of the pit, at sight of which, however, he stepped precipitately back, and holding up his hands, exclaimed in French, "Ah! my God, it is the mouth of hell!—none but a madman would venture into it!" Upon uttering these words, he hastily retreated, and, slipping out of his flannels as quickly as he could, again assumed his splendid uniform of a Russian general, and soon left the Wallsend colliery far behind him.

The person who thus displayed so infirm a purpose, or a mind so easily cowed at sight of an unexpected hazard, was one upon whose impulses for good or bad it pleased providence at this present moment to rest the destinies of a large proportion of the whole human race. It was Nicholas the First, Autocrat of all the Russias.

A WITTY AUCTIONEER AND AN OLD CLOCK.

THE Christian Register of Boston publishes, with just commendation, the annexed speech of an auctioneer unnamed, who had the selling of the clock of the "old brick meeting-house" in Boston. To be sure, the Courier of that city throws some doubt upon the authenticity of this speech, in which case we have only to apply the Italian saying, *Si non e vero e ben trovato*.

"The clock which for many years hung in the interior of the 'old brick meeting-house' in this city, after various fortunes, lately fell into the hands of the auctioneer. At the time of the sale, the auctioneer actually delivered the following speech, which we have been permitted to publish. We venture to affirm, that a more appropriate and witty speech never fell from the lips of the most celebrated orators at vendues:—

'Here is the relic of the early days of our country's annals, a remnant saved; antique of its kind, and venerable for every association connected with its history—the old church clock—bearing a mark of patriarchal longevity in the date, that speaks it one hundred and eighteen years of age. Yet, while it has ticked and struck off the thousands and tens of thousands who have looked on its calm face into eternity, it is still in good time, and going! going! Though its existence was begun in the land of kings, moved by the spirit of our pious fathers, it followed them to the land of pilgrims, and was consecrated to serve in the house of God, whom they came hither to worship as the children of his kingdom, and not as spiritual slaves to earthly despotism. This sober, ever-going clock came over in the days of caution and sanity. It came when a sea voyage was a serious thing, and religion a serious thing, and a church clock a serious thing. It counted the moments, while the minister of God was preaching, and his hearers listening, of eternity. It echoed his text, "Take heed how ye hear." Then was there real clockwork and order in men's minds and principles. Vanity did not then stare this venerable monitor in the face, and study the while how to display its plumage. Avarice did not dare, under its measured "click," to be planning in the temple how to lay up goods for many years. Nor was pride then puffed up by the breath of its own nostrils, while this minute-hand was showing its duration cut shorter at the beat of every pulse. Now, who will let this venerable memento of those days be desecrated? Who will not wish to possess himself of it, as a relic of the age of simplicity and godly sincerity? Look at its aged but unwrinkled face. It is calm: for it has not to answer for the sermons it has heard. Look at it, ye degenerate sons of New-England! Do ye not seem to see the shade go back on the dial-plate to the days of your fathers, and to hear the voices of those aged servants of God, who went from their preaching to their reward? I would speak more, but the hour is come. To whom shall it be sold?"—*New York Mirror.*

THEMISTOCLES AND THE LACEDÆMONIAN FLEET.

Themistocles, the leader of the Athenian armies, was a great soldier, but not a conscientious man. From an undue love of his own country, he was anxious to ruin its neighbour and rival, the state of Lacedæmon. One day, in a public assembly, he informed the Athenians that he had formed a design for raising them permanently above the Lacedæmonians, but he could not communicate it to them, because its success required that it should be carried on with the greatest secrecy. He desired them to appoint a person to whom he might explain the design, and who should judge whether they were to allow it to be executed. For this purpose, they unanimously pitched upon Aristides, the individual of their number in whose honesty and prudence they had the greatest confidence. Themistocles then took Aristides aside, and told him that the design he had conceived was to burn the fleet belonging to Lacedæmon and the rest of the Grecian states, which then lay in a neighbouring port. By this means, he said, Athens could not fail to become the undisputed mistress of all Greece. Aristides now returned to the assembly, and merely told them that nothing could be more advantageous for the interests of Athens than the scheme of Themistocles, but that nothing could be more unjust. The people immediately, without hearing another word, ordained that Themistocles should desist from his project.

Rollin, the historian, says of this decree of the Athenians:—"I do not know whether all history can afford us a fact more worthy of admiration. It is not a company of philosophers (to whom it costs nothing to establish fine maxims of morality) who determine on this occasion that the consideration of profit and advantage ought never to prevail in preference to what is honest and just. It is an entire people, who are highly interested in the proposal made to them, who are convinced that it is of the greatest importance to the welfare of the state, and who, nevertheless, reject it with unanimous consent, and without a moment's hesitation, and that for this only reason, that it is contrary to justice."

AN IMPROVEMENT IN HUSBANDRY.

On the farm of Shireff, at Barnyard, near Beaulieu, in Inverness-shire, is a machine for making holes to deposit bone dust, instead of sowing it broadcast along the drills, in the usual way. This economises the bone so steadily and effectually, that Mr Shireff says he can raise as good a crop on ten bushels of bone dust as he would have in the ordinary way with twenty bushels an acre. The machine is simple and cheap, and seems to work admirably. It is drawn by a horse, two women following putting in bones with their hands, other two following putting in the turnip-seed, and two more follow covering up the holes. The turnip-roller then comes, with the coulter out, and the drills are levelled in the usual way. Eight acres of turnips are sown in a day with the above six women, a man, and a horse.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

REDDY RYLAND;

SHOWING HOW "THE SHINE" WAS TAKEN OUT OF HIM.

LAUGHING, loving, rollicking, rousing, fighting, tearing, dancing, singing, good-natured Reddy! of all the kind-hearted, light-hearted, gay-hearted fellows that ever whirled a shillala at a fight (*when he could not help it*, for Reddy declared that otherwise he never fought), or covered the buckle* at a fair Reddy Ryland was the king! His very face was a jest-book. His eyes, though wild and blue, were not as mischievous as mirthful; his full, flexible mouth was surrounded by folds and dimples, where wit and humour rested at all times and all seasons. His hat sat in a most knowing manner upon the full rich curls of his brown hair; his gay-coloured silk neckerchief was tied so loosely round his throat, that if it were possible he had ever seen a picture of Byron, folk would have said he was imitating the lordly poet; his figure was that of a lithe and graceful mountaineer—his voice the very echo of mirth and joy; and his name for ten miles round his mother's dwelling (Reddy was resolved it should not be considered his until after her death) was sure to excite either a smile or a blessing, perhaps both. With all this, Reddy was careful of the main chance—a good farmer in a small way, and a prosperous one; read Martin Doyle and Captain Blackyer; understood green crops, and stall-fed his cow; had really brewed his own beer twice, and it only turned sour *once*; talked of joining the Temperance Society—though I need not add, that if Reddy had been fond of "the drop," he would not have been the prosperous fellow he was. Here, then, was an Irish peasant free from the common faults of his countrymen; he seldom procrastinated; was sober, honest, truthful, diligent, and, to use the phrase which his mother applied to him at least ten times a-day, "was as good a son as ever raised his head beneath the canopy of heaven." What, then, can I have to say about Reddy Ryland, more than to give honour due to his good qualities? If this be all, my task is nearly done; for the language of praise, I am told, is used sparingly by the prudent; people in an ordinary way tire amazingly over the record of their neighbours' virtues. It is very delightful to feel their good effects—to enjoy the advantages arising therefrom; but we do not like to hear them lauded what we call too highly; it is a sort of implied censure on our own imperfections, that we do not relish; consequently, we are by many degrees too anxious to pick out faults, and thrust our tongues therein, as children do their fingers into small rents, to make them larger. The rent, the faulty spot in Reddy's character, was unfortunately large enough for all the tongues in the country to wag through: and let no one suppose that his popularity prevented many a bitter animadversion upon his imperfection; his particular friends never praised him without exclaiming, "Ah, thin, sure he is a darlint; sorra a one like him in the country; and sure it's an angel he'd be all out, but for that fault he has." It certainly is marvellous how our intimates discover and publish our faults, oiling their observations with "what a pity!" Reddy's fault was, in a word, a superabundance of conceit—real personal vanity. When he was a little boy, he used to dress his hair in every tub of water that came in his way; and when he grew up "a slip of a boy," his first pocket-money purchased—a looking-glass.

Reddy was intolerably vain; he thought himself the handsomest "boy" in the barony; and more than that, he had the impudence to declare that no woman could refuse him! I must confess that the country girls had, if not sown, cultivated this vanity to a very considerable extent; they paid him a great deal too much attention, which is any thing but good for men in general; and the consequence was, that Reddy considered himself very much as a sort of Irish grand sultan, who had nothing to do but throw his handkerchief upon the favoured fair one; and be she who she might, she would rejoice to become his bride!

"Ah, thin, Reddy dear!" exclaimed his mother one Sunday morning, when Reddy had, even in her opinion, taken a very long time to dress for mass—"Ah, thin, Reddy dear, what ails the shoes?"

"Mother dear, it's boots that's in it; and I'm thinking they'll wrinkle on the instep."

"Well, dear, why are you faulting them so? Sure they're mighty slim and purty to look at; and the only wonder I have, is how ye ever got yer feet into them. Oh, thin, what would yer father say to see ye turning out on the road in single soles, without so much as a sparable in the heel. Oh, my! why, thin, Reddy, you have a mighty purty fut, God bless it!"

"Well, mother, it's nate, I don't deny it," he answered, elevating his foot and viewing it in every position; "I never go out on the floor* without seeing the notice that's taken of it, especially in heel and toe; that's the step to show the shape to advantage—whoop!"

And Reddy cut a caper, while his mother said, "Aisy, Reddy; it's time enough to begin that sort of *discurshin* after mass. That's a mighty purty handkerchief ye've got about yer neck, dear; they do be saying you don't close up yer throat because it's so handsome; ye always had a mighty clanc† skin."

Reddy showed his teeth at the compliment.

"Darling boy, yer hair is a thrifle too long; I'll cut it the morrow morning if you like."

"Mother," answered Reddy, somewhat indignantly, "ye may dock all the children in the parish, but ye shan't *masacree* my curls any more. Ye spoilt me intirely last fair-day."

"Well, dear," answered the mother, who was perfectly conscious of her son's weakness, though she encouraged it, "there's the bowl dish I always put on yer father's head when I cut his hair, that I might trim it all round, even; one would have thought the dish made on his head, it fitted so beautiful: that was when first we war married; but, bedad! after a fair or a faction fight, the knocks would grow up, and grow out, and push it up—I always allowed for them in the cutting—and he never said—not he (the heavens be his bed!) 'Nell, it's not to my liking.' He was as handsome to the full as you, Reddy, *arick!* but never took as much pride out of himself as you do. Now, don't put a frown upon *your joy of a face* to your ould mother, my son. The times are changed now, and the young men think more of themselves than they used—times and fashions do change, *agra!* Sure I mind the mistress at the big house riding to church on a pillion behind the coachman, in a green joseph, a goold watch as big as your fist, and a beautiful beaver and feathers—jog jump! jog jump! all along the road. And then of a week day, my darlint! to see her up before the maids in the morning at day-break, and rowling out the pasthry for company, and clearing jelly!—that was her glory. And now, why, the ladies rides in coaches, and leaves word with the maids to get up, and orders the pasthry, and faults the jelly,

arick machree! There's not the heartiness in the counthry of the good ould times; we're fading from sun-bames into moonbames: *that's* what ails us!"

"Am I a moonbame, mother?" inquired the son, with an insinuating look.

"A moonbame, *arick!* Ah, thin, no; that you aint. You're a flash-o'-lightning-boy—oh! that's what you are. And if you do take a taste of pride out of yerself, *who* has a better right, and all the counthry putting it into you?"

Reddy perfectly agreed with his mother, and after giving her a hearty kiss, as it was yet too early for second and too late for first prayers, he thought he would open his heart to her, as he had long intended to do.

"Ah, thin, mother darlint, will ye listen to us for a few minutes, and give us yer advice, which we want at this present time intirely, ye see."

"Why, thin, I will, to be sure, and pray the Lord to put sense into me for that same; for a mother's counsel comes oftener from the heart than from the head. What is it, *arick?*"

"How ould was my father whin he married?"

"Why, thin, not all out twenty-one."

"And I'm twenty-five next Martinmas, please God. Mother, that's a shame."

"That the Lord has given ye so many years, is it?" said the widow, with great *naireté*.

"Dear! how innocent ye are all of a sudden, mother! No, but that I didn't do as my father did before me."

"Ah, thin, no one can reproach ye with that same, *arounneen*; not many a fair in the country but knows the face and the figure of Reddy Ryland to be the same as his father's—and sorra a purty girl that ye havn't made love to, ever since ye counted—Oh, my grief! why, Reddy, you made love to purty Peggy Garvey before you war turned thirteen—that was kind father for ye, any way."

"Mother, now lave off make-believing *innocence*; sure ye know very well what I mane—is it time I was—married?"

His mother gave a very admirable start of astonishment, and, after a pause, said, "Well! it's only natural, and so—why!—sure my darling boy has only to ax and have, only to pick the counthry! Ah, thin, Reddy, why don't ye make up yer mind to Ellen Rossiter! It's her people, every one of them, that has the warm house and the warm heart."

"Mother, I've nothing to say against the girl, only I'd be affard her head would set the house on fire. Now, mother, that's enough. I never could abide red hair."

"It's only auburn, my son; and, sure, after a few years it will be the colour of mine, white like the first snow; beauty's but skin deep, though its memory is pleasant when it does fade. Well, there, I'm done; I'll say no more about her. What do ye think of Miss Kitty Blackney?"

"She's short, mother, all out too short, mother."

"Let her stand on her *purse*, Reddy dear," replied the mother; "let her stand on *that*, and she'll be even with Squire Baine's tall poplar tree! Maybe Miss Kitty hasn't a *purse*! Oh, thin, it's yerself that's hard to be plased; I'll say no more about her, though it's yellow goold she'd give ye to ate, if she had ye. Well, maybe, Mary Murphy is long enough to plase ye?"

"The *stalking coragah!* She is long enough, but her family's not long. I must have *blood, bone, and beauty*, and that's the thruth, and I'll never marry without it, never throw myself away—that's what I wont do. I'll show the counthry what a wife ought to

* A favourite Irish step (not known in quadrilles).

* Dance.

† Fair.

be. I'll not marry a girl to be ashamed of her people. I'll not marry a poplar nor a furze bush. I'll not marry for money, nor all out pride, nor all out love, only a little of both. I'd like a girl, ye see, that would be proud of her husband, particularly when we'd be both in our Sunday clothes. I'll never marry a girl that hasn't sunshine in every bit of her face."

"And in her temper, too, I hope; a good temper is a cordial to a man's heart. It's the nurse of sorrow—the medicine of sickness—the *vine at a poor man's table*. Whatever ye do, *arick*, watch the temper."

"I don't think," said Reddy, looking at himself in the glass that hung from a nail in the dresser; "I don't think any woman could be ill tempered with me."

"The heavens never shone on a better boy, that's thrue; but for all that, some women is mighty ingenuous. But, Reddy, don't marry a girl that's altogether without money; it's a mighty *surety* thing in a house; but don't marry altogether for it."

"Trust me, mother dear; but is there no one else you could think of?"

"Sorra one; unless it be the Flower of Loughgully, and —"

"Don't name *her*, mother dear, if you please," said Reddy, turning away his face. "I'll not deny that I thought on't a dale of Kathleen O'Brien, a great dale; but nobody ever thought as much of her as she did of herself, and so —"

"She didn't dare refuse *you*?" observed Mrs Ryland indignantly.

"No, no, not *that*; but *she* laughed at *me*; and I wonder at *ye*, mother, to name the Flower of Loughgully to *me*. Ye just did it to get a rize out of *me*, that's all; but don't do it again, mother. I'll show *her*, before a month is over her raven hair, that she bands so neat; before another month has made us all nearer to eternity, I'll show *her* the sort of wife Reddy Ryland can get. I'll —," he paused, overcome by contending feelings to which his mother had no clue; and then, while she thought over his words, he added, with his usual gaiety of manner, "I've made up my mind to go to Kilkenny next week, where I've heard of one from my cousin to suit *me*; and, maybe, I won't bring *ye* a daughter, mother. There's not a girl in this country fit for *that*, mother," and he looked, not at his mother, but at himself; "not one. And now God be with *ye*! I've made up my mind to be married, and now I've told *you*. I'll punish the hearts of the girls—of the girl, any way, that — But God be with *ye*, mother; I must not lose mass," and off he bounded, leaving his mother to recall, and cogitate, over the old adage of the more haste the worse speed.

"If," said she, "after all, he should marry out of spite to the Flower of Loughgully, what might come of it? I named *her* last, to see if he would speak of *her*, but he did not; and yet I'm sure his heart turned to *her* above all others, though he'd never *give in* to *her*, nor *she* to him—*she* has such a spirit! And sometimes, I think, I make too much of my boy, but I can't help it. His face, so handsome, so like his father's; and his voice, when he calls me in the morning, or blesses me at night, I often think my own darling is with me again! Pray the Almighty," said the widow, after a long pause, and clasping her hands, "pray the Almighty, that, after having had the pick of the country, *he* don't take the crooked stick at last!"

Now, it so happened that the widow Ryland did every thing in her power to prevent her son's visit to Kilkenny; but she had not accustomed him to contradiction, and he would go, and he did go; and the neighbours said Reddy Ryland was gone to Kilkenny to bring home a wife; and when Kathleen O'Brien, the Flower of Loughgully, heard that, she wept bitterly, for she had calculated on the influence of her own beauty over the heart of her lover, having altogether forgotten how completely Reddy was absorbed in the contemplation of his own perfections. A woman never can have much power over a vain man.

Three weeks elapsed, and Reddy returned to his home, and his foot and eye were both heavy; the elasticity had departed from the one, and the brightness from the other. His mother pressed him to her bosom, and his neighbours crowded to welcome his arrival. Many a hand was extended; and "sure we'll have some fun now ye're come back," said one. "Ah, thin, it was a quare wake Andy Magaveney had, poor man; the pipes weren't half smoked, and the dancing not worth a farthing, 'cause *ye* warn't in it," said another. "Sure ye never saw a gayer boy than *yourself*, Reddy, since ye left it," exclaimed a third. "Well, he's with us again, any how. But, Reddy, *where's* the Kilkenny lady *you* was to bring to show us the fashions?" inquired a fourth.

Reddy laughed, and turned off the question, and called for some whisky to treat his friends. His mother observed he made his punch double its usual strength; and, as she said afterwards, an "impression" came over her heart "like the hand o' death," for she saw something was wrong, and she sat looking at her son with tears in her eyes; even when their friends were gone, she had not courage to ask him if he was married; but Reddy walked to the table after he had shut the door, and, filling out a great glass of whisky, drank it off, and then said,

"Mother, wish me joy. Joy, joy, mother! I'm married!"

"Oh, Reddy, it isn't possible that's thrue—without ever consulting *yer* mother, or letting *her* see *yer* choice!"

"It's as thrue, mother—as bad luck."

"Oh, Reddy, my own son, has *she* 'the blood' *you* talked about? Is *she* of an ancient family all out?"

"Mother," answered Reddy, after a pause, "it's not aisy to get every thing."

"Oh, wisha! if ye'd thought of that before, ye need not have gone to Kilkenny for a wife. Well, I dare say *she's* a fine figure of a woman. *She* has *bone*, any how?"

"None to spare," said the hard-to-be-pleased-gentleman; "however, *she's* my wife."

"And a beauty?" added the mother; "I'm sure, sartin sure, *she* has beauty?"

"The devil as much as would fit on the top of a grasshopper's toe," replied her son impetuously.

"Not blood, nor bone, nor beauty! Well, maybe *she* has better materials than any of them to make a good wife. *She* was your cousin's recommending, and he knew how much *you* wanted a girl to set a pattern to the country."

"*She* was *not* my cousin's recommending, mother; but somehow *she's* a very town-bred woman, and took a wonderful liking to *me*."

"A good education's a fine thing," said Mrs Ryland, almost weeping, for, like all the Irish, she laid great value on the qualities Reddy had confessed *she* did not possess; but *she* was a gentle-hearted woman, and desired, in her simple wisdom, to make the best of every thing—no bad wisdom either.

"It is, mother," sighed the bridegroom.

"But what has *she* besides the education, Reddy?" inquired his mother, seeing that her beloved son sat moodily with his hands clasped resting on the table, and his chin fixed upon them. "What has *she* besides the education?"

"Two small children," was Reddy's reply.

"Oh, Reddy, Reddy, is that the end of *ye*!" exclaimed his distracted mother; "you, the pride of the county—the beauty of the parish, that might have had the pick of the whole county for a wife!—you who was thought so much of, and who thought so much of *yourself*!"

"You're right, mother!" interrupted Reddy; "*that* last did it. If it hadn't been for that, I might have been content with — But no matter—it's all over now. *She* was a widow, mother; and *I* was so sure *not* to be caught by a widow, that I took no heed. I persuaded *her* to stop half way, and that I'd take the car for *her*."

"And the children?" added his mother. "And the same car can take *me* out of this; two widows are too much for any man's house. Oh, Reddy, Reddy, to think of this! to think of this! how *you* war taken in! How was it?"

But Reddy would not tell; the affair was a mystery. His old mother was broken-hearted; she refused to remain in his house, though somewhat comforted by the information that the bride was rich, though red haired; and at last, unable to withstand the strong entreaties of her son, she agreed to receive her before *she* departed. The next day was one of mingled curiosity and lamentation amongst the female population of the neighbourhood, while the men agreed, with something like satisfaction, that "the shine" was now taken out of handsome, loving, rousing, fighting, dancing, singing, good-natured Reddy Ryland. If "the shine," as they called it, was taken out of Reddy by the mere "report," how much more was he either to be pitied or exulted over when the bride made her appearance! His poor mother could not support it. Of all the crooked sticks, *she* was the most crooked that had ever been seen. How the married men laughed and talked of bachelors' wives, and how the young men tittered, and the young girls peeped from under their hoods at the broad, bold, ruddy-faced—was that his choice, indeed! No sunshine in her face; and such a tongue! In less than two months every body sympathized with the young farmer: his vanity was punished. He was fading into a shadow, and certainly his feelings were not soothed by an incident, which is nothing to tell, but a great deal to feel. He met Kathleen O'Brien one morning at the turn of a particular lane, where he had often met her before. *She* did not recognise him at first, but his voice. "Kathleen, we may be friends, Kathleen—you *will* not laugh at *me* now—it was that did it, Kathleen—that: my pride could not bear it; but I'm punished. I've had the fall which they say follows pride. Went you spake! Sure the whole country sees 'the shine' is taken out of Reddy Ryland." Went ye bid God bless *me*? I've need of a blessing, Kathleen. I own I did it to vex *ye*. Went ye forgive *me*?"

Kathleen, the Flower of Loughgully, could not speak the forgiveness that came to her lips, but turned away from her old lover to hide her tears.

Unvirtuous love—if love it may be called—is almost unknown in Irish peasant life. Reddy was glad no one had seen him speak to Kathleen; he loved her fame quite as much as he had once loved herself.

Mrs Reddy was, every one knew, a regular virago. What *she* had been, people only guessed; but *she* said her husband had been drowned at sea.

No wealth had been added to Reddy's store; that was very evident: and things appeared going to ruin—the old story where there is no affection—when suddenly a stranger stood at the threshold of Reddy Ryland's house, and inquired for his wife.

"*She's* within, honest man," said the young farmer.

"But you're not Reddy Ryland?" said the traveller.

"I was," was the reply.

"But I heard he was a fine, slashing, handsome, rollicking boy," persisted the stranger, who looked and spoke like a sailor.

"I wish to God I had never heard it," observed Reddy.

"Well, certainly Poll would take the shine out of any thing, from a new shilling upwards, if *you* are the Reddy Ryland I heard tell of," persisted the man, looking at him from head to foot.

"And who are *you*?" inquired Reddy.

"Who am I? Why, I'm Poll's husband; and don't be afraid—all I want is my children. I'll make *you* a present of *her*, and welcome. *She* thought me dead; and, by the powers! such a lass as that deserves credit!"

"For what?" inquired the delighted Reddy.

"For having the art, *d'ye* see, to catch two such beautiful boys as our two selves."

Reddy Ryland was in no degree disposed to accept the present so liberally offered. He was both laughed at and congratulated by his neighbours. His mother returned, but he never allowed her to utter a word in his praise. "I'll never heed a flattering tongue again," he would say; "I've had enough of *that*." A little longer, and Kathleen herself took pity on him. And again he returned to his former self: in every respect but one he was exactly the same. He confessed that "the widow," as he always called her, had got at his weak side, flattered his vanity, and thus accomplished her purpose. "The shine," in truth, was "taken out of him," but the substance remained; and Reddy Ryland, a handsome Irish peasant, is at this moment a *rara avis*—a vain man cured!

BEET-ROOT SUGAR.

BEET (*beta vulgaris* of the botanists) has been long known as a valuable esculent root. It grows wild in several of the warmer districts of the European continent, and, in other quarters, is procured only by cultivation in gardens. There are two principal varieties of it, one possessing a root of a deep red or purplish colour, which pervades its whole substance, while the other variety, though covered with a red skin, is white in the interior. The red beet is so familiar as a culinary vegetable, that its appearance scarcely requires to be described. Varying in length from two or three inches to a foot, and in diameter from one to three inches, the root is full of a purplish juice, which it yields freely on being cut. Though rather insipid to the taste, the red beet is often eaten pickled at table, and contains a very considerable quantity of saccharine matter, amounting, according to Sir Humphry Davy, to about twelve per cent. of its whole weight.

The white beet, again, is a coarser variety of the plant, and is seldom or never directly used as an article of human food; yet its hardy character, and the comparative ease attending its cultivation, have elevated it into a degree of importance far exceeding that which has any where fallen to the share of the red variety. The existence of a certain portion of sugar in the white beet seems originally to have been discovered by a Prussian chemist, named Margraff, in the year 1747, but although the discovery was published, no practical application of it was attempted till forty years later. At that time another Prussian chemist entered on a new set of experiments, and arrived at such satisfactory results, in his own estimation, that he proclaimed the beet to be the "best and greatest gift of heaven to man," and declared it capable of yielding, not sugar alone, but rum, vinegar, and even tobacco, in abundance. The assertions of this visionary philosopher attracted some attention, and the Institute of France, instigated by peculiar circumstances in the political condition of their country, appointed a committee of their body, in 1800, for the special purpose of inquiring into the subject. The result was in discordance with the conclusions of the Prussian. It was determined by the committee that there appeared no good reason for anticipating any advantage from the establishment of a sugar-manufacture from beet. Nine years later, however, the attention of the French men of science was again called to the matter, by political considerations of a still more pressing character. Napoleon issued at that period his famous Milan decrees, by certain articles of which his subjects were prevented from purchasing the West Indian produce. Quite aware, at the same time, of the necessity of procuring supplies of so important an article as sugar from some quarter or another, he instituted a new inquiry into the practicability of making it from beet-root. It was the imperial will on this occasion that the thing should appear possible, and the subservient *scarcely* determined it to be so. The active genius of the emperor accordingly set manufactories of beet-root sugar at work, in a very short time, over the whole kingdom. The consequence was, that the French were supplied with sugar, but only in limited quantities, and at very high prices. There was no competition, and no impost, so that the manufacturers took to themselves very large profits. This state of things came suddenly to a close in the year 1814, when the restoration of peace opened the markets once more to foreign sugars. But on the plea of protecting the French colonial sugars against the dangerous rivalry of those from British colonies, which could be brought

in at a cheaper rate, a high protecting and equalising duty was imposed in 1816 on all foreign sugars, and in 1822 this duty was largely increased. These impositions caused the immediate revival of the beet-root trade, which had been almost stopped by the changes of 1814. From 1822, nearly to the present time, the trade in question has been allowed to continue in this position, and has prospered, although only, it is too obvious, in consequence of the protecting duties, and with the effect of entailing a high price on the sugars used in France.

Before alluding to the amount of beet-root sugar now manufactured in France, it may be proper to expend a few words on the mode in which the manufacture is conducted. The roots are boiled as soon as they are taken from the earth, and, when cold, are sliced, and the juice pressed out. The whole of the juice is then evaporated to the consistence of syrup, from which the sugar is subsequently obtained by crystallisation. From 110 pounds of the roots, it is understood, about 41½ pounds of juice are procured, and this again yields 4½ pounds of brown sugar, or, by renewed crystallisation, 4 pounds of white or refined sugar. These points, however, will vary considerably with the quality of the beet-crop, and other circumstances.

We have now before us a number of documents relating to the state of the beet-root sugar manufacture in the year 1837, at which period the subject excited great interest in France. In 1836, it would appear that the beet-root, cultivated for manufacturing purposes, occupied a pretty large proportion of the arable lands of the country, and amounted in all to about 1,012,770,589 kilogrammes in weight—roots only, of course, being taken into account. (A kilogramme is equal to 2 pounds, 2 ounces, 4 drachms, and 16 grains, English avoirdupois.) The amount of sugar extracted from this quantity of roots was 30,349,340 kilogrammes. This was an amount of produce exceeding that of the preceding year by not less than 17,119,129 kilogrammes, the whole produce of 1835 being 13,230,211. The produce of 1835 showed an increase, in turn, to the amount of nearly 6,000,000 of kilogrammes over that of the year 1834. In the mean time, the importation of foreign sugars into France, whether from its own colonies, or from those of other countries, was sustaining a regular declension.

The following numbers give a proportionate view of the sugar-consumption for the years 1834, 1835, and 1836.

	1834.	1835.	1836.
French colonial sugars . . .	854	798	632
Foreign do. do.	55	40	11
Beet-root or indigenous sugars . .	91	162	337

Had this increase in the produce of the indigenous sugar been of a natural and advantageous description, the result would have been the reduction of price to the consumers. But this was not the case. While, in consequence of the high duty laid on imported sugars, the beet-root manufacture was enabled so far to occupy and fill the market as deeply to injure the external trading, the expenses attending its production were too great to enable it ever to be the source of a full supply of cheap sugar to the country. By comparing the consumption of sugar in France with that of other countries, it will be seen how imperfect is the supply of the article in the existing state of the trade. In Britain, each individual consumes about 12½ kilogrammes of sugar. In France, the consumption by each person does not (or did not in 1836) exceed 3 kilogrammes. The people of the United States use 9½ kilogrammes to each individual, and even Spain exceeds France in this respect, having 3½ kilogrammes for every inhabitant of its territories. In short, with the exception, we believe, of Ireland, France is worse supplied with sugar than any country in Europe.

The attention of the government and people of France was strongly turned to these circumstances in the course of the year 1837. It appeared but too obvious that the duties on colonial sugar, while they acted as a direct bounty upon the beet-root manufacture, were gradually injuring the colonies of the country in a vital branch of their trade, without counterbalancing the evil by lowering the price of sugar, or increasing materially the supply. The Chambers took the subject into consideration, and the result was, that, after a degree of opposition which showed the trade to be a most profitable one to the parties concerned in it, a law was passed in June 1837, by which certain duties were imposed on the beet-root manufacture, by way of bringing it to a footing of greater equality with the colonial trade. The principal items in this imposition of taxes were the following:—A fifty franc licence (about £2) to be paid by every manufacturer, as in the case of wine and spirit selling; a tax of fifteen francs on every 100 kilogrammes of sugar, brown or white; and of eighteen francs on every 100 kilogrammes of the highly refined sugar. The party supporting the indigenous sugar-trade in the Chambers, on the plea that time would be required to permit agriculturists to withdraw safely from the cultivation of the beet-root (for such, they said, would be the consequence of the new decrees), got an amendment passed, fixing July 1838 as the period when the law was to come into force, and decreeing that only two-thirds of the impost should be levied during the first year.

In July, therefore, of the present year (1839), the full weight of the impost will have been felt for the first time by the beet-root manufacturers. Though the taxes are by no means very heavy, there can be little

doubt that a check will be given to the trade, which had never hitherto stood a fair trial, enjoying, as it did, a total and most unnatural exemption from all burdens, while the avenues to competition were perfectly closed up by duties. The country seems to be opening its eyes to the folly of forcing a trade by such means, at the expense of the whole community, and to the direct injury of other interests. One would have thought, however, that a better way of improving the condition of the French sugar-trade would have been to lower the duties on imported sugar; but this mode might not be compatible with the financial requirements of the country. The duties in question, as already stated, are enormously high, ninety-five francs being levied, by the terms of the law of 1822, on every 100 kilogrammes. If the beet-root trade, with a corresponding tax of only fifteen or eighteen francs, cannot compete with the colonial manufacture, the French cannot surely persist much longer in their cultivation of this plant for the making of sugar. Such conduct might justly be termed a direct contravention of the designs of nature, which has to all appearance allotted the task of producing sugar to warmer climes, and on these has bestowed for the purpose certain vegetables, from which the desired substance exudes abundantly.

We have no intention here of entering on the subject of political economy, but we may be permitted to express a general opinion on the absurdity and folly of endeavouring in any case, by conventional laws, to cause a cold district of the earth to serve the assigned end of a warm one, and to compel one vegetable to answer a purpose inconsistent with the qualities specially implanted in it. Being unnatural, all such endeavours must ultimately fail in their object, and the prosecution of them must be attended with continual and great disadvantages.

In Prussia, the beet-root sugar manufacture has been tried, and with similar results. It appears, from the experiments made there, that the establishments for making it could barely extract from the business enough of revenue to pay the expenses of manufacture; and there, at least, the government was not foolish enough to bolster up the trade by duties and protections. In conclusion, it may be safely re-asserted that all past experience goes to prove the beet-root totally unsuited, under ordinary circumstances, for the production of sugar in Europe, and we hope that in Britain the attempt to establish such a manufacture, which has sometimes been thought of, will never be made.

MOCHA DICK,

OR THE WHITE WHALE OF THE PACIFIC.

[Abridged from the Knickerbocker, or New York Monthly Magazine, where it appeared in May 1838. Mocha, from which the whale takes its name, is a small island off the coast of Chili, in latitude 38 degrees 28 minutes south. The story of the conquest of Mocha Dick is narrated by an intrepid American "whaler," on board a whale vessel in the Pacific; but before entering into the particulars of this triumph, the author gives a preliminary account of this famed monster of the deep.]

MOCHA DICK, who had come off victorious in a hundred fights with his pursuers, was an old bull whale, of prodigious size and strength. From the effect of age, or more probably from a freak of nature, as exhibited in the case of the Ethiopian Albino, a singular consequence had resulted—he was white as wool! Instead of projecting his spout obliquely forward, and puffing with a short convulsive effort, accompanied by a snorting noise, as usual with his species, he flung the water from his nose in a lofty perpendicular expanded volume, at regular and somewhat distant intervals; its expulsion producing a continuous roar, like that of vapour struggling from the safety-valve of a powerful steam-engine. Viewed from a distance, the practised eye of the sailor only could decide, that the moving mass which constituted this enormous animal, was not a white cloud sailing along the horizon. On the spermaceti whale, barnacles are rarely discovered; but upon the head of this *lusus nature* they had clustered, until it became absolutely rugged with the shells. In short, regard him as you would, he was a most extraordinary fish; or, in the vernacular of Nantucket, "a genuine old sog" of the first water.

Opinions differ as to the time of his discovery. It is settled, however, that previous to the year 1810, he had been seen and attacked near the island of Mocha. Numerous boats are known to have been shattered by his immense flukes, or ground to pieces in the crush of his powerful jaws; and it is said that on one occasion he came off victorious from a conflict with the crews of three English whalers, striking fiercely at the last of the retreating boats, at the moment it was rising from the water, in its hoist up to the ship's davits. It must not be supposed, however, that through all this desperate warfare our leviathan passed scathless. A back serried with irons, and from fifty to a hundred yards of line trailing in his wake, sufficiently attested, that though unconquered, he had not proved invulnerable. From the period of Dick's first appearance, his celebrity continued to increase, until his name seemed naturally to mingle with the salutations which whalemens were in the habit of exchanging, in their encounters upon the broad Pacific; the customary interrogatories almost always closing with, "Any news from Mocha Dick?" Indeed, nearly every whaling captain who rounded Cape Horn, if he possessed any professional ambition, or valued himself on his

skill in subduing the monarch of the seas, would lay his vessel along the coast, in the hope of having an opportunity to try the muscle of this doughty champion, who was never known to shun his assailants. It was remarked, nevertheless, that the old fellow seemed particularly careful as to the portion of his body which he exposed to the approach of the boat-steerer; generally presenting, by some well-timed manœuvre, his back to the harpooner, and dexterously evading every attempt to plant an iron under his fin, or a spade on his "small." Though naturally fierce, it was not customary with Dick, while unmolested, to betray a malicious disposition. On the contrary, he would sometimes pass quietly round a vessel, and occasionally swim lazily and harmlessly among the boats, when armed with full craft for the destruction of his race. But this forbearance gained him little credit; for if no other cause of accusation remained to them, his foes would swear they saw a lurking devilry in the long careless sweep of his flukes. Be this as it may, nothing is more certain than that all indifference vanished with the first prick of the harpoon; while cutting the line, and a hasty retreat to their vessel, were frequently the only means of escape from destruction left to his discomfited assailants.

"I will not weary you," said the whaler, "with the uninteresting particulars of a voyage to Cape Horn. Our vessel, as capital a ship as ever left the little island of Nantucket, was finely manned and commanded, as well as thoroughly provided with every requisite for the peculiar service in which she was engaged. I may here observe, for the information of such among you as are not familiar with these things, that soon after a whale-ship from the United States is fairly at sea, the men are summoned aft; then boats' crews are selected by the captain and first mate, and a ship-keeper, at the same time, is usually chosen. The place to be filled by this individual is an important one, and the person designated should be a careful and sagacious man. His duty is, more particularly, to superintend the vessel while the boats are away in chase of fish; and at these times the cook and steward are perhaps his only crew. His station, on these occasions, is at the mast-head, except when he is wanted below to assist in working the ship. While aloft, he is to look out for whales, and also to keep a strict and tireless eye upon the absentees, in order to render them immediate assistance should emergency require it. Should the game rise to windward of their pursuers, and they be too distant to observe personal signs, he must run down the jib. If they rise to leeward, he should haul up the spanker; continuing the little black signal-flag at the mast so long as they remain on the surface. When the 'school' turn flukes, and go down, the flag is to be struck, and again displayed when they are seen to ascend. When circumstances occur which require the return of the captain on board, the colours are to be hoisted at the mizen peak. A ship-keeper must further be sure that provisions are ready for the men on their return from the chase, and that drink be amply furnished, in the form of a bucket of 'switchel'."

I have already said that little of interest occurred, until after we had doubled Cape Horn. We were now standing in upon the coast of Chili, before a gentle breeze from the south, that bore us along almost imperceptibly. It was a quiet and beautiful evening, and the sea glanced and glistened in the level rays of the descending sun, with a surface of waving gold. The western sky was flooded with amber light, in the midst of which, like so many islands, floated immense clouds, of every conceivable brilliant dye; while far to the north-east, looming darkly against a paler heaven, rose the conical peak of Mocha. The men were busily employed in sharpening their harpoons, spades, and lances, for the expected fight. The look-out at the mast-head, with cheek on his shoulder, was dreaming of the dangers he had passed, instead of keeping watch for those which were to come; while the captain paced the quarter-deck with long and hasty stride, scanning the ocean in every direction, with a keen, expectant eye. All at once he stopped, fixed his gaze intently for an instant on some object to leeward, that seemed to attract it, and then, in no very conciliating tone, hailed the mast-head: "Both ports shut!" he exclaimed, looking aloft, and pointing backward, where a long white bushy spout was rising, about a mile off the larboard bow, against the glowing horizon. "Both ports shut," I say, "you leaden-eyed lubber! Nice lazy son of a sea-cook you are, for a look-out! Come down, sir!"

"There she blows!—sperm whale—old sog, sir," said the man, in a deprecatory tone, as he descended from his nest in the air. It was at once seen that the creature was companionless; but as a lone whale is generally an old bull, and of unusual size and ferocity, more than ordinary sport was anticipated, while unquestionably more than ordinary honour was to be won from its successful issue.

The second mate and I were ordered to make ready for pursuit; and now commenced a scene of emulation and excitement, of which the most vivid description would convey but an imperfect outline, unless you have been a spectator or an actor on a similar occasion. Line-tubs, water-kegs, and wade-poles, were thrown hurriedly into the boats; the irons were placed in the racks, and the necessary evolutions of the ship gone through, with a quickness almost magical; and this, too, amidst what to a landsman would have seemed inextricable confusion, with perfect regularity and precision; the commands of the officers being all but forestalled by the enthusiastic eagerness of the men. In a short time we were as near the object of our chase as it was considered prudent to approach.

"Back the main-top-s'l!" shouted the captain. "There she blows! there she blows! there she blows!" cried the look-out, who had taken the place of his sleepy shipmate, raising the pitch of his voice with each announcement, until it amounted to a downright yell. "Right ahead, sir!—spout as long an 's thick as the main-yard!" "Stand by to lower!" exclaimed the captain; "all

hands, cook, steward, cooper, every one of ye, stand by to lower!"

An instantaneous rush from all quarters of the vessel answered this appeal, and every man was at his station almost before the last word had passed the lips of the skipper.

"Lower away!" and in a moment the keels splashed in the water. "Follow down the crews: jump in, my boys; ship the crotch; line your oars; now pull as if the d—l was in your wake!" were the successive orders as the men slipped down the ship's side, took their places in the boats, and began to give way.

The second mate had a little the advantage of me in starting. The stern of his boat grated against the bows of mine at the instant I grasped my steering-oar and gave the word to shove off. One sweep of my arm, and we sprang foaming in his track. Now came the tug of war. To become a first-rate oarsman, you must understand, requires a natural gift. My crew were not wanting in the proper qualification; every mother's son of them pulled as if he had been born with an oar in his hand; and as they stretched every sinew for the glory of darting the first iron, it did my heart good to see the boys spring. At every stroke the tough blades bent like willow wands, and quivered like tempered steel in the warm sunlight, as they sprang forward from the retreating wave. At the distance of half a mile, and directly before us, lay the object of our emulation and ambition, heaving his huge bulk in unwieldy gambols, as though totally unconscious of our approach.

"There he blows!" An old bull, by Jupiter! Eighty barrels, boys, waiting to be towed alongside! Long and quick—shoot ahead! Now she feels it; waist-boat never could beat us; now she feels the touch! now she walks through it! Again—now! Such were the broken exclamations and adjurations with which I cheered my rowers to their toil, as, with renewed vigour, I plied my long steering-oar. In another moment we were alongside our competitor. The shivering blades flashed forward and backward, like sparks of light. The waters boiled under our prow, and the trenched waves closed, hissing and whirling in our wake, as we swept, I might almost say were *lifted*, onward in our arrowy course.

We were coming down upon our fish, and could hear the roar of his spouting above the rush of the sea, when my boat began to take the lead.

"Now, my fine fellows," I exclaimed, in triumph, "now we'll show them our stern—only spring! Stand ready, harpooner, but don't dart, till I give the word."

"Carry me on, and his name's Dennis!" cried the boat-steerer, in a confident tone. We were perhaps a hundred feet in advance of the waist-boat, and within fifty of the whale, about an inch of whose hump only was to be seen above the water, when, heaving slowly into view a pair of flukes some eighteen feet in width, he went down. The men lay on their oars. "There he blows again!" cried the tub-oarsman, as a lofty perpendicular spout sprang into the air, a few furlongs away on the starboard side. Presuming, from his previous movement, that the old fellow had been 'gallied' by other boats, and might probably be jealous of our purpose, I was about ordering the men to pull away as softly and silently as possible, when we received fearful intimation that he had no intention of baulking our inclination, or even yielding us the honour of the first attack. Lashing the sea with his enormous tail, until he threw about him a cloud of surf and spray, he came down, at full speed, 'jaws on,' with the determination, apparently, of doing battle in earnest. As he drew near, with his long curved back looming occasionally above the surface of the billows, we perceived that it was *white as the surf around him*; and the men stared aghast at each other, as they uttered, in a suppressed tone, the terrible name of MOCHA DICK!

"Mocha Dick!" said I; "this boat never sheers off from any thing that wears the shape of a whale. Pull easy; just give her way enough to steer." As the creature approached, he somewhat abated his frenzied speed, and, at the distance of a cable's length, changed his course to a sharp angle with our own.

"Here he comes!" I exclaimed. "Stand up, harpooner! Don't be hasty—don't be hurried. Hold your iron higher, firmer. Now!" I shouted, as I brought our bows within a boat's length of the immense mass which was wallowing heavily by. "Now!—give it to him solid!"

But the leviathan plunged on, unharmed. The young harpooner, though ordinarily as fearless as a lion, had imbibed a sort of superstitious dread of Mocha Dick, from the exaggerated stories of that prodigy, which he had heard from his comrades. He regarded him, as he had heard him described in many a tough yarn during the middle watch, rather as some ferocious fiend of the deep, than a regular built, legitimate whale! Judge then of his trepidation, on beholding a creature, answering the wildest dreams of his fancy, and sufficiently formidable, without any superadded terrors, bearing down upon him with thrashing flukes and distended jaws! He stood crest, it cannot be denied. He planted his foot—he grasped the coil—he poised his weapon. But his knee shook, and his sinewy arm wavered. The shaft was hurled, but with unsteady aim. It just grazed the back of the monster, glanced off, and darted into the sea beyond. A second, still more abortive, fell short of the mark. The giant animal swept on for a few rods, and then, as if in contempt of our fruitless and childish attempt to injure him, flapped a storm of spray in our faces with his broad tail, and dashed far down into the depths of the ocean, leaving our little skiff among the waters where he sank, to spin and duck in the whirlpool.

Night being now at hand, the captain's signal was set for our return to the vessel, and we were soon assembled on her deck, discussing the mischances of the day, and speculating on the prospect of better luck on the morrow.

We were at breakfast next morning, when the watch at the fore-top-gallant head sang out merrily, "There she breaches!" In an instant every one was on his feet. "Where away?" cried the skipper, rushing from the cabin,

and upsetting in his course the steward, who was returning from the caboose with a replenished biggin of hot coffee. 'Not loud but deep' were the grumbings and groans of that functionary, as he rubbed his scalded shins, and danced about in agony; but had they been far louder, they would have been drowned in the tumult of vociferation which answered the announcement from the mast-head.

"Where away?" repeated the captain, as he gained the deck. "Three points off the leeward bow." "How far?" "About a league, sir; heads same as we do. There she blows!" added the man, as he came slowly down the shrouds, with his eyes fixed intently upon the spouting herd. "Keep her off two points! Steady! steady, as she goes!" "Steady it is, sir," answered the helmsman. "Weather braces, a small pull. Loose to—gallant-s'l's! Bear a hand, my boys! Who knows but we may tickle their ribs at this rising?"

The captain had gone aloft, and was giving these orders from the main-to—gallant-cross-trees. "There she top-tails! there she blows!" added he, as, after taking a long look at the sporting shoal, he glided down the back stay. "Sperm whale, and a thundering big school of 'em!" was his reply to the rapid and eager inquiries of the men. "See the lines in the boats," he continued; "get in the craft; swing the cranes!"

By this time the fish had gone down, and every eye was strained to catch the first intimation of their re-appearance.

"There she spouts!" screamed a young greenhorn in the main chains, "close by; a mighty big whale, sir!" "We'll know that better at the trying out, my son," said the third mate, drily. "Back the main-top-s'l!" was now the command. The ship had little headway at the time, and in a few minutes we were as motionless as if lying at anchor.

"Lower away, all hands!" And in a twinkling, and together, the starboard, larboard, and waist-boats, struck the water. Each officer leaped into his own; the crews arranged themselves at their respective stations; the boat-steerers began to adjust their 'craft,' and we left the ship's side in company; the captain, in laconic phrase, bidding us to 'get up and get fast' as quickly as possible.

Away we dashed in the direction of our prey, who were frolicking, if such a term can be applied to their unwieldy motions, on the surface of the waves. Occasionally a huge shapeless body would flounce out of its proper element and fall back with a heavy splash; the effort forming about as ludicrous a caricature of agility, as would the attempt of some overfed alderman to execute the Highland fling.

We were within a hundred rods of the herd, when, as if from a common impulse, or upon some preconcerted signal, they all suddenly disappeared. "Follow me!" I shouted, waving my hand to the men in the other boats; "I see their track under water; they swim fast, but we'll be among them when they rise. Lay back," I continued, addressing myself to my own crew, "back to the thwarts! Spring *hard*! We'll be in the thick of 'em when they come up; only *pull*!"

And they did pull, manfully. After rowing for about a mile, I ordered them to 'lie.' The oars were peaked, and we rose to look out for the first 'noddle-head' that should break water. It was at this time a dead calm. Not a single cloud was passing over the deep blue of the heavens, to vary their boundless transparency, or shadow for a moment the gleaming ocean which they spanned. Within a short distance lay our noble ship, with her idle canvass hanging in drooping festoons from her yards; while she seemed resting on her inverted image, which, distinct and beautiful as its original, was glassed in the smooth expanse beneath. No sound disturbed the general silence, save our own heavy breathings, the low gurgle of the water against the side of the boat, or the noise of flapping wings, as the albatross wheeled sleepily along through the stagnant atmosphere. We had remained quiet for about five minutes, when some dark object was descried ahead, moving on the surface of the sea. It proved to be a small 'calf,' playing in the sunshine.

"Pull up and strike it," said I to the third mate; "it may bring up the old one—perhaps the whole school."

And so it did with a vengeance! The sucker was transpierced, after a short pursuit; but hardly had it made its first agonised plunge, when an enormous cow-whale rose close beside her wounded offspring. Her first endeavour was to take it under her fin, in order to bear it away; and nothing could be more striking than the maternal tenderness she manifested in her exertions to accomplish this object. But the poor thing was dying; and while she vainly tried to induce it to accompany her, it rolled over, and floated dead at her side. Perceiving it to be beyond the reach of her caresses, she turned to wreak her vengeance on its slayers, and made directly for the boat, crashing her vast jaws the while in a paroxysm of rage. Ordering his boat-steerer aft, the mate sprang forward, cut the line loose from the calf, and then snatched from the crotch the remaining iron, which he plunged with his gathered strength into the body of the mother as the boat sheered off to avoid her onset. I saw that the work was well done, but had no time to mark the issue, for at that instant a whale 'breached' at the distance of about a mile from us, on the starboard quarter. The glimpse I caught of the animal in his descent, convinced me that I once more beheld my old acquaintance, Mocha Dick. That falling mass was white as a snow-drift!

One might have supposed the recognition mutual, for no sooner was his vast square head lifted from the sea, than he charged down upon us, scattering the water into spray as he advanced, and leaving a wake of foam a rod in width, from the violent lashing of his flukes.

"He's making for the bloody water!" cried the men, as he cleft his way towards the very spot where the calf had been killed. "Here, harpooner, steer the boat, and let me dart!" I exclaimed, as I leaped into the bows. "May the 'Goneys' eat me if he dodges us *this* time, though he were Beelzebub himself! Pull for the red water!"

As I spoke, the fury of the animal seemed suddenly to die away. He paused in his career, and lay passive on the waves, with his arching back thrown up like the ridge of a mountain. "The old sog's lying to!" I cried, exultingly. "Spring, boys! spring *now*, and we have him! All my clothes, tobacco, every thing I've got, shall be yours, only lay me 'longside that whale before another boat comes up! My *grimky*! what a hump! Only look at the irons in his back! No, don't look—*PULL*! Now, boys, if you care about seeing your sweethearts and wives in old Nantuck!—if you love Yankee-land—if you love me—pull ahead, *wont* ye? Now, then, to the thwarts! Lay back, my boys! I feel ye, my hearties! Give her the touch! Only five seas off! *Not* five seas off! One minute—half a minute more! Softly—no noise! Softly with your oars! That will do."

And as the words were uttered, I raised the harpoon above my head, took a rapid but no less certain aim, and sent it, hissing, deep into his thick white side!

"Stern all! for your lives!" I shouted; for at the instant the steel quivered in his body, the wounded leviathan plunged his head beneath the surface, and, whirling around with great velocity, smote the sea violently, with fin and fluke, in a convulsion of rage and pain.

Our little boat flew dancing back from the seething vortex around him, just in season to escape being overwhelmed or crushed. He now started to run. For a short time, the line rasped, smoking, through the chocks. A few turns round the loggerhead then secured it; and with oars a-peak, and bows tilted to the sea, we went leaping onward in the wake of the tethered monster. Vain were all his struggles to break from our hold. The strands were too strong, the barbed iron too deeply fleshed, to give way; so that whether he essayed to dive or breach, or dash madly forward, the frantic creature still felt that he was held in check. At one moment, in impotent rage, he reared his immense blunt head, covered with barnacles, high above the surge; while his jaws fell together with a crash that almost made me shiver; then the upper outline of his vast form was dimly seen, gliding amidst showers of sparkling spray; while streaks of crimson on the white surf that boiled in his track, told that the shaft had been driven home.

By this time the whole 'school' was about us; and spouts from a hundred spiracles, with a roar that almost deafened us, were raining on every side; while in the midst of a vast surface of chafing sea, might be seen the black shapes of the rampant herd, tossing and plunging, like a legion of maddened demons. The second and third mates were in the very centre of this appalling commotion.

At length Dick began to lessen his impetuous speed. "Now, my boys," cried I, "haul me on; wet the line, you second oarsman, as it comes in. Haul away, shipmates! why don't you haul? Leeward side—*leeward*! I tell you! Don't you know how to approach a whale?"

The boat brought fairly up upon his broadside as I spoke, and I gave him the lance just under the shoulder blade. With the exception of a slight shudder, which once or twice shook his ponderous frame, Dick lay perfectly quiet upon the water. But suddenly, as though goaded into exertion by some fiercer pang, he started from his lethargy. Making a leap towards the boat, he darted perpendicularly downward, hurling the after oarsman, who was helmsman at the time, ten feet over the quarter, as he struck the long steering-oar in his descent. The unfortunate seaman fell, with his head forward, just upon the flukes of the whale, as he vanished, and was drawn down by the suction of the closing waters, as if he had been a feather. After being carried to a great depth, as we inferred from the time he remained below the surface, he came up, panting and exhausted, and was dragged on board, amidst the hearty congratulations of his comrades.

By this time two hundred fathoms of line had been carried spinning through the chocks, with an impetus that gave back in steam the water cast upon it. Still the gigantic creature bored his way downward, with undiminished speed. Coil after coil went over, and was swallowed up. There remained but three flakes in the tub!

"Cut!" I shouted; "cut quick, or he'll take us down!" But as I spoke, the hissing line flew with trebled velocity through the smoking wood, jerking the knife he was in the act of applying to the heated strands out of the hand of the boat-steerer. The boat rose on end, and her bows were buried in an instant; a hurried ejaculation, at once shriek and prayer, rose to the lips of the bravest, when, unexpected mercy! the whizzing cord lost its tension, and our light bark, half filled with water, fell heavily back on her keel. A tear was in every eye, and I believe every heart bounded with gratitude at this unlooked-for deliverance.

Overpowered by his wounds, and exhausted by his exertions and the enormous pressure of the water above him, the immense creature was compelled to turn once more upward for a fresh supply of air. And upward he came, indeed; shooting twenty feet of his gigantic length above the waves by the impulse of his ascent. He was not disposed to be idle. Hardly had we succeeded in baling out our swamping boat, when he again darted away, as it seemed to me, with renewed energy. For a quarter of a mile we parted the opposing waters as though they had offered no more resistance than air. Our game then abruptly brought to, and lay as if paralysed, his massy frame quivering and twitching as if under the influence of galvanism. I gave the word to haul on; and seizing a boat-spade, as we came near him, drove it twice into his 'small,' no doubt partially disabling him by the vigour and certainty of the blows. Wheeling furiously around, he answered this salutation by making a desperate dash at the boat's quarter. We were so near him, that to escape the shock of his onset by any practicable manœuvre, was impossible. But at the critical moment when we expected to be crushed by the collision, his powers seemed to give way. The fatal lance had reached the seat of life. His strength failed him in his career, and sinking quietly beneath our keel, grazing it as he wallowed along, he rose again a few rods from us, on the side opposite that where he went down.

* A whale's name is "Dennis," when he spouts blood.

'Lay around, my boys, and let us set on him!' I cried, for I saw his spirit was broken at last. But the lance and spade were needless now. The work was done. The dying animal was struggling in a whirlpool of bloody foam, and the ocean far around was tinted with crimson. 'Stern all!' I shouted, as he commenced running impetuously in a circle, beating the water alternately with his head and flukes, and smiting his teeth ferociously into their sockets, with a crashing sound, in the strong spasms of dissolution. 'Stern all! or we shall be stove!'

As I gave the command, a stream of black clotted gore rose in a thick spout above the expiring animal, and fell in a shower around, bedewing, or rather drenching us, with a spray of blood.

'There's the flag!' I exclaimed; 'there! thick as tar! Stern! every soul of ye! He's going in his flurry!' And the monster, under the convulsive influence of his final paroxysm, flung his huge tail into the air, and then, for the space of a minute, thrashed the waters on either side of him with quick and powerful blows; the sound of the concussion resembling that of the rapid discharge of artillery. He then turned slowly and heavily on his side, and lay a dead mass upon the sea, through which he had so long ranged a conqueror.

'He's fin up at last!' I screamed, at the very top of my voice. 'Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!' And snatching off my cap, I sent it spinning aloft, jumping at the same time from thwart to thwart, like a madman.

We now drew alongside our floating spoil; and I seriously question if the brave commodore who first and so nobly broke the charm of British invincibility, by the capture of the *Guerriere*, felt a warmer rush of delight, as he beheld our national flag waving over the British ensign, in assurance of his victory, than I did, as I leaped upon the quarter-deck of Dick's back, planted my wafepole in the midst, and saw the little canvass flag, that tells so important and satisfactory a tale to the whaleman, fluttering above my hard-earned prize.

The captain and second mate, each of whom had been fortunate enough to kill his fish, soon after pulled up, and congratulated me on my capture. To get the harness on Dick, was the work of an instant; and as the ship, taking every advantage of a light breeze which had sprung up within the last hour, had stood after us, and was now but a few rods distant, we were soon under her stern. The other fish, both of which were heavy fellows, lay floating near; and the tackle being affixed to one of them without delay, all hands were soon busily engaged in cutting in. Mocha Dick was the longest whale I ever looked upon. He measured more than seventy feet from his noddle to the tips of his flukes, and yielded one hundred barrels of clear oil, with a proportionate quantity of 'head-matter.' It may emphatically be said, that 'the scars of his old wounds were near his new,' for not less than twenty harpoons did we draw from his back—the rusted mementos of many a desperate encounter."

THE EGG-HATCHING EXHIBITION.

A SHORT time ago, while in London, I went to see, among other "sights," the much-talked-of egg-hatching apparatus, or, as it is called by its proprietor, the *ECCALEOBION*—a word from the Greek, signifying to bring to life. The establishment is situated in Pall-Mall, opposite the Italian Opera-House, and consists of a large handsome back apartment, entered by a passage from the street. The first feeling on entering the room is that of rather a warm atmosphere, along with the slight smell of a poultry-yard—which the place literally is. On one side, on your left, is a huge oblong case against the wall, elevated three or four feet from the floor, and used as a hatching oven; on the opposite side, running nearly the length of the room, is an enclosure formed of paling, separated in distinct divisions for different sizes of birds, and containing, close to the wall, a row of coops or houses for the little creatures to run into. At the farther end of the room is a glass-case on a table, in which the birds of one day old are kept and nursed; and in the centre of the room is a table with a number of saucers, in which lie the yolks of eggs at different stages of advancement towards maturity, but which being broken are of course useless for hatching; they only exhibit the progress of the chick. Such is the general outline of the establishment, which is fitted up with iron steam-pipes running round the room to preserve a certain temperature; and with a man, who attends the oven, and a woman to look after the poultry-yard or enclosure, the whole is before the eye of the visitor.

The first thing we do is to take a peep into the oven, where the process of incubation is performed. This oven executes the office of the parent hen, and in a remarkably perfect manner; in fact, much better than most hens could perform the operation. Every body who has any thing to do with hatching poultry knows that the great difficulty consists in keeping the hen upon her eggs. Some hens are better hatchers than others, but, generally speaking, they are too apt to leave their eggs to get cool; and this, by checking the incubation, at once destroys the unborn chick. By the *Eccaleobion* process, this chance of loss is entirely avoided. If the egg be a fresh good egg, it must give up its chick; nothing can keep it from being hatched. The oven or case, as we have said, is

a large oblong box projecting from the wall. It is divided into eight compartments, like the floors of a house, and each exposed to view by means of a glass door. To satisfy our curiosity, the door of one of the compartments was opened, and on looking in we perceived that the interior is a sort of shallow box lined with cloth, heated with steam-pipes, and the bottom covered with eggs lying at an easy distance from each other. A jug of water is placed among the eggs, for the purpose of supplying the air of the box with a necessary degree of moisture. Thus, each compartment or box is a distinct oven with its own eggs, and in each the eggs are at a particular stage of advancement. In one box they may be but newly put in, and in another they may be in the act of being hatched. The meaning of having eight boxes is to insure a batch of chicks every two or three days. Each box holds from two to three hundred eggs, or the whole upwards of two thousand.

An egg requires from twenty to twenty-three days to hatch, according to its quality and other circumstances; the exact time is allowed to be twenty-one days; but such is the variety of eggs, that a batch will require three days in entirely chipping. The progressive series of phenomena during incubation, as exhibited in the broken eggs on the table of the room, are exceedingly interesting, particularly that in which the heart is seen beginning to beat on the surface of the yolk, and are as follow. I quote from a pamphlet handed to visitors:—

"1st day. In a few hours after exposure to the proper temperature, the microscope discovers that a humid matter has formed within the lineaments of the embryo: and at the expiration of twelve or fourteen hours, this matter evidently bears some resemblance to the shape of a little head; a number of new vesicles also successively appear, rudimentary of different parts of the future body of the chick; those first formed, and most easily distinguishable, may afterwards be recognised as assuming the shape of the vertebral bones of the back.—2d day. The eyes begin to make their appearance about the thirtieth hour, and additional vessels, closely joined together, indicate the situation of the navel. The brain and spinal marrow, some rudiments of the wings and principal muscles, become observable. The formation of the heart is also evidently proceeding.—3d day. At the commencement of the third day, the beating of the heart is perceptible, although no blood is visible; a few hours, however, elapse, and two vesicles, containing blood, make their appearance; one forming the left ventricle, the other the great artery. The auricle of the heart is next seen, and in the whole of these, pulsation is evident.—4th day. The wings now assume a more defined shape, and the increased size of the head renders the globules, containing the brain, the beak, and the front and hind part of the head, distinctly visible.—5th day. On the fifth day the liver makes its appearance, and both auricles, now plainly seen, approach nearer the heart than they were before. That beautiful phenomenon, the circulation of the blood, is evident.—6th day. The lungs and stomach are distinguishable, and the full gush of blood from the heart distinctly apparent.—7th day. During this day, the intestines, veins, and upper mandible, become visible, and the brain begins to assume a consistent form.—8th day. The beak, for the first time, opens, and the formation of flesh commences upon the breast.—9th day. The deposition of matter, forming the ribs, takes place, and the gall-bladder is perceptible.—10th day. The bile is now formed, or at least distinguishable by its green colour; and the first voluntary motion of the body of the chick is seen, if separated from its integuments.—11th day. The matter forming the skull now becomes cartilaginous, and the protrusion of feathers evident.—12th day. The orbits of sight are now apparent, and the ribs are perfected.—13th day. The spleen gradually approaches to its proper position in the abdomen.—14th day. The lungs become inclosed within the breast.—15th, 16th, and 17th days. During these days, the infinity of phenomena in this wonderful piece of vital mechanism elaborate it into more perfect form, and it presents an appearance closely approaching the mature state. The yolk of the egg, however, from which it derives its nourishment, is still outside the body.—18th day. On the eighteenth day, the outward and audible sign of developed life is apparent, by the faint piping of the chick being, for the first time, heard.—19th, 20th, and 21st days. Continually increasing in size and strength, the remainder of the yolk gradually becomes inclosed within its body; then, with uncommon power for so small and frail a being, it liberates itself from its prison in a peculiar and curious manner, by repeated efforts made with its bill, seconded by muscular exertion with its limbs, and emerges into a new existence.

The position of the chicken in the shell is such as to occupy the least possible space. The head, which is large and heavy in proportion to the rest of the body, is placed in front of the belly with its beak under the right wing; the feet are gathered up like a bird trussed for the spit; yet in this singular manner, and apparently uncomfortable position, it is by no means cramped or confined, but performs all the

necessary motions and efforts required for its liberation, with the most perfect ease, and that consummate skill which instinct renders almost infallible. The chicken, at the time it breaks the shell, is heavier than the whole egg was at first."

The superintendent of the oven politely exhibited a compartment in which the eggs were chipping. Some had chipped the day before, others that day, and some would not be chipped till the morrow; in a few cases we observed the beak of the chick boring its way through the shell, and getting itself emancipated. When the little creatures are ushered into the world, they are not immediately removed out of the oven, but are allowed to remain for a few hours till they become dry; they are then removed and put into the glass-case, on the table at the end of the room. This case is very shallow, and the glass cover can be easily pushed aside to permit the superintendent handling them if required. They are here for the first time fed, though not for twenty-four hours after being hatched; the material scattered among them is small bruised grits, or particles little larger than meal; these they eagerly pick up without any teaching, their instinctive desire for food being a sufficient monitor. After the brood has been kept in the glass-case (which is partially open) for two or three days, and been thus gradually accustomed to the atmosphere, they are removed to one of the divisions in the railed enclosure on the floor. Here hundreds are seen running about, uttering peep cries, picking up grits, or otherwise amusing themselves, all being apparently in as lively and thriving a condition as if trotting about in a barn-yard. At six in the evening they are put to bed for the night in the coops, twelve together in a coop; these coops are small wooden boxes, lined with flannel, and furnished with a flannel curtain in front, to seclude and keep the inmates as warm and comfortable as if under the wing of a mother. At six or seven in the morning they are again allowed to come forth into their court-yard, which being strewn with sand, and provided with food and water, affords them all the advantages of a run in an open ground.

I made some inquiries respecting the failures in hatching, and deaths, and received the following information:—The eggs are usually purchased from Leadenhall market, and, consequently, not being altogether fresh, or otherwise suitable, one half of them fail in hatching. Once hatched, they are safe, for not more than one dies out of fifty which are brought into existence. If good and suitable eggs could be procured in all seasons, the failures in hatching would be comparatively trifling. Bad eggs, therefore, are the weak point in the establishment, and I should recommend the proprietor to complete his arrangements, by adding an egg-laying department to those which he has for hatching. This might be done by keeping a regular poultry-yard, either in connection with the place or in the country. The apparatus for hatching is capable of producing forty thousand chickens in a year, and, making allowance for failures, the actual produce cannot fall far short of half of that number. When three weeks old, as I was informed, the chickens are taken to market, and sold for a shilling each. Thus, we should suppose, the *Eccaleobion* turns out at least a thousand pounds worth of chickens annually—no bad revenue, it will be said, after paying expenses, but not greater than the ingenious contriver and proprietor, Mr William Bucknell, deserves.

This thing, trifling as it may appear to some, is highly deserving of public attention. Attempts to hatch eggs in ovens are of old date, but have never succeeded on a permanent or large scale in this country. In Egypt the practice has been more successful; yet even there, with the advantages of a superior climate, one in five of the hatched birds dies, and many are deformed, doubtless from the unequal application of the heat. It has only been by the *Eccaleobion*, as far as I can learn, that the birds have been brought out with certainty, or been reared successfully after being hatched; every bird is perfect, and will grow to its full size. The distinguishing characteristic of this invention is exact regulation of temperature at different stages of advancement, for eggs, as is well known, develop heat naturally in the course of hatching, and consequently the artificial heat requires to be judiciously diminished as the natural heat increases. By employing steam or hot-water pipes, the temperature is not only capable of being exactly regulated, but is diffused generally and equally throughout the oven, and acts upon all sides of the egg alike. Hence, the eggs in the *Eccaleobion* require no handling or turning during the process—there is no fear of their being either roasted on one side or cooled on the other. Provided all is as fair and above board as the proprietor of the *Eccaleobion* describes, or the superintendents inform the visitors, there can be no difficulty in multiplying egg-hatching and chicken-rearing establishments all over the country. Poultry is at present a dear article, on account of the very limited and imperfect manner of its production; but this need not

be the case any longer. There is nothing to prevent every town in the kingdom having its chicken manufactory as well as any other branch of business. Wherever there are establishments with steam-engines having a small redundancy of steam, it would be the easiest thing in the world to erect a fowl-producing apparatus in connection with the works. And if this did not in some degree improve the resources of the country and the condition of its people, I do not know what would.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

MADAME DACIER.

ANNE LEFEVRE was born at the town of Saumur, in the north of France, in the year 1631. Her father, Tanneguy-Lefevre, a famed and excellent scholar, had originally no idea of making his daughter a scholar also, nor indeed of bestowing on her any further training than usually falls to the share of her sex; but accident revealed to him such extraordinary capabilities in his child, as to lead to a total change in her destiny. Being present one day, according to custom, while her father gave instructions in the classics to her young brother, she pursued her wonted task of sewing, and appeared to pay little or no attention to what was passing by her side, until she perceived that the pupil replied very lamely to the questions of his instructor. Without raising her eyes from her work, she suggested in a low voice to her brother the true answers which he ought to make. Monsieur Lefevre heard the whisperings of his daughter, and was equally charmed and surprised by the discovery of the knowledge which she had acquired, simply through her taste having led her to listen to her father while he taught others. From this time forward Lefevre divided his instructions between his son and daughter, and under so competent a master the latter of these pupils speedily made so rapid a progress as to astonish her tutor and guide.

Anne Lefevre was soon mistress of the Greek and Latin tongues, in so far as regarded the power of reading the extant writings in either language. But with this mere acquisition of the key to ancient knowledge, the young scholar did not content herself. She plunged deeply into the study of the classical writers, and her natural tastes and dispositions in this respect were in due time seconded by motives of emulation. Her father gave her a rival and companion in her labours in the person of André Dacier, then a youth about her own age, and the connection, which thus commenced through a conformity of pursuits and tastes, was afterwards strengthened into a lasting union, cemented by esteem and mutual affection. Though young Dacier proved himself no common scholar, the sex of his associate in study rendered her classical acquisitions the subject of greater surprise, and her repute, even at a very youthful period of life, spread far and wide among the learned and literary circles of France.

This was in a measure fortunate for Mademoiselle Lefevre. Her father died in the year 1672, and the daughter was under the necessity of removing to Paris, the great national field for the display of every species of talent. Her scholarly abilities had been heard of in the capital, and she gave ample proof of them, soon after her arrival within its walls, by publishing an edition of the works of Callimachus, one of the later and unjustly neglected Greek poets. This first display on the part of the subject of our memoir, as an editor and commentator on the classics, greatly increased her repute, and excited the most lively wonder in the mind of the whole lettered republic, coming, as it did, from a quarter so unusual. A short time afterwards, the Duke de Montausier, a nobleman intimately connected with the court, proposed to Mademoiselle Lefevre to undertake the task of editing some of the Latin authors destined to form a part of the great classical collection for the use of the Dauphin; but she at first declined to accept of this honourable charge, regarding the task as above her powers. New proofs, however, having been given by her of her qualifications, the same employment was again pressed on her, and she consented to become one of the labourers on the famous Delphin edition. The writers whose works she thus undertook to edit, with the ample notes, explanations, and commentaries required by the general plan of the collection, were among the minor classics, and were the more difficult from having been the object of comparatively little previous inquiry. *Aurelius Victor, Florus, and Eutropius*, the historians, with the less known authors *Dares the Phrygian* and *Dictys the Cretan*, were

the five writers whom Mademoiselle Lefevre edited, and most ably edited, for the "use of the Dauphin."

The marriage of our heroine with her old companion M. Dacier, who had also commenced a distinguished career of scholarship in Paris, occurred in the midst of these learned labours, in the beginning of the year 1683. This union was pleasantly called "the marriage of Greek and Latin," but which of the pair stood for the Greek, and which for the Latin, it would be hard to say, seeing that each was alike skilled in both tongues. However this may be, the alliance was certainly a happy one for the parties, and a happy one for the cause of learning. Their extraordinary congeniality of tastes and talents rendered their thirty-seven years' union one of rare mutual felicity, and although they did not for many years bend their minds upon any common tasks, the encouragement which the counsel, applause, and society of the one afforded to the other, had an important stimulating influence on the isolated exertions of both in the field of classical literature. Besides the works mentioned as having been produced for the Delphin collection, Madame Dacier had published, two years before her nuptials, an edition of the "Poems of Anacreon and Sappho," with notes, and a French prose translation. Of this prose translation, the noted writer Despreaux observed, that "it ought to make the pen fall from the hand of any one who undertook to render these poems into *verse*," alluding, by this expression, to the superior fidelity and force of the prose of Madame Dacier. In the year of her marriage, our authoress gave to the public three of the most noted comedies of the Roman dramatist, Plautus, accompanying them with translations and critical remarks of a high order of excellence; and in the following year, 1684, she issued, with the like accompaniments, two of the most famous comedies of Aristophanes, the Grecian, entitled "Plutus," and "The Clouds." The remarkable merit of these editions cannot be fully appreciated without keeping in mind that the Grecian and Roman comedies, from the frequency of their allusions to things of the hour, and which passed away with the hour, are the most difficult and least comprehensible portions of classical literature. Yet Madame Dacier's success was complete, and most succeeding translators have followed her versions, or at least acknowledged themselves deeply indebted to her elucidations and commentaries. The same remarks apply in all respects to her edition of the whole comedies of Terence, which was published in 1688, next in succession after the plays of Aristophanes. Subsequent translators of the latter writer were not more indebted to the learned Frenchwoman's expositions than was Colman the elder, and others who produced versions of the dramatic pieces of Terence.

At this point of our memoir we are called upon to turn our attention to some particulars of Madame Dacier's private life. And, in the first place, it will be but just to allude to a charge which has been brought against herself and her husband of having meanly permitted fear or favour to cause them to change their religious persuasion shortly after their marriage. It is true that Monsieur and Madame Dacier were both brought up Protestants, and that they solemnly passed into the Catholic body in 1685; an act which was not then uncommon, and which would probably have called down upon them no reprobative notice, had not the revocation of the edict of Nantes taken place a short time afterwards. But the calumniated pair cleared themselves from the odium of an unconscientiousness in faith, by showing that the revocation of the edict had not been hinted at or surmised by any one when their religious renunciation took place, and, also, that they had retired to the country to perform the act with all possible privacy, instead of publishing it, as those would have done who sought to gain court favour. They had in truth retired at the period to Castres, the native place of Monsieur Dacier, and here they staid as long as circumstances would permit. An order from the king was found necessary to draw them back to the capital to resume their yet unfinished Delphin labours. The chief cause of Madame Dacier's desire for seclusion, lay in her anxiety to superintend the education of her two daughters, and, more particularly, of her only son. This boy showed such precociousness of intellect as to excite general wonder. He repaid his mother's classical instructions so well, that, at the age of seven and eight, his mind was largely imbued with ancient learning. At ten years old he was so thorough a proficient in Greek that he stole for his own perusal, from his mother's repositories, such of the more recondite authors as she interdicted him from reading, on the ground of their being yet too difficult for him. But he died on reaching the age of eleven, to the lasting regret of all who knew him, but more especially of his mother. Of her two daughters, one likewise died on entering the spring of womanhood. Her remaining daughter, and sole surviving child, entered a convent for life, by her own wish and choice.

The labours of the subject of our memoir, for the ten years succeeding the appearance of Terence in 1688, were chiefly confined to assisting her husband in preparing editions of "Marcus Antoninus's Reflections," and of "Plutarch's Lives." Otherwise, her attention appears to have been chiefly engaged, and in some respects sorrowfully so, by her children. At the same time, such a mind as hers could not be altogether idle, and she was continually making progress with at least one great work, an edition and translation of *The Iliad*

of Homer. This appeared in the year 1699, and was determined, by common consent, to be the most valuable of all her works. Her original and profound emendations of the text, and her erudite illustrations of its meaning, rendered her *Iliad* the chief guide to Pope, and every later translator. The world universally said of the work, "This would have been a noble and gigantic feat for a man, were he the best scholar that ever lived; for a woman, it is altogether marvellous." It had been a labour of love to Madame Dacier, in some measure, to illustrate Homer, whom she venerated as the prince of poets, and she therefore felt the more pain on seeing the old Greek severely treated soon afterwards by M. Lamotte, a clever writer of the day, in the preface to a poetical abridgement of the *Iliad*. The ire of the learned Dacier was aroused, and she defended her ancient favourite, or rather attacked his detractors, in a treatise "On the Causes of the Decline of Taste," published in 1714. Lamotte replied, and reply followed reply, until a great contest was originated, in which all the leading literary characters in France took one side or another. In her rejoinders to Lamotte, it was admitted that Madame Dacier showed much more acerbity of feeling than her opponent permitted himself to display; and hence it was pointedly observed, that the lady had written and argued with the virulence of a scholarly partisan, and Lamotte with the mildness and grace of a woman of letters and genius. It is consoling to know that after this dispute had been maintained for a number of years, the two leaders in the fight agreed to bring their dissensions to a close, and solemnised the re-establishment of peace by a grand and harmonious festival. A work published during the Homeric war, and entitled, "Homer defended against the Apology of Hardouin," and the "Odyssey of Homer," with notes and a translation, complete the list of Madame Dacier's difficult and laborious literary enterprises, with the exception of several elegant Latin Epistles, and some minor pieces of a similar character.

It may be thought by those who are not familiar with the subject and nature of classical editing, that in all these productions of the erudite Frenchwoman there was little scope or necessity for original thought and writing. This, however, is an error. The lengthened prefaces, copious notes, and numerous critical dissertations requisite to elucidate fully such authors as Madame Dacier edited, would constitute, if collected, a large amount of original writing, and as to the thought expended thereon, the extent of it would be truly incalculable. In our own country, many instances could be pointed out of men attaining the repute of great scholars, by effecting but one such classical edition as those of Madame Dacier. Let none of our readers, therefore, through want of acquaintance with such matters, imagine that this learned lady won her fame as much on account of her sex, as of her actual achievements. She merited all the praise which she received. Yet, in spite of her man-like renown, and in spite, too, of the bitterness which she certainly displayed in the Homeric disputation, Madame Dacier never overstepped the bounds of feminine delicacy in private life, and seemed always more anxious to be viewed as the woman than as the scholar. She avoided learned discussions in company, and could scarcely be prevailed upon to utter literary opinions there. Many traits of her modesty of character have been recorded. The inscription of autographs in albums was a custom of those days as well as of ours, and Madame Dacier was sometimes bored to death by such requests. Overcome one day by the unflinching perseverance of a German autographist, she did consent to put down her name, but accompanied it with a characteristic maxim (from Sophocles), the influence of which might counteract, she thought, the seeming vanity of the act to which she had been forced. The saying bore, that "Reserve is the ornament of woman."

But it was as a wife that this celebrated lady was especially admirable. The affection existing between her and her husband was of the most enduring nature, being based on a mental assimilation of the most rare and exalted kind. A number of epistles, written to Monsieur Dacier from the country, whither she had gone to settle for him the affairs of his patrimonial estate, are still preserved, and are equally remarkable for the business-like acuteness and the conjugal tenderness which pervade them, as well as for the learned comments on the books perused at her leisure hours, which she also introduced. Madame Dacier's scholarship procured for her various honours from foreign and home societies; but of all the compliments of this kind bestowed on her, none equalled that which came from Louis XIV., when he made her the colleague of her husband in the office of royal librarian, and assigned to her the reversion of the same important post. A woman never before attained to such an honour, and the like may never happen again. But the wife of the royal librarian was not destined to be her husband's successor. She died of a paralytic attack on the 17th of August 1720, at the age of sixty-nine, having suffered much during the last two years of her life, though without any impairment of her faculties. Monsieur Dacier survived her but two years, having languished, rather than lived out that period, in a state of inconsolable grief for the loss of his companion. The parents were survived by their daughter and sole remaining child.

The services of this illustrious female to ancient literature can never pass into oblivion. She is well calculated to be an object of proud remembrance to her sex,

being a striking proof of the capability of the female intellect to grapple with even the most recondite subjects. Her doing so, also, it is of consequence to remember, did not render her less amiable as a woman, a wife, and a mother. While those at a distance thought her chiefly admirable in her scholarly character, those who had the happiness to share her society considered that her virtue, her firmness, her benevolence, and her equanimity, were her principal titles to the honour and esteem of the world.

HOW WE ENCOURAGE THE FINE ARTS.

IN the "ART-UNION, a monthly Journal of the Fine Arts," lately established in London, and containing much useful information on the subjects of which it treats, we find the following tolerably hard hits against us as a nation, in regard to our encouragement of artists and their productions:—

"Neither was the taste of the nobility, nor the patronage of the people [a hundred and twenty years since], a whit better than it is in our own time; Hogarth had to sell his pictures by raffle, and Wilson was obliged to retire into Wales from its affording a cheaper living; so much for the discernment and patronage of the period. It was but the other day the committee of the British Institution purchased a picture of Gainsborough's for eleven hundred guineas, and presented it to the National Gallery as an example of excellence, and yet this very picture hung for years in the artist's painting-room without a purchaser, though the price was only fifty pounds. But while we censure the ignorance of former times, we cannot praise the taste or knowledge 'of our own generation.' Let us take the case of Sir David Wilkie as an example—an artist who has founded a school of art unknown before in this or in any other country, a combination of the invention of Hogarth with the pictorial excellences of Ostade and Teniers; yet this artist's works, on his coming to London in 1804, were exposed in a shop window, at Charing Cross, for a few pounds; and a work for which he could only receive fifteen guineas, was sold the other day for eight hundred. Do transactions such as these show the taste or discernment of the public? Sir George Beaumont, as a kind act of patronage, gave him a commission to paint the picture of the 'Blind Fiddler,' and paid him fifty guineas for what would now bring a thousand at a public sale. It seems, therefore, a fair inference that a discerning public, or a patronising nobility, are only shown when an artist's reputation makes it safe to encourage him; then also come out the laudations of the public press with their astute display of critical lore. The besetting sin of this country is politics—a subject which excludes every other, in a great degree, from consideration and acquirement; from the cradle to the coffin, the whole energies of life are employed in the struggle between the aristocracy and democracy for an extension of power, to the total exclusion of those refinements which tend to humanise the mind and embellish society. How often have we heard the amiable and eloquent president of the Royal Academy draw the attention of the public to the 'still small voice' of painting, unheeded amidst the bustle of political warfare."

While the provincial towns are striving with each other in establishing schools of design, we see no reason to despair, even in our day, of seeing professors of painting established in both universities: it seems derogatory to common sense, that a science which opens up so large a field of gratification, both at home and abroad, should be allowed to lie dormant. Until something of the kind is acted upon, it is in vain to expect that the higher branches of art will either be appreciated or encouraged; neither can the public taste be properly directed to any useful or ornamental termination. What, for example, can be more ridiculous than the result of the deliberations of the committee collected to decide upon the Nelson testimonial? In the first place, the very appointing of such persons precluded every artist of spirit from competing, or submitting his works to such a tribunal; yet the public press joined in reprobating the talent of the country for standing aloof. Did it never strike any of those noblemen or gentlemen that they were accepting a trust for which they were totally incompetent? Had they not the modesty to say, 'We have been brought up in the army and navy, and can know nothing of the subject of sculpture or architecture.' Well may artists complain that the government has never done any thing for the profession. There is not a single situation connected with art that is filled by an artist; there has not been a purchase by the government of a single work of art; nor have artists been consulted as to what would be of advantage, either to themselves as a body, or to the general taste of the country; and when artists see the very reverse of all this abroad, and the respect paid to the fine arts, they have just cause of complaint; and they not only suffer all this neglect, but are abused by the press for not having established an English School of Painting, and for debasing the taste, in humouring the meretricious eye of an ignorant public."

We beg to subjoin one or two ideas on the subject. The true way, as it appears to us, to encourage the fine arts and artists, should consist in elevating the standard of taste throughout all classes of the community. To do this effectually, we must begin by educating more generally, and in a better manner

than at present, the mass of the people; and also open public exhibitions and pleasure grounds as on the Continent, so as to introduce the habit of seeking refined pleasures in place of those of a gross nature. At present, during holidays and hours of relaxation, Sundays included, no places of recreation are opened for the people but the public houses and gin-shops—and the consequences are such as need not be described.

TRAVELS IN THE BURMAN EMPIRE.

It is gratifying to observe that the Christian Missionaries of the present day, while neglecting no part of the duties more especially incumbent upon them, are taking advantage of the favourable opportunities afforded by their character and position to collect much valuable information of a general kind respecting the countries which form the scene of their labours. A work which gives a favourable idea of these their services to general knowledge, now lies before us, being a narrative of "Travels in South-Eastern Asia, by the Rev. Howard Malcolm," a missionary from Boston in the United States. Though embracing notices of "Hindustan, Malaya, Siam, and China," this book is devoted in a more particular manner to an account of the Burman Empire.

The Burman Empire is situated on the east and north-east shores of the Bay of Bengal, and is bounded by the territory of Siam on the south, by China on the east, and by Tibet on the north. The extreme length of the kingdom is seven hundred and twenty miles, and its extreme breadth about four hundred. In 1836, which was the period of Mr Malcolm's visit, the population, according to the most rational computation, amounted to nearly eight millions, reckoning in this sum the subsidiary tribes connected with the empire. Not many years back, its bounds were much more extensive, but in 1826 the British took away a large slice of country on the borders of the Bengal Bay, and similar losses of territory were sustained from other causes. Ava, situated in the interior of the country, on a large river called the Irrawaddy, is the present Burman capital, and contains about 100,000 inhabitants, according to Mr Malcolm's calculation, which is lower, however, than that made by others. The city is surrounded by a wall twenty feet high and seven miles in circuit, and within this space are two other walls, the outermost enclosing the dwellings of the great, and some of the best streets, while the inner one encompasses the palace and various public buildings. Some of the latter edifices, and particularly the pagodas, which are of the ordinary pyramidal form, are (to use our author's words) "truly noble," and many of the ordinary street houses, which are built of wood with bamboo roofs, are such as to present a very handsome appearance. The details of common Burman architecture are given in the following passage. "Dwellings are constructed of timber, or bamboos set in the earth, with lighter pieces fastened transversely. When good posts are used, they are set seven feet apart; lighter ones and bamboos are placed closer. A frame set on stone or brick pillars is never seen. The sides are covered, some with mats, more or less substantial and costly; or with thatch, fastened with split ratans. The roof is usually of thatch (except in the city of Ava), even in the best houses. It is very ingeniously made and fastened on, and is a perfect security against wind or rain. The floor is of split cane, elevated a few feet from the earth, which secures ventilation and cleanliness, and makes them far more comfortable and tidy than the houses of Bengal. The open crevices between the eaves, however, too often invite carelessness, by suffering offal and dirty fluids to pass through, and not unfrequently, among the lower ranks, the space under the house is a nasty mud hole, alive with vermin. The doors and windows are of mat, strengthened with a frame of bamboo, and tied fast at the top. When opened, they are propped up with a bamboo, and form a shade. Of course there are no chimneys. Cooking is done on a shallow box, a yard square, filled with earth."

The people of the Burman country are low in stature, the average height of the men being five feet two inches, and that of the women four feet ten inches. The standard of beauty, as regards complexion, seems to be a delicate yellow, which is the natural hue of the race till deepened by long exposure to the sun. But for a little prominence of the cheek-bones, squareness of the jaw, flatness of the nose, and thickness of the lips, the Burmans would be tolerably good-looking. A delicate yellow powder is used, by ladies chiefly, to give the face the favourite tint, and also to impart to it a fragrant odour. This last point is of more importance among the Burmans than any where else, as they have a curious mode of kissing. "Instead of a slight touch (says our author) of the lips, as with us, they apply the mouth and nose closely to the person's cheek, and draw in the breath strongly, as if smelling a delightful perfume. Hence, instead of saying 'Give me a kiss,' they say 'Give me a smell.' There is no word in the language which translates the word kiss." This people have also a custom of giving an indelible black tinge to their teeth, by means of lamp-black and oil applied with a hot iron. When asked the reason of this fashion, they gave uniformly for answer, "What! should we have white teeth, like a dog or a monkey?" Where the teeth are not blackened in this manner, they are usually tinted red, in consequence of another custom nearly universal

among them, of chewing a mixture called *coon*, which is composed of a kind of nut, with tobacco and other ingredients, smeared over with a little tempered quicklime. This colours the whole mouth a deep red. "Smoking tobacco is still more prevalent among both sexes, and is commenced by children almost as soon as they are weaned. I have seen little creatures of two or three years, stark naked, tottering about with a lighted cigar in their mouth. It is not uncommon for them to become smokers, even before they are weaned, the mother often taking the cheroot from her mouth and putting it into that of the infant! The cheroot is seldom wholly made of tobacco. The wrapper is the leaf of the then-nat tree; fragrant wood rasped fine, the dried root of the tobacco, and some of the proper leaf, make the contents."

Food is wonderfully cheap and abundant in the Burman Empire. Mr Malcolm saw plenty of rice, the chief article of food in the country, sold at about 6d. sterling a bushel; and wheat, as good as he had ever beheld elsewhere, at 4s. 4d. sterling per hundred bushels! But the government will not allow of their exportation, although a most lucrative trade might be driven in these articles, without at all distressing the natives. "In the upper districts (says the work before us), where rice is dearer than below, wheat, maize, sweet potatoes, onions, peas, beans, and plantains, enter largely into the common diet. Indeed, a Burman seems almost literally omnivorous. A hundred sorts of leaves, suckers, blossoms, and roots, are daily gathered in the jungle, and a famine seems almost impossible. Snakes, lizards, grubs, ants' eggs, &c., are eaten without hesitation, and many are deemed delicacies. An animal which has died of itself, or the swollen carcass of game killed with poisoned arrows, is just as acceptable as other meat. Like the ancient Romans, the Burmans are very fond of certain wood-worms, particularly a very large species, found in the trunks of plantain-trees. I have seen several foreigners who had adopted it as one of their delicacies. Though the law forbids the taking of life, no one scruples to eat what is already dead; and there are always sinners enough to keep the sanctimonious ones supplied with animal food. Indeed, very few scruple to take game or fish. Thousands of the natives are fishermen by profession. I asked some of these what they thought would become of them in the next state. They admitted that they must suffer myriads of years, for taking so many lives; but would generally add, 'What can we do? our wives and children must eat.'"

The Burmans, like the Chinese and other eastern Asiatics, can by no means be called an uncivilised people, although their civilisation, like that also of their neighbours, is unfortunately of a non-progressive kind. To use the apt language of our American missionary, in their political, social, and moral system "no elements exist for the improvement of posterity, and successive generations pass like the crops upon their fields." They have many commendable points in their character, and, amongst others, that of temperance. "Temperance is universal. The use of all wines, spirits, opium, &c., is not only strictly forbidden, both by religion and the civil law, but is entirely against public opinion. I have seen thousands together for hours, on public occasions, rejoicing in all ardour, without observing an act of violence or a case of intoxication. During a residence of seven months amongst them, I never saw but one intoxicated; though the example, alas! is not wanting on the part of foreigners. It is greatly to be deplored that foreigners, particularly Moguls and Jews, tempt their boatmen and labourers to drink ardent spirits, and have taught a few to hanker after it." It may perhaps be thought that these temperate habits arise from some accidental want of acquaintance with the proper mode of manufacturing intoxicating liquors, but, in reality, the Burman territory has been gifted by nature with peculiar facilities in this respect. A ready-made liquor, of very considerable strength, is procurable from a species of palm-tree, called the *palmyra* by botanists, and by the British residents the *toddy-tree*, from the *toddy* which it yields. "To these trees slight perpendicular ladders are fastened, by which the owner ascends every morning to obtain the sap from a cut made for the purpose. But the regular climbers want no such aid. They tie their feet together, about six inches apart, and thus can apply the sole of each foot to the tree. Locking their fingers together, they clasp the trunk with their arms, and thus ascend with rapidity and ease. The sap or *toddy* is generally drunk immediately, when it is sweet and wholesome, or made into sugar, which resembles that obtained with us from the maple. When suffered to stand four or five hours, it ferments, and becomes more intoxicating than wine, but is rarely used in this state by the Burmans, and almost never to the point of intoxication. From Paghan to Ava this species of palm is very abundant, and produces a large amount of molasses, which sells for one-third of a penny per pound."

Nor is the Burman character devoid of even more important virtues; and it is but justice to mention these, seeing that we are too much accustomed to conjoin this people in our minds with races savage, ignorant, and unpollished. "During my whole residence in the country (says Mr Malcolm), I never saw an immodest act or gesture in man or woman." As in other warm latitudes, the dress of the lower classes is sometimes more scanty than is exactly consistent with our notions of propriety, but there is no gross offence given to the eye even in this respect.

Parents are extremely kind to children, and on the other hand, "children are almost as reverent to parents as among the Chinese. They continue to be greatly controlled by them, even to middle life; and the aged, when sick, are maintained with great care and tenderness. Old people are always treated with marked deference, and in all assemblies occupy the best seats among those of their own rank." Another favourable trait in the social character of the Burmans, is the comparatively honourable place which the female sex holds among them. Polygamy, indeed, is allowed in the country, but is exceedingly rare, except among the great. Hospitality is also a common virtue of this people.

The other side of the picture shows the Burmans to us in the light of inveterate liars. "Thieving and pilfering are common, but perhaps not more so than in other countries," says Mr Malcolm; but we fear that this view of the matter is too favourable to the Burmans. In passing up and down the rivers of the country, he was in continual danger of attacks from the natives. The authority of the government is not so well sustained as to afford adequate protection to life and property; and to this cause, perhaps, as much as to the evil dispositions of the people, is to be ascribed the prevalence of pilfering in the Burman territory. The pride of the Burmans is so rank and offensive, as almost to deserve enrolment among the vices of their character. "From the monarch, who adopts the most grandiloquent titles he can invent, to the pettiest officer, every man seems bloated with self-conceit. The meanest citizen seems to feel himself superior to the Peguans, Karens, Tongthoos, &c., around him. Gradations of rank are most minutely and tenaciously maintained, and are signified in every thing. Houses, dress, betel box, water-goblet, cap, umbrella, horse-equipments, &c., are all adjusted by rule. To ride on an elephant is the privilege only of royalty and high office, though often granted as an indulgence to others. The king alone, and his immediate family, use a white umbrella; the next have those gilded, the next red or fringed, next green, &c. Subdivisions of these grades are marked by the number of umbrellas of each particular colour. Thus one has twenty, another ten, another eight, and so downward.

The very language in which common actions are mentioned, is made to minister to this nicety. Thus there are three or four ways to speak of every thing, such as eating rice, walking out, sleeping, speaking, dying, one of which is always used of the king, another of priests, another of rulers, another of common persons. It would be an insult to use a lower phrase than the person is strictly entitled to, though a higher one is sometimes used as a sign of special respect. The same difference is made in the words for walking abroad, and many more."

It has been mentioned that food is exceedingly cheap in the Burman Empire. In fact, no country on the face of the earth seems to possess so rich an assortment of vegetables, calculated to supply the wants of man. Besides all the common grains and spices, tobacco, the tea-plant, and the sugar-cane, grow abundantly in a natural state. The same may be said of cotton, indigo, and other dye-stuffs. The great superfluity of edible vegetables gave rise, it is probable, to the laws (frequently evaded) that prohibit the use of animal food. The mineral riches of the country are equal to its vegetable wealth. Gold, silver, iron, tin, lead, arsenic, precious stones, sulphur, &c. are all known to abound, although their sources have as yet been but imperfectly drawn upon. The Burmans are not unacquainted with the art of making metallic alloys, and they have become particularly famous for casting bells. "These bells are disproportionately thick (says Mr Malcolm), but of delightful tone. The raised inscriptions and figures are as beautiful as on any bells I have seen. They do not flare open at the mouth, like a trumpet; but are precisely the shape of old-fashioned globular wine-glasses, or semi-spheroidal. Several in the empire are of enormous size. That at Mengoon, near Ava, weighs, as the prime minister informed me, eighty-eight thousand viss—more than three hundred and thirty thousand pounds! It seems almost incredible; but if any of my readers, interested in such matters, will make a computation for themselves, they will find it true. The bell, by actual measurement, is twenty inches thick, twenty feet high, including the ear, and thirteen feet six inches in diameter. A friend, distinguished as a civil engineer, computed the weight, from this measurement, to exceed five hundred thousand pounds, supposing the bell-metal to consist of three parts copper and one part tin. The weight was ascertained by the Burmans before casting, and its bulk in cubic inches proves them to be correct. It is suspended a few inches from the ground, and, like their other great bells, is without a tongue. That at Rangoon is not much smaller. It will be recollected that the largest bell in the United States does not exceed five thousand pounds. The Great Tom, at Oxford, in England, is seventeen thousand pounds, and the famous but useless bell at Moscow, is four hundred and forty-four thousand pounds."

Another mineral product of the country, worthy of notice, is the earth oil, or Petroleum, which is chiefly obtained at one spot on the banks of the Irrawaddy, from wells two or three hundred feet deep. "The wells are about four hundred in number, and occupy a space of about twelve square miles. Men do not go down these wells, but an earthen pot is lowered in, and drawn up over a beam across the mouth, by two

men running off with the rope. The pot is emptied into a little pool, where the water with which it is largely mixed subsides, and the oil is drawn off pure. Each well produces a daily average of one hundred and fifty gallons of oil, which sells on the spot for about 1s. 8d. per cwt. The gross annual produce is about eighty millions of pounds; it is carried to every part of the kingdom accessible by water, and is used for lights, paying boats, and various other purposes. It has the valuable quality of securing wood from the attacks of insects. A boat's bottom, kept properly in order with it, is about as safe as if coppered. It is thought to be a defence even from white ants."

Having already exceeded the proper limits, we must conclude our notice of Mr Malcolm's work by assuring our readers that a perusal of it will give them a very complete idea of the social condition and natural features of the countries visited by the author. As regards the more direct object of his journeyings, also, there is much gratifying information presented in these volumes. A map, and numerous pictorial illustrations taken from sketches by the author himself, add greatly to the interest of this work.

THE SEASONS.

The Seasons are my friends, companions dear:—
Hail Winter with I tend with constant feet,
When over world, and desert, lake and mere,
He sails triumphant in a rack of sleet,
With his rude joy the russet earth to greet,
Pinching the tiny brook, and infant ferry;
And I will hear him on his mountain-seat
Shouting his boisterous carol, free and merry,
Crown'd with a Christmas wreath of crimson hollyberry.

Young Spring will I encounter, coy and arch!
When in her humid scarf she leaves the hills,
Her dewy cheek dried by the winds of March,
To set the pebbly music of the rills.
As yet scarce freed from stubborn icicles;
And Summer shall entice me once again,
Ere yet the light her golden dew distils,
To intercept the morning on the plain,
And see Dan Phœbus slowly tend his drowsy wain.

But, pensive Autumn! most with thee I love,
When the wrung peasant's anxious toll is done,
Among thy bound and golden sheaves to rove,
And glean the harvest of a setting sun;
From the pure mellowing fields of ether won;
And in some sloping meadow musing sit,
Till vesper rising slowly, widow'd nun,
Reads whisperingly, her radiant lamp new lit,
The gospel of the stars, great Nature's holy writ.
—Thomson.

IMPROVEMENT IN THE MANUFACTURE OF PAPER HANGINGS.

We were favoured a few days since with an opportunity of visiting the extensive paper-works of Messrs J. Evans and Co., at Alder Mills, near Tamworth, where we had the pleasure of witnessing the application of an ingenious and very beautiful piece of mechanism, the invention of the Messrs Evans, to the printing of paper hangings, which cannot fail to produce a complete change in this department of our manufactures, from its superiority over the ordinary method of block printing. The Messrs Evans would have brought their invention into practical operation many years ago, had it not been for the heavy duties imposed on the manufacture of stained papers, which, by limiting the consumption, rendered their invention comparatively useless; a fact which supplies another argument against the imposition of heavy duties upon the manufacturing skill and industry of the country. In connection with the present invention, we may here state that the Messrs Evans took out a patent in February last for an important improvement in the manufacture of paper, by the application of a pneumatic pump in the compression of the moisture from the pulp, by which means the substance is almost instantaneously converted into paper. By this invention they are, we understand, enabled to manufacture a continuous sheet of paper six feet in width, and nearly two thousand yards in length, every hour. This paper, as it is taken off the reel, is in every respect fit for immediate use, and is conveyed on rollers to another part of the mill, in which the printing machinery is erected, through which it is passed with great rapidity, and receives the impression of the pattern intended to be produced, with all the precision and beauty of finish which machinery can alone effect. In order to connect the operations of the paper-making and printing machines, the Messrs Evans are at present engaged enlarging their premises; and when this alteration is completed, they will be enabled to print, glaze, and emboss the most complicated and delicate patterns in paper hangings, in every variety of shade or colour, as rapidly as the paper can be manufactured. Some idea may be formed of the power of the machinery, and the importance of the invention, when we state that during our visit to the mill, the machinery was working at a rate which would produce sixteen hundred and eighty yards of paper per hour, consisting of two very beautiful patterns, the only hand labour employed being that of one man, who superintended the machinery, and four girls employed in rolling up the paper in pieces of the required length. The whole process of manufacturing the paper from the pulp, and impressing it with the most complicated patterns, is carried on within a comparatively small space, and with a precision and rapidity which affords another instance of the progress and triumph of science and mechanical skill in supplying the necessities and comforts of civilised life.—*Birmingham General Advertiser.*

TREATMENT OF ABORIGINES.

A spot was pointed out to me, a few years ago, in Van Dieman's Land, where seventeen of the natives had been shot, at one time, in cold blood. They had been bathing in the heat of the day, in the deep pool of a river, in a sequestered and romantic glen, when they were suddenly surprised by a party of armed colonists, who had secured

the passes, and, I believe, not one of them was left to tell the tale. Nay, a convict bush-ranger in Van Dieman's Land, who was hanged a few years ago for crimes committed against the European inhabitants of the country, confessed, when under sentence of death, that he had actually been in the habit of shooting the black natives to feed his dogs.—*Dr Lang.*

SUCCESSFUL METHOD OF CURING DEAFNESS.

A short time since, in conjunction with our contemporaries, the Times, the Standard, the Courier, the Record, and other journals, we referred to a very extraordinary discovery which Dr Turnbull, of Russell Square, has recently made in the mode of curing deafness; the efficacy of which mode was tested, in the case of from thirty to forty patients, in the presence of noblemen, members of the House of Commons, physicians and surgeons, and a number of literary and scientific gentlemen. Dr Turnbull has now so far matured his discovery as to be able not only to cure ordinary cases of deafness, but to cure persons who have been deaf and dumb from their infancy except where there is an organic malformation of the ear. We were yesterday present at another exhibition of the kind alluded to, when we were again furnished with ocular demonstration of the singular efficacy of Dr Turnbull's new mode of treatment of deaf persons. A number of persons, of all ages, and from various parts of the country, who had been deaf and dumb from their infancy, and others who had been deaf for six, eight, ten, twelve, and even twenty years, and who have had their hearing entirely restored, or are in a fair way of its being so, were brought forward and rigidly examined. The cases of cure were, in several instances, of so extraordinary a character, that the spectators could hardly believe the evidence of their own eyes. What adds to the wonderful nature of these cures, is the fact, that neither what is called blowing, nor any operation of any kind, is resorted to by Dr Turnbull—the simple application to the ear, of a liquid preparation, which does not cause the slightest pain, being all that is necessary. In many instances the cures are almost instantaneous, and it is only in a few cases that more than five or six applications of the liniment, at intervals of a few days between each, are needed. It is to the simplicity and instantaneous nature of the cures, and the circumstance of any thing in the shape of operation being dispensed with, that we are to ascribe the fact of Dr Turnbull being able to attend (which he has of late repeatedly had to do) to the cases of from 150 to 200 patients in one day. In several instances, which we ourselves witnessed, the cure of deaf and dumb persons, and of others who were deaf only, was so perfect, that the parties could actually hear the ticking of a watch at a greater distance than those persons who had never had any impediment in their hearing. An exceedingly interesting part of the exhibition was that of witnessing individuals who had been born deaf and dumb, attempting to speak. Several of them had made such progress in the course of a few weeks, as to be able to articulate some of the more common words with a wonderful distinctness.—*London paper.*

TALE OF A TUB.

The following droll story appears in the St Joseph's Times:—On the passage of the ship Alexander from New Orleans to New York, a young lad, of about fourteen, from a naturally frolicsome disposition, became so troublesome, that he was threatened by the captain that he would confine him in a water-cask. Our youngster took no heed, and at his next offence was put into the cask, which was headed up, leaving a large bung-hole for the admission of air. The ship encountered a violent storm, and in a sudden lurch the cask containing the boy rolled into the sea. The circumstance was not noticed by those on board. Fortunately the cask struck bung up, and floated about thirty hours, when it was thrown upon the beach of Cape St Blas. Here the boy made efforts to extricate himself from his prison without success, and in despair gave up to die. Some cows strolling on the beach were attracted to the cask, and one of the number, it being fly time, switched her tail into the bung-hole, which the boy grasped with a desperate resolution. The cow bellowed, and set off for life; and after running some two hundred yards with the cask, struck it against a log on the beach, and knocked it, as we may say, into a cocked hat. The boy, thus providentially released, was discovered by some fishermen on the Point, and taken into Apalachicola, where a small collection being made for him, he was enabled to proceed north, by the way of Columbus.

OLD AND NEW TIMES.

An inhabitant of Horsham, in Sussex, now living, remembers, when a boy, to have heard from a person whose father carried on the trade of a butcher in that town, that in his time the only means of reaching the metropolis was either by going on foot or riding on horseback, the latter of which undertakings was not practicable at all periods of the year, nor in every state of the weather; that the roads were not at any time in such a condition as to admit of sheep or cattle to be driven upon them to London markets, and that for this reason the farmers were prevented sending thither the produce of their land, the immediate neighbourhood being, in fact, their only market. Under these circumstances, a quarter of a fat ox was commonly sold for about fifteen shillings, and the price of mutton throughout the year was only five farthings the pound. Horsham is thirty-six miles from London, and the journey between the two places now occupies less than four hours; more than thirty stage-coaches, travelling at this rate, pass through Horsham every day, on their way from and to the metropolis, in addition to numerous private carriages and post-chaises. The traffic of goods—principally coal and agricultural produce—carried on in the district of which Horsham is the centre, exceeds 40,000 tons a-year, besides which, the road is constantly covered with droves of cattle and flocks of sheep.—*Porter's Progress of the Nation.*

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IGNORANT SUSPICIONS.

THE common people often make grievous errors in their notions with respect to the motives which animate public men. They generally err both as to the nature and amount of the motive. They are very much disposed to suspect that a direct and large bribe has been the cause of a certain piece of conduct, where any one acquainted with the two parties in the case would know at once that nothing of that kind was in the least likely to have ever been thought of by either. All the French generals in the early years of the Revolution who lost battles, were suspected of having been bribed by the enemy to allow themselves to be beaten. Even in our own day and country, each of the opposing political factions always presumes of each other, that lucre is the predominating motive of their respective opponents. The literary reviews are supposed by many to take douceurs from opulent authors, in consideration of panegyric criticism: we have seen, in one, a serious notice disclaiming the practice, in reply to an individual who had actually applied to know *how much* was generally expected. We ourselves have more than once had to repel the suspicion that we were hired by the colonial land-companies to advocate emigration. These are all of them most absurd errors—little superior, in fact, to the notions of our ancestors as to magic and witchcraft. Direct bribing is not now among the causes which actuate the conduct of educated men. To suppose that it is, is not only to attribute the wrong motive, but to hide the real one. The conduct of many public men is still very far from being animated by the right motives; but it is of importance that the community should thoroughly see and know by what motives they really are animated. When we see, then, in political personages, conduct which we think bad, we should probably now-a-days be much nearer the mark if we were to inquire how far it has been brought about by the flatteries of coteries, by spite at some peculiarity in personal position, by jealousy of some compeer to whom higher honours were awarded. A vast amount of such conduct is also the result of defective judgment, prejudice, and erroneous impressions. There may be absolute purity of moral intention, but deplorable infirmity of understanding. Upon the whole, it may be pretty safely assumed that love of approbation now goes farther with public men than the love of money. The courtesy of a glass of wine is more ruinous to contemporary honesty than the glitter of gold. As to generals suspected of selling their armies, the usual fact is, that the man was simply defeated, as one of the two contending parties always must be. Such a thing has happened, we believe, as the selling of a post by a general—witness the case of Arnold; and Pichegru made some advances in a sale of his army to the Bourbons; but the great rarity of authenticated instances of this tremendous treachery, compared with the frequency of the suspicion, shows the latter in a most ridiculous light. Again, editors of literary reviews are capable, we well believe, of allowing both spite and good nature to operate in criticism, and may even be actuated, consciously or unconsciously, by a regard to the interests of parties connected with their publications; but that any one above the very lowest literary, moral, and social rank, would receive a direct bribe, is what we cannot believe; and this simply, because, from what we know of the class, we are sure that such is not amongst the means by which their conduct is to be swayed. With regard to the charge brought against ourselves, we will allow that we may be wrong in entertaining the opinions which we do on the general subject of emigration, and we may have been misled respecting various

countries which we have endeavoured to describe; but, like our compeers, we live a hundred years too late to be accessible to a bribe.

An amusing instance of wild popular suspicion occurred a few years ago to a gentleman who occasionally, for benevolent reasons, gives lectures on popular science in the provinces. He had commenced a series of lectures on one of the physical sciences in a large manufacturing village near Glasgow. It was at the time when Earl Grey, having carried the Reform Bill, was thought to be anxious to restrain the agitation into which the country had been thrown by his great measure. The two first lectures were attended by a large audience, and passed off very satisfactorily to both parties; but when the lecturer appeared for the third time, he found a mere handful of people on the forms. He made no remark at the time; but, on the fourth occasion, finding still fewer in attendance, he asked a member of the managing committee to what he was to ascribe this miserable falling-off. The man hesitated greatly, and for some time could not be induced to give an explanation; but he at length mentioned that the people had contracted a suspicion respecting their lecturer. They had become convinced that he was an emissary sent by the prime minister to beguile them, by means of scientific trifling, from that salutary watch over public affairs which they had long held. If we could describe the village where this occurred, and the humble employments of its inhabitants, the reader would have a good laugh at the idea of the venerable premier taking so much trouble about them. But this is not the only instance we have known of working-men of strong political opinions viewing with jealousy the efforts made by an enlightened philanthropy to improve their intellectual condition. Nor is it the only instance of a minister being suspected of very deep designs for working on popular feeling. We have heard the missionary cause seriously spoken of as a thing got up by Mr Pitt to divert public attention from his mode of carrying on the national affairs. The ludicrous thing here, to all who know what public men really are, is the credit it gives them for a profound policy. The honest folk who suspect such things, little think by how little wisdom, foresight, or reflection of any kind, the world is governed.

These ignorant suspicions are not always of an innocent or ludicrous nature. It must be well remembered with what gallant zeal the medical profession every where exerted themselves, on the occasion of the pestilence of 1831-2, first to soften the violence of the coming blow by precautionary measures, and afterwards to relieve the afflicted. We would say that, if the members of this benevolent profession had never in any other way distinguished themselves by their kindness towards their fellow-creatures, their exertions on that occasion ought to have fixed their character for ever. Yet, what was the feeling with which the lower populace in many places beheld their succourers? A suspicion of the grossest kind. It was believed that the physicians had poisoned the wells for the purpose of creating the disease. This was believed in many villages throughout Russia and Germany—afterwards in Britain—and finally in Spain and Italy; and in all those countries there were violent riots against the medical men, who had often to fly for their lives to places of concealment, while engaged in the very business of relieving the sick. Those men who of all others were doing and suffering most for the people in that hour of their calamity, were in several places hunted like noxious animals, and all this from the suspicion of a kind and degree of guilt such as has never perhaps been proved against any class of men even in the most barbarous times.

Much of this suspicion was probably owing to the mystery in which the medical profession is enveloped. It is a profession which seems to walk in the dark, as far as the common people are concerned. Its language is not the language of common life. The education required for it takes place under circumstances involving a good deal of the horrible. Between medical causes and effects, no relation can be discerned by common eyes. Thus "the doctors" unavoidably become objects of much wild surmise amongst the humbler classes. In particular, no expedients are thought too revolting for them to resort to, in order to obtain subjects for the dissecting-room. A few years ago, on the occasion of the celebrated Burke murders, we had a striking illustration of this tendency to impute all sorts of atrocities to the medical profession. While it was generally acknowledged that the guilt of the two principals was almost too much to have been supposed possible in men even of their wretched class, it was with the same breath more than surmised that the lecturing anatomists who purchased the bodies, had been all along aware of the way in which these were come by, and had thus virtually been the chief cause of the murders. For some time this notion held possession of the minds not only of the humbler classes, but of many others, while more than one journalist used every endeavour to give it plausibility. There was, no doubt, some appearance of a likelihood that the proceedings of the two murderers should have become matter of suspicion to the anatomists; yet how much more likely was it that these gentlemen never did conceive suspicion, than that they, men of good education and respectable position in society, would have been capable of encouraging a system of murder for the mere purpose of obtaining a thing which was not unattainable by innocent means!

If we seek for the causes of these popular suspicions, we shall find the first element in ignorance. Where the mind has no knowledge of other things by which to measure new phenomena, it is almost certain to make great mistakes. Thus, on the occurrence of the cholera morbus, the popular mind, knowing nothing of the natural causes for such a wide-spreading malady, readily ascribed it to one which they could understand, but which was just the most improbable in the world. Thus, also, when the conduct of some person much above their own station is under consideration, the populace, ignorant of the moral standards which exist in the superior class, readily attribute a motive, which, though it might operate in the low sphere, is quite inapplicable in the high one. Other elementary causes are to be found in the common disposition to think the worst where we feel no kind interest for the parties, and in the freaks of imagination when it is let loose without guide or data. There is, however, a peculiar class of cases, where another cause operates. In these, some simple circumstances, such as take place every hour of our lives without any thing coming of them, chance to lead to some great results. A light word, we shall suppose, spoken without any special intention in the private circle of a personage of importance, has a great effect on the face of public affairs. When such a thing happens, the thinking public seems quite unable to imagine or admit that so great a matter can have had a slight cause. There is a disposition to suppose a cause as great and onerous as the result. We then hear of "foul plot" and "base conspiracy," where there was nothing perhaps but the most simple, trivial, and innocent conduct. Many of our readers must have known such circumstances in their own lives, and felt how extremely difficult it was to act under them, as any explanation tracing back the mighty

turmoil to so atomic a cause, was sure to appear ridiculous, and had no chance of being listened to. On such an occasion, it is difficult for one's self to maintain a consciousness of pure intention. One almost feels disposed, like poor Strap when found in an equivocal situation at the road-side inn, to admit that, appearances being so much against us, we must have really been prompted by base motives, although totally unconscious of them at the time.

It may appear scarcely worth while to pay so much attention to this class of popular errors. Truth, however, appears to us of such importance, that we cannot imagine any kind of error unworthy of correction. If our remarks shall have the effect of checking, in but one man, in one instance, the propensity to suspect worse motives than the real ones, or of undeceiving him in any erroneous impressions as to classes of society remote from himself, we shall not consider our labour as thrown away.

GENERAL ACCOUNT OF SAGO.

MANY must have seen sago brought forward as an article of dessert, and more recently seen it used as a component of common bread, without being aware of its natural character, and the peculiar circumstances attending its growth and preparation. The general impression of those who have seen it in its uncooked state, is, that it is a seed. We propose to rectify the common errors, and give some information respecting this article of food.

Sago is derived from the soft interior of a species of palm, which grows in various parts of the East Indies and neighbouring islands. The family of palms, it may be necessary for the bulk of our readers to premise, belongs to a class of trees, of which the fern is a familiar example in this country, which grow, not by concentric circles regularly added every year on the outside, as British trees mostly do, but by additions within, and which are therefore called *endogenous plants*, others being distinguished as *exogenous*. The sugar-cane is a notable example of the endogenous plants, many of which, like that well-known vegetable, have a soft pulpy interior or pith, forming a large proportion of the bulk of the tree. It is a curious circumstance relating to the trees which grow by internal additions, that the seeds of all of them have but one lobe, the seeds of exogenous plants on the contrary having two.

The particular tree from which sago is derived, is denominated, by the natives of the region of its birth, *Sagu*: hence our name for the article, and hence the appellation of *Sagus*, applied by naturalists to a genus of the palm family, to which the sago-bearing tree belongs. There are at least five species, if not a good many more, of the genus *Sagus*, growing in Sumatra, Java, the Moluccas, and the neighbouring continent; but most of these yield the farina in comparatively small quantities, and are not of any importance in that respect. The grand source of sago is the *Sagus genuina*, so named by Labillardiere, the naturalist who accompanied the expedition of La Perouse. He examined it in the Moluccas, where it abounds, and took drawings of it, from which it appears as a handsome but by no means elevated palm, the trunk being about ten feet in height, and the diameter two. The fruit is about the size of a pullet's egg, covered, like our fir-cones, with imbricated scales, reversed—their fixed points being at the top of the fruit. Throughout the Indian Archipelago, the sago-tree is an object of the greatest importance, being the chief source of the food of the people. From that region it has latterly been introduced into our East Indian possessions, where it now grows extensively, particularly in Malabar. It is also reared in Madagascar and the Isle of France, and has even been transplanted to America. Probably there is no tropical country of little elevation in which it could not with care and attention be cultivated. It commonly grows in moist and marshy grounds. There it springs up naturally; its growth is rapid, under the direct rays of the scorching sun, and it speedily attains goodly dimensions. It propagates itself by offsets or shoots, from the roots, which for a time appear only like bushes at the foot of the full-grown trunk; ere long, however, these extend wide, and their stems shoot up like arrows, forming a thick forest. These, on arriving at maturity, are felled; plants soon again spring up, and proceed rapidly through their different stages, until they are again subjected to the axe, and made to yield their alimentary store for the service of man.

Though the fruit, especially its pulpy kernel, and not less the *cabbage*, as it is familiarly called, that is to say, the germ of the foliage at the top of the tree, are very generally esteemed as articles of luxury, yet these do not constitute the richness of the tree. This consists in the farinaceous (mealy) and glutinous pith which constitutes the greatest proportion of the trunk,

and which, as in the bamboo, or the common reed, is arranged in separate sections, and surrounded with a harder encasement. When the palm is ripe, as we have already said, it is felled, and cut as near to the root as possible, that none of the nutritious portion may be lost. All the pith is removed, and by very simple processes is rendered fit for food. When the interior of the trunk is examined, it appears formed of a spongy cellular substance, penetrated by a number of tubes, which in time become tough threads, and consequently differ from the nutritive substance of the spongy cells. When viewed through the magnifier, the small cavities of the cellular tissue are found to be filled with very minute globules of different shapes and sizes, which apparently go to compose the sago; and as our potato, by undergoing the process of being converted into farina or starch, exhibits a fibrous portion as well as the pure starch, so is it with the sago: One portion is nearly pure farina or sago; and the other, the fibrous filaments or thready parts, distinguished by the natives by the name of *da*, is of inferior value, and appropriated to subordinate uses. The former is used by man; the latter is given to pigs, poultry, and inferior animals. When laid aside and left to ferment, it is apt to breed a particular kind of larva, or worm, which is esteemed as a first-rate delicacy in the Moluccas; and also to produce a peculiar species of mushroom, which, according to Sir Thomas Raffles and Mr Craufurd, is very much prized.

The process of manufacture to which the pith is subjected, is somewhat different, as it is intended for native consumption, or meant to be exported to Europe and other temperate and civilised countries. So thoroughly, however, is it prepared by nature for the use of man, that frequently the inhabitants of the islands where it grows do nothing more than cut as many slices as they require from the pith, and roast it, as we do our potatoes, previous to use. And so great is the purity of the fecula, that it will remain for a twelvemonth in the felled tree without spoiling, or undergoing any deterioration. Sometimes it is, much in the same way, preserved in a hollow bamboo. Far more frequently, however, the natives subject it to a process precisely similar in principle, and very much in practice, to that whereby our invaluable potato is converted into farina or starch. The details of the process vary somewhat in the different islands. The following is the account supplied by our countryman Forrest. "The tree, after being cut down, is divided into lengths of five or six feet. A part of the hard wood is then sliced off; and the workman, coming to the pith, cuts across the longitudinal fibres and the pith together, leaving a part at each end uncut, so that when it is excavated there remains a trough, into which the pulp is again put, mixed with water, and beaten with a piece of wood. Then the fibres, separated from the pulp, float at top, and the flour subsides. After being cleared in this way by several waters, the pulp is put into cylindrical baskets made of the leaves of the tree; and if it is to be kept some time, those baskets are generally sunk in fresh water, to keep it moist." When prepared in a larger way, more effective and expeditious methods readily suggest themselves. The trunk being divided into convenient portions, and split asunder by the application of wedges, the sago is scooped out with an instrument resembling an adze. After being reduced to the appearance of saw-dust, water is copiously added in troughs, whereby the meal is separated from the thready filaments, and after resting for a time apart, subsides. The wet meal is now laid on flat wicker baskets to dry; it is then kneaded together, and formed into little cakes, some very small, like our finger biscuits, and others of larger dimensions. These cakes are lastly put into moulds of corresponding size, and baked in the fire. One tree will yield about three or four hundred-weight of this aliment.

The Indian islanders use it in a variety of methods, as we employ our corn, or cereal grains. It is sometimes simply prepared with water as a pottage, or with milk; and sometimes it is made into broth or soup with meat and vegetables. It is sometimes again converted into richer stews, and frequently mingled with their delicious spices and aromatics, as rice with curry. Upon the whole, it is found a most agreeable, as it is a varied and universally used nourishment.

The sago intended for European commerce, though treated on the same principle, is generally, if not always, differently prepared, and this by being *pearled*, as it is called, by methods of which we believe we have no very precise knowledge. So uniformly and beautifully is this process executed, that the art was long taken for nature's work, and the product in this part of the world was universally regarded as the minute seed of some unknown plant. Suspicion was aroused concerning the accuracy of this opinion, on observing that these grains were of different sizes, sometimes as large as a coriander seed, and sometimes, and especially lately, not half the size. Our additional acquaintance with these distant regions has now dissipated the error on this point. As to the details of the process, we still remain in considerable uncertainty. "To bring it to this state," says Mr Forrest, "it must be first moistened, and then passed through a sieve into an iron pot, which enables it to assume a globular form; so that all our grained sago is half baked, and will keep long." Sir Thomas Raffles and Mr Craufurd, again, inform us that it is introduced

into a mill similar to those with which, in France, they *pearl* barley. The account which we have obtained, not from authors, but from private and respectable individuals, is, that the *pearling* is performed chiefly on the sago which is grown in our own Indian possessions; that for accomplishing the purpose it must be sent in its ruder state into China, where the art is alone understood; that thence a large proportion finds its way to the great free port of Singapore, where it is shipped for Europe. That the substantial qualities of sago are in any degree modified or improved by this process, remains to be established. It is possible the farina may be subjected to some additional process of refinement, but little is probably to be effected in this way; and the principal effect, besides the slight baking, appears to be produced in its appearance, rendering it more pleasant to the eye.

The sago of commerce consists of very small, smooth, round grains, of a dull white, or pale rosy hue; it is inodorous, very hard, insipid to the taste, dissolving imperfectly in the mouth, breaking with difficulty, or rather flattening only, under the teeth: it swells and softens in cold water, and in boiling, and always maintains its globular form. It thus differs from most fecule in its consistence, its insolubility, the difficulty of again reducing it to powder, its colour, and tendency to granulate. Like potato starch, it may be preserved for an indefinite period, if kept dry; but if allowed to get damp or wet, it spoils, so that it does not always reach these countries equally pure.

A SIMPLE STORY.

THE following little story derives no interest from any surprising entanglements in the plot, or peculiar romance in the situations. It will, however, we trust, be found somewhat striking as a series of actual and recent occurrences in the life of an individual, while, as it chances, there is not wanting in its conclusion a pretty strong inference in favour of prudent and virtuous conduct.

In a small town, in a certain part of Scotland, there lived some time since a respectable writer or law-agent, whom we shall call Brydon, a widower, with a family of two daughters and one son, all of them grown up. Mr Brydon, like many of his profession, kept up a respectable appearance in society, but in reality had nothing to depend upon except the current proceeds of his business. At his death, which took place rather unexpectedly, he left his daughters entirely dependent on the exertions of their brother, who had been trained to the pursuit of his parent's profession. But the son was not long in following the father to the grave, and the two girls were then without a friend or guide in the world. Necessity compelled them immediately to make an endeavour to support themselves by the use of their needles, and, to do them justice, they set about it actively and ungrudgingly. The elder Miss Brydon, however, was of weakly constitution, and subject to frequent attacks of severe illness, so that the whole burden, almost, of their maintenance, fell on the younger sister, Margaret. She toiled incessantly; yet, let her do what she might, she was barely able to earn enough to procure the mere necessities of life, where its comforts were almost indispensable to the poor invalid. Whether the issue would have been otherwise or not under happier circumstances, it is impossible to say; but, as it was, the elder of the sisters continued to decline until she died.

Alone in the world, friendless and penniless, with a heart weighed down by these successive calamities in her once happy family, Margaret Brydon, then only eighteen years of age, struggled for some time longer to maintain herself in her native place. But she found it a difficult task to live upon sympathy, of which she received a sufficiency, although extremely little real assistance came her way. At length she bethought her of a female relative in England, a cousin of her late father, and a person usually reported to be in wealthy circumstances. With this individual, it is true, Mr Brydon had never kept up any correspondence, and had never mentioned her to his family but as a woman of rude manners and hard heart. Poor Margaret, nevertheless, thought that her destitute condition might awake pity even in the breast of such a being, supposing her to prove to be all that she had been represented. A journey to Nottingham, where this relative resided, was therefore resolved upon, and it was soon accomplished, as Margaret was not burdened with any great effects to render removal difficult.

For three months after her arrival in Nottingham, did Miss Brydon reside with her relative, whom she found to be all and more than her father had said. The old lady, if such a name should be given to her, had started in life as a house-maid, coarse and uneducated, and had ended her career of service as the housekeeper of a

* Forrest's Voyage to the Moluccas.

nobleman, who at his death left her a considerable annuity to subsist upon in her latter days. Her original rudeness of character had only been aggravated by after-habits of petty domestic rule; and although she had asked Margaret to stay with her, she behaved subsequently with such unkindness, as to make life almost insupportable to the poor girl. Finally, a proposal made by the old woman, who added a keen love of money to her other qualities, that Miss Brydon should take upon herself the duties of house-servant at the coming term, brought matters to a point. "Heaven knows," said Margaret to herself, "that I am not unwilling to work! But if I am to maintain myself, I shall at least do it where I may have peace." The result was, that another vicissitude took place in our heroine's condition. She sought one of the great manufacturing establishments of the town, and was fortunate enough to be employed in executing a particular kind of needle-work. She would fain have had it in her power to work in private, but this could not be allowed in the circumstances. A considerable number of other girls were engaged in the same occupation in the establishment, and to their number Margaret joined herself. Happily, the remuneration for that variety of work was respectable in amount, and she was enabled to take a little lodging, and to keep herself above all fear of want.

For some time Miss Brydon pursued her humble occupation without having her fate chequered by any new incident of importance. At length some circumstances occurred, which gave her at first a considerable degree of uneasiness. One of the numerous partners of the establishment, a gentleman in the prime of life, and who chanced frequently to come on business errands to the room where Margaret wrought, began to take particular and unpleasant notice of her. She bore it in silence for a time, trusting that the fancy would be a passing one; but when, on one occasion, he began to praise her in a way which females in good society are not accustomed to, she gently but firmly told him that "such language was disagreeable and painful to her," and begged "him, as he was a gentleman, to desist." Mr Middleton, for such was the merchant's name, started, and stammered out an apology. He had never before heard the sound of Miss Brydon's voice, except in mere monosyllables, and he was surprised at the grace and breeding apparent in her manner and expression. "I—I beg pardon," he stuttered for the third or fourth time, as he retired. Margaret made no other reply than by a gentle inclination of her head.

Mr Middleton did not, however, give up his visits to the work-room of Margaret and her companions. On the contrary, he came thither more frequently than ever, and it was still to the young Scotswoman that he directed his attention, though in a very different style from that used on former occasions. Still he found it very difficult to induce Miss Brydon to enter into conversation, or lay aside the retiring coldness which she had assumed at the first. But his respectful manner and address prevailed ultimately to a certain extent, and so far broke down the barrier of honourable and maidenly reserve as to make him aware that she was of good parentage, and well educated, as well as sensible and intelligent. Things were in this state when Mr Middleton became suddenly ill. He was subject to inflammatory attacks in the chest, and the recurrence of that complaint on this occasion made his friends alarmed lest consumption should follow. On this account he was ordered off, as soon as he could be moved, to Devonshire. Before he went thither, however, he showed how deep was the impression which Miss Brydon had made on his mind, by sending a note to her in the following terms:—"Dear Miss Brydon, you will be aware that I have been ill. I should be the last person to desire that sorrow of any kind should fall to your lot, yet I confess that it would give me pleasure to know that you were sorry for me. I am advised to go for a time to the south of England. Will you permit me to write to you while I am absent? Grant me but this; I do not ask you at present to write to me again. I am," &c. Margaret returned an answer consenting to his request, and briefly expressing her regret for his illness.

While in Devonshire, Mr Middleton wrote once or twice according to his proposition. He described the beautiful scenery of the Devon in his letters, spoke of the excellent effect produced on his health, and expressed a warm wish to be home again, hinting plainly at his resolution then to "ask a peculiar favour" from the reader of his epistles. But foreknowledge is a thing unknown to man. Before Mr Middleton returned to Nottingham, Margaret had left it. Her close application to work had injured her health, and she found it absolutely necessary to allow herself some temporary relaxation. Fortunately, an invitation came to her about this time from one of the few friends with whom she maintained a correspondence in her native place. Margaret took advantage of the opportunity, and was in Scotland when Mr Middleton arrived in Nottingham. He resolved to follow her, and assigning a desire for change of scene as the cause, took upon himself the commercial journey to the north, which had usually been performed for the house by a traveller.

In the course of this route he came to the native town of Miss Brydon. But he knew not the name of the friend with whom she resided, nor could the people of the inn answer his inquiries on the point. He could only hope that chance might cast her in

his way. An hour had scarcely elapsed, when, as he sat at the inn-parlour window, he saw Miss Brydon pass. He sprang up, and followed her. She was greatly surprised to see him. He walked with her a little way, and then entreated her to enter the inn with him, as he could not communicate to her on the street all that he wished to do. Margaret demurred. "My dear Miss Brydon," said the gentleman, "do not refuse me this. I will ask the landlady to be present with us. Your delicacy of feeling is too precious to me to be treasured upon by any act of mine." The young lady at length consented, and in the course of a few minutes longer she had given her promise to become the wife of Mr Middleton.

The accepted lover of our heroine had to complete his commercial rounds, and it was settled that, immediately after his return to Nottingham, he should send for his bride and present her to his friends. But Mr Middleton only reached Nottingham to suffer another attack of his former complaint, and the first tidings which poor Margaret received from him were dated from Devonshire, whither he had again been sent. Instead of being summoned to a happy marriage, Miss Brydon was called upon by her betrothed to come instantly to England, that he might see her *once again* before he died. "Take any conveyance—four horses if necessary; think not of expenses, but come—come with speed." Such was the close of the letter. Margaret hesitated not a moment to comply with its demands. But the journey, however speedily performed, was a long one, and she did not arrive there until two hours after Mr Middleton had breathed his last!

This was a serious trial for the poor girl. She was a being alone in the world; and just as the hope was held out to her of having a strong support to lean upon—a strong arm to guide her for life—her prospects were at once and most painfully blighted. Her affection for Mr Middleton had been of the temperate kind founded upon friendly and grateful esteem, but her regret was not the less sincere. She was, however, of that gentle and patient temperament, which makes no violent display of feeling, and, by bending, perhaps escapes in part the force of the blast. Her deceased lover had left a small sum to be delivered to her—all that his hurried illness left at his command—under the plea of paying her expenses in coming to him, and she received also an open letter, which it was his wish that she should present in person to his mother. This paper described the situation in which Margaret and he had stood, and requested Mrs Middleton to be kind to her. After wetting with a tear her lover's new-made grave, Margaret slowly returned to Nottingham, ill at ease both in mind and body. The old lady *did* speak kindly to her when she called with the letter, and wished to see her again. But Miss Brydon had resolved to go back for a time to her native place, and there remain in quiet, till her mind had recovered from the late shock, and her frame had renewed its exhausted strength.

She fulfilled her intention, and staid in Scotland for several months. Both her strength and spirits were gradually recruited; and well it was that the case stood so, as she saw no course before her but that of returning to daily toil. She was just hesitating in what field to resume her honest endeavours, when she met accidentally, at a friend's house, a lady from Nottingham, who, on learning her wish to get employment for her needle, pressed her anxiously to return to that town. "I know various establishments where I am sure I can procure you good employment at once." Margaret told the lady of her having been there before, but disclosed nothing further, as well from sensitiveness of feeling as from prudence. The issue was, that she accompanied the lady soon after to England. "I am certain," thought Margaret, "of making there a peaceable living. Few can know my story; nor could they extract from it, if they did, any thing to my disadvantage." With these thoughts Margaret again entered Nottingham, and her friend immediately set about getting an engagement for her. It has just been mentioned that she did not relate the particulars of her former stay in the town to the lady, nor had she told the names of her former employers. Strange to say, these were the very parties to whom the lady went, and from whom she obtained a promise of ample employment for the young Scotswoman. When she came to Miss Brydon, and told her that she would have for her masters the house of Boyle, Middletons, and Co., our poor heroine was startled and stunned. But she soon regained her composure. "Why should I be unwilling to go there again?" she reasoned internally; "to be sure I might have borne a very different place—but it is silly to recall such thoughts. These people can know nothing of which I have reason to be ashamed. They will perhaps even be kinder to me than others might be. Yes, it would be weakness to refuse the offer." By exerting this quiet firmness of mind, Margaret gained the victory over the feelings at first awakened in her breast. She returned to work in the place where she had formerly been. In doing so, she was little aware of the happy consequences which were to follow therefrom.

The lady who brought Margaret to England did not rest satisfied with merely procuring work for her. She introduced her young protégée to all her friends, and, among others, caused her to meet the Middletons, the mother and brothers of the late Mr Middleton. Previously to this, Margaret had seen the necessity of informing the kind lady of her whole history, or rather gratitude had prompted the disclosure. The Middletons were very kind to the object

of their late relative's affection. They even pressed her to come and reside with them, but Margaret preferred her honourable independence; and the only request she preferred to them was, that she should be allowed to work in private. Her conduct did not go unrewarded. It was the cause of attracting to her the especial notice of the younger Mr Boyle, a junior partner of the house. He met her occasionally in the evenings, when her toil was done, at the house of her friend, and ultimately he made her an offer of his hand and fortune. It was accepted.

We are not now speaking of things of a musty date. Margaret Brydon's marriage was seen by us in the columns of a newspaper but a few days ago. We earnestly trust that her future career will be as happy as its commencement has been discreet, modest, and honourable.

IMPROVEMENTS IN THE FRENCH SYSTEM OF POSTAGE.

FROM A CORRESPONDENT IN PARIS.

THERE is no department of public business in France, in which more improvements have taken place within a few years, than the Post-Office, and certainly none in which the national pride which opposes itself to copying the improvements of other countries, has been so little allowed to prevail. Ten years ago, the communication by post with many parts of the south and west of France was only on three or four days of the week; it is now every day. The communication with England was only four days weekly, and letters were sixty hours on the road, whereas the communication is now daily, with the exception of one day, arising from there being no receipt or departure of letters from London on the Sunday; and instead of sixty hours, letters are only thirty-six hours on the road. On nearly all the roads leading to great commercial towns, such as Bordeaux, Marseilles, Rouen, and Havre, the former speed by *Malle Poste*, of little more than six English miles per hour, has been exchanged for the *Estafette* speed of ten miles, and occasionally more. A letter dispatched from Paris, at 6 o'clock in the evening, arrives at either Boulogne or Havre on the following morning at 8 or 9 o'clock, whereas a few years ago it did not reach in time for an answer to be sent on the same day. In what is called the rural post, the melioration has been equally great. In many villages of considerable size there was no delivery at all, and the inhabitants were compelled to send for their letters to the next post-town; and in others the letter-carrier arrived only twice or three times a week. Now, almost every village has its daily delivery. In Paris, the delivery of letters, which was frequently at as late an hour of the day as 2 o'clock in the afternoon, now takes place, owing to the better regulated arrival of the mails, and the use of omnibuses for the carriers, similar to those of the English General Post-Office, at 8 or 9 o'clock in the morning, and it was even earlier, but as many of the porters were not up when the distribution took place, as it did at 7 o'clock in the morning in the summer season, the hour was changed. In the departure of letters there has also been great melioration, although it falls short of the perfection of the delivery. A few years ago, no letter could be sent to England unless the postage was paid, and 2 o'clock in the afternoon was the latest hour at which they could be received. Now they need not be paid beforehand, and paid letters are received until 4 o'clock, and unpaid letters until 5 o'clock. The latter hour is, however, too early for the receipt of letters, as merchants do not leave the *Bourse* until nearly 5 o'clock, when they have not time to prepare their letters for the same day. For the accommodation of commercial men, the hour of departure for the mails ought to be changed from 6 o'clock to 7, and letters ought to be received at the General Post-Office, as in London, up to within half an hour of the making up of the bags. Looking, however, at what was formerly the case, the improvement is very great.

The changes which have taken place have not been accomplished without difficulty, particularly as regarded the intercourse with England. The first serious attempt to improve the Post-Office communication between the two countries, was during the postmastership of the Duke of Richmond. The noble duke was not well seconded by the chiefs of his department, and he had also to struggle against the influence of the late Mr Rothschild, whose system of expresses and exclusive information was to be destroyed by the projected change. Under the old mode of communication, Mr Rothschild received expresses from Paris a day earlier than the arrival of letters by post; and persons who could not, like him, bear an expense of thirty pounds for an express, were compelled to leave

him in possession of the field for twenty-four hours, whilst on two days of the week he had not even the Post-Office delivery to fear, so that a single express would sometimes give him an advantage of two days. The resistance of Mr Rothschild, therefore, was very natural; for by the proposed improvement, any person receiving a letter by the post would be on a footing with him, and he could no longer act upon the funds with intelligence which others could not receive until his purpose had been served. Whether the influence of this great capitalist in Paris was one of money or credit, I will not attempt to determine; but having been engaged in two missions with a view to bring about the desired change, I know that some influence was strongly exercised, and that it required all the energy of the Duke of Richmond to contend against interested motives abroad, and indifference at home. It was not until the merchants generally in London and Paris exerted themselves strenuously, that the object could be attained.

The great melioration of the roads in France, many of which have been macadamised, the substitution in some of them of light four-wheeled carriages, carrying no passengers except the courier,* and on others of new Malle-Postes constructed for speed, for the old Malle-Postes, have effected wonders in the Post-Office service as to time; and although this might still be shortened, there are no complaints respecting it. This is not the case, however, as to the charge for postage, which is very high. The inland postage will not indeed appear enormous to the English reader, when informed that for a letter from Rouen to Paris, a distance of 80 miles, only eight sous, or 4d. English, is charged; and from Boulogne to Paris, a distance of 130 miles, only ten sous, or 5d. English; but as the postage is here charged by weight, and as the simple postage, as it is called, is only applicable to a small and thin sheet of paper, and rapidly increases if there be an enclosure or two, the tax becomes very heavy in France when compared with the gains of persons in trade. From London to Paris, the postage of a letter on thin paper and without enclosures, is forty sous, or 1s. 8d. English; a single sheet of common Bath post costs fifty sous, or 2s.; and a sheet of superior thick post paper is charged three francs, or half-a-crown. Even at the lowest rate of charge, a father writing to his son in Paris once a-week, and receiving an answer weekly, incurs an annual charge of L.7. In former days, when the postage was even higher than it is now, and the Post-Office authorities were less delicate than they now are as to the sacredness of correspondence, an English gentleman published the following caution, and which was more valuable for its moral than its poetry, in an English newspaper:—

When sending to France, it is better and safer
To write on thin paper and seal with a wafer.
If you write on thick paper, there's the d—l to pay,
And wax can be melted to learn what you say.

The *Bureau Noir*, in which letters were opened by means of an ingenious process, by first copying the impressions and melting the wax, then resealing, and causing the letter to appear as if it had not been opened, for the purpose of political persecution, or amusing the court with the secrets of correspondents, is now, much to the honour of the government, abolished; consequently, the advice contained in the foregoing lines as to the mode of fastening letters, is superfluous; but it is still good as to the paper on which English correspondents should write.

There are many other meliorations of the French Post-Office, which can only be appreciated by persons residing in France. The letter-carriers, though they receive but small salaries, are now selected with much greater care than formerly, and allowed to retain many legitimate perquisites, by which the remuneration is so increased that there is no temptation to dishonesty. Amongst their perquisites is the supply of almanacks to the houses in their delivery; the price is left to the generosity of the purchaser, and is proportioned to the civility of the carrier. There are some carriers who realise as much as a thousand francs a-year from this source. The rapidity with which an ill-directed letter finds its way, is not the least admirable of the arrange-

* These carriages are called *Estafettes*. Within the last four months, another improvement has taken place by the introduction of a new description of mail coaches carrying passengers, but which are much lighter than the old *Malle Poste*. The new carriages are already running on the roads to Bordeaux, Caen, Strasbourg, and Lyons. They are drawn by four horses, and driven by a coachman as in England, many serious accidents having occurred by the postilion system. On the three first named roads, the carriages are in the form of a *coupe*, to contain three passengers, the courier sitting behind in a covered seat; the number of persons conveyed, therefore, including the driver, is five. On the Lyons road, the shape of the *Malle Poste* resembles the berlin, and four passengers are accommodated. The weight of the dispatches, and the luggage of the passengers, with that allowed for merchandise as a gratuity to the courier, varies from 800 to 1400 pounds. The relays are supplied by the postmasters, who receive a slight addition to the sum formerly paid, in order that they may provide a lighter and faster description of horses than those used for the ordinary posting. The rate of speed is regulated, according to circumstances, at from eight to ten miles per hour.

ments of the French Post-Office. I have seen a letter which had been handed from district to district for inquiries, until it had been through at least ten districts, and travelled over as many miles, reach its destination within four or five hours of the time at which it would have been delivered if there had been no error in the address. Other points worthy of praise might be noticed, but all the improvements and advantages are thrown into the background by one great evil—the high rate of postage, in which no change has taken place, but which we have now reason to believe will be immediately lowered to an uniform low charge as soon as the working of the new system in England shall have brought forth its results.

The important question of a uniform rate of postage was brought under consideration here, almost immediately after the appearance of Mr Rowland Hill's plan in England, and at once found favour with the authorities, who are only waiting for some experience as to the machinery, and an accurate idea of the real amount of postage which would defray the expenditure, to introduce a change in France. M. Piron, the sub-director of the General Post-Office, has published a pamphlet, in which he proposes that the tax upon single letters (letters within the prescribed weight) should be uniformly one *decime* (a penny), within the limits of the department in which they are forwarded; and two *decimes* for any other distance in France, however great; and that there should be stamped covers, the weight of which is not to be charged; and that, in the first instance, the use of these covers, although to be strongly recommended, shall not be compulsory; it is to become so, however, after a certain time. He also proposes that there shall be a double service for the large towns, the interests of which would be promoted by a day post. It is a curious fact that the idea of stamped covers, which has been regarded as new in England, was adopted in France as long ago as the year 1653. In that year a M. Velayer obtained from the government the privilege of placing letter-boxes in various parts of Paris, into which letters were dropped, which were taken out three times a-day by his agents, and delivered without charge to the persons to whom they were addressed. In order to secure the delivery of these letters, they were put under stamped covers or bands, purchased at the rate of one sous each, at an office established for that purpose by M. Velayer. In those early days of correspondence by letter, when the number of letter-writers was comparatively small, the plan of M. Velayer did not succeed, and it was not until the year 1759 that the Paris *petite poste* was regularly established. Nothing, however, could be more absurd than to argue unfavourably of the plan now proposed in these days of increased population and multiplied intercourse, because it was not successful nearly two hundred years ago. The omnibus is not a new invention; and there are persons who, when it was revived a few years ago, predicted its failure, because it had been abandoned by our ancestors: yet it is now become almost as great a necessity as our daily food.

One of the objections to a low uniform postage in France—and the same was said in England—is, that the receipts will not be in proportion to the increased expenditure. The same was said, however, of the proposal to establish a daily communication in France with those towns which had previously received letters only three or four times a-week. Let us see what the result has been. The increased expense of this service was 3,000,000 francs annually; in a single year, 1828, there was an increase of 2,500,000 francs in the receipts, leaving a deficiency of only 500,000 francs; in 1830 there was a further increase of 3,000,000 francs for the two years, an additional increase of 1,000,000 francs from 1830 to the end of 1832, and a still further increase of 4,557,000 francs for the four years ending in 1836. On the rural service, which for many reasons presented less chance of success, the result has been equally favourable. In less than nine months from its commencement in 1829, the receipts had increased 3,000,000 francs. These are very encouraging facts for the advocates of the proposed change in other countries, and we may corroborate them by referring to what has taken place in the establishment of the omnibus communication in the French capital; for the increase of epistolary correspondence, like that of persons, must depend upon the reduced rate at which it can be obtained. On a single line of omnibus in Paris, between four and five thousand persons are conveyed daily at an expense of six sous each, and there are ten or twelve other lines, averaging each, at least, from twelve to fifteen hundred persons per day, and yet the number of hackney coaches and cabriolets has not decreased. All this, therefore, is an addition to the former circulation, arising from diminished expense.

M. Piron, whose long experience renders him a competent authority, considers that the number of letters would be increased to an almost incredible extent if the rate of postage were reduced, and he takes a similar line of argument to that which I have attempted above. He states that in twenty years, from 1816 to 1836, the tax of one-tenth upon the proprietors of diligences, and other carriages conveying passengers, increased from 1,669,367 francs to 4,305,369 francs, being nearly triple, although there had been no reduction in the charge, thus showing the growth of communication, whilst in the same period the net revenue of the Post-Office had only risen from 19,825,800 francs to 35,600,000 francs.

The advantages which may be expected to arrive

from a low uniform rate of postage, and the introduction of stamped covers, in France, are thus summed up by a French journal:—

"A great boon to the commercial public, and, in particular, to the poorer classes, who have now no means of communication except by a pecuniary sacrifice which their means will ill afford.

A pecuniary advantage even to the revenue, the receipts of which would be augmented in the end, although, for a short time, they might not be in proportion with the increase of expenditure.

An increase of rapidity in the Post-Office department, by the use of stamped covers, and a diminution of error on the part of the employes.

A great diminution in the number of rejected letters, prospectuses, &c., now refused, the postage not having been paid, and which are generally called *lettres d'attrappe*.

A cessation of the demoralising temptation which presents itself to clerks and porters, who, instead of paying the postage of the letters which they are charged to pay for at the Post-Office, put the money into their pockets, and throw the letters into the box."

A CONVERSATION WITH AN ENGLISH PEASANT.

In a paper on the state of the peasantry in the county of Kent, contained in the third volume issued by the Central Society of Education, and to which we lately referred in our articles "the Kent Disturbances," the writer reports a conversation which he had with a peasant of that district, very remarkable in its nature, and calculated to be of some service at the present time:—

"To show how great is the ignorance existing regarding the rights of property, and of the advantages accruing to all from a sacred observance of those rights—and, at the same time, by how simple a process that ignorance, as well as the ill feeling towards the wealthy classes resulting from it, may be in great part removed—I subjoin the following anecdote. Talking one day with some men in the ville of Dunkirk in Kent, I observed, it was a pity there were no gentry in the neighbourhood. 'Well,' said one fellow, 'for my part I see no good they are to us; all they do is to make hard laws to grind us down. There was my poor brother clapt into prison, and his wife and family left to starve, all because he had killed a few hares.' 'Well,' said I, 'what right had he to kill other persons' hares?' 'Other persons, indeed! why weren't they as much his as another's?' 'Because he had no property in the land which fed them.' 'Ay, that's just it, but he ought to have had though.' 'How! do you mean to say that every body ought to have land?' 'Yes, to be sure I do. Look here now: didn't God give the land to all?' 'Well, what of that?' 'Why, then, a few can't have a right to the whole of it?' 'But I say they may.' 'Then how do you make out that?' 'Suppose every man had had his share, I suppose you'll allow he had a right to do what he liked with it?' 'Why, yes; I can't say no to that.' 'Well, then, suppose one man wishes to sell his share, and another wishes to buy it, they would have a right to do so.' 'Why, yes; no doubt of that.' 'Well, suppose, after that, the buyer saves up more money, and sets up a shop, and clears a good deal, and other men see what he is doing and want to do the same, but they have no money, and they offer their land to him, and he buys it; has he not a right to do so?' 'Yes, to be sure, if he gives them the money for it.' 'Well, then, you see here is a man who has got a good deal of land, and others have lost theirs, and you own it's all right?' 'Ay, ay, that's all well enough; but our squires didn't all get their land in that way.' 'Perhaps not, but then those they got it from did.' 'But if a man makes money and buys land, hasn't he a right to leave it to his children, or to any body else he chooses?' 'Why, I can't say but what he has.' 'So, my friend, you see one man may have half a county, and another not half an acre, and yet the last has no fair right to complain.' 'Why, sir, to be sure you do make it out somehow, there's no denying that; but then it's a hard case one man's good should be another man's harm.' 'But it is not: suppose a rich man were to come and build a cotton-mill in your neighbourhood, and your children could earn 10s. a-week each in it, you wouldn't think there was much harm in that?' 'Harm! no, indeed; it would be the best thing ever happened to us; for you see, sir, we are often puzzled to get work here.' 'Well, but how much would it take to build such a mill and fit it up with machinery?' 'Why, I can't tell; but I suppose a good deal.' 'Then I can tell you a very moderate sized one would cost L.20,000.' 'Indeed! that's a main sum!' 'Do you think the poor people in any place could ever club such a sum together?' 'Never, sir; not if they lived to the age of Adam, and tasted nothing stronger than water.' 'So, then, if the rich man didn't come and build the mill, the poor people never could do it.' 'No, that's certain.' 'Then you see the wealth of the rich man in this case is a real advantage to the poor?' 'To be sure it is, sir; and I was quite a fool like not to see it before.' 'But did you never read of such things?' 'No, never, sir.' 'Did you ever see the Penny Magazine?' 'No, can't say as I ever did.' 'But you read the newspaper?' 'No, I can't say as I can undertake for that; but I read a little in the Testament.' 'But you talk of these things with your neighbours?' 'No, sir, not much of that; you see, sir, though some of us are 'cute enough in some things, we aren't quite up to what you have been talking of, and there ain't no one here as can talk of these things to us.'"

The author, after producing various instances of the prevalence of superstition among the peasantry (such as belief in witchcraft and supernatural influences), concludes by observing—"And yet some persons are alarmed at what they term the over-education of the people! They may be perfectly easy on that score! If ever the rights of property shall be violated, and the progress of

civilisation checked by a servile war in this country, the disaster will come, not from the education of the lower classes, but their want of it; not from their knowledge, but their ignorance; an ignorance mainly chargeable, and therefore righteously visited, upon those who, called upon by the station they hold in the country to forward the cause of education amongst the people, have selfishly in some instances, ignorantly in others, and in all unwisely, shrunk from the performance of their noblest duties."

HARRY LORREQUER.

"CONFESSIONS OF HARRY LORREQUER" is the title given to a series of papers at present in course of publication, in monthly numbers, after the *Pickwick* fashion, and illustrated, in like manner, by engravings from the burin of the artist whose pleasure it is to be known by the name of Phiz.* The Confessions, as their title indicates, profess to give a narrative of the personal adventures of the writer, though it is pretty obvious that this form of composition has been adopted merely as a convenient one for stringing together a succession of sketches of a very varied kind, the scene of which shifts hither and thither, with great and enlivening rapidity. Ireland is the locality, however, in which the chief incidents of the earlier numbers are supposed to take place, and in this portion of the work the author has displayed much graphic humour, of that strong and salient kind which was unknown in our literature from the days of Smollett till those of Boz. The vein of Lorrequer, though not original in any marked degree, is vigorous, rich, and racy, and the general effect is admirably aided by the illustrations. We select the following coach adventures as a specimen of the work, principally because they chance to be readily comprehensible in a detached form.

Harry Lorrequer, Esq., subaltern in the —th regiment of foot, is about to start from Dublin for Kilkenny, in order to rejoin his regiment after leave of absence. His friend Tom O'Flaherty presses him much to stay in Dublin a few days longer; "but (says Lorrequer) I mentioned the necessity of my at once proceeding to head-quarters, and all other reasons for my precipitancy failing, concluded with that really knock-down argument, 'I have taken my place.' This, I need scarcely add, finished the matter—at least I have never known it fail in such cases. Tell your friends that your favourite child is in the measles—your best friend waiting your aid in an awkward scrape—your one vote only wanting to turn the scale in an election. Tell them, I say, each or all of these, or a hundred more like them, and to any one you so speak, the answer is—'Pooh, pooh, my dear fellow, never fear—don't fuss yourself—take it easy—to-morrow will do just as well.' If, on the other hand, however, you reject such flimsy excuses, and simply say, 'I'm booked in the mail,' the opposition at once falls to the ground, and your quondam antagonist, who was ready to quarrel with you, is at once prepared to assist in packing your portmanteau.

Having soon satisfied my friend Tom that resistance was in vain, I took an early dinner with him at Morrisson's, and we chatted away over old times and old friends, forgetting all else but the topics we talked of, till the timepiece over the chimney first apprised me that two whole hours had gone by, and that it was now seven o'clock, the very hour the coach was to start. I started up at once, and, notwithstanding all Tom's representations of the impossibility of my being in time, had dispatched waiters in different directions for a jarvey, more than ever determined upon going; so often is it that when real reasons for our conduct are wanting, any casual or chance opposition confirms us in an intention which before was but uncertain. Seeing me so resolved, Tom at length gave way, and advised my pursuing the mail, which must be now gone at least ten minutes, and which, with smart driving, I should probably overtake before getting free of the city, as they have usually many delays in so doing. I at once ordered out the 'yellow post-chaise,' and before many minutes had elapsed, I started in pursuit of his majesty's Cork and Kilkenny mail-coach.

"Which way now, your honour?" said a shrill voice from the dark—for such the night had already become, and threatened, with a few heavy drops of straight rain, the fall of a tremendous shower.

"The Naas road," said I; "and, harkye, my fine fellow, if you overtake the coach in half an hour, I'll double your fare."

"Ay, ay, I'll do my endayavour," said the youth; at the same instant dashing in both spurs, we rattled down Nassau Street at a very respectable pace for harriers. Street after street we passed, and at last I perceived we had got clear of the city, and were leaving the long line of lamp-lights behind us. The night was now pitch dark. I could not see any thing whatever. The quick clattering of the wheels, the sharp crack of the postilion's whip, or the still sharper tone of his 'gee hup,' showed me we were going at a tremendous pace, had I not even had the experience afforded by the frequent visits my head paid to the roof of the chaise, so often as we bounded over a stone, or splashed through a hollow. Dark and gloomy as it was, I constantly let down the

window, and with half my body protruded, endeavoured to catch a glimpse of the 'chaise,' but nothing could I see. The rain now fell in actual torrents; and a more miserable night it is impossible to conceive.

After about an hour so spent, he at last came to a check, so sudden and unexpected on my part, that I was nearly precipitated, harlequin fashion, through the front window. Perceiving that we no longer moved, and suspecting that some part of our tackle had given way, I let down the sash, and cried out, 'Well now, my lad, any thing wrong?' My question was, however, unheard; and although, amid the steam arising from the wet and smoking horses, I could perceive several figures indistinctly moving about, I could not distinguish what they were doing, nor what they said. A laugh I certainly did hear, and heartily abused the unfeeling wretch, as I supposed him to be, who was enjoying himself at my disappointment. I again endeavoured to find out what had happened, and called out still louder than before.

"We are at Ra'coole, your honour," said the boy, approaching the door of the chaise, 'and she's only beat us by half a mile.'

"Who the deuce is she?" said I.

"The mail, your honour, is always a female in Ireland."

"Then why do you stop now? You're not going to feed, I suppose?"

"Of course not, your honour, it's little feeding troubles these bastes, any how, but they tell me the road is so heavy we'll never take the chaise over the next stage without leaders."

"Without leaders!" said I. "Pooh! my good fellow, no humbugging, four horses for a light post-chaise and no luggage; come get up, and no nonsense." At this moment a man approached the window with a lantern in his hand, and so strongly represented the dreadful state of the roads from the late rains—the length of the stage—the frequency of accidents, latterly from under-horsing, &c. &c., that I yielded a reluctant assent, and ordered out the leaders, comforting myself the while, that considering the inside fare of the coach I made such efforts to overtake, was under a pound, and that time was no object to me, I certainly was paying somewhat dearly for my character for resolution."

After a long journey farther, "At last the altered sound of the wheels gave notice of our approach to a town, and after about twenty minutes' rattling over the pavement, we entered what I supposed, correctly, to be Naas. Here I had long since determined my pursuit should cease. The arrival of a chaise and four at a small country town inn, suggests to the various employes therein any thing rather than the traveller in pursuit of the mail; and so the moment I arrived, I was assailed with innumerable proffers of horses, supper, bed, &c. My anxious query was thrice repeated in vain, 'When did the coach pass?'

"The mail," replied the landlord at length. 'Is it the down mail?'

Not understanding the technical, I answered, 'Of course not the Down—the Kilkenny and Cork mail.'

"From Dublin, sir?"

"Yes, from Dublin."

"Not arrived yet, sir, nor will it for three quarters of an hour; they never leave Dublin till a quarter past seven; that is, in fact, half-past, and their time here is twenty minutes to eleven."

"Why, you stupid son of a boot-top, we have been posting on all night like the wind, and all this time the coach has been ten miles behind us."

"Well, we've cotch them any how," said the urchin."

One would have thought it enough of mischance for once in the coaching way, to have been laughed at by a rascal of a post-boy, and compelled, for his benefit and that of his confederates on the road, to post on with four horses, in the vain hope of overtaking what was all the time behind; but Mr Lorrequer's misadventures were not yet over, and we only stop the course of the narrative to inform the reader, that the Dr Finucane, afterwards mentioned, was a mighty pleasant, jolly, fighting Irishman, once on a time surgeon to the North Cork Militia, with whom it had been our hero's fortune formerly to get acquainted. This being premised, our readers are to suppose the mail at length come up, and Lorrequer safely lodged inside of it, secure from the storm of the night, and with one unknown person for a companion, about whom the guard could tell nothing save that he was "a real queer chap," who would fain have had the whole inside seats to himself, and had two paper parcels with him, over which he seemed to watch like a hawk. After getting into the coach, where all was pitch dark, Lorrequer made the remark that "the night was severe."

"Mighty severe," briefly and half crustily replied the unknown, with a richness of brogue that might have stood for a certificate of baptism in Cork or its vicinity.

"And a bad road too, sir," said I, remembering my lately accomplished stage.

"That's the reason I always go armed," said the unknown, clinking at the same moment something like the barrel of a pistol.

Wondering somewhat at his readiness to mistake my meaning, I felt disposed to drop any further effort to draw him out, and was about to address myself to sleep, as comfortably as I could.

"I'll just trouble ye to lean aff that little parcel there, sir," said he, as he displaced from its position beneath my elbow, one of the paper packages the guard had already alluded to.

In complying with this rather gruff demand, one of my pocket pistols, which I carried in my breast pocket,

fell out upon his knee, upon which he immediately started, and asked hurriedly, 'And are you armed too?'

"Why, yes," said I, laughingly; 'men of my trade seldom go without something of this kind.'

"I was just thinking that same," said the traveller, with a half sigh to himself.

Why he should or should not have thought so, I never troubled myself to canvass, and was once more settling myself in my corner, when I was startled by a very melancholy groan, which seemed to come from the bottom of my companion's heart.

"Are you ill, sir?" said I, in a voice of some anxiety.

"You may say that," replied he, 'if you knew who you were talking to—although may be you've heard enough of me, though you never saw me till now.'

"Without having that pleasure even yet," said I, 'it would grieve me to think you should be ill in the coach.'

"May be it might," briefly replied the unknown, with a species of meaning in his words I could not then understand. 'Did ye never hear tell of Barney Doyle?' said he.

"Not to my recollection."

"Then I'm Barney," said he, 'that's in all the newspapers in the metropolis; I'm seventeen weeks in Jervis-street hospital, and four in the Lunatic, and the devil a better after all. You must be a stranger, I'm thinking, or you'd know me now.'

"Why, I do confess I've only been a few hours in Ireland for the last six months."

"Ay, that's the reason; I knew you would not be fond of travelling with me, if you knew who it was."

"Why, really," said I, beginning at the moment to fathom some of the hints of my companion, 'I did not anticipate the pleasure of meeting you.'

"It's pleasure ye call it; then there's no accountin' for tastes, as Dr Colles said, when he saw me bite Cusack Rooney's thumb off."

"Bite a man's thumb off!" said I, in a horror.

"Ay," said he with a kind of fiendish animation, 'in one chop; I wish you'd see how I scattered the consultation; begad, they didn't wait to ax for a fee.'

Upon my soul, a very pleasant vicinity, thought I. 'And may I ask, sir,' said I, in a very mild and soothing tone of voice, 'may I ask the reason for this singular propensity of yours?'

"There it is now, my dear," said he, laying his hand upon my knee familiarly, 'that's just the very thing they can't make out; Colles says it's all the cerebellum, ye see, that's inflamed and combusted, and some of the others think it's the spine; and more, the muscles; but my real impression is, the devil a bit they know about it at all.'

"And have they no name for the malady?" said I.

"Oh sure enough they have a name for it."

"And, may I ask —"

"Why, I think you'd better not, because ye see, maybe I might be troublesome to ye in the night, though I'll not, if I can help it; and it might be uncomfortable to you to be here, if I was to get one of the fits."

"One of the fits! Why, it's not possible, sir," said I, 'you would travel in a public conveyance in the state you mention; your friends surely would not permit it?'

"Why, if they knew, perhaps," slyly responded the interesting invalid, 'if they knew, they might not exactly like it; but, ye see, I escaped only last night, and there'll be a fine hubbub in the morning, when they find I'm off; though I'm thinking Rooney's barking by this time.'

"Rooney barking, why, what does that mean?"

"They always bark for a day or two after they're bit, if the infection comes first from the dog."

"You are surely not speaking of hydrophobia?" said I, my hair actually bristling with horror and consternation.

"Ayn't I?" replied he; 'may be you've guessed it though.'

"And have you the malady on you at present?" said I, trembling for the answer.

"This is the ninth day since I took to biting," said he gravely, perfectly unconscious, as it appeared, of the terror such information was calculated to convey.

"And with such a propensity, sir, do you think yourself warranted in traveling in a public coach, exposing others —"

"You'd better not raise your voice that way," quietly responded he; 'if I'm roused, it'll be worse for ye, that's all.'

"Well but," said I, moderating my zeal, 'is it exactly prudent, in your present delicate state, to undertake a journey?'

"Ah," said he, with a sigh, 'I've been longing to see the fox-hounds throw off, near Kilkenny; these three weeks I've been thinking of nothing else; but I'm not sure how my nerves will stand the cry; I might be troublesome.'

"Upon my soul," thought I, 'I shall not select that morning for my debut in the field.'

"I hope, sir, there's no river or water-course on this road—any thing else I can, I hope, control myself against; but water—running water particularly—makes me troublesome."

Well knowing what he meant by the latter phrase, I felt the cold perspiration settling on my forehead, as I remembered that we must be within about ten or twelve miles of Leighlin Bridge, where we should have to pass a very wide river. I strictly concealed this fact from him, however, and gave him to understand that there was not a well, brook, or rivulet, for forty miles on either side of us. He now sank into a kind of moody

silence, broken occasionally by a low muttering noise, as if speaking to himself. What this might portend, I knew not—but thought it better, under all circumstances, not to disturb him. How comfortable my present condition was, I need scarcely remark—sitting opposite to a lunatic, with a pair of pistols in his possession—who had already avowed his consciousness of his tendency to do mischief, and his inability to master it; all this in the dark, and in the narrow limits of a mail-coach, where there was scarcely room for defence, and no possibility of escape. How heartily I wished myself back in the coffee-room at Morrison's, with my poor friend Tom!—ay, even the outside of the coach, if I could only reach it, would, under present circumstances, be a glorious alternative to my existing misfortune. What were rain and storm, thunder and lightning, compared with the chances that awaited me here?—wet through I should inevitably be, but then I had not yet contracted the horror of moisture my friend opposite laboured under. 'Ha! what is that—is it possible he can be asleep—is it really a snore? Heaven grant that little snore be not what the medical people call a premonitory symptom—if so, he'll be in upon me now in no time. Ah, there it is again; he must be asleep surely; now then is my time or never.' With these words, muttered to myself, and a heart throbbing almost audibly at the risk of his awakening, I slowly let down the window of the coach, and stretching forth my hand, turned the handle cautiously and slowly; I next disengaged my legs, and by a long continuous effort of creeping—which I had learned perfectly once, when practising to go as a boa constrictor to a fancy ball—I withdrew myself from the seat, and reached the step, when I muttered something very like a thanks-giving to providence for my rescue. With little difficulty I now climbed up beside the guard, whose astonishment at my appearance was indeed considerable—that any man should prefer the out to the inside of a coach, in such a night, was rather remarkable; but that the person so doing should be totally unprovided with a box-coat, or other similar protection, argued something so strange, that I doubt not, if he were to decide upon the applicability of the statute of lunacy to a traveller in the mail, the palm would certainly have been awarded to me, and not to my late companion. Well, on we rolled; and heavily as the rain poured down, so relieved did I feel at my change of position, that I soon fell fast asleep, and never awoke till the coach was driving up Patrick Street. Whatever solace to my feelings reaching the outside of the coach might have been attended with at night, the pleasure I experienced on awaking was really not unalloyed. More dead than alive, I sat a mass of wet clothes, like nothing under heaven except it be that morsel of black and spongy wet cotton at the bottom of a school-boy's ink bottle, saturated with rain, and the black dye of my coat. My hat, too, had contributed its share of colouring matter, and several long black streaks coursed down my 'wrinkled front,' giving me very much the air of an Indian warrior, who had got the first priming of his war paint. I certainly must have been a rueful object, were I only to judge from the faces of the waiters as they gazed on me when the coach drew up at Rice and Walsh's hotel. Cold, wet, and weary as I was, my curiosity to learn more of my late agreeable companion was strong as ever within me—perhaps stronger, from the sacrifices his acquaintance had exacted from me. Before, however, I had disengaged myself from the pile of trunks and carpet bags I had surrounded myself with, he had got out of the coach, and all I could catch a glimpse of was the back of a little short man, in a kind of grey upper coat, and long galligaskins on his legs. He carried his two bundles under his arm, and stepped nimbly up the steps of the hotel, without ever turning his head to either side.

'Don't fancy you shall escape me now, my good friend,' I cried out, as I sprang from the roof to the ground with one jump, and hurried after the great unknown into the coffee-room. By the time I reached it he had approached the fire, on the table near which, having deposited the mysterious paper parcels, he was now busily engaged in divesting himself of his greatcoat; his face was still turned from me, so that I had time to appear employed in divesting myself of my wet drapery before he perceived me; at last the coat was unbuttoned, the gaiters followed, and throwing them carelessly on a chair, he tucked up the skirts of his coat, and spreading himself comfortably, a l'Anglais, before the fire, displayed to my wondering and stupefied gaze the pleasant features of Doctor Finucane.

'Why, Doctor—Doctor Finucane,' cried I, 'is this possible! Were you then really the inside in the mail last night?'

'Not a doubt of it, Mr Lorrequer; and may I make bold to ask, were you the outside?'

'Then what, may I beg to know, did you mean by your confounded story about Barney Doyle, and the hydrophobia, and Cusack Rooney's thumb—eh?'

'Oh, by the pigs,' said Finucane, 'this will be the death of me; and it was you that I drove outside in all the rain last night! Oh, it will kill Father Malachi outright with laughing, when I tell him; and he burst out into a fit of merriment that nearly induced me to break his head with the poker.'

'Am I to understand, then, Mr Finucane, that this practical joke of yours was contrived for my benefit, and for the purpose of holding me up to the ridicule of your confounded acquaintances?'

'Nothing of the kind, upon my conscience,' said Fin, drying his eyes, and endeavouring to look sorry

and sentimental. 'If I had had only the least suspicion in life that it was you, upon my oath I'd not have had the hydrophobia at all, and, to tell you the truth, you were not the only one frightened—you alarmed me quite as much.'

'I alarmed you! Why, how can that be?'

'Why, the real affair is this: I was bringing these two packages of notes down to my cousin Callaghan's bank in Cork—fifteen thousand pounds—no less; and when you came into the coach at Naas, after driving there with your four horses, I thought it was all up with me. The guard just whispered in my ear, that he saw you look at the priming of your pistols before getting in; and faith I said four paters, and a hail Mary, before you'd count five. Well, when you got seated, the thought came into my mind that maybe, highwayman as you were, you would not like dying a natural death, more particularly if you were an Irishman; and so I trumped up that long story about the hydrophobia, and the gentleman's thumb, and devil knows what besides; and while I was telling it, the cold perspiration was running down my head and face, for every time you stirred, I said to myself, now he'll do it. Two or three times, do you know, I was going to offer you ten shillings in the pound, and spare my life; and once, heaven forgive me, I thought it would not be a bad plan to shoot you 'by mistake,' do you perceive?'

'Why, upon my word, I am very much obliged to you for your excessively kind intentions; but really I feel you have done quite enough for me on the present occasion. But, come now, doctor, I must get to bed, and before I go, promise me two things: to dine with us to-day at the mess, and not to mention a syllable of what occurred last night—it tells, believe me, very badly for both; so, keep the secret, for if these fellows of ours ever get hold of it, I may sell out, or quit the army; I'll never hear the end of it.'

'Never fear, my boy, trust me. I'll dine with you, and you're as safe as a church-mouse.'

But the merry Doctor did not keep his word, and Lorrequer was laughed at consumedly. Of such incidents as these the Confessions are full, and it may well be believed, therefore, that they are very entertaining as a whole.

SPIDER SILK.

SOME years ago, the Society of Arts conferred one of their honorary medals on a gentleman of the name of Rolt, for obtaining silk from the garden spider, *aranea diadema*. This is the insect whose webs in autumn are so conspicuous on the surface of shrubs, and in other situations. On allowing one of these animals to crawl over his hand, Mr Rolt found that it drew a thread with it wherever it went. He likewise, without any difficulty, wound some of this thread over his hand, finding that the spider continued spinning while the thread was winding up. On this hint he connected a small reel with the steam-engine of the factory in which he was occupied, and, putting it in motion, at the rate of 150 feet per minute, found that the spider would thus continue to afford an unbroken thread during from three to five minutes. The specimen of this silk which Mr Rolt presented to the society, was wound off from twenty-four spiders in about two hours. Its length was estimated at 18,000 feet; its colour was white, and its lustre of metallic brilliancy, owing, probably, to its great opacity. He did not attempt to combine two or more filaments into one winding, nor to form it into thread by throwing. The thread of the garden spider is so much finer than that of the silk-worm, that the united strength of five of the former is, according to Mr Rolt, equal only to one of the latter; and assuming that the weight is in proportion to the strength, and that a spider will yield twice a-year a thread 750 feet in length, while that produced by a single silk-worm is 1900 feet, it follows that the produce of one silk-worm is equal to that of 6.3 spiders. "Now," says the Report in the society's Transactions, "as on an average it takes about 3500 silk-worms to produce a pound of silk, it would take about 22,000 spiders to produce an equal quantity. Besides, spiders are not so easily confined as silk-worms, and whenever two come in contact, a battle ensues, which ends in the destruction of the weaker one. Spiders kept for silk must therefore be each in separate dens or cells; and the apparatus contrived by Mr Rolt for this purpose, although very ingenious and well adapted to carry on a course of experiments with a hundred or two, would manifestly be wholly inapplicable to any purpose of commercial utility."

But a gentleman of Languedoc went a great deal farther than the English experimenter, for he established a manufacture of spider silk, and so far succeeded that he made gloves and stockings from the fibres of the web. The great impediment, however, to his complete success, was the implacable hostility of these insects to each other. Reaumur placed 5000 in fifty different cells, and the larger destroyed the smaller, till only one or two were left in each cell. But there is a species of spider noticed by Dr Walsh in his travels in Brazil, to which this objection does

not apply. Here the insect was not solitary but gregarious; and colonies of more than 100 occupied the same web. The doctor's account of it is as follows:—"Among the insects is an enormous spider, which I did not observe elsewhere. In passing through an opening between some trees, I felt my head entangled in some obstructions, and on withdrawing it, my light straw hat remained behind. When I looked up, I saw it suspended in the air, entangled in the meshes of an immense cobweb, which was drawn like a veil of thick gauze across the opening, and was expanded from branch to branch of the opposite trees, as large as a sheet, ten or twelve feet in diameter. The whole of this space was covered with spiders of the same species (*aranea maculata*) but different sizes; some of them, when their legs were expanded, forming a circle of six or seven inches in circumference. They were particularly distinguished by bright spots. The cords composing the web were of a glossy yellow, like the fibres of silk-worms, and equally strong. I wound off several on a card, and they extended to the length of three or four yards." There is here a fair field for the Brazilian speculator. The spider's web, which, in single threads, could support a straw hat, must be much stronger and tougher than the frail tissues of our own country, and might certainly be manufactured into articles of wearing apparel, if a proper quantity of it could be obtained. As these gigantic spiders of Brazil are not eaters of their own species, large colonies of them might be maintained with ease, and, we doubt not, advantage, to the experimenter.

We may here conveniently introduce some particulars, by an attentive observer, of the domestic spider, and its great enemy, another spider of a larger size:—One of the latter genus not being able to spin any more web, came to invade the property of his smaller neighbour; a terrible conflict immediately ensued, in which victory seemed to incline to the side of the usurper, for the industrious spider was obliged to take refuge in his hole. After this the conqueror employed every method it could use to draw the other from its retreat: at one time it appeared to go away, but at another returned again quickly, until, at length, seeing that all its artifices were vain, it began to destroy the web of the vanquished. This occasioned another battle, in which the honest and industrious spider had the good fortune to slay its antagonist. Thus placed in peaceable possession of what was no more than its own property, it spent three days in repairing the breaches of its web, without taking any nourishment. Some time afterwards a large blue fly fell into the web, and began struggling violently to escape from its meshes. The spider at first let it alone, but finding that it was too strong for the snare, it came out of its hole, and in less than a minute so completely enveloped the fly in the coils of a new net, that its escape became impossible. This was like the downfall of a gigantic whale to the Esquimaux; and it continued to subsist the spider for a whole week. One day a wasp was thrown into the web; according to custom the spider ran towards the object which had disturbed it, but on observing the terrible enemy which it had to deal with (for spiders never catch Tartars, if they can avoid it), it soon broke all the strings that confined the wasp, and so set it at liberty. But in doing this the web had become irreparably injured; it was abandoned like an old house that is no longer tenable with safety to the possessor, and a new one was commenced, and finished in the usual time. To see how many webs a spider is capable of furnishing, this new web was destroyed; it made another, which was likewise demolished: it now seemed exhausted, for it span no more. The artifices which it then used, although deprived of its chief protection, were surprising. It drew up its claws like a ball, and remained for four hours immovable, yet always on its guard: but when a fly approached near enough, it instantaneously darted on it, and seldom missed its prey. At length, as if disgusted with this sort of life, it determined to invade the possessions of another spider. Accordingly, it advanced to the attack of a neighbouring fortification, but meeting with a vigorous resistance, it was repulsed. Far from being discouraged by this disappointment, it invested another, as military men say, and continued a close siege for three days, at the end of which time the beleaguered insect was slain, and its fortress taken possession of by the enemy. This spider lived for three years, and annually changed its skin like the snake. By way of experiment (it was a cruel one, however), one of its claws was repeatedly removed from the leg, and as often replaced by a new one in two or three days.

But it appears that insects not only yield the material of which cloth is manufactured, but, under certain circumstances, can manufacture it themselves. Some years ago there were exhibited to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, specimens of a very peculiar species of cloth fabricated by insects. Mr Habensbrecht of Munich, having observed the larvae of a butterfly called *tinea punctata*, or *tinea padilla*, to be in the habit of constructing over themselves a tent of great strength, conceived the idea of setting them to work on models prepared by himself. The models were of paper suspended from the ceiling, and lines were drawn on them with oil, to which the insects have a natural antipathy, to regulate the form of the tissue, and limit the operations of the tiny manufacturers. An air balloon, four feet high, weighing only five grains, and yet impervious to air, was constructed in this manner; also a shawl, an ell square, which, when spread out, was blown into the air by a puff of the breath, and had the appearance

of a thin vapour floating on the breeze. Such gossamer texture would afford but a poor protection in this country; but the experiment is extremely interesting. We know not, however, whether any thing has come of it, as Johnson would say.

BOWRING'S MINOR MORALS—MAHOMET ALI.

Dr BOWRING some years ago published two small volumes, under the title of "Minor Morals," in which, through the medium of conversations with his children, he illustrated a number of the familiar virtues by stories and anecdotes, chiefly picked up by himself from observations of real life, in the course of his travels. He has now added a *third volume*,* in which, taking as before the name of Howard, he gives his children conversational sketches of many things which he observed in his recent travels in Egypt and the countries around the Levant. With respect to this new volume, the title strikes us as inapplicable, seeing that very few of the sketches illustrate morals larger or smaller, but are simply very pleasant recollections of an intelligent traveller. Not to quarrel, however, with so external a matter as the name, let us give the author his due praise for the solid merits of his work, which is not only calculated to impress our British youth with some lively general notions of the East, but contains much matter that will be new to more grave inquirers, particularly with reference to the superstitions of the Orientals. The notices which Dr Bowring here gives respecting the *Djins*, or wicked genii of the east, the *Peris*, the vampires, and the belief in magic, are, we fairly confess, in a great measure new to us, and extremely interesting. We prefer, nevertheless, as a specimen of Dr Bowring's book, a portion of his conversation respecting the present viceroy, or perhaps we ought rather now to say sovereign, of Egypt, with whom the author has had the benefit of much familiar intercourse:—

"Papa! you have seen much of Mahomet Ali Pacha; will you tell us something about him? Where was he born?" was Arthur's request to Mr Howard when next they all met together.

"He was born at Cavalla in Roumelia," was his father's answer, "and he told me he was the youngest of sixteen children. He was much indulged by his father and mother, and was a great favourite of his brothers and sisters. He once said to me, 'Do not wonder if I am sometimes impatient and want to have my own way. I was never used to contradiction. I have scarcely ever known misfortune. I was born under a smiling star, and that star has smiled upon me all my life through.'"

"But has not Mahomet Ali committed a great many cruel deeds—did he not invite all the Mamelukes to a festival, and cause them to be murdered?" inquired George.

"And I have heard," added Arthur, "that one of them sprang, with his fine Arab horse, over the battlements of the high citadel of Cairo, and so saved his life."

"What you have heard is true," said Mr Howard, "and all that Mahomet Ali or his friends urge for his justification, is, that the Mamelukes were plotting against him, and would have destroyed him had he not destroyed them. * * I should tell you that Mahomet Ali was forty-six years old before he had learned either to read or to write. This he told me himself. I have heard that he was taught by his favourite wife. But he is fond of reading now; and one day, when I entered his divan unannounced, I found him quite alone, with his spectacles on, reading a Turkish volume, which he was much enjoying, while a considerable pile of books were by his side. "It is a pleasant relief," he said, "from public business; I was reading some amusing Turkish stories" (probably the Arabian Nights); "and now let us talk—what have you to tell me?" There is a great deal of sagacity in Mahomet Ali's conversation, particularly when he knows or discovers, as he usually does, the sort of information which his visitor is most able to give. He discourses with engineers, about mechanical improvements—with military men, on the art of war—with sea-officers, on ship-building and naval manœuvres—with travellers, on the countries they have visited—with politicians, on public affairs. He very willingly talks of foreign countries, and princes and statesmen, and is in the habit of mingling in the conversation all sorts of anecdotes about himself, and the events connected with his history. His phrases are often poetical, and he, like most Orientals, frequently introduces proverbs and imagery. I heard him once say, speaking of the agriculture of Egypt, "When I came to this country, I only scratched it with a pin; I have now succeeded in cultivating it with a hoe; but soon I will have a plough passing over the whole land." You asked me, George, if he were not a cruel prince? and that he certainly is not, for many a generous deed has he done, and seldom will it be found that the reign of a Turkish sovereign is so little stained with blood."

"We like to hear of acts of clemency," said one of the children; "tell us of Mahomet Ali's."

"When I was at Cairo, a number of Levantine merchants had got deeply, and I fear dishonestly, in debt to the pacha. Payment had been urged in every possible way, but in vain. At last the pacha got impatient, for the amount was large (exceeding £100,000 sterling), and he directed them to be seized, sent to the galleys for life, and all their property to be confiscated. It happened that an Englishman of distinction and myself were applied to by their distressed families to intercede with the pacha, and to implore mercy, less on account of the imprudent debtors than of their numerous families. We urged the excess of punishment, with reference to the offence, falling upon the innocent more heavily than on the guilty. We talked of the gentle quality of mercy—blessing the giver as much as the receiver—and the old man's heart was touched, and he forgave the debtors."

"I have heard you say that Mahomet Ali is a very interesting person in his own family; now let us all know something of his private character," said Mrs Howard.

"I do not deny," answered Mr Howard, "that I feel a great interest in Mahomet Ali, and the more so because I have had the advantage of seeing him with his children and grandchildren around him, and of talking with him about domestic matters. In the East it is very difficult to learn much about the private concerns of any Turk, and still less of those of men of high station. Mahomet Ali's great pride is Ibrahim Pacha; a victorious leader is always an object of admiration among Mussulmans, and Ibrahim Pacha's career has been one of brilliant military success. His father is fond of talking of his first-born son and intended successor. "I did not know him," he said; "I had not an unbounded confidence in him for many, many years; no, not till his beard was almost as long as my own, and even changing its colour," said the pacha to me, "but now I can thoroughly trust him." On the part of Ibrahim Pacha, though in rank above his father (for the Pacha of the Holy Cities is the first Pacha of the Ottoman Empire), there is always the utmost deference to Mahomet Ali's will. In the most difficult circumstances of his life he has always referred to his renowned sire for advice; and whenever he has been pressed by the representatives of the great powers of Europe, he has invariably answered, that he should abide by the instructions he received from his father. Of the sons of Mahomet Ali, Toussoun, the second, was long the favourite. He was a prince of a generous, not to say extravagant disposition; and when on one occasion he was reproached by his father for his prodigality, he answered, "It may be well for you to be economical, who were not born what you are, but I am the son of Mahomet Ali Pacha, and the son of a pacha must be liberal." His father smiled, the answer flattered his sense of dignity, and he upbraided Toussoun no more. Not long after, Toussoun died of the plague. A third son, Ismail, was murdered by the blacks in Sennar, the hut in which he was being surrounded by brushwood, set on fire, and he perished in the flames."

"Had they no motive—the blacks—had he done nothing to deserve so cruel a fate?" inquired Edith.

"He had invaded their country, and awakened their animosity, and, looking on him as an intruder, they thus satiated their revenge."

"And what happened in consequence?" asked George.

"The sheikh, or leader, at Shendy, where the deed was committed, was afterwards seized, and all the inhabitants who were supposed to have taken any part in the assassination, were put to death."

"How shocking!" exclaimed Edith.

"I have been very happy in my children," Mahomet Ali said to me one day; "there is not one of them who does not treat me with the utmost deference and respect; except," he added, laughing outright, "that little fellow, the last and the least of all, Mahomet Ali."

He was then a boy of five or six years old, called by his father's name—the son of his old age—his Benjamin—his best beloved.

"I see how it is," I said; "your highness spoils the boy. You encourage the little rogue." Mahomet Ali laughed again—it was an acknowledgment of a little paternal weakness.

Not long after, I was in the palace of Shoubra; it was on a Friday, the Mussulman Sabbath, when the pacha is in the habit of receiving all his family.

I found him in his divan. He was surrounded by all his sons and grandsons who were then residing at Cairo. He had been listening to the accounts of their studies—of their amusements and their employments. Abbas Pacha, the eldest son of Toussoun Pacha, sat next his grandfather, and the rest of the family were seated on chairs, according to their ranks and ages. After some conversation, Mahomet Ali told his descendants that they might now withdraw. One after another they rose, knelt before him, kissed the hem of his garment, and retired. Little Mahomet Ali came last; he was dressed in military costume, with a small golden-encased scimitar dangling at his side. He advanced towards his father—looked in his face; he saw the accustomed, the involuntary smile; and when he was about a yard from the pacha, instead of bending or saluting him, he turned on his heels, and laughingly scampered away, like a young colt.

"I see how it is," said I to Mahomet Ali.

The old man shook his head—looked grave for a moment—another smile passed over his countenance; "Peki, peki!" said he, in a low tone, "well, well!" But I certainly did not like his highness the worse for what I had just witnessed."

DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF MISSIONARY ENTERPRISE.

Few persons who have not minutely investigated the subject possess any adequate notion of the difficulties encountered by missionaries in their endeavour to Christianise heathen countries, particularly India; and ignorance in this respect has produced no little injury to the missionary cause. Among other difficulties in the way, the following are given by Mr Malcom in his "Travels in Burmah," recently published:—

"The bigotry, superstition, and sensuality of the heathen, their want of early training in the proper theory of religion, the absence of a correct moral sense, and similar disadvantages of great magnitude, not felt by ministers in a Christian land, will not be insisted upon, because they equally impeded the apostles, who nevertheless had great success. I intend only to name those which are peculiar to modern missionaries."

1. An imperfect knowledge of the language of the people.

Scarcely one missionary in twenty has become able to preach with entire fluency, and probably never one had such a knowledge of the language as inspiration gave. A great amount of preaching has been done through interpreters, and these often unconverted heathen, who could not give full force to themes they did not comprehend. Few can acquire such mastery of a foreign tongue as to express their thoughts with the glow and intensity of a native, even when the idiom and structure of the language is thoroughly understood.

An experienced missionary in Bengal assured me that on an average not one half of the sermons of missionaries who undertake to preach is understood. Dr Carey, in a letter of August 1809, states, that after, by years of study, he thought he had fully mastered the Bengalee, and had then preached it two full years, he discovered that he was not understood! Yet Dr C.'s teachers flattered him that he was understood perfectly. This is a very common deception of pundits and moonshoes. In the opinion of one of the most experienced missionaries in the Madras presidency, not one missionary in ten, out of those who live the longest, ever gets the language so as to be generally understood, except when declaring the simplest truths. This is a difficulty not to be removed. Merchants and traders may easily acquire the vocabulary of traffic and social life, and so do missionaries. They may go farther, and be able to read or understand literary and historical subjects. But to have the ready command of words, on abstract theological subjects, and all the nice shades of meaning requisite to discuss accurately mental and moral subjects, can only be the work of many years, of intense study, and great practice.

2. There is a still greater difficulty, in the poverty of the languages themselves.

For terms which are of primary importance in religious discourse, words must often be used which are either unmeaning, or foreign to the purpose, or inaccurate. It is not easy to exhibit this difficulty in its true magnitude to such as have not mixed with heathen. A few examples may, however, make the argument intelligible. Words equivalent to God, Lord, &c., must, in various languages, be those which the heathen apply to their idols; for there are no others. In Tamil, the word *pámm* (sin) signifies only 'exposure to evil,' or simply 'evil,' whether natural or moral, and may be applied to a beast as well as a man. The word *padestiam* (holiness) means 'clearness.' *Re-generation* is understood by a Hindu or Buddhist to mean 'another birth' in this world, or 'transmigration.' The purposes of God they understand to be 'fate.' The word used in Bengalee for *holy* (*dharma*), sometimes means 'merit' acquired by acts of religious worship, and sometimes 'that which is agreeable to rule or custom.' When the compound word *Holy Ghost* is translated, it becomes 'Spirit of rule,' or some phrase not more intelligible. In the Episcopal Liturgy in Bengalee, it is rendered 'Spirit of existence' (*snadama*); and Mr Yates, in his new version of the Scriptures, uses the word *pubitru*, 'clean.' This last, while it avoids the hazard of conveying a wrong idea, and seems to be the best rendering, is yet evidently imperfect. In Siamese, the word most used for *sin* (*tót*) means either 'guilt,' or the 'punishment of guilt,' or simply 'exposure to punishment.' The best word the missionaries can get for *holy*, is *boreant*, 'purified,' when people are spoken of; and *sakut*, or 'Spirit having power because of sanctity,' when the Holy Ghost is meant. There is no Siamese word equivalent to *repent*; and a phrase is used signifying 'to establish the mind anew,' or 'make new resolves.' In Burmah, there is no term equivalent to our *heaven*, and a word meaning 'sky,' or more properly 'space,' is used; nor any word for *angel*, and the rendering of that term has to be 'sky-messenger,' nor any word for *condemn*, except the circumlocution 'decide according to demerit, or sin;' nor any word for *conscience*, *thank*, &c. &c. I might add scores of such cases, given me by missionaries. There is scarcely a theological term not subject to this difficulty.

For a multitude of our terms there is no word at all. Among these are not only theological terms, such as sanctification, gospel, evangelist, church, atonement, devil, &c., but the names of implements, animals, customs, clothing, and many other things, of which ignorant and remote tribes have never heard, and for which entirely new terms must be coined.

Let a man imagine how he would be embarrassed in reading a book, or hearing a discourse, in which he constantly met with Greek or Arabic terms, and words used in a sense differing more or less from that in which he understands them, and these often the principal terms in

* William Tait, Edinburgh; Simpkin, Marshall, and Co., London.

the sentence, and he may form some conception of this difficulty. Even the native assistant, preaching in his mother tongue, is not properly understood; for he must use these terms.

3. Want of familiarity with the system and sacred books to be encountered, and with national prejudices and modes of thinking.

For exposing with freedom, and attacking with power, a popular belief, these are eminent advantages. Hence, in part, the superior success of native preachers. The apostles were native preachers, almost wherever they went; and we see how largely they used their intimate knowledge of the national religion and habits of thinking, not only in disputations, but in formal discourses and epistles. Many years must elapse before a missionary can attain this power, and then only by the wearisome perusal of many volumes of disgusting legends, as well as contact with natives in many ways, and for a long period."

INFANT EDUCATION.

THE following copy of a letter from Dr Andrew Combe has been handed to us by the gentleman in this town to whom it was addressed. It was obtained, of course, for a special purpose, but its purport is of general interest:—

"In reply to the queries contained in your letter, I have no hesitation in stating my conviction, that the confinement of children for several consecutive hours in crowded class-rooms is highly injurious to their health, and often lays the foundation for a delicacy of constitution, especially in girls, which no subsequent care can entirely remove. To state why this result follows, would be to recapitulate the expositions already given in my works on physiology and dietetics, and is therefore unnecessary.

The only plan by which this evil can be obviated, is by admitting only one limited class at a time, to which the teacher's attention should be wholly devoted for one hour or thereabouts, and having the room thoroughly ventilated before another class is admitted.

As the result of much attention to the subject, I may here express my decided conviction, that the progress made by pupils thus treated will be greater, and far more pleasing to themselves, than where they are confined double the time, as in ordinary schools; and I have the direct testimony of several teachers and parents to the same effect.

As you have asked my opinion on these points, I may be allowed to refer to another, which is also of great importance to bodily health and mental activity. I allude to the injury done at present by sending children to school for so many consecutive hours, that they are deprived of the nourishment which their growing organisation imperatively requires, till frequently three or four hours beyond the time at which nature demands it. In several instances I have seen health restored in infirm children, merely by allowing them an hour for an early dinner, instead of obliging them to wait till four or five o'clock, when their school hours are over. Another great disadvantage of the present system of long confinement, is the impossibility, especially in winter, of getting that ample exercise in the open air, without which neither mind nor body can thrive. There will be difficulties on the part of parents as well as of teachers in obviating these errors, but I mention them as eminently deserving of attention in every improved plan of elementary education." The most eminent of the faculty in Glasgow have expressed their concurrence in Dr Combe's opinion.—*Scottish Pilot*.

A POTTEEN SMUGGLER'S WIFE.

A man who was known to have a large mountain farm and extensive homestead in these hills, was observed very frequently to ride into the town of B—; and he never made his appearance without a woman, supposed to be his wife, jogging steadily and uprightly on a pillion behind him. He was tall and gaunt in look; she large and rotund, and encumbered, as is the mode of all country wives, with a multitude of petticoats: they always rode into the yard of a man who kept a public-house; and before they alighted off their horse, the gate was carefully shut. It was known, moreover, that this publican acted as factor for this farmer in the sale of his butter; and so for a length of time things went on in a quiet and easy way, until one day it so happened (as indeed it is very common for idlers in a very idle country town to stand making remarks on the people as they come by) that the guager, the innkeeper, and a squireen, were lounging away their day, when the farmer slowly paced by, with his everlasting wife behind him. "Well," says the squireen, "of all the women I ever saw bumping on a pillion, that lump of a woman sits the awkwarddest; she don't sit like a natural born crutcher at all; and do you see how modest she is, what with her flapped-down beaver hat, and all the frills and fallals about her, not an inch of her sweet face is to be seen, no more than an owl from out the ivy. I have a great mind to run up alongside of her, and give her a pinch in the toe, to make old buckram look about her for once." "Oh, let her alone," says the innkeeper; "they're a decent couple from Joyce country. I'll be bound, what makes her sit so stiff is all the eggs she is bringin' in to Mrs O'Mealey, who factors the butter for them." There was, while he said this, a cunning leer about the innkeeper's mouth, as much as to denote that there was, to his knowledge, however he came by it, something mysterious about this said couple; this was not lost on the subtle guager, and he thought it no harm just to try more about the matter; and so he says in a frolicsome way, "Why, then, for curiosity sake, I will just run up to them, and give the mistress a pinch—somewhere; she won't notice me at all in the crowd, and maybe then she'll look up, and we'll see her own purty face." Accordingly, no sooner said than done: he ran over to where the farmer was getting on slowly through the market crowd; and on the side of the pillion to which the woman's back was turned, attempted to give a sly pinch, but he might as well have pinched a pitcher; nor did the woman even lift up her head, or ask "Who is it

that's hurting me?" This emboldened him to give another knock with his knuckles; and this assault he found not opposed, as it should be, by petticoats and flesh, but by what he felt to be petticoats and metal. This is queer, thought the guager: he now was more bold, and with the butt-end of his walking-stick he hit what was so hard, a bang which sounded as if he had struck a tin pot. "Stop here, honest man," cried the guager. "Let my wife alone, will you, before the people?" cried the farmer. "Not till I see what this honest woman is made of," roared the guager. So he pulled, and the farmer dug his heels into his colt to get on; but all would not do: in the struggle down came the wife into the street; and as she fell on the pavement, the whole street rang with the squash, and in a moment there is a gurgling as from a burst barrel, and a strong smelling water comes flowing all about; and flat poor Norah lies, there being an eruption of all her intestines, which flowed down the gutter as like potteen whisky as eggs are like eggs. The fact was, that our friend from the land of Joyce had got made, by some tinker, a tin vessel with head and body the shape of a woman, and dressed it out as a proper country dame; in this way he carried his darlint behind him, and made much of her.—*Otway's Tour in Connaught*.

POETRY.

[BY JAMES G. PERCIVAL.]

The world is full of Poetry—the air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veiled
And mantled with its beauty; and the walls,
That close the universe with crystal in,
Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,
In harmonies, too perfect, and too high,
For aught but beings of celestial mould,
And speak to man in one eternal hymn
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

The year leads round the seasons, in a choir
For ever charming, and for ever new;
Blending the grand, the beautiful, the gay,
The mournful, and the tender, in one strain,
Which steals into the heart, like sounds, that rise
Far off, in moonlight evenings, on the shore
Of the wide ocean resting after storms;
Or tones, that wind around the vaulted roof,
And pointed arches, and retiring aisles
Of some old, lonely minster, where the hand
Skillful, and moved, with passionate love of art,
Plays o'er the higher keys, and bears aloft
The peal of bursting thunder, and then calls
By mellow touches, from the softer tubes,
Voices of melting tenderness, that blend
With pure and gentle musings, till the soul,
Commingling with the melody, is borne,
Rapt, and dissolved in ecstasy, to Heaven.

'Tis not the chime and flow of words, that move
In measured file, and metrical array;
'Tis not the union of returning sounds,
Nor all the pleasing artifice of rhyme,
And quantity, and accent, that can give
This all-pervading spirit to the ear,
Or blend it with the movings of the soul.
'Tis a mysterious feeling, which combines
Man with the world around him, in a chain
Woven of flowers, and dipp'd in sweetness, till
He tastes the high communion of his thoughts,
With all existences, in earth and heaven,
That meet him in the charm of grace and power.
'Tis not the noisy babbling, who displays,
In studied phrase, and ornate epithet,
And rounded period, poor and rapid thoughts,
Which peep from out the cumbrous ornaments
That overload their littleness. Its words
Are few, but deep and solemn; and they break
Fresh from the fount of feeling, and are full
Of all that passion, which, on Carmel, fired
The holy prophet, when his lips were coals,
His language wing'd with terror, as when bolts
Leap from the brooding tempest, armed with wrath,
Commission'd to affright us, and destroy.

—The Lyre.

HAPPINESS OF ANIMALS AND BIRDS.

It is impossible to view the cheerfulness and happiness of animals and birds without pleasure; the latter, especially, appear to enjoy themselves during the fine weather, in spring and summer, with a degree of hilarity which might be almost envied. It is astonishing how much man might do to lessen the misery of those creatures which are given to him for either food or use, or for adding to his pleasure if he were so disposed; instead of which, he often exercises a degree of wanton tyranny and cruelty over them which cannot be too much deprecated, and for which, no doubt, he will be held one day accountable. Animals are so capable of showing gratitude and affection to those who have been kind to them, that I never see them subjected to ill treatment without feeling the utmost abhorrence of those who are inflicting it. I know many persons who, like myself, take a pleasure in seeing all the animals about them appear happy and contented. Cows will show their pleasure at seeing those who have been kind to them, by moving their ears gently, and putting out their wet noses. My old horse rests his head on the gate with great complacency, when he sees me coming, expecting to receive an apple or a piece of bread. I should even be sorry to see my poultry and pigs get out of my way with any symptoms of fear.—*Jesse's Gleanings*.

STRONG DRINK.

If all strong drink were pure, it would, nevertheless, be injurious to the health. It was said by an eminent phy-

siologist, that the frame of each human being can endure a certain number of pulsations; and the quicker those pulsations take place, the sooner their number is exhausted, and the sooner the frame is worn out. To use habitually drink, is like whipping constantly one's horse; at first, it makes him step out quicker, but he soon flags under the constant impulse; he disregards the lash according as he becomes accustomed to it, until, at last, to make him stir, requires constant beating. How different from the horse, who, fed with wholesome food, is allowed to go at his own steady pace, and who, not driven beyond his nature, performs his journey well and freshly!—*Toronto Christian Guardian*.

THE CONSCIENTIOUS MIMIC.

In the beginning of the last century, an actor, celebrated for mimicry, was to have been employed by a comic author to take off the person, manner, and singularly awkward delivery of the celebrated Dr Woodward, who was intended to be introduced on the stage in a laughable character. The mimic dressed himself as a countryman, and waited on the doctor with a long catalogue of ailments which he said afflicted his wife. The physician heard with amazement of diseases and pains of the most opposite nature, repeated and redoubled on the wretched patient; for since the actor's greatest wish was to keep Dr Woodward in his company as long as possible, that he might make the more observations on his gestures, he loaded his poor imaginary spouse with every infirmity which had any probable chance of prolonging the interview. At length, having completely accomplished his errand, he drew from his purse a guinea, and with a bow and scrape made an uncouth offer of it. "Put up thy money, poor fellow," cried the doctor, "put up thy money—thou hast need of all thy cash, and all thy patience too, with such a bundle of diseases tied to thy back." The comedian returned to his employer, and related the whole conversation with such true feeling of the physician's character, that the author was convulsed with laughter. But his raptures were soon checked when the mimic told him with emphatic sensibility, that he would sooner die than prostitute his talents to the rendering such genuine humanity a public object of ridicule.—*From a Scrap-Book*.

REALITIES OF LIFE.

Realities are seldom the pleasantest parts of life. Hope, memory, and even enjoyments, are more than half imaginative. Every thing is mellowed by distance; and when we come too near, the airy softness is lost, and the hard lines of truth are offered harshly to the eye. Half our sorrows are the breaking of different illusions; sometimes they must be broken; but when without danger to himself or injury to others, man can enrich the scene before him with ideal beauties, he is foolish to examine minutely the objects of which it is composed. The cottage, with its broken thatch and shining piece of water in the foreground, is picturesque and beautiful in a landscape; but what is the reality? The dwelling of misery, decorated with a horse-pond! The splendid pageants that dazzle the lesser children at a theatre are but dirty daubs of paint and tinsel; and it is the same with the stage of the world. It never answers to be behind the scenes.—*Newspaper paragraph, probably from some new work*.

WANTS IN AMERICA.

Wanted: A man to lay out crockery. He must be sprack and handy, and balance his own breakage. Wanted: A hardware lad to go South. Wanted: Part of a house in the region of East Broadway, by a family without the least disposition to meddle with other folk's affairs. Wanted: Some bricklayers to go West. Wanted: A satisfactory journeyman in the rush-bottoming line, to go South. Wanted: A grey gelding that can go straight. To save trouble, a hundred dollars will be the figure. Wanted: A good place for a respectable woman, now living at 93, Nineteenth-Street, either as seamstress, laundress, nurse, pastry-cook, confectioner, or companion after the English fashion. (3) This is comprehensive, and merits attention. Wanted: A young woman (the plainer the better), to help a small genteel family in their domestic matters. One without ringlets would be preferred. Wanted: A clerk in a soft store; one who will make business his pleasure, and not pleasure his business, may drop into a good place by applying, &c. Wanted: Twenty-five well-seasoned hands for whaling; ask for Seth Turner, North-wall. Wanted: A coloured girl who has been used to waiting; such an one need not wait long for a good place, provided six hours' sleep per night will satisfy her, and she brings character. Wanted: A situation for a youth, very genteel, whose education has been neglected, but who is stout, and of good address. N. B. He will expect a comfortable salary and decent treatment, and he can walk twenty miles a-day with ease. Wanted: Somebody to do as they would be done by in the care of a house and furniture during a forthcoming six weeks' absence of the proprietor. Sex no object. Wanted: Board and lodging for a lone gentleman where there are no children nor dogs. N. B. His appetite is moderate, and the terms must be moderate also. Wanted: A great number of customers. At Dr Lewis Teuchtwanger's establishment in Courtlandt-street, any number of customers may be instantly accommodated with any quantity of spoons, knives, ladles, forks, figures, cups, speaking trumpets, thimbles, knobs, locks, ventilators, coffin plates, door ditto, pitchers, combs, tobacco boxes, communion services, snuff mulls, muddlers, napkin-rings, strainers, and mugs of all sorts; all manufactured of American silver, and of the very best quality, for cash. Wanted: Five or six smart girls to show off millinery, and make themselves agreeable at a store of soft goods. Tuscan and Dunstable are the great staple. Wanted: A lad to go West in the boot-polishing line. If handy, he will have chances of getting on. Wanted: Several plasterers at houses now rapidly going up. Apply, &c.—*Newspaper paragraph*.

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MRS WILSON'S PIC-NIC.

Who has not experienced the pleasures of a pic-nic? No species of amusement produces more general satisfaction than this; for every one sets out with a determination to be happy, and, so to speak, to enjoy even their annoyances. It has also one great advantage in the eyes of a thrifty housewife; for as each of the guests contributes his quota of provisions, the expense is equally shared by all, while to the first projector belongs the glory and honour of giving the party. Surely pic-nics must have been invented by some one to whom might have been applied the eulogy on Mrs Gilpin—

"For though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind."

Not very long ago, the family of a respectable merchant in one of our largest manufacturing towns, took lodgings during the summer season at rather a celebrated watering-place in the neighbourhood. It would be difficult to say what was their inducement for settling here: it could not be in order to drink the waters, as they were all in perfect health; neither could it be to enjoy the country air, for they were domesticated in the heart of a town; nor could they expect solitude, since so many of their friends had followed their example, that they formed the very same society they would have done had they all remained at home. The only apparent reason was the love of change.

"My dear," said Mrs Wilson to her husband one morning, "I think since so many of our neighbours are here, it would be a very nice opportunity for getting up a pic-nic. We will go to Cruikston Abbey; and as I am sure Mrs Thomson and Mrs Dickson will be glad to join us, Harry Thomson and Charles Dickson will do very nicely to escort two of our girls; while James, and his friend young Stevenson, may take care of the other one and Mary Dickson. I think these, with the children, will be enough, for your large parties are never so pleasant as small, quiet, and select ones. So, I will run over to Mrs Thomson's this morning, and settle all about it; 'twould be a sin to waste such beautiful weather."

Mr Wilson listened to all this harangue in silence; whether it was that he, too, longed to taste the pleasures of the country, or whether he knew that when once his lady had set her mind on the thing, his opposition would be unavailing, I know not; but certain it is, that Mrs Wilson called on both the Dicksons and Thomsons that morning, that every one was delighted with the proposal, and, as Mrs Dickson suggested the propriety of catching the fine weather while it lasted, the following Thursday was fixed upon as the eventful day. Many were the cogitations of the three Misses Wilson as to what they should put on; but at last, as it was fixed that Harriet, the eldest, should ride on horseback, accompanied by her brother, Mary Dickson, and young Stevenson, she was obliged to content herself with her habit, while her two sisters determined to be in white, as that, with chip hats, was the most simple and country-like dress they could think of.

Thursday morning at last arrived, and to the great joy of all the Wilson family, old and young, the air was as warm and the sky as blue as heart could wish. It was arranged that all the party were to meet at Mr Wilson's at eleven o'clock; but Mrs Wilson's cares began long before that. Before seven in the morning she was awakened by the shouts of joy uttered by the children, Master Jacky and Miss Sarah, at the sight of the fine weather. These shouts were quickly succeeded by cries of pain; and when the poor woman rushed half dressed out of her room, she found that Master Jacky had insisted on cutting bread for the

sandwiches, and in mistake had cut his own fingers. The wound, however, was not very severe, and a cuff on the side of the head, and a piece of sticking plaster, soon set all to rights, when, having threatened to leave Master Jacky at home should he do any more mischief, Mrs Wilson returned to complete her toilette before proceeding to the weighty business of packing up the provisions. Who can describe the slices of bread that were spread with butter, mustard, and ham, to make sandwiches; the fowls that were cut up, the eggs that were boiled hard, the veal pies, the wine, the ginger beer, the tablecloths, knives, forks, spoons, and napkins; in short, all the multifarious articles that were stowed into the hampers? When, about ten o'clock, numerous other packages arrived from Mrs Dickson and Mrs Thomson, it might rather have been supposed that preparations were making for a siege than for one day's provision for three families of moderate size and moderate appetites.

By this time it was nearly eleven o'clock, and the guests began to arrive. First of all came Mrs Dickson and her daughter Mary, who mentioned that Charles would follow, having gone to call for his friend Harry Thomson. As the Misses Wilson were not yet dressed, Mary ran up stairs to Harriet's room to assist her, while Mrs Dickson looked over, criticised, and approved of, Mrs Wilson's arrangements. In a few minutes the two younger Misses Wilson appeared, quickly followed by Mrs Thomson. The latter lady no sooner entered the room than she was assailed from all sides by the question, "Where are Harry and Charles Dickson?" "What! are they not here?" was the reply; "they left our house half an hour ago!" At this account Julia and Fanny Wilson looked a little blank, for it was now past the appointed hour, and in coming down stairs they had ascertained that, besides the defection of the above-mentioned beaux, their own brother had gone out, and his friend young Stevenson had not yet arrived. "Well, how very unkind of James!—I am sure he has forgot all about it!" said Julia, looking very much inclined to cry; when Fanny, who had been watching at the window, gave notice that James and Stevenson were coming up the street. "What can be the matter with them?" said she; "they are shaking with laughter." Certainly the two young men presented as ridiculous a figure as could be imagined. James was short, stout, and florid, with bandy legs and a bullet head; while Stevenson was above six feet in height, very thin and very dark; and as they were rolling from side to side with laughter, their whole appearance was excessively odd. By the time they reached the door, however, they were a little composed, and as the horses and carriages had long before arrived, and Mary and Harriet had at last appeared, Mrs Wilson proposed that the equestrians should set out immediately, leaving the others to follow at their leisure. "I hope you have brought quiet horses for the ladies," said Mrs Wilson, as two raw-boned, long-backed, and long-tailed animals with side saddles, were led forward. "They never rode better," was the reply of the ostler; and Mrs Wilson, not being skilled in horse-flesh, was fain to believe him. The ladies were now mounted, and James and Stevenson were preparing to follow their example, when they were once more called back by the prudent mothers to receive further injunctions to be careful of their precious charges. "Now, be sure, Mr James," said Mrs Dickson, "to take good care of Mary; remember she's my only daughter; I can't afford to lose her." James laughed, and promised obedience, and the party walked their horses down the street. Scarcely, however, had they reached the corner, when they halted, spoke together a few minutes, and then, while the others moved slowly on, James trotted back to the

anxious spectators. "What's the matter, what's the matter?" cried they all. "You arn't waiting for Charles and Harry, are you?" said James. "To be sure we are," was the reply. "Oh, then, you'd better go, for they set off half an hour ago, driving tandem." And he now burst out in such a fit of laughter, as plainly showed what had been the subject of those side-shakings which he and Stevenson exhibited in coming up the street. Any little thing does for a joke when a pic-nic party is in the wind. "I did not know Harry was a good driver," said Mrs Dickson; "Charles can't drive at all!" "Neither can Harry!" screamed Mrs Thomson. "Oh, there's no fear of them," said James, "for Stevenson called on each of them this morning, and, by the help of two tea-spoons, showed them how to hold the reins."

Who can describe the anger, fear, and vexation of the two mothers! Even James's assurances of the safety of the two young Jehus had for some time no effect. At last they were somewhat calmed, and were even persuaded to enter the carriages, which it had at first been unanimously resolved they should not do, as the old ladies were too much alarmed, and the young ones too much annoyed, to expect much pleasure from the journey. But the sobs, tears, and entreaties of Jacky and Sarah, who were in agony at the mere idea of missing their promised excursion, had at last their usual effect, and the two carriages rolled off. In the first were seated Mr and Mrs Wilson, Mrs Thomson, and Mrs Dickson; in the second, Julia, Fanny, Jacky, and Sarah. The last carriage was an open one, and so very roomy as to hold six quite comfortably; for, as Mrs Wilson had said, "the young people will like to get all together." But, alas! the two whose presence was necessary for the harmony of the whole, were absent.

For several miles the carriages rolled on through a beautiful country, charmingly diversified with wood and water; the birds were singing gaily among the trees; the grasshoppers chirping merrily in the hedges; all nature seemed to enjoy itself; but the hearts of the occupants of the carriages were a melancholy contrast. Mrs Thomson and Mrs Dickson were uneasy about their sons, and Mr and Mrs Wilson, being kind-hearted, benevolent people, sympathised with them sincerely. Julia and Fanny were mortified that the pleasure of their company had not been sufficient to induce the young men to give up the tandem; and whenever Jacky and Sarah, who were as inclined to be merry and mischievous as ever, uttered a word, they were told by their sisters to hold their tongues, till at last even they became gloomy, discontented, and fretful. In this uncomfortable manner did they drive on, till, having proceeded about a third part of the way, on turning a corner they suddenly came in sight of the whole of the party, with the exception of Harriet and Stevenson. But in what a condition! Covered with mud, of which he was in vain trying to cleanse himself, Charles Dickson sat by the side of the road; while Harry Thomson, not in a much better plight, was attempting to mend the shattered gig, from which the horses had broken loose. Fortunately neither of the young men was hurt; a piece of intelligence which, as soon as the carriages appeared in sight, Mary and James hastened to communicate to their parents. It was soon arranged that one of the coachmen should take charge of the broken gig, while Mr Wilson, being a very good driver, should take his place, and the young men should each find a seat on one of the dickeys, regard for the ladies' dresses preventing them from being admitted inside in their present plight. Inquiry was now made with regard to Harriet and Stevenson; but as it appeared they had only gone a supposed short cut through the fields, harmony was

again restored, and with recovered smiles the ladies determined that now at least they should really begin to enjoy themselves, and were persuaded that all their troubles were come to a close.

Behold them at last arrived at their destination, the beautiful grounds of Cruikston Abbey. These grounds were such a favourite resort of the parties of pleasure formed in the neighbourhood, that several delightful arbours had been constructed in the finest situations for their especial benefit. To one of those the party now proceeded, leaving the servant behind with directions where they might be found in case Harriet and Stevenson should not yet have arrived. The road lay through a shrubbery; and as the dew had fallen very heavily, it was necessary to walk carefully on the path, in order to keep the feet dry. This, however, it was impossible to persuade Jacky and Sarah to do; every wild flower they saw, tempted them on the grass; and, in spite of repeated warnings, by the time they arrived at the arbour, their shoes and stockings were soaked. Poor Mrs Wilson was in great perplexity; her maternal feelings could not bear that the children should catch their deaths of cold; and yet what could she do? At last Harry Thomson suggested that while the others were unpacking the provisions, Jacky's and Sarah's shoes and stockings should be taken off, and put in the sun to dry, while they sat quietly in the arbour. This was accordingly done; and for some time the novelty of sitting without shoes or stockings was sufficient for the children's amusement; but soon they longed to help the others in running about with the provisions and laying the cloth. What was to be done? Their mother had positively forbidden their stepping on the damp floor with their bare feet, and their only amusement was trying which could place their feet nearest the ground, without actually touching it. By and bye, however, when the sandwiches were unpacked, they discovered another amusement; for, getting hold of some of the papers in which these articles had been contained, they scattered them over the floor as stepping stones, and very ingeniously contrived to be in every body's way, till at last, to the great delight of all, the shoes and stockings were pronounced dry enough to be put on, and Jacky and Sarah were dispatched to a hill at a little distance, to look out for the missing couple.

Every thing was now ready; the tablecloth was laid beneath the green trees, and every package had been opened, and its contents admired. Some few omissions were found out; for instance, no one had remembered to bring either of those two useful articles, bread or salt; but then the sandwiches could be eaten along with the other meat, and people ought not to be too nice at a picnic. Neither had any one brought a screw; still, however, the same maxim consoled them, and it was determined to break the necks of the bottles. As nothing more was to be done, the young people went to walk about the grounds for a short time until Harriet and Stevenson should arrive, when they would sit down to dinner; the three married ladies sat in the arbour conversing on domestic matters, from the teething of their last child to the honesty of their last servant, and the draining of their last new patent coffee percolator; while Mr Wilson walked about, sometimes joining the ladies, and sometimes trying a race with Jacky and Sarah.

It was now getting late. Mr Wilson had frequently taken out his watch, Mrs Thomson had several times broken a little piece from a plate of sandwiches which was next her, and even Julia, Fauny, and Mary, with their beaux, had several times come to inquire if Harriet and Stevenson were *never* coming. As for Jacky and Sarah, they would long before have been crying outright, had not their father pacified them with the legs of a fowl. At last, however, nature could hold out no longer, and they determined to dine, leaving the two defaulters to enjoy the fragments of the feast. It would be too tedious to describe the progress of the dinner: suffice it to say, that every one had such an appetite as to eat more than they had ever done in their lives before; that every gentleman drank wine with every lady; and that, when the bottles were emptied, the gentlemen amused themselves throwing stones at them.

In these agreeable employments the afternoon passed; and although it was about time to think of returning home, no Harriet and Stevenson had appeared. Mrs Wilson began to get seriously uneasy, when suddenly Jacky, who had again been posted on the hill, rushed down to say that Mr Stevenson was coming through the shrubbery, and would be with them presently. In another minute he arrived, and in reply to Mrs Wilson's anxious inquiries about Harriet, mentioned, that having lost their way among the fields, after wandering about for more than an hour he had gone up to a farm-house to inquire the road, leaving Harriet to take a canter. Unfortunately, tempted by the beautiful green grass, she had cantered into a morass, out of which he had just returned in time to extricate her and her horse. Of course, being completely covered with mud, it was impossible for her to go farther; so, taking refuge in the farm-house, she was put to bed while clean clothes were sent for from home, and Stevenson came on to request that one of the carriages might be sent round by the farm to pick her up.

And now my story is told: Harriet was found at

the farm not a bit the worse of her adventure; and, whether my readers may believe it or not, it is true that when Mrs Thomson and Mrs Dickson with their families parted from the Wilsons at their own door, the last words they said were, "Good night, Mrs Wilson: what a delightful day we have spent!"

THE MILLBANK PENITENTIARY. BY GIBBONS MERLE.

[The Millbank Penitentiary is situated on a low piece of ground near the Thames, in the south-west district of London. "The design of a building of this nature," says Britton, "for the punishment, employment, and reformation of offenders of secondary turpitude, formerly punished by transportation for a term of years, was first conceived after the disputes began which terminated in the separation of this country from the American states, to which convicts had previously been sent. * * The plan of this erection is partly that recommended by Mr Jeremy Bentham. The culprits are confined in circular buildings, with windows so constructed that the overseer, from a room in the centre, is enabled to view every room. The external wall encloses no less than eighteen acres of ground; there is a large chapel, together with an infirmary and other conveniences. The expense of building it amounted to between L.400,000 and L.500,000."—*Ed.*]

THE Penitentiary at Millbank is an institution which has given rise to much discussion, both as to the site upon which it was erected, and the system by which it is regulated. The site has certainly been ill chosen, and it must also be owned that a great mistake has been made in not elevating it somewhat above the level of the river. In the first few years after the erection of the penitentiary, the mortality was very great, and the diseases were chiefly of the character found to exist in low situations, whilst in the penitentiary of Clermont in France, which, by an extreme of absurdity, was erected on the summit of a lofty hill, none of those diseases were known, but many died in consequence of pulmonary attacks. A more generous diet and strict attention to cleanliness have latterly produced great improvement in the health of the prisoners at Millbank, and it is asserted that the sanatory state of this prison does not now fall below the ordinary average. This assertion, however, does not appear to be borne up by satisfactory evidence, and it is not denied that scrofula is very prevalent in the penitentiary. It is impossible, perhaps, to have a worse disease than scrofula in a building where so many hundred persons are confined, for it is of an insidious character, and it rarely happens that it is so perfectly eradicated as not to return, where the predisposing causes are similar in their character. It should be remembered, also, that this is a disease which may be perpetuated from generation to generation, and that it is frequently accompanied by mental injury when it is of long standing. It is the duty of the legislature to inquire carefully into the causes of the prevalence of the disease in this institution. The governor, who is at the same time the chaplain, and who appears to be a man of superior mind, attributes the malady rather to the nature of the diet than to the locality of the prison.

Each prisoner has, during four days of the week, five ounces of meat, with potatoes, and a pound of excellent bread. For breakfast and supper he has gruel, and on the non-meat days his dinner consists of bread and cheese, or soup thickened with peas, and in which vegetables are boiled. On one day of the week he has an onion, which is considered to be an antidote to the scrofula. It may be a question whether the allowance of twenty ounces of meat be sufficient for persons who are kept at work. It is true that their labour is sedentary, and that they do not require the same amount of nutritious aliment that is given to persons who work in the open air; but as the prisoners are compelled three times in the day to walk briskly in the yards for about forty minutes each time, thus performing a distance equal to a sharp walk of six or seven miles, it may be supposed that a more generous diet as to the quantity of meat, or the substitution of a small quantity of beer for water, would be more consistent with a regard for the health of the prisoners.

There are two systems of government in the penitentiary at Millbank—the silent system, in which the prisoners work and take their exercise together, but in which all communication by speech or sign is strictly forbidden under penalties of a very severe nature; and the separation system, in which communication is rendered almost impossible, as each prisoner works in his cell, and sees none of the other prisoners, except during the hours of exercise. The punishment for an infraction of the law enjoining silence, in any case, is less severe than it used to be, for at one time the slightest departure from this regulation was followed by a confinement of three days in a subterranean cell, without light and without fire, even although it should be in the depth of winter. The good sense and humanity of the governor have here been exercised with great advantage to the health of the prisoner, and at the same time his moral reformation, for it was found that this severity produced an effect directly the contrary of what was expected from it. Horrible as the punishment must appear (and those only who have been in these cells can have a true idea of the horror which they are calculated to create in the mind of the visitor), experience has shown that it was worse than useless. On the adult it had no other effect than to inspire a hatred of his persecutors, and of society at large, which sanctioned such treatment. When it produced humility, the change was unattended with contrition, and prisoners thus immured, have declared, after their liberation, that their solace in their cells

was brooding over schemes for avenging themselves upon the society by which they were persecuted. Upon boys the confinement produced only sullenness, and in some cases the horror which youths of the uneducated classes feel when left by themselves in darkness; but so far was it from effecting the desired end of maintaining the prison regulation of silence, that on many occasions, when a boy was condemned to undergo confinement in an under-ground cell, others would commit a similar offence, in order to undergo a similar punishment; thus with the waywardness of the mind so common to persons of this age and class, braving their keepers, and giving them, as they knew would be the case, additional trouble of surveillance, and at the same time yielding to a feeling almost chivalrous, and little to have been expected from such persons, except by those who have well studied human nature—that of undergoing the same punishment which they thought was undeserved by their chastised comrade. One of the keepers, in alluding to this fact, observed that all severe punishments had failed; that general mild treatment, and slight and well-regulated punishments, had alone been found effective. How true is this observation! How much good has resulted from the application of this truth in other prisons, and in the amelioration of the criminal code! Even in the treatment of the insane—and what are many of our criminal cases but shades of insanity!—a prudent gentleness has succeeded an indiscriminating severity, and the cures are much more rapid and frequent. Yet there are some men who imagine that moral turpitude, like mental derangement, can only be modified by harshness and cruelty.

The silent system, without separation, is found to have many inconveniences. The difficulty of surveillance is of course great, and it is almost impossible to prevent occasional communication. The prisoner who, in the quiet of his own cell, would commune with himself, and would by solitude be brought to a proper frame of mind, is kept in a constant state of irritation by being at all hours of the day within a few feet of comrades in misfortune, to whom he is not permitted to say even one word during the whole period of his confinement. He is thus rendered sullen; and although the terror of punishment may to a certain degree make him obedient as to the expression of his anger, the presence of his comrades, even in silence, keeps up in the mind a spirit of resistance which is highly unfavourable to reformation. The way in which communication is sometimes kept up is exceedingly ingenious. Upon the person of one prisoner was found a pen composed of the tooth of a comb, neatly split, and fastened with thread (which was easily procured, as a great number of young prisoners work together as tailors) upon a piece of wood, picked up when walking in the yard at a moment when the eyes of the guardians were not exercising their usual vigilance; a bit of coal and a little water composed the ink. How paper was obtained, remained a mystery. Another prisoner had ingeniously concealed a small black lead pencil in the bit of soap used by him for washing himself. Several communications from a female were intercepted, but the keepers could for a long time make no discovery as to the manner in which they were written, every search for this purpose being fruitless. At length it was ascertained that they were effected by a rhubarb pill, which had been given to her by order of the surgeon. She had twisted this into a point, and written with perfect ease.

The separation system is found to be more effective than the silent system without separation. The prisoners are more docile, and apparently in a better frame of mind generally; but the results even of this system have not yet been ascertained to be so satisfactory as to confirm all the hopes which were entertained by those who introduced the plan of solitude as a means of reform among criminal offenders. It is indeed true that the instances of discharged prisoners again returning to the penitentiary, under condemnation for new offences, are not very numerous; but as far as their subsequent career can be traced, the benefit is not so general as could be desired. This is not the fault of the system, but of society, which, instead of providing occupation for the discharged prisoner, regards him as an outcast, and whatever may be his anxiety to lead an honest and industrious life, closes against him the avenues to employment. The dread of receiving persons who have undergone imprisonment for an infraction of the laws, was a very natural one, when prisons were so badly conducted that the individual was more corrupt when he quitted it than when he was first imprisoned; but now, that by a new system the possibility of further contamination is prevented, and that there is at least the presumption of the existence of reform, it is neither generous nor wise to place these unhappy persons under a ban of eternal proscription. It is ungenerous to condemn thus the person who has expiated his offence, and it is imprudent to swell the list of depredators by denying to the discharged criminal the chance of supporting himself by an honest course of conduct.

On the separation system, the prisoner works and eats in his cell, which he quits only to take exercise in the yard. The principal occupations are shoemaking and tailoring. Both are taught the prisoners, but not with that degree of care which would enable them on leaving the penitentiary to earn a good livelihood by the exercise of these occupations. Generally speaking, this isolation does not affect the mind with melancholy so much as might be expected, and only

six cases of attempt at suicide have been known in three years. Even these are supposed to have been fictitious, as they took place at an hour when the parties were certain of being visited by the keepers. Educated persons feel the effect of this punishment much more severely than the uneducated; but their melancholy does not, it is said—an assertion to be received with reserve—produce insanity.

A very important observation has been made by Dr Felix Voisin, one of the government physicians of the hospital of La Salpêtrière in Paris, and founder of the Orthophranic Institution. This gentleman visited the penitentiary in my company. At this time the number of prisoners was about five hundred, a great number of whom were carefully examined by him as to their cerebral organisation. Dr Voisin, who is president of the Phenological Society of Paris, very recently examined, by order of the Academy of Sciences, the heads of the prisoners in the prison of the *Jeunes Detenus* in Paris, five hundred and fifteen in number, of whom he pronounced nearly three hundred to be of vicious mental organisation, or, to use his own words, *disgraciés par la nature*. In the penitentiary, at Newgate, he saw little more in the way of mal-organisation than would have been the case if the same number of persons of the same class had been taken indiscriminately from the streets. Vicious education, the misery of the poorer classes, and the artificial state of society in England, are the chief causes of crime. It cannot be said of the young offenders in English prisons, as with the *Jeunes Detenus* of Paris, that a large majority are born with an organisation which predisposes to vice, and to the infraction of the laws of society.

Although the prisoners at the penitentiary are isolated from the busy world whose laws they have outraged, communication with their friends is not entirely denied to them. Once in six months each prisoner is permitted to receive the visit of his relations or friends. This, however, takes place in the presence of a keeper, who stands between two iron gratings, the prisoner being at one extremity, and the visitors at the other, with an intervening distance of three or four feet. The interview is allowed to last only ten minutes, which are marked by a sand-glass. The moment that the sand has run out, the prisoner is conveyed to his cell. This indulgence produces on the whole a good effect, as most of the prisoners look forward to it with a feeling of hope, which relieves the mind in the dreary hours of solitude. It is remarked, however, with some, that this occasional and rare glimpse of happiness does but serve to increase the melancholy of the sufferer, and two or three months pass before he has recovered the equilibrium of mind which the visit has disturbed.

Religious ordinances are carefully observed in the prison, and they are peculiarly calculated to relieve the minds of the prisoners. There is a large and handsome chapel in which they assemble, and an organ, the notes of which must have a soothing effect upon these unhappy outcasts. Indeed, Sunday is the only day of the week on which they may be said to have any thing like enjoyment.

JERRY GUTTRIDGE.

A TALE OF THE EARLY AMERICAN SETTLEMENTS.

[From the Knickerbocker for May 1839.]

"WHAT shall we have for dinner, Mr Guttridge?" said the wife of Jerry Guttridge, in a sad, desponding tone, as her husband came into the log hovel, from a neighbouring grog-shop, about twelve o'clock on a hot July day.

"Oh, pick up something," said Jerry, "and I wish you would be sly and get it ready, for I'm hungry now, and I want to go back to the shop; for Sam Willard and Seth Harmon are coming over, by an' by, to swap horses, and they'll want me to ride 'em. Come, stir round; I can't wait."

"We haven't got any thing at all in the house to eat," said Mrs Guttridge. "What shall I get?"

"Well, cook something," said Jerry; "no matter what it is."

"But, Mr Guttridge, we haven't got the least thing in the house to cook."

"Well, well, pick up something," said Jerry, rather snappishly, "for I'm in a hurry."

"I can't make victuals out of nothing," said the wife; "if you'll only bring any thing in the world into the house to cook, I'll cook it. But I tell you, we haven't got a mouthful of meat in the house, nor a mouthful of bread, nor a speck of meal; and the last potatoes we had in the house, we ate for breakfast; and you know we didn't have more than half enough for breakfast, neither."

"Well, what have you been doing all this forenoon," said Jerry, "that you haven't picked up something? Why didn't you go over to Mr Whitman's, and borrow some meal?"

"Because," said Mrs Guttridge, "we've borrowed meal three times that isn't returned yet; and I was ashamed to go again, till that was paid. And besides, the baby's cried so, I've had to tend him the whole forenoon, and couldn't go out."

"Then you ain't a-goin' to give us any dinner, are you?" said Jerry, with a reproachful tone and look. "I pity the man that has a helpless, shiftless wife; he has a hard row to hoe. What's become of that fish I brought in yesterday?"

"Why, Mr Guttridge," said his wife, with tears in

her eyes, "you and the children ate that fish for your supper last night. I never tasted a morsel of it, and haven't tasted any thing but potatoes these two days; and I'm so faint now, I can hardly stand."

"Always a-grumbler," said Jerry; "I can't never come into the house but what I must hear a fuss about something or other. What's this boy snivelling about?" he continued, turning to little Bobby, his oldest boy, a little ragged, dirty-faced, sickly-looking thing, about six years old, at the same time giving the child a box on the ear, which laid him at his length on the floor. "Now, get up!" said Jerry, "or I'll learn you to be crying about all day for nothing."

The tears rolled afresh down the cheeks of Mrs Guttridge; she sighed heavily as she raised the child from the floor, and seated him on a bench on the opposite side of the room.

"What is Bob crying about?" said Jerry, fretfully.

"Why, Mr Guttridge," said his wife, sinking upon the bench beside her little boy, and wiping his tears with her apron, "the poor child has been crying for a piece of bread these two hours. He's ate nothin' to-day but one potato, and I s'pose the poor thing is half starved."

At this moment their neighbour, Mr Nat. Frier, a substantial farmer, and a worthy man, made his appearance at the door, and as it was wide open, he walked in and took a seat. He knew the destitute condition of Guttridge's family, and had often relieved their distresses. His visit at the present time was partly an errand of charity; for, being in want of some extra labour in his haying-field that afternoon, and knowing that Jerry was doing nothing, while his family was starving, he thought he would endeavour to get him to work for him, and pay him in provisions.

Jerry seated himself rather sullenly on a broken-backed chair, the only sound one in the house being occupied by Mr Frier, towards whom he cast sundry gruff looks and surly glances. The truth was, Jerry had not received the visits of his neighbours, of late years, with a very gracious welcome. He regarded them rather as spies, who came to search out the nakedness of the land, than as neighbourly visitors calling to exchange friendly salutations. He said not a word, and the first address of Mr Frier was to little Bobby.

"What's the matter with little Bobby?" said he, in a gentle tone; "come, my little fellow, come here and tell me what's the matter."

"Go on, Bobby; go and see Mr Frier," said the mother, slightly pushing him forward with her hand.

The boy, with one finger in his mouth, and the tears still rolling over his dirty face, edged along sideways up to Mr Frier, who took him in his lap, and asked him again what was the matter.

"I want a piece of bread!" said Bobby.

"And went your mother give you some?" said Mr Frier, tenderly.

"She ha'n't got none," replied Bobby, "nor 'taters too." Mrs Guttridge's tears told the rest of the story. The worthy farmer knew they were entirely out of provisions again, and he forbore to ask any further questions, but told Bobby if he would go over to his house he would give him something to eat. Then turning to Jerry, said he, "Neighbour Guttridge, I've got four tons of hay down, that needs to go in this afternoon, for it looks as if we should have rain by to-morrow, and I've come over to see if I can get you to go and help me. If you'll go this afternoon and assist me to get it in, I'll give you a bushel of meal, or a half bushel of meal and a bushel of potatoes, and two pounds of pork."

"I can't go," said Jerry; "I've got something else to do."

"Oh, well," said Mr Frier, "if you've got any thing else to do, that will be more profitable, I'm glad of it, for there's enough hands that I can get; only I thought you might like to go, bein' you was scant of provisions."

"Do, pray go, Mr Guttridge!" said his wife with a beseeching look, "for you are only going over to the shop to ride them horses, and that wont do no good; you'll only spend all the afternoon for nothin', and then we shall have to go to bed without our supper again. Do, pray go, Mr Guttridge, do!"

"I wish you would hold your everlasting clack!" said Jerry; "you are always full of complainings. It's got to be a fine time of day, if the women are a-goin' to rule the roast. I shall go over and ride them horses, and it's no business to you nor nobody else; and if you are too lazy to get your own supper, you may go without it; that's all I've got to say."

With that he aimed for the door, when Mr Frier addressed him as follows:—"Now I must say, neighbour Guttridge, if you are going to spend the afternoon over to the shop, to ride horses for them jockeys, and leave your family without provisions, when you have a good chance to 'arn enough this afternoon to last them nigh about a week, I must say, neighbour Guttridge, that I think you are not in the way of your duty."

Upon this, Jerry whirled round, and looked Mr Frier full in the face, "grinning horribly a ghastly smile," and said he, "You old miserable, dirty, meddling vagabond! you are a scoundrel and a scape-gallows, and an infernal small piece of a man, I think! I've as good a mind to kick you out of doors as ever I had to eat! Who made you a master over me, to be telling me what's my duty? You had better go home and take care of your own brats, and let your neighbours alone!"

Mr Frier sat and looked Jerry calmly in the face, with-

out uttering a syllable; while he, having blown his blast, marched out of doors, and steered directly for the grog-shop, leaving his wife to "pick up something," if she could, to keep herself and children from absolute starvation.

Mr Frier was a benevolent man, and a Christian, and in the true spirit of Christianity he always sought to relieve distress wherever he found it. He was endowed, too, with a good share of plain common sense, and knew something of human nature; and as he was well aware that Mrs Guttridge really loved her husband, notwithstanding his idle habits, and cold brutal treatment to his family, he forbore to remark upon the scene which had just passed; but telling the afflicted woman he would send her something to eat, he took little Bobby by the hand, and led him home. A plate of victuals was set before the child, who devoured it with a greediness that was piteous to behold.

"Poor cre'tur!" said Mrs Frier; "why, he's half starved! Betsey, bring him a dish of bread and milk, that will sit the best on his poor empty starved stomach."

Betsey ran and got the bowl of bread and milk, and little Bobby's hand soon began to move from the dish to his mouth, with a motion as steady and rapid as the pendulum of a clock. The whole family stood and looked on with pity and surprise, until he had finished his meal, or rather until he had eaten as much as they dared allow him to eat at once; for although he had devoured a large plate of meat and vegetables, and two dishes of bread and milk, his appetite seemed as ravenous as when he first began.

While Bobby had been eating, Mr Frier had been relating to his family the events which had occurred at Guttridge's house, and the starving condition of the inmates; and it was at once agreed, that something should be sent over immediately; for they all said, "Mrs Guttridge was a clever woman, and it was a shame that she should be left to suffer so."

Accordingly, a basket was filled with bread, a jug of milk, and some meat and vegetables, ready cooked, which had been left from their dinner; and Betsey ran and brought a pie, made from their last year's dried pumpkins, and asked her mother if she might not put that in, "so the poor starving cre'turs might have a little taste of something that was good."

"Yes," said her mother, "and put in a bit of cheese with it; I don't think we shall be any the poorer for it; for 'he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.'"

"Yes, yes," said Mr Frier, "and I guess you may as well put in a little dried pumpkin; she can stew it up for the little ones, and it'll be good for 'em. We've got a plenty of green stuff a-growin', to last till pumpkins come again." So a quantity of dried pumpkin was also packed into the basket, and the pie laid on top, and George was dispatched, in company with little Bobby, to carry it over.

Mr Frier's benevolent feelings had become highly excited. He forgot his four tons of hay, and sat down to consult with his wife about what could be done for the Guttridge family. Something must be done soon; he was not able to support them all the time; and if they were left alone much longer, they would starve. He told his wife he "had a good mind to go and enter a complaint to the grand jury ag'in' Jerry, for a lazy, idle person, that didn't provide for his family. The court sits at Saco to-morrow; and don't you think, wife, I had better go and do it?"

His wife thought he had better go over first and talk with Mrs Guttridge about it; and if she was willing, he had better do it. Mr Frier said, he "could go over and talk with her, but he didn't think it would be the least use, for she loved Jerry, ugly as he was, and he didn't believe she would be willing to have him punished by the court."

However, after due consultation, he concluded to go over and have a talk with Mrs Guttridge about the matter. Accordingly, he took his hat, and walked over. He found the door open, as usual, and walked in without ceremony. Here he beheld the whole family, including Jerry himself, seated at their little pine table, doing ample justice to the basket of provisions which he had just before sent them. He observed the pie had been cut into two pieces, and one half of it, and he thought rather the largest half, was laid on Jerry's plate, the rest being cut up into small bits, and divided among the children. Mrs Guttridge had reserved none to herself, except a small spoonful of the soft part, with which she was trying to feed the baby. The other eatables seemed to be distributed very much in the same proportion.

Mr Frier was a cool, considerate man, whose passions were always under the most perfect control; but he always confessed, for years afterwards, "that for a minute or two he thought he felt a little something like anger, rising up in his stomach!"

He sat and looked on, until they had finished their meal, and Jerry had eaten bread, and meat, and vegetables, enough for two common men's dinners, and swallowed his half of the pie, and a large slice of cheese, by way of dessert; and then rose, took his hat, and without saying a word, marched deliberately out of the house, directing his course again to the grog-shop.

Mr Frier now broached the subject of his errand to Mrs Guttridge. He told her the neighbours could not afford to support her family much longer, and unless her husband went to work, he didn't see but they would have to starve.

Mrs Guttridge began to cry. She said, "she didn't know what they should do; she had talked as long as talking would do any good; but somehow, Mr Guttridge didn't seem to love to work. She believed it wasn't his natur' to work."

"Well, Mrs Guttridge, do you believe the Scriptures?" said Mr Frier, solemnly.

"I'm sure I do," said Mrs Guttridge; "I believe all there is in the Bible."

"And don't you know," said Mr Frier, "the Bible says, 'He that will not work, neither shall he eat?'"

"I know there's something in the Bible like that," said Mrs Guttridge, with a very serious look.

"Then do you think it right," added Mr Frier, "when your neighbours send you in a basket of provisions, do you think it right that Mr Guttridge, who wont work and 'arn a mouthful himself, should sit down and eat more than all the rest of you, and pick out the best part of it, too?"

"Well, I don't s'pose it's right," said Mrs Guttridge, thoughtfully; "but somehow, Mr Guttridge is so hearty, it seems as if he would faint away, if he didn't have more than the rest of us to eat."

"Well, are you willing to go on in this way," continued Mr Frier, "in open violation of the Scriptures, and keep yourself and children every day in danger of starving?"

"What can I do, Mr Frier?" said Mrs Guttridge, bursting into a flood of tears; "I've talked, and talked, and it's no use; Mr Guttridge wont work; it don't seem to be in him. May be if you should talk to him, Mr Frier, he might do better."

"No, that would be no use," said Mr Frier. "When I was over here before, you see how he took it, just because I spoke to him about going over to the shop, when he ought to be to work, to get something for his family to eat; you saw how mad he was, and how provoking he talked to me. It's no use for me to say any thing to him; but I think, Mrs Guttridge, if somebody should complain to the grand jury about him, the court would make him go to work. And if you are willing for it, I think I should feel it my duty to go and complain of him."

"Well, I don't know but it would be best," said Mrs Guttridge; "and if you think it would make him go to work, I'm willing you should. When will the court sit?"

"To-morrow," said Mr Frier; "and I'll give up all other business and go and attend to it."

"But what will the court do to him, Mr Frier?" said Mrs Guttridge.

"Well, I don't know," said Mr Frier, "but I expect they'll punish him; and I know they'll make him go to work."

"Punish him!" exclaimed Mrs Guttridge, with a troubled air. "Seems to me I don't want to have him punished. But do you think, Mr Frier, they will hurt him any?"

"Well, I think it's likely," said Mr Frier, "they will hurt him some; but you must remember, Mrs Guttridge, it is better once to smart than always to ache. Remember, too, you'll be out of provisions again by to-morrow. Your neighbours can't support your family all the time; and if your husband don't go to work, you'll be starving again. Still, if you don't feel willing, and don't think it's best, I wont go near the grand jury, nor do nothin' about it."

"Oh, dear!—well, I don't know!" said Mrs Guttridge, with tears in her eyes. "You may do just as you think best about it," Mr Frier; "that is, if you don't think they'll hurt him much."

Mr Frier returned home, but the afternoon was so far spent that he was able to get in only one ton of his hay, leaving the other three tons out to take the chance of the weather. He and his wife spent the evening in discussing what course it was best to pursue with regard to the complaint against Mr Guttridge; but notwithstanding his wife was decidedly in favour of his going the next morning and entering the complaint, since Mrs Guttridge had consented, yet Mr Frier was undecided. He did not like to do it; Mr Guttridge was a neighbour, and it was an unpleasant business. But when he arose the next morning, looked out, and beheld his three tons of hay drenched with a heavy rain, and a prospect of a continued storm, he was not long in making up his mind.

"Here," said he, "I spent a good part of the day yesterday in looking after Guttridge's family, to keep them from starving; and now, by his means, I've nigh about as good as lost three tons of hay. I don't think it's my duty to put up with it any longer."

Accordingly, as soon as breakfast was over, Mr Frier was out, spattering along in the mud and rain, with his old greatcoat thrown over his shoulders, the sleeves flapping loosely down by his side, and his drooping hat twisted awry, wending his way to court, to appear before the grand jury.

"Well, Mr Frier, what do you want?" asked the foreman, as the complainant entered the room.

"I come to complain of Jerry Guttridge to the grand jury," replied Mr Frier, taking off his hat, and shaking the rain from off it.

"Why, what has Jerry Guttridge done?" said the foreman. "I didn't think he had life enough to do any thing worth complaining of to the grand jury."

"It's because he *hasn't* got life enough to do any thing," said Mr Frier, "that I've come to complain of him. The fact is, Mr Foreman, he's a lazy idle fellow, and wont work, nor provide nothin' for his family to eat; and they've been half starving this long time; and the neighbours have had to keep sending in something all the time to keep 'em alive."

"But," said the foreman, "Jerry's a peaceable kind of a chap, Mr Frier; has any body ever talked to him about it, in a neighbourly way, and advised him to do differently? And maybe he has no chance to work where he could get any thing for it."

"I'm sorry to say," replied Mr Frier, "that he's been talked to a good deal, and it don't do no good; and I tried hard to get him to work for me yesterday afternoon, and offered to give him victuals enough to last his family 'most a week, but I couldn't get him to, and he went off to the grog-shop, to see some jockeys swap horses. And when I told him, calmly, I didn't think he was in the way of his duty, he flew in a passion, and called me an old, miserable, dirty, meddling vagabond, and a scoundrel, and a scape-gallows, and an infernal small piece of a man!"

"Abominable!" exclaimed one of the jury; "who ever heard of such outrageous conduct?"

"What a vile, blasphemous wretch!" exclaimed another; "I shouldn't 'a wondered if he'd 'a fell dead on the spot!"

The foreman asked Mr Frier if Jerry "had used them very words."

"Exactly them words, every one of 'em," said Mr Frier. "Well," said the foreman, "then there is no more to be said. Jerry certainly deserves to be indicted, if any body in this world ever did."

Accordingly the indictment was drawn up, a warrant was issued, and the next day Jerry was brought before the court to answer to the charges preferred against him. Mrs Sally Guttridge and Mr Nat. Frier were summoned as witnesses. When the honourable court was ready to hear the case, the clerk called Jerry Guttridge, and bade him hearken to an indictment found against him by the grand inquest for the district of Maine, now sitting at Saco, in the words following, namely:—"We present Jerry Guttridge for an idle person, and not providing for his family; and giving reproachful language to Mr Nat. Frier, when he reproved him for his idleness."

"Jerry Guttridge, what say you to this indictment? Are you guilty thereof, or not guilty?"

"Not guilty," said Jerry; "and here's my wife can tell you the same, any day. Sally, haven't I always provided for my family?"

"Why, yes," said Mrs Guttridge; "I don't know but you have as well as —"

"Stop, stop!" said the judge, looking down over the top of his spectacles at the witness: "stop, Mrs Guttridge; you must not answer questions until you have been sworn."

The court then directed the clerk to swear the witnesses; whereupon he called Nat. Frier and Sally Guttridge to step forward, and hold up their right hands. Mr Frier advanced, with a ready, honest air, and held up his hand. Mrs Guttridge lingered a little behind; but when at last she faltered along, with feeble and hesitating step, and held up her thin, trembling hand, and raised her pale blue eyes, half swimming in tears, towards the court, and exhibited her care-worn features, which, though sun-burnt, were pale and sickly, the judge had in his own mind more than half decided the case against Jerry. The witnesses having been sworn, Mrs Guttridge was called to the stand.

"Now, Mrs Guttridge," said the judge, "you are not obliged to testify against your husband any thing more than you choose; your testimony must be voluntary. The court will ask you questions touching the case, and you can answer them or not, as you may think best. And in the first place, I will ask you whether your husband neglects to provide for the necessary wants of his family; and whether you do, or do not, have comfortable food and clothing for yourself and children?"

"Well, we go pretty hungry a good deal of the time," said Mrs Guttridge, trembling; "but I don't know but Mr Guttridge does the best he can about it. There don't seem to be any victuals that he can get, a good deal of the time."

"Well, is he, or is he not, in the habit of spending his time idly, when he might be at work, and earning something for his family to live upon?"

"Why, as to that," replied the witness, "Mr Guttridge don't work much, but I don't know as he can help it; it doesn't seem to be his natur' to work. Somehow he don't seem to be made like other folks; for if he tries ever so much, he can't never work but a few minutes at a time; the natur' don't seem to be in him."

"Well, well," said the judge, casting a dignified and judicial glance at the culprit, who stood with mouth wide open and eyes fixed on the court with an intentness that showed he began to take some interest in the matter; "well, well, perhaps the court will be able to put the natur' in him."

Mrs Guttridge was directed to step aside, and Mr Nat. Frier was called to the stand. His testimony was very much to the point, clear and conclusive. But as the reader is already in possession of the substance of it, it is unnecessary to recapitulate it. Suffice it to say, that the judge retained a dignified self-possession, and settling back in his chair, said the case was clearly made out; Jerry Guttridge was unquestionably guilty of the charges preferred against him.

The court, out of delicacy towards the feelings of his wife, refrained from pronouncing sentence until she had retired, which she did, on an intimation being given her that the case was closed, and she could return home. Jerry was then called, and ordered to hearken to his sentence, as the court had recorded it.

Jerry stood up and faced the court, with fixed eyes and gaping mouth, and the clerk repeated as follows:—"Jerry Guttridge! you having been found guilty of being an idle and lazy person, and not providing for your family, and giving reproachful language to Mr Nat. Frier, when he reproved you for your idleness, the court orders that you receive twenty smart lashes, with the cat-o'-nine-tails, upon your naked back, and that this sentence be executed forthwith, by the constables, at the whipping-post in the yard, adjoining the court-house."

Jerry dropped his head, and his face assumed divers deep colours, sometimes red, and sometimes shading upon the blue. He tried to glance round upon the assembled multitude, but his look was very sheepish; and, unable to stand the gaze of the hundreds of eyes that were turned upon him, he settled back on a bench, leaned his head on his hand, and looked steadily upon the floor. The constables having been directed by the court to proceed forthwith to execute the sentence, they led him out into the yard, put his arms round the whipping-post, and tied his hands together. He submitted without resistance; but when they commenced tying his hands round the post, he began to cry and beg, and promise better fashions, if they would only let him go this time. But the constables told him it was too late now; the sentence of the court had been passed, and the punishment must be inflicted. The whole throng of spectators had issued from the court-house, and stood round in a large ring, to see the sentence enforced. The judge himself had stepped to a side window, which commanded a view of the yard, and stood peering solemnly through his spectacles, to see that the ceremony was duly performed.

All things being in readiness, the stoutest constable took the cat-o'-nine-tails, and brought them heavily across the naked back of the victim. At every blow, Jerry jumped and screamed, so that he might have been heard well nigh a mile. When the twenty blows were counted, and the ceremony was ended, he was loosed from his confinement, and told that he might go. He put on his garments, with a sullen but subdued air, and without stopping to pay his respects to the court, or even to bid any one good bye, he straightened for home, as fast as he could go.

Mrs Guttridge met him at the door, with a kind and piteous look, and asked him if they had hurt him. He made no reply, but pushed along into the house. There he found the table set, and well supplied, for dinner; for Mrs Guttridge, partly through the kindness of Mr Frier, and partly from her own exertions, had managed to "pick up something," that served to make quite a comfortable meal. Jerry ate his dinner in silence, but his wife thought he manifested more tenderness and less selfishness than she had known him to exhibit for years; for instead of appropriating the most and the best of the food to himself, he several times placed fair proportions of it upon the plates of his wife and each of the children.

The next morning, before the sun had dried the dew from the grass, whoever passed the haying-field of Mr Nat. Frier, might have beheld Jerry Guttridge busily at work, shaking out the wet hay to the sun; and for a month afterwards, the passer-by might have seen him, every day, early and late, in that and the adjoining fields, a perfect pattern of industry.

A change soon became perceptible in the condition and circumstances of his family. His house began to wear more of an air of comfort, outside and in. His wife improved in health and spirits, and little Bobby became a fat hearty boy, and grew like a pumpkin. And years afterward, Mrs Guttridge was heard to say, that "somehow, ever since that 'ere trial, Mr Guttridge's natur' seemed to be entirely changed!"

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

ERRONEOUS CALCULATIONS IN LIFE ASSURANCE AND ANNUITY ENDOWMENT.

It is obviously of very serious importance to the community that right principles should preside at the institution of all benefit societies, associations for mutual life assurance, for granting annuities, &c. When the contrary is the case, and the error is on the side of too liberal promise, disappointment, and in many instances grievous hardship, must inevitably ensue. We are disposed to think that in most cases safe calculations have been made by the parties originating and managing such associations; but yet, if all of them were rigidly inquired into, the public would probably be surprised at the number—and these by no means of unpretending exterior—in which wrong data have been assumed. In some cases this error appears to have been wilful, with the view of cheating or swindling: there is at this moment in the metropolis, a Fire and Life Assurance and Annuity Company, which offers benefits far beyond what can be expected for the monies exacted, and seeks to inspire confidence by an exhibition of names of known respectability, which, however, when pointed inquiry is made, are found to belong to obscure and irresponsible persons. Such proceedings are only a more than usually detestable kind of roguery, seeing that they may lure on a victim through a course of twenty or thirty years, and only open his eyes when he is in old age, and unable to make other provision for himself. In other, and we would hope the greater number of instances, the error is not wilful, but the result of ignorance or of mistaken calculations.

An example of this nature has recently been brought under our notice by a friend, who exercises the profession of an accountant, and in whose acuteness with respect to all such matters we place the utmost confidence. The parties at fault are established in a provincial city, and their animating impulse is benevolence. Anxious to encourage foresight and self-provision amongst the middle and lower classes, they have formed what is called an Annuity Endowment Society, into which certain sums may be paid by one party, that certain other sums may afterwards be realised by another party in the shape of annuities; the general object being to enable husbands to provide for their wives, and parents for their children. The intention is excellent; but, unfortunately, for want of correct reckoning at the commencement, the prospective sums are far beyond what can be fairly expected in return for those exacted; so that, after the society shall have lasted a certain time, all the members must find that they have been involuntarily defrauding themselves and their families. As an example of the mis-calculations of this society—a person of 59, in order to secure after his death an annuity of £50 to his wife now aged 49, pays (besides entry-money £4) £20 under the name of a fine for the disparity of the ages, and £10 annually during the remainder of his life. The present value of an annual payment of £10 by a person of 59 is £109, 12s. 7d.; so that the whole sum paid by this person may be estimated at £133, 12s. 7d. Now, according to the Carlisle tables of mortality, and assuming the money to be laid out at 4 per cent., the present value of such a contingent annuity is £236, 17s., or £103, 4s. 5d. more than is exacted by the society in question. To satisfy ourselves on this point, we made inquiry of a most respectable institution in our own city, and found that an annuity of £50 for a person of 49, on the death of one aged 59, could not be obtained even at £236, 17s.: a considerably larger sum would be required. At all the other ages, sums more or less inadequate are ex-

acted. In most cases they do not amount to one half, and in none do they amount to two thirds, of the sums requisite to secure the expected benefits. The remote consequences of such errors it is distressing to contemplate.

We deem it our duty earnestly to warn all who propose to originate such institutions, to take the utmost care that the calculations are made on correct principles. We would also warn parties proposing to become members of any society for annuity endowment or life assurance, to satisfy themselves beforehand that the institution with which they are to be connected is one in which, whether from design or ignorance, they are not exposed to a disappointment of their hopes.

FOREIGN HOTEL CARTES.

The innkeepers in the countries on the Rhine follow a practice which is worth hinting to persons of the same profession in this country. They give their guests a *carte*, or piece of paper measuring about sixteen inches long and four inches broad, and which folds together like a small map. This *carte*, when folded, exhibits on the outside a view of the hotel, also its name, and the name of the keeper; on expanding it we find that the other parts of the outside consist of lists of the principal curiosities or public buildings which are worth visiting in the town and its environs; and along the whole inside we find a map of the chief routes from the place. Thus, the German hotel-keeper's *carte* is a card of his house, a local guide, and a posting itinerary—all in one bit of paper, the expense of which cannot be much greater than that of a common shop-card in England. We can show one of these things to any person who would wish to introduce the practice into this country.

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

Rub dry flour of mustard upon the part affected, holding the part at the same time before a fire. Give it a good rubbing for some time, sufficient to bring out a rash on the skin, and relieve the pain. One rubbing is generally found sufficient. This is a Scotch old woman's recipe for rheumatism, and seldom fails in effecting a complete and very speedy cure.

QUACK ADVERTISEMENTS.

We perceive that a Glasgow newspaper, the Constitutional, has announced its intention of refusing the insertion of advertisements of quack medicines. This is a piece of good taste and self-denial on the part of a newspaper proprietor, which deserves to be made widely known.

WALKS OUT OF TOWN.

BY HUGH MILLER,

AUTHOR OF THE TRADITIONAL HISTORY OF CROMARTY.

No. II.

We have perused the grave of the "poor lost lad," and it turns out to be a treatise on toleration. The grave beside it may be regarded as a ballad—a short plaintive ballad, moulded in as common a form of invention, if I may so express myself, as any, even the simplest of those old artless compositions which have risen from time to time from among the people. Indeed, so simple is the story of it, that we might almost deem it an imitation, were we not assured that the volumes of this solitary recess are original from beginning to end.

It was fifty years last March since the Champion man-of-war entered the bay below, with her ancient suspended half way over the deck. Old seamen among the townfolks, acquainted with that language of signs and symbols in which fleets converse when they meet at sea, said that either the captain or one of his officers was dead; and the townspeople, interested in the intelligence, came out by scores to gaze on the gallant vessel as she bore up slowly and majestically in the calm, towards the distant roadstead. The sails were furled, and the anchors cast; and as the huge hull swung round to the tide, three boats crowded with men were seen to shoot off from her side, and a strain of melancholy music came floating over the waves to the shore. A lighter shallop, with only a few rowers, pulled far ahead of the others, and as she reached the beach, the shovels and pick-axes, for which the crew relinquished their oars, revealed to the spectators more unequivocally than even the half-hoisted ensign or the music, the sad nature of their errand. The other boats approached with muffled and melancholy stroke, and the music waxed louder and more mournful. They reached the shore; the men formed at the water's edge round a coffin covered by a flag, and bearing a sword on the top, and then passed slowly amid the assembled crowds to the burying-ground of St. Regulus. Arms glittered to the sun. The echoes of the tombs and of the deep precipitous dell below were awakened awhile by unwonted music, and then by the sharp rattle of musketry; the smoke went curling among the trees, or lingered in a blue haze amid the dingier recesses of the hollow; the coffin was covered over; a few of the officers remained behind the others; and there was one of them, a tall handsome young man, who burst out, as he was turning away, into an uncontrollable fit of weeping. At length the whole pageant passed, and there remained behind only a darkened little hillock, with whose history no one was acquainted, but which was known for many years after as the "officer's grave."

Twenty years went by, and the grave came to be little thought of, when a townsman, on going up one evening to the burying-ground, saw a lady in deep

mourning sitting weeping beside it, and a tall handsome gentleman in middle life, the same individual who had been so much affected at the funeral, standing as if waiting for her a little apart. They were brother and sister. The storms of twenty seasons had passed over the little mossy hillock. The deep snows had pressed upon it in winter; the dead vegetation of succeeding summers and autumns had accumulated around it, and it seemed as if flattened to nearly the level of the soil. It had become an old grave; but the grief that for the first time was now venting itself over it, had remained fresh as at first. There are cases, though rare, in which sorrow does not yield to time. A mother loses her child just as its mind has begun to open, and it has learned to lay hold of her heart by the singularly endearing signs of infantine affection and regard, which show us how those sympathies of our nature which serve to bind us to the species are awakened to perform their labour of love with even the first dawn of intelligence. Little missed by any one else, or at least soon to be forgotten, it passes away; but there is one who seems destined to remember it all the more vividly, just because it has passed. To her, death serves as a sort of mordant to fix the otherwise flying colours in which its portraiture had been drawn on her heart. Time is working out around her his thousand thousand metamorphoses. The young are growing up to maturity, the old are dropping into their graves, but the infant of her affections ever remains an infant—her charge in middle life, when all her other children have left her and gone out into the world, and amid the weakness of decay and decrepitude, the child of her old age. There arises, however, a more enduring sorrow than even that of the mother, when, in the midst of hopes all but gratified, and wishes on the eve of fulfilment, the ties of the softer passion are rudely severed by death. Feelings, evanescent in their nature, and restricted to one class of circumstances, and one stage of life, are unerringly fixed through the event in the mind of the survivor. Youth first passes away, then the term of robust and active life, and last of all, the cold and melancholy winter of old age; but through every succeeding change, until the final close, the bereaved lover remains a lover still. Death has fixed the engrossing passion in its tenderest attitude by a sort of petrifying process; and we are reminded by the fact of those delicate leaves and florets of former creations, which a common fate would have consigned to the usual decay, but which were converted, when they died, by some sudden catastrophe, into a solid marble that endures for ever. The lady who wept this evening beside the "officer's grave" was indulging in a hopeless and enduring passion of the character described; but all that now remains of her story forms but a mere outline for the imagination to fill up at pleasure. Her lover had been the sole heir of an ancient and affluent family; the lady herself belonged to rather a humbler sphere. He had fixed his affections upon her when almost a boy, and had succeeded in engaging hers in turn; but his parents, who saw nothing desirable in a connection which was to add to neither the wealth nor the honours of the family, interfered, and he was sent to sea, where a disappointed attachment, preying on a naturally delicate constitution, soon converted their fears for his marriage into regret for his death. Did I not say truly that the "officer's grave" was a simple little ballad, moulded in one of the commonest forms of invention!

Let us peruse one other grave ere we quit the burying-ground—the grave of Morrison the painter. It treats of morals, like that of "the poor lost lad," but it enforces them after a different mode. We shall find it in the strangers' corner, beside the graves of the two foreign seamen, whose bodies were cast up on the beach after a storm.

Morrison, some sixty or seventy years ago, was a tall, thin, genteel-looking young man, who travelled the country as a portrait and miniature painter. The profession was new at the time to the north of Scotland, and the people thought highly of an artist who made likenesses that could be recognised. But they could not think more highly of him than Morrison did of himself. He was one of the class who mistake the imitative faculty for genius, and the ambition of rising in a genteel profession for that energy of talent whose efforts, with no higher object often than the mere pleasure of exertion, buoy up the possessor to his proper level among men. There was a time when Morrison's pictures might be seen in almost every house—in little turf cottages even among halfpenny prints and broadsheet ballads; nor were instances wanting of their finding place among the paintings of a higher school. Some proprietor of the district retained an eccentric piper or gamekeeper in his establishment, or, like the baron of a former age, kept a fool, and Morrison had been employed to confer on all that was droll or picturesque in their appearance, the immortality of colour and canvass. Like the painter in the fable who pleased every body, he drew all his men after one model, and all his women after another; but, unlike the painter, he copied from neither Apollo nor Venus. His gentlemen had sloping shoulders and long necks, and looked exceedingly grave and formidable; his ladies, on the contrary, were sweet simpering creatures, with waists almost tapering to a point, and cheeks and lips of as lovely a crimson as that of the bunch of roses which they bore in their hands.

I have said that Morrison thought more highly of

his genius than even his countryfolks. As the member of a highly liberal profession, too, he naturally enough took rank as a gentleman. Geniuses were eccentric in those days, and gentlemen not very moral; and Morrison, in his double capacity of genius and gentleman, was skilful enough to catch the eccentricity of the one class and the immorality of the other. He raked a little, and drank a great deal, and in his cups said and did things which were thought very extraordinary indeed. But though all acknowledged his genius, he was less successful in establishing his gentility. There was, indeed, but one standard of gentility in the country at the time, and fate had precluded the painter from coming up to it: no one was deemed a gentleman whose ancestors had not been useless to the community for at least three generations. It must be confessed, too, that some of Morrison's schemes for establishing his claim were but ill laid. On one occasion he attended an auction of valuable furniture in the neighbouring town, and though a wanderer at the time, as he had been all his life long, and miserably poor to boot, he deemed it essential to the maintenance of his character, that as all the other gentlemen present were bidding with spirit, he should now and then give a spirited bid too. He warmed gradually as the sale proceeded, offered liberally for beds and carpets, and made a dead set on a valuable pianoforte. The purchasers were sadly annoyed, and the auctioneer, who was a bit of a wag, and laboured to put down the painter by sheer force of wit, found that he had met with as accomplished a wit as himself. Morrison lost the piano, and then fell in love with a moveable wooden house, which had served as a sort of meat preserve, and was secured by a strong lock. "You had better examine it inside, Mr Morrison," said the auctioneer; "in fact, the whole merit of the thing lies inside." Morrison went in, and the auctioneer shut and locked the door. There could not be a more grievous outrage on the feelings of a gentleman; but though the poor man went bouncing against the cruel walls of his prison, like an incarcerated monkey, and grinned with uncontrollable wrath at all and sundry through its little wire-woven window, pity or succour was there none; he was kept in close durance for four long hours till the sale terminated, and found his claim to gentility not in the least strengthened when he got out.

After living as he best could for about forty years, the painter took to himself a wife. No woman should ever have thought of marriage in connection with such a person as Morrison, nor should Morrison have ever thought of marriage in connection with himself. But so it was—for ladies are proverbially courageous in such matters, and Morrison could bid as dauntlessly for a wife as for a pianoforte—that he succeeded in finding a woman bold enough to accept of him for her husband. She was a rather respectable sort of person, who had lived for many years as housekeeper in a gentleman's family, and had saved some money. They took lodgings in the neighbouring town; Morrison showed as much spirit, and got as often drunk, as before; and in little more than a twelvemonth they came to be in want. They lingered on, however, in miserable poverty for a few months longer, and then quitted the place, leaving behind them all Mrs Morrison's well-saved wardrobe under arrestment for debt. The trunk which contained it lay unopened till about five years after the poor woman had been laid in her grave, the victim of her miserable marriage; and the contents formed a strange comment on her history. There were fine silk gowns, sadly marred by mildew, and richly flowered clothes eaten by the moths. There, too, there were pretty little heads of the virgin and the apostles, and beads and a crucifix of some value; the loss of which, as the poor owner had been a zealous Catholic, had affected her more than the loss of all the rest. And there, too, like the Babylonish garment among the goods of Achan, there was a packet of Morrison's letters, full of flames and darts, and all those little commonplaces of love which are used by men clever on a small scale, who think highly of their own parts, and have no true affection for any one but themselves.

It has been told me by an acquaintance who resided for some time in one of our northern towns, that when hurrying to his lodgings on a wet and very disagreeable winter evening, his curiosity was attracted by a red glare of light which he saw issuing through the unglazed window and partially uncovered rafters of a deserted hovel by the wayside. He went up to it, and found the place occupied by two miserable-looking wretches, a man and woman, who were shivering over a smouldering fire of damp straw. These were Morrison and his wife; neither of them wholly sober, for the woman ere now had broken down in character as well as in circumstances. They had neither food nor money; the rain was dropping upon them through the roof, and the winter wind fluttering through their rags; and yet, as if there was too little in all this to make them unhappy enough, they were adding to their miseries by mutual recriminations. The woman, as I have said, soon sank under the hardships of a life so entirely wretched; her unlucky partner survived until the infirmities of extreme old age were added to his other miseries. It is not easy to conceive how any one who passed such a life as Morrison, should have lived for the greater part of a century; and yet so it was, that, when he visited the neighbouring town for the last time, he was in his eighty-fifth year. And never, certainly, was the place visited by a more squalid, miserable-looking creature; he resembled rather a

corpse set a-walking than a living man. He was still, however, Morrison the painter, feebly eccentric, and meanly proud: even when compelled to beg, which was often, he could not forget that he was an artist and a gentleman notwithstanding. In his younger days he had skill enough to make likenesses that could be recognised; the things he now made scarcely resembled human creatures at all; but he went about pressing his services on every one who had children and spare sixpences, till he had at length well nigh filled the town with pictures of little boys and girls, which, in almost every case, the little boys and girls got to themselves. On one occasion he went into the shop of one of the town merchants, and insisted on furnishing the merchant with the picture of one of his daughters, a little laughing blonde, who was playing in front of the counter. He produced his colours, and began the drawing; but the girl, after wondering at him till his work was about half finished, escaped into the street, and one of her sisters, a sober-eyed brunette, who had heard of the strange old man who was "making pictures," came running in, and took her place. The painter held fast the intruder, and continued his drawing. "Hold, hold, Mr Morrison, that is another little girl you have got," said the merchant; "that is but the sister of the first." "Heaven bless the dear sweet creature," said Morrison, still plying the pencil; "they are so like that there can be no mistake."

The closing scene to poor Morrison came at last. He left his bed one day after an illness of nearly a week, and crawled out into the street to beg. A gentleman in passing dropped him a few coppers, and Morrison felt indignant that any one should have offered an artist less than silver. But on second thoughts he corrected himself. "Heaven help me," he ejaculated, "I have been a fool all life long, and I am not wise yet!" He crept onwards along the pavement to the house of a gentleman whom he had known thirty years before. "I am dying," he said, "and I am desirous that you should see my body laid decently under ground; I shall be dead in less than a week." The gentleman pledged himself to attend the funeral; Morrison crept back to his lodgings, and was dead in less than a day. Yonder he lies in the strangers' corner; the parish furnished the shroud and the coffin, and the gentleman whom he had invited to his burial carried his head to the grave, and paid the sexton. There are few real stories consistently gloomy throughout. Nature delights in strange compounds of the bizarre and the serious; and Morrison's story, like some of the old English dramas that terminate unfortunately, has a mixture of the comic in it. And yet, notwithstanding its lighter touches, I question whether we shall be able to find a deeper tragedy among all the volumes of the churchyard.

AMUSEMENTS FOR THE PEOPLE.

IN "A Manual for Mechanics' Institutions," just published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, we find some valuable opinions strung together respecting amusements for the people. As they appear to us to call for general attention, we take leave to transfer them to these columns:—

"The subject of amusements for the working-classes is daily becoming one of greater and more serious importance, and involves the most important considerations, with which the future civilisation of the country is intimately connected.

'There is,' says Sir John Herschel, 'a want too much lost sight of in our estimate of the privations of the humble classes, though it is one of the most incessant cravings of all our wants, and is actually the impelling power which, in the vast majority of cases, urges men into vice and crime—it is the want of amusement. It is in vain to declaim against it. Equally with any other principle in our nature it calls for its natural indulgence, and man cannot be permanently debarred from it without souring the temper and spoiling the character. Like the indulgence of other appetites, it only requires to be kept within due bounds, and turned upon innocent or beneficial objects, to become a spring of happiness. But gratified to a certain moderate extent it must be in the case of every man, if we desire him to be either a useful, active, or contented member of society. Now, I would ask, what provision do we find for the cheap and innocent and daily amusements of the mass of the labouring population of this country? What sort of resources have they to call up the cheerfulness of their spirits, and chase away the cloud from their brow after the fatigue of a day's hard work, or the stupefying monotony of sedentary occupation? Why, really very little. I hardly like to assume the appearance of a wish to rip up grievances by saying how little. The pleasant field walk, and the village green, are becoming rarer and rarer every year. Music and dancing (the more's the pity) have become so closely associated with ideas of riot and debauchery among the less cultivated classes, that a taste for them, for their own sakes, can hardly be said to exist; and before they can be recommended as innocent or safe amusements, a very great change of ideas must take place. The truth is, that under the pressure of a continually condensing population, the habits of the city have crept into the village. The demands of agriculture have become stern and more imperious; and while hardly a foot of ground is left uncultivated and unappropriated, there is positively not space left for many of

the cheerful amusements of rural life. Now, since this appears to be unavoidable, and as it is physically impossible that the amusements of a condensed population should continue to be those of a scattered one, it behoves us strongly to consider of some substitutes. But perhaps it may appear to some almost preposterous to enter on the question. Why, the very name of a labourer has something about it with which amusement seems out of character: labour is work, amusement is play; and though it has passed into a proverb, that one without the other will make a dull boy, we seem to have lost sight of a thing equally obvious, that a community of dull boys in this sense is only another word for a society of ignorant, headlong, and ferocious men.'

'After a hard day's work,' says Sir Benjamin Heywood, in one of his addresses to the Manchester Mechanics' Institution, 'a man wants refreshment and ease. I would urge the directors who are this evening to be appointed, to let this be one of the earliest subjects of their consideration—think, for instance, whether social evening parties, with tea and coffee, might not be more encouraged amongst you.' Sir Benjamin Heywood then read portions of a work upon the subject of amusement for the people, by Mr Dewey, an American clergyman, from which we extract the following paragraphs:—

'There is another view in which the subject of amusements, light as it may be thought, goes deep into all questions about our national improvement and happiness. We are making great efforts in America to bring about various moral reforms. At the head of these enterprises stands the temperance reformation. And the public attention, as was natural in the appalling circumstances of the case, has been very much occupied with the immediate evil, and the obvious methods of supplying the remedy. But it seems to me that it is time to go deeper into this matter, and inquire how the reform is to be carried on and sustained in the country. "By embodying the entire nation in a temperance society," will it be said? I think not, even if that point could be gained. We must have some stronger bond than that of formal association, some stronger provision than that of temporary habit, to rely on. We must lay the foundations of permanent reform in the principles of human nature, and in the very frame-work of society. Suppose that this nation, and every individual in it, were now temperate, how are they to be kept so? The zeal of individuals in this cause will die away; the individuals themselves will die; how is the people, supposing it were made temperate, to be kept so? There was a time, in former days, when our people were all temperate—when a small bottle of strong waters sufficed for a whole army—when, that is to say, ardent spirits were used only as a medicine. Why, from those early days of pristine virtue and rigid piety, did the nation fall away into intemperance? And how, I ask again, are we to expect to stand where our fathers fell?

'In answer to this question, let me observe, that there is in human nature, and never to be rooted out of it, a want of excitement and exhilaration. The cares and labours of life often leave the mind dull; and when it is relieved from them—and it must be relieved, let this be remembered—there must be seasons of relief; and the question is, how are these seasons to be filled up? When the mind enjoys relief from its occupations, I say, that relief must come in the shape of something cheering and exhilarating. The man cannot sit down dull and stupid—and he ought not. Now, suppose that society provides him with no cheerful or attractive recreations; that society, in fact, frowns upon all amusements; that the importunate spirit in business, and the sanctimonious spirit in religion, and the supercilious spirit in fashion, all unite to discountenance popular sports and spectacles; and thus, that all cheap and free enjoyments, the hale, hearty, holiday recreations, are out of use and out of reach; what now will the man set free from business or labour be likely to do? He asks for relief and exhilaration, he asks for escape from his cares and anxieties: society in its arrangements offers him none; the tavern and the ale-house propose to supply the want; what so likely as that he will resort to the tavern and the ale-house? I have no doubt that one reason why our country fell into such unusual intemperance, was the want of simple, innocent, and authorised recreations in it. I am fully persuaded that some measure of this sort is needful, to give a natural and stable character to the temperance reform.

Let it not be said, as if it were a fair reply to all this, that men are intemperate in the midst of their recreations. The question is not what they do, with their vicious habits already acquired, but how they came by those habits; and the question again is not, whether a man may not fall into inebriety, amidst the purest recreations as well as when away from them, but what he is likely to do. In short, to do justice to the argument, it should be supposed that a people is perfectly temperate, and then may fairly be considered the question, how it is most likely to be kept so. * * *

If there were among any people authorised holidays and holiday sports—if there were in every village a public promenade, where music might frequently be heard in the evening, would not these places be likely to draw away many from the resorts of intemperance? Men cannot labour or do business always. They must have intervals of relaxation. What is to be done with these intervals? This is the question, and it is a question to be soberly answered. As it is to be met, I

repeat, with answers, and not with surmises of danger. Men cannot sleep through these intervals. What are they to do? Why, if they do not work, or sleep, they must have recreation. And if they have not recreation from healthful sources, they will be very likely to take it from the poisoned fountains of intemperance. Or, if they have pleasures which, although innocent, are forbidden by the maxims of public morality, their very pleasures are liable to become poisoned fountains.'

In-door amusements of a tranquil character, and consequently suited for those who have spent the day in hard labour, may be multiplied to infinity. An instance was given in the Penny Magazine some time ago, in which the game of chess had been introduced into a country village in Germany with great advantage. Concerts might, without much difficulty, be performed, if a music class were taught in each institution: music forms so soothing and so delightful a recreation, that it is desirable to see a love for it extended as widely as possible.

In the Lyceums recently established in Manchester and the neighbourhood, recreation has been a primary object. Besides classes for music—vocal and instrumental, which are well attended by the members—concerts of a superior character are occasionally given at each institution, the expense of which is defrayed by a small payment from each member, increased to strangers. The several music classes (which have been combined under the title of the Popular Choral Society) also give periodical concerts to their respective members free of expense. Tea-parties, either open to the public, or confined to the members of particular classes, enlivened by singing, recitations, and philosophical experiments, assemble once or twice in each quarter."

MARY STUART AND HER POETS.

POETS of all lands have sung of Mary of Scotland. Her beauty and her rank—beauty so rare, and rank so illustrious—her misfortunes and her end—misfortunes so heavy, and an end so sad and deplorable—are indeed well calculated to awake the sympathies of the sensitive followers of the muses. As for the dark shade of mystery which hangs over some portions of her conduct and career, it may well be believed that, where the comparatively cold and calculating historian cannot see clear grounds to condemn her, the poet will not become her exterminator. He sees in her but a lovely, gifted, and ill-fated being, who, if she did err, erred under the pressure of circumstances over which she had little or no control, and whose fortune it was, from sex and position, to be the sport and victim of a turbulent and ruthless age. Admiration and pity are the feelings with which the poet thinks of Mary of Scotland; witness Burns, Béranger, and Wordsworth. Perhaps some portion of the veneration felt by such children of genius for Mary Stuart, is to be ascribed to her having been herself of the fellowship of song. We do not mean directly to claim the poet of the Midsummer Night's Dream as one of the celebrators of the Scottish queen, yet it has usually been thought, that, in the passage immediately preceding his allusion to the "fair vestal—throned by the west"—Elizabeth, he intended to paint Mary in the character of the "mermaid,"

Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath,
That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music.

If he referred to Mary in these lines, as is rendered extremely probable by the circumstance that they are scarcely intelligible otherwise, Shakespeare probably meant to describe her general fascinations under the figure of the sea-maid's music. But, literally and truly, Mary had uttered "dulcet and harmonious breath," and that, too, in hearing of the "rude sea." On her leaving France, after the premature death of her husband the young Dauphin, she gave vent to her sorrowful adieu in song. It was, in truth, a sad parting for her. Though she never could have been more than the wife of a king in France, yet, to a young, beautiful, and accomplished woman, the station of queen-consort in the most polished court in the world must have seemed far preferable to the undivided possession of a throne in a land at that time rude, savage, and torn by contending factions. Unfortunately for us, Mary expressed her farewell in the language of France, and it is impossible to preserve their beauty in a translation. The following is an attempt to render them literally:—

Adieu, thou pleasant land of France,
My best-beloved land, adieu!
Take, my youth's nurse, my last sad glance,
And, days of joy, farewell to you!

The bark that parts my loves and me,
But half of me can with it bear—
The rest remains behind with these:
I leave it to thy friendly care,
That haply it hereafter may
Remind thee of the part away!

Mary is also said to have written some verses on the death of her husband, the Dauphin. These have been preserved, and are really very beautiful. They, too, are in the French tongue, and are of considerable length, but a version of at least a portion of them may be given here —

In strains that softly, sweetly flow,
Tuned to the plaintive notes of woe,
I contemplate, with eyes grief-fraught,
A loss beyond the grasp of thought,
And pass away life's fairest years
In bursting sighs and ceaseless tears.

Did cruel Destiny e'er shed
Such horror on a wretched head?
Did e'er once happy woman know
A scene so full of heartfelt woe?
For ah! behold on yonder bier
All that my heart and eyes held dear!

The things I loved in happier days
But anguish in my bosom raise:
Day's brightest glow, its purest light,
To me are drear and gloomy night:
Nor is there aught so good and fair,
As now to claim my slightest care.

Within my heart, within my eyes,
An image, woe-imprinted, lies,
Speaking what sables cannot speak—
What faintly shows upon my cheek,
Pale as the violet's faded leaf,
The tint of love's despairing grief.

Perplexed by this unwonted pain,
No place my steps can long detain,
Yet change of scene no comfort gives,
Where sorrow's form for ever lives,
My worst, my happiest, state of mind,
In perfect solitude I find.

If chance my listless footsteps leads
Through shady groves or flowery meads,
Whether it be at dawn of day,
Or 'neath the evening's setting ray,
All pains that absence can impart
Incessant rend my tortured heart.

Awhile if kindly slumbers spread
Their downy pinions o'er my head,
His hand I touch in shadowy dreams,
His voice to soothe my fancy seems.
In hours of toil, in hours of rest,
His image ever fills my breast.

There are one or two other verses, but the best are here given, and in doing so we have used a translation by an old anonymous writer, making a few changes here and there with the view of bringing it nearer the original. After all, however, the simple force of the French is much weakened. Mary Stuart was surely a creature of genius.

Burns has put a lamenting strain into the mouth of Mary, but into the mouth of the Mary of Fotheringay Castle, the life-weary prisoner of Elizabeth. Perhaps the poet has thought in some respects rather as a man would think under the circumstances, than as the spirit-broken woman, who at her last hour prayed for her enemies. There is a something of the ballad cast in "The Lament of Mary Queen of Scots, on the approach of Spring," but it is a piece not unworthy of its author.

Now Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phoebus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis wild w' mony a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the ale;
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen o' a' Scotland,
Maugn lie in prison strang!

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I has been;
Fa' lightly raise I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sovereign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign hands,
And never-ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman!
My sister and my foe,
Grim vengeance yet shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall go!
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that dries on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! my kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine!
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's face,
Or turn their hearts to thee:
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!

Oh soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flow'rs that deck the spring
Bloom on my peaceful grave!

The French people love, and have ever loved, Mary of Scotland, with a regard equal to her own for them. Their best modern lyrast, Béranger, has filled up, as it were, the fragmentary lament which came from Mary herself, and has continued through several stanzas to maintain a similar regretful tone. In English, the strain runs somewhat thus:—

ADIEUX OF MARY STUART.

Delightful land of France, farewell,
Blest cradle of my infancy,
I love thee more than words can tell!
Adieu, to quit thee is to die!

Adopted country of my heart,
Let Mary's name remember'd be
In that sweet soil from which I part;
I part an exile, leaving thee.
The breezes blow, we quit the shore,
And God, to whom I groan in vain,
Stir not the billows to restore
In storms our ship to thee again.

Delightful land, &c.

When round my brows thy royal flower
Was twined, the lily of thy pride,
How thy sons shouted in that hour!

What gallant praises bless'd the bride!
In gloomy Scotland's frozen scene
The sovereign power were vile and vain;
I ne'er would wish to be a queen,
Unless o'er Frenchmen I might reign.

Delightful land, &c.

Too fleet my happy days have flown,
With Love, and Mirth, and Pumps beguiled.
A different lot must now be known
Midst Caledonia's deserts wild.

A dire foreboding has congeal'd
My blood, and, oh, horrid sight to see!
An awful dream but now reveal'd
A scaffold, which seem'd meant for me!
Delightful land, &c.

Yes, France, still 'midst her woes and cares,
The daughter of the Stuart line
To thee will turn her thoughts and prayers,
And fix her hopes on thee and thine.
But ah, our ship too swift and light
O'er colder waves already sails,
And from my straining eyes the Night
Thy shores in mist and darkness veils.

Delightful land of France, farewell,
Blest cradle of my infancy,
I love thee more than words can tell,
Adieu, to quit thee is to die!

This little piece, which we find in a volume of translations by the anonymous author of the Exile of Idria, is upon the whole no unfavourable translation of the spirit of the original. Whether the poet of the people of France, or the poet of the people of Scotland, has succeeded best in the portraiture of Mary's feelings, we leave our readers to judge. But Burns may be more properly compared on this occasion with Wordsworth, who also has taken up the story of Mary at the time she lay in "prison strang," and has imagined for her a Lament, like that of the Scottish poet. With this beautiful piece we shall conclude this notice of Mary Stuart and her Poets, though the list might be greatly extended:—

LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, ON THE EVE OF A NEW YEAR.

Smile of the Moon!—for so I name
That silent greeting from above;
A gentle flash of light that came
From her whom drooping captives love;
Or art thou of still higher birth?
Thou that didst part the clouds of earth,
My torpor to reprove!

Bright boon of pitying Heaven!—alas,
I may not trust thy placid cheer!
Pondering that Time to-night will pass
The threshold of another year;
For years to me are sad and dull;
My very moments are too full
Of hopelessness and fear.

And yet, the soul-awakening gleam,
That struck perchance the farthest cone
Of Scotland's rocky wilds, did seem
To visit me, and me alone;
Me, unapproached by any friend,
Save those who to my sorrows lend
Tears due unto their own.

To-night the church-tower bells will ring
Through these wide realms a festive peal;
To the new year a welcoming;
A tuneful offering for the weal
Of happy millions lulled in sleep;
While I am forced to watch and weep,
By wounds that may not heal.

Born all too high, by wedlock raised
Still higher—to be cast thus low!
Would that mine eyes had never gazed
On aught of more ambitious show
Than the sweet flowerets of the fields!
—It is my royal state that yields
This bitterness of woe.

A Woman rules my prison's key;
A sister Queen, against the bent
Of law and holiest sympathy,
Detains me, doubtful of the event;
Great God, who feel'st for my distress,
My thoughts are all that I possess,
Oh keep them innocent!

Farwell desire of human aid,
Which abject mortals vainly court!
By friends deceived, by foes betrayed,
Of fears the prey, of hopes the sport;
Nought but the world-redeeming Cross
Is able to supply my loss,
My burthen to support.

Hark! the death-note of the year
Sounded by the castle-clock!
From her sunk eyes a stagnant tear
Stole forth, unsettled by the shock;
But oft the woods renewed their green,
Ere the tired head of Scotland's Queen
Reposed upon the block!

PROGRESS OF AMERICAN IMPROVEMENT.

WE take the liberty of selecting the following stirring passages respecting the progress of improvements in North America, from the communication of a correspondent in the *Athenæum*, a few weeks ago:—

"It is clear enough, as I before observed, that steam is bringing on a new era. It seems as if the people here were all crazy. Nothing is unprojected. I have mentioned the line between Liverpool and Boston, via Halifax: that is settled, and no more is said of it. But now it is reported that we are to have a line of superb iron-boats between Glasgow and New York, of a construction and power which it is confidently believed will accomplish the voyage in *ten days* regularly. All eyes, of course, are open for the *British Queen*, as another scene in this grand bewildering drama. Again, a New Orleans paper intimates that there is to be shortly a direct steam communication between that city and Liverpool, and that there is at this moment a steam-ship on the stocks in the latter port, which will be launched in time to make her first voyage next fall. These are signs of the times. They indicate, as I intimated, a new era—a complete commercial revolution, among other things; but much more, of course. Look at the personal intercommunication between the continents, and consider the effect of that in all its bearings. Let it be understood, however, that it is not the mere steam facilities of themselves that seem to aid locomotion among all classes; but the *spirit of steam*, so to speak, wakes up every thing else. Those who cannot travel in a steam-boat must travel in some other way. Those who cannot cross the Atlantic, are yet bent upon locomotion. The world, in a word, is rubbing its eyes open. This whole continent, as I have before remarked, never presented (could one survey its vast surface) such a strange exciting spectacle of activity and agitation of body and mind. Nobody is content with the old rate or ratio of doing things. It would seem as if the very steam-boats themselves had put new courage on, and that they were multiplying their forces by almost supernatural means. You estimated the boats on Lake Erie last season at forty, whereas there are now seventy. The style in which those mighty inland seas are now hourly traversed by these floating palaces, is, as Crockett says, a 'caution'—a caution for people to be prepared for all things, and to disbelieve nothing. The steamer *Cleveland* made the passage recently from Detroit to Buffalo (300 miles), with 100 passengers, in 2½ hours. And at something like this rate they are flying up and down the Mississippi.

I have alluded to the increase of personal communication between England and America. It was predicted, you are aware, that the new steamers would supersede the old liners at once. But, behold the operation of steam! It has filled up not only its own vehicles, but *all the others*. The packets—and there are fifty of them—to and from New York, were never so crowded, and in the steerage as well as the cabin; and the same is true of all the 'transient vessels.' The Old World would seem literally to be *swarming*. In May came about 12,000 passengers to New York alone. Of these, probably, three-fourths were British. On the whole, I believe, the quality of our immigration is decidedly improving."

After alluding to the vast increase of lines of canal, road, and railway, in the aggregate amounting to 4940 miles, in course of construction, the writer proceeds to speak of manufactures:—"A Poughkeepsie man has lately introduced what is here considered an improvement in pin-making. The old fashion of managing the *heads* you are familiar with; but here the wire of which the pins are made is taken into the machines, and the process of making the pins with solid heads, all from the wire, is completed by the machines, leaving nothing to be done, except the washing, and placing them upon papers. So, you see, we are in a fair way of making our own pins; and, I believe, the same may be said of *buttons*. It is but a few years since the latter were imported almost entirely. At present, nearly a sufficient supply for the United States comes from a single establishment in a Massachusetts village. This employs some hundred girls, and turns out 1000 gross, of all varieties, daily. It is said, also, that we are making progress in the manufacture of musical instruments. About 10,000 pianofortes, yearly, are made among us. In jewellery, we have long since ceased to buy from you. The French make some pretty things, which we can't yet do without.

I was speaking of westward emigration. Before forgetting the subject, I should say a word of Texas. You have not heard much lately of that region, but it has not been idle. I think it was Talleyrand who remarked, that in America the same social revolutions were to be followed in *space*, which in other and older countries were to be followed in *time*. As we go West, for the most part, it is the same as for you to live over the past. We have all the processes of settlement and civilisation continually going on, as in some great manufactory where every part of the business is done at once in the various rooms and stories. The new country, just at this moment, is this same Texas. There are now five steamers weekly between Houston and New Orleans, and six daily between Houston and Galveston. But hear what the Houston Star has to say:—"Eighteen months ago, Galveston did not contain 20 inhabitants; now it has near 2000. Two years ago this city was a naked prairie; it has now between 3000 and 4000 inhabitants. But our prosperity is not confined to the coast and our seaport towns: there were on the road between here and Washington eighteen months ago but three houses; there are now thirty-seven, and rapid preparations are making for others. The population between Washington and Lagrange has increased fourfold, and Lagrange, which at that time had never

been thought of for a town, now contains a population of 400 or 500; and Rutersville, only five miles from Lagrange, which was laid off only six months ago, now contains about 300. On the Colorado river, between Lagrange and Bastrop, there were about a dozen houses; now there are between 200 and 300. Bastrop at that time contained 20 houses; it has now 200, and many of them equal to the best in Houston. The settlement above Bastrop, on the Colorado river, then consisted of about eight or ten families; it is now one of the thickest in Texas. Many of our planters are putting in large crops of cotton, and twice as much will be produced this season as has ever been before raised in the country. So 'westward the star of empire holds its way!'

These statements are cheering, and it is only a matter of regret that one of the prime causes for the Anglo-American settlement of Texas, should have been the extension of slavery in connection with the southern states of the Union.

GENERAL CROAFURD AND THE SOLDIER.

The following anecdote occurs in the "Memoirs of Edward Costello," in a late number of the United Service Journal. It refers to the British campaign in Spain. "I happened to be on guard one day, when General Craufurd came riding in from the front with his orderly dragoon, as was his usual custom, when two of our men, one of them a corporal, came running out of a house with some bread which they had stolen from the Spaniards; they were pursued by a Spanish woman, crying lustily, 'Ladron! ladron!'—thief! thief! They were immediately pursued by the general and his orderly; the bread was given back to the woman, and the men were placed in the guard-house. The next day they were tried by a brigade court-martial, and brought out to a wood near the town for punishment. When the brigade was formed, and the brigade-major had finished reading the proceedings of the court-martial, General Craufurd commenced lecturing both men and officers on the nature of their cruelty, as he said, to the harmless inhabitants, as he called the Spaniards. He laid particular stress on our regiment, who, he said, committed more crimes than the whole of the British army. 'Besides, you think,' said he, 'because you are riflemen, and more exposed to the enemy's fire than other regiments, that you are to rob the inhabitants with impunity; but while I command you, you shall not'; then turning round to the corporal, who stood in the centre of the square, he said, with a stern voice, 'Strip, sir.' The corporal, whose name was Miles, never said a word until tied up to a tree, when, turning his head round as far as his situation would allow, and seeing the general pacing up and down the square, he said, 'General Craufurd, I hope you will forgive me.' The general replied, 'No, sir; your crime is too great.' The poor corporal, whose sentence was, to be reduced to the pay and rank of a private soldier, and to receive a punishment of one hundred and fifty lashes and the other man two hundred, then addressed the general to the following effect:—'Do you recollect, sir, when you and I were taken prisoners, when under the command of General Whitlock, in Buenos Ayres? We were marched prisoners, with a number of others, to a sort of pound surrounded by a wall. There was a well in the centre, out of which I drew water with my mess-tin, by means of canteen-straps I collected from the men, who were prisoners like myself. You sat on my knapsack—I parted my last biscuit with you. You then told me you would never forget my kindness to you. It is now in your power, sir. You know how short we have been of rations for some time.' These words were spoken by the corporal in a mild and respectful accent, which not only affected the general, but the whole square. The bugler, who stood waiting to commence the punishment close to the corporal, received the usual nod from the bugle-major to begin. The first lash the corporal received the general started, and turning hurriedly round, said, 'Who taught that bugler to flog? Send him to drill—send him to drill! He cannot flog—he cannot flog! Stop! stop! Take him down! take him down! I remember it well—I remember it well!' while he paced up and down the square, muttering to himself words that I could not catch; at the same time blowing his nose, and wiping his face with his handkerchief, trying to hide his emotion, that was so evident to the whole square."

A HINT TO ENGLISH FARMERS.

What every calm and thinking man must own to be the greatest fault at the present day in the English agriculturist, is looking to and trusting to government rather than each man to his own brains. We would assure our brethren of the plough, that it is not in the power of any government to bolster up the state of agriculture. A wise and a good government will not enact laws prejudicial to any part of the community, nor will it seek to break down the safeguards which our forefathers have built up; but they must be assured, it is not forcing wheat to be sold at a sovereign the bushel, or meat at 5s. per lb., that they will ever make the agriculture of the country prosper, or the farmer rich. Look at Manchester. Is it by the manufacturer selling his print at a sovereign per yard that enormous fortunes have been amassed? No: it is the greatest quantity produced at the cheapest rate that will ever make a prosperous trade. If wheat is low in price, the farmer must bestir himself. Instead of sitting whole evenings (as the English farmer does) soaking over a drop of cider or a little home-brewed, while he grumbles and spells the columns of an old newspaper, and abuses Parliament for the "great cry and little wool" in the way of helping "agricultural distress," let him toss aside the speeches of the would-be patriots, and let him to his fields, and see if all be right there. Let him remember, that if he can but grow one or two quarters more per acre, he will be in a better position even with the low price than he was before.—*Quarterly Journal of Agriculture.* The respectability of this work, published by the Messrs Blackwood of Edinburgh, is so high as to give great force to any opinion it may avow; but the above remarks are based on such sound principle, that authority is not required to give them acceptance. The habit of

looking so much to the favour of the legislature for the means of prosperity, must be fatal to that self-dependence which is above all things necessary to success in individual exertions.

A FIGHT—SNAKE AND DOGS.

Near the roots of many of these plants were holes resembling rabbit-burrows. Suddenly, one of the dogs (a spaniel), which had been hunting about at some distance in advance of us, gave a yell, which summoned the others to him, and we followed as fast as our bipedal powers would permit us. The dogs united in a general howl; and when we came up with them, we found them scratching almost madly in the neighbourhood of one of the above-mentioned holes, but at a very respectful distance from it, for from its interior issued an indescribable sound, which might have appalled a lion. As near as I can convey the idea of it, it was a fierce hissing, mingled with a growl. Conceiving that the tenant of this asylum might be a weasel or some animal of that tribe, we poked at the aperture with our sticks, and cheered the poor dogs on to an assault. At length, an enormous cobra de capello burst forth, furiously enraged. On the first appearance of his head, the four-footed tribe retreated a few yards, then halted, turned, and held the foe at bay, whilst the rational portion of the party commended themselves to the protection of those locomotive engines so well spoken of in Hudibras, and so naturally referred to on such occasions. Our ignominious flight continued to the full distance of twenty paces, when we halted and faced about. We then witnessed a most extraordinary spectacle. In the centre of a large circle formed by the dogs, rose the snake, with hood distended, and about a yard of his body erect, gracefully curved like the neck of a swan. In this attitude he wheeled rapidly about, fixing his diamond-like eyes, quickly as light, on any antagonist which, bolder than the rest, attempted to draw the circle closer around him. This war of "demonstrations" lasted for perhaps a quarter of an hour, the dogs barking furiously all the time, when one of them made a spring upon the reptile, when his head was partly turned in another direction; but he underrated the activity of his foe, and was bitten. A general attack now commenced, and the snake was soon torn to pieces. He died not unavenged, as Byron says. Two of the dogs received their death-wound, each bitten in the upper lip. For about ten minutes afterwards, their spirits appeared to be unnaturally excited: they then began to sicken and reel, though they were unable to vomit; violent convulsions and death soon succeeded.—*Memoirs of a Cadet.*

DESTRUCTION OF AN ANCIENT OAK.

We have to record the destruction, by the late storm, of what was once one of the finest oaks, for which the county of Nottingham has been so long and justly celebrated. This mighty monarch of the forest was supposed to have been upwards of eight hundred years old, and for centuries was the glory of the park of Grove, near Retford, the beautiful and romantic seat of G. H. Vernon, Esq., M.P. During this period, too, what a number of proprietors it has outlived, and what a variety of changes must it have experienced! In its time have flourished the families of the De Bables, the De Herces, the Nevilles, the Levings, and the Eyres, by many of whom it was prized as an heir-loom, and by all it was considered as the pride and glory of their domain. Within memory it has been thrice struck with lightning, and each time suffered to a considerable extent. The last time this calamity occurred was about five o'clock on the evening of Whit Monday, 1836, when its interior was set on fire, and the fire was not discovered until eight o'clock on the following morning. It continued to burn for three days, and before it could be extinguished nearly the whole of the living substance was consumed, so that plenty of room was afforded for the cattle to retire to when the heat of the sun compelled them to seek for shelter. Notwithstanding this disaster, however, part of the branches continued to put on their annual livery, until the morning of the 18th July, when the violence of the storm nearly completed the work of destruction. A very small portion only now remains. In a previous storm one or two of its limbs were lopped off, and these were of such dimensions that dining-tables were made therefrom. During the last century, however, independently of accidents, the corroding tooth of time had been gradually making inroads upon his noble frame, particularly near the surface of the ground, the effect of which had latterly been the means of imparting to it its name. About forty years back, a fox being hard pressed by the hounds, took refuge within its ample bosom, from which it was found altogether impossible to dislodge him by fair means, when Richard, Earl of Scarborough, who hunted the Sandbeck hounds, jocularly observed to Colonel Eyre, the then owner of the tree, that it must be burnt down in order to secure reynard; to which the gallant colonel replied, "No, my lord; I would not have it burnt down for your Sir Solomon," meaning a celebrated race-horse belonging to his lordship at that period. From that time the tree has been designated by the name of "Sir Solomon," by which cognomen it was well known to many of the residents in that part of the county of Nottingham, and more especially to many of the gentry who were accustomed to enjoy the sports of the chase in that immediate neighbourhood.—*Doncaster Gazette, August 1839.*

PERILOUS ADVENTURE AT THE FALLS OF NIAGARA.

An occurrence of the most thrilling interest lately took place at Niagara Falls. The new bridge to Iris Island is planted in a frightful rapid, where the current is from 20 to 30 miles an hour, and is only about 100 or 150 yards above the brow of the great precipice or perpendicular fall. A carpenter, named Chapin, was engaged with others in covering the bridge, and while at work upon a staging about 100 feet from Iris Island, accidentally lost his footing, and was precipitated into the rapids, and in the twinkling of an eye swept away towards the great cataract. Speedy and inevitable destruction seemed to await him; but fortunately he was uninjured by the fall, and even in this most hopeless condition retained perfect self-possession. Turning his eye towards the only point

of hope above the fearful precipice, he succeeded, by great dexterity in swimming, in effecting a landing upon a little island some twenty feet in width and length, the outermost of a group of little cedar islands situated some thirty or forty yards above the Falls, and about equidistant from Goat Island and the American shore. There he stood for an hour, looking calmly and beseechingly back upon the numerous spectators who lined the bridge and shores, but with whom he could hold no conversation on account of the distance and the roar of the rapids. There is a man in the village of the Falls, named Robinson, of extraordinary muscular power, great intrepidity, and withal an admirable boatman, who generously volunteered his services to attempt reaching the island in a boat, and bring Chapin off. A light boat of two oars, similar in construction to the Whitehall race-boats, was soon procured, and he embarked. He proceeded with great deliberation and consummate skill, darting his little boat across the rapid channels, and at the intervening eddies holding up to survey his situation, and recruit his strength for the next trial. In a few minutes he neared the island, but a rapid channel still intervened, sweeping close to the island, and rendering the attempt to land very difficult. He paused for a moment, and then with all his strength darted across, and sprang from his boat—his foot slipped, and he fell backward into the rapid current. With the spectators it was a moment of thrilling interest and breathless silence; his boat seemed inevitably lost, and himself in fearful jeopardy. Retaining, however, his grasp on the boat, he sprang in, and again seizing his oars, brought up under the lee of the little island. All again felt a momentary relief, but still the great labour and hazard of the enterprise remained to be overcome. A cool head and a strong arm only could effect it. Robinson proved equal to the task. Taking his companion on board, in the same careful and deliberate manner, though at infinitely greater hazard and labour, they effected a safe landing on Goat Island. There the spectators assembled to give them a cordial greeting. A scene of great excitement ensued; the boat was drawn up the bank, and it was moved and carried by acclamation that a collection be taken upon the spot for Chapin and his deliverer Robinson. After the collection, Robinson and Chapin took their seats in the boat, and were carried in triumph on the shoulders of their neighbours to the village. The interest of the whole scene was heightened by the presence of Chapin's wife and children, who stood on the shore watching with unavailing horror and agony what seemed his inevitable fate.—*Buffalo Commercial Advertiser.*

CAUTION TO EMIGRANTS.

We have frequently recommended that emigrants to Australia—particularly those in the steerage and intermediate berths—should, before paying their passage money, procure a written agreement from the charterer of the vessel, endorsed by the captain, explaining definitely what are the conveniences that the emigrants are to have on ship-board, as to cooking, the use of utensils, water, &c., and engaging that these will be furnished. From the following extract from a letter just received from a passenger in a vessel which had put into Rio Janeiro, it will be perceived that such a precaution is absolutely necessary.

"I regret I cannot enter more fully into detail for want of time. No doubt you will consider the plea of not having sufficient time frivolous, but I assure you I am very busy; I have been appointed steward for the week; no evasive office, especially in bad weather. The fact is, we have been grossly deceived and imposed upon by Mr —, the charterer; and if we had him here, I am pretty sure we should all be in the humour for giving him a good ducking. He gave us to understand that we should require nothing but table utensils, namely, knife, fork, spoon, and a vessel to drink out of, and that every thing in the way of cooking would be provided for us; whereas, before we had been out three days, the cook declared it to be impossible for him to wait upon more than the first cabin, and stated that he was not engaged to cook for the second cabin, neither would he; and if he had been inclined, I am sure he would not have been able, for before many days were over, when the passengers began to recover from their sickness, he required one of the sailors to help him, and they both have now full employment to prepare meals for the first cabin, the apparatus for cooking being of the most ordinary kind, and quite inadequate to the wants of so many passengers. Thus were we awkwardly situated, without pans or kettles, or even dishes to hold the victuals when they were cooked. I had some few things, but they were much too small to be of any use. At last we found a two and a half gallon tin water-can, evidently made more for sale than service; however, it has with care lasted for all purposes until the present time. In a morning it serves both as kettle and coffee-pot; it is brought off the fire on to the table, and the coffee is served out with a porringer; afterwards, soup or rice is boiled in it for dinner; then it is cleaned, and is our only substitute for a tea-pot in the evening. We are compelled to cook every thing ourselves (each of our number serving as steward for the period of seven days); even coffee is dealt out to us in the raw state. I am deputed to go ashore here (Rio) to buy culinary utensils. Upon my word, I have already suffered what you are little aware of, and what I am sure it is impossible for any human being to conceive, who has not witnessed the same. There is a dispute about who is to pay the expense of putting into port here for the stores, water, &c.; the captain wants to saddle the passengers with the expense."

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TRAITS OF AN ENGLISH WATERING PLACE.

IN one of those strolls through different parts of the country in which I have so often indulged myself, and in which I have always found so much enjoyment from the varieties of scenery and character which they laid open to me, I once came upon a watering-place on the coast, that afforded me no small matter for a day or two's amusement. What could have been the cause of the setting up of such a place as a scene of fashionable resort, it would be difficult to tell, except that it possessed a most bounteous provision of two great articles in demand in the autumnal months in cities—salt water and fresh air, for which a thousand inconveniences would be endured. It was situated quite on the flat coast of a flat country, a few miles from one of its sea-ports, yet near enough to obtain speedily thence all those good things which hungry mortals require—and who are so hungry as people bathing in sea water, and imbibing sea air, and taking three times their usual exercise without being distinctly aware of it!

Strolling along the coast, I found a good hotel, with all the usual marks of such an establishment about it. There were quantities of people loitering about the sands in front and in the garden, and other quantities looking out of windows with the sashes up; some of them, particularly the ladies, holding colloquies out of the windows of upper stories with some of the strollers below; post-chaises, and gigs, and shandray carts, standing here and there in the side scenes; a row of bathing-machines on the shore, awaiting the hour of the tide; and a loud noise of voices from a neighbouring bowling-green. The odours of roasting and baking that came from the hotel, were of the most inviting description; I inclined to take up my abode there for a few hours at least, but on entering, I found that as to obtaining a room, or a tithe of a room, or even a chair at the table of the ordinary, it was quite out of the question. "Lord bless you, sir," said the landlady, a woman of most surprising corporeal dimensions, in a white gown, an orange-coloured neckerchief, and a large and very rosy face, as she stood before the bar, filling the whole width of the passage; "Lord bless you, sir, if you'd give me a thousand golden guineas in a silken purse, I should not know where to put you. We've turned hundreds and hundreds of most genteel people away, that we have, within this very week, and the house is fit to burst now, it's so hugeous full. But you'll get accommodated at the town." "What town?" said I; "is there a town near?" "Why, town we call it, but it's the village, you know; it's Fastside here, not more than a mile off; if you follow the bank along the shore, you'll go straight to it. You can't miss it." Accordingly, following the raised embankment along the shore, I soon descried Fastside, a few scattered cottages, placed amongst their respective crofts and gardens, and here and there a farmhouse, with its substantial array of ricks about it, denoting that the dwellers were well off in the world. But I soon found that all the cottages, and many of the farm-houses, had their boarders for the season, and that there was scarcely one but was full. I had the good luck to spy an equipage, and something like a departing group at the door of one of the cottages, and as it moved away, to find that I could have the use of two rooms, a parlour and chamber over it, if I liked to go to the expense. "Perhaps," said the neat cottage housewife, "as a single gentleman, you may not like to occupy so much room, for just at this season we charge rather high." "And pray," said I, "what may be the enormous price you are charging for these rooms, then?" "Seven shillings a-week each room, and half-a-crown for attendance," looking at me with an inquiring eye, as if apprehensive that I should be astounded at the sum. "What! the vast charge of sixteen and sixpence per week," I replied, smiling, "for two rooms and attendance?" "Yes," said the

simple dame; "but then, you see, you will have to live besides, and it all comes to a good deal. But maybe you are a gentleman, that doesn't mind a trifle." Having assured her that there would, at all events, be no insurmountable obstacle in her terms, I entered and took possession of two as rustic and nicely clean rooms as could be found under such a humble roof. I had taken a fancy to spend a few days, or a week at least, there. It was a new scene, and peopled with new characters, that might be worth studying. The cottage stood in a thoroughly rural garden, full of peas, beans, and cabbages, with a little plot round the house, gay with marygolds, hollyhocks, and roses, and sweet with rosemary and lavender. The old dame's husband was a shrimp, or fisher for shrimps, whom I soon came to see regularly tracing the edge of the tide with his old white horse and net hung behind him. She had, besides me, it seemed, another lodger, who, she assured me, "was a very nice young man indeed, but, poor young gentleman, he enjoyed but very indifferent health. Sometimes I think he's been crossed in love, for I happened to cast my eye on one of his books—he reads a power of books—and there was a deal about love in it. It was all in poetry, you see, and so on; and then, again, I fancy he's consumptive, though I wouldn't like to say a word to him, lest it should cast him down, poor young man; but he reads too much, in my opinion, a great deal too much; he's never without a book in his hands when he's in doors; and that's not wholesome, you are sure, to be sitting so many hours in one posture, and with his eyes fixed in one place. But God knows best what's good for us all; and I often wonder whether he has a mother. I should be sorely uneasy on his account, if I were her." So the good dame ran on while she cooked me a mutton chop, and took an account of what tea and sugar and such things she must send for by the postman, who was their daily carrier to the town. I listened to her talk, and looked at the pot of balm of Gilead, and the red and white balsams standing in the cottage window, and the large sleek and well-fed tabby cat sleeping on the cushion of the old man's chair, and was sure that I was in good hands, and grew quite fond of my quarters. Before the day was over, I became acquainted with the old shrimp, who came in after his journey to the next town with his shrimps, and who was as picturesque an old fellow as you would wish to see, and full of character and anecdotes of the wrecks and sea accidents on that coast for forty years past. I had been informed all about who were the neighbours inhabiting the other cottages and farms, and had a good inkling of their different characters too. I had walked out to the bank when the tide was up, and round the garden, and actually got into conversation with "the poor young man," my fellow lodger.

The next morning, I was up early, and out to reconnoitre the place and neighbourhood; and this young man having found out that I was also addicted to the unwholesome practice of reading books, took at once a great fancy to me, and went with me as guide and cicerone. I found that all the mystery about him was, that he was a youth articled to an attorney in great practice, and had stooped over the desk a little too much, but was soon likely to be as strong and sound as ever, being neither consumptive nor crossed in love, although in love he certainly was. A more simple-hearted, good-natured fellow it was impossible could exist. He had the most profound admiration of all poets and philosophers, and read Goldsmith, Shenstone, and Addison, with a relish that one would give a good deal for. As for Sir Walter Scott, and Lord Byron, and Tom Moore, he knew half of their voluminous poetical works by heart; mention any fine passage, and he immediately spouted you the whole of it; and as for the Waverley Novels, he had evidently devoured them entire, and was full of their wonders and characters. Yet, thus fond of poetry and romance, it was

not the less true that he had a fancy for mathematics, and played on the fiddle and the flute into the bargain. Nor was this all the extent of his tastes: he had quite a *penchant* for natural history; had he time, he declared, he would study botany, ornithology, geology, and conchology too; and yet, although such a book-worm himself, he seemed to enjoy the company of the other visitors there who never read at all. There was a whole troop that he made acquaintance with, and whose characters he sketched to me, particularly those of a merry set who lodged at a cottage opposite, where he often went to amuse them with his fiddle. As my business was to see what were the characters and the amusements of such a place, I desired him to introduce me to them, but in the first place to let us run a little over the country.

The country was rich and flat, divided into great meadows full of luxuriant grass, grazed by herds of fine cattle, and surrounded by noble trees, which served to break up the monotony of the landscape. Here and there you saw the tall, square, substantial tower of a village church peeping over its surrounding screen of noble elms. We were accustomed to stroll into these churchyards, admiring the singularly large and excellent churches, all of solid stone; the spacious grave-yard and the large heavy headstones, adorned with carved skulls and cross-bones; and gilded angels with long trumpets figured above the simple epitaphs of the departed villagers. The farm-houses, too, surrounded also with tall elms, and with a great air of wealth and comfort, drew our attention. As we approached nearer to the sea, the country was more destitute of wood; consisted of very large fields of corn, then beginning to change into the rich hues of ripeness; fields also of woad, a plant used in dyeing, and there extensively cultivated; and these fields intersected no longer by hedges, but by deep wide ditches called dykes, in which grew plenty of reeds, water-fags, a tall and splendid species of marsh ranunculus (*R. lingua*) and yellow and white water-lilies. As we drew near to the village, if village such scattered dwellings could be called, we were struck with the peculiar aspect of the dry lanes, and the plants which grew there, so different to those of an inland neighbourhood. They were exactly such as Crabbe has described them in such a situation:—

There, fed by fond they love, to ranket aize,
Around the dwelling docks and wormwood rise;
Here the strong mallow strikes her almy root;
Here the dull nightshade hangs her deadly fruit;
On hills of dust the henbane's faded green,
And pencilled flower of sickly scent is seen;
At the wall's base the fiery nettle springs,
With fruit globeose and fierce with poisoned stings.
Above, the growth of many a year, is spread
The yellow level of the stonecrop's bed;
In every chink delights the fern to grow,
With glossy leaf and tawny bloom below.

The great embankment secured all this from the invasion of the sea, and, winding along the flat sands, formed a delightful walk when the tide was roaring up against it. Here also the male portion of the visitors came to bathe; and when the tide was up, nothing could be more delicious. They could undress on the sunny sward of the mound at whatever distance from the others they pleased, for there were many miles of the bank; and the waves dashing gently against the grassy slope, received them on a secure and smooth sand, at a depth sufficient to allow them either to wade or swim. They generally, however, undressed near enough to swim or wade in company, and to splash one another and play all manner of practical jokes.

When the tide was out, from this bank you had a view of a great extent of level sands, monotonous enough in themselves, but animated by the view of vessels in full sail passing along the Channel to or from the neighbouring port, and by the flight and cries of the sea-birds. Along these sands we ranged every day to a great distance, collecting shells, leaping

the narrow channels of salt water left in the hollows, shooting gulls, watching the shrimps that were floating in the tide, and amusing ourselves with the crabs, which, left in the holes in the strand, were running sideways here and there in great trepidation, yet never so much alarmed as not to be ready to seize and devour those of their own species that were less in personal bulk and prowess than themselves. Then, again, we found a good deal of employment in botanising amongst the patches of sea-wilderness, which were not so often submersed by the tide as to destroy the vegetation altogether, or to produce only fucus and other sea-weeds. The rest-harrow, the eringo with its cerulean leaves, the stag's-horn plantain, the glasswort or common (not the true) samphire—these and many others had all an interest for us. In one place we found the sea-convolvulus blowing in its rich and prodigal beauty on the sands; and then we came to wild hills of sand thrown up by the billows of ages, a whole region of desolation, overgrown with the sea-wheat, and the tall yellow stems and umbels of the wild celery.

Such was the scenery; the people of the cottages were generally fishermen, with their families; and the visitors, farmers and persons of that class, often with their families. At the house opposite us, as I have said, was the merriest crew. My friend the young lawyer was in the habit of running in and out amongst them as he pleased. He proposed that we should go and dine with them, as they had a sort of ordinary table, where you could dine at a fixed and very moderate charge, as all charges indeed were there. Here we found about a dozen people. One, who appeared and proved an old gentleman-farmer, a Mr Milly, always took the head of the table; and a merrier mortal could not have been there, except he who occupied the other end, a fellow of infinite jest, like Sir John Falstaff, and to the full as corpulent. Who and what he was, I know not, save that he was a most fat and merry fellow, and went by the name of Sir John between the young lawyer, whom I shall call Wilson, and myself. This joyous old gentleman had his wife and son and daughter with him. The son was a young man as fond of a practical joke as his father was of a verbal one; nay, he was not short of a verbal one too, on occasions. He was of a remarkably dark-brown complexion, and on some one asking him how he came to be so dark, when the rest of his family were fair, he at once replied, "Oh, can't you fancy how that was? It happened when I was a child in the cradle. I got turned on my face, and had like to have been smothered. I got so black in the face, I have never recovered my colour again. My mother can tell you all about it—can't you, mother?" At this repartee all the company laughed heartily, and truly it was a company that could laugh heartily. They had merry hearts. Then there was a good worthy farmer of the real old school. I was near saying that John Farn was old, but, in fact, he was not more than five-and-thirty, but his gravity gave him an appearance of something like age. He was dressed in a suit of drab, with an ample coat of the good old farmerly cut, and jack-boots like a trooper. But John Farn had a deal of sober sound sense, and a mind that, had it been called out, would have been found noble. I became very fond of John. The rest were young farmers and tradesmen full of youth and life. They had brought their horses with them, and some of them gigs, and were fond of all mounting and scouring away on the shore for miles together.

The great business, indeed, was to bathe, and eat and drink, and ride or walk, and play at quoits or bowls. If the tide was up early in the morning, all would be up and out, and have their dip before breakfast. Then they would come back hungry as hunters, and devour their coffee, beef, and broiled ham, and shrimps fresh from the cauldron, and then out, some to ride round to have a look at the neighbouring farms, or on the shore to see the fishing smacks go out or come in. Others got to quoits or bowls till dinner; and after a hearty meal and a good long chat, they would slowly saunter up to the hotel, and see what company was there, and take a glass and a pipe with some of them, and see the newspaper, and perhaps have a game at bowls there, and then back to tea; after which they grew very social, and called on the other boarders at the cottages near, and strolled out with the ladies to the bank, which was not far off; and so wiled the time away till supper. Four meals a-day did they regularly sit down to, and enjoy themselves as much as if they had not eaten for a day or two, praising all the time the wonderful property of sea-air for getting an appetite. As sure as shrimps appeared at breakfast, did soles at supper; and after supper one drew out his bottle of wine, and another got his brandy and water, and all grew merry. Those that liked it took a pipe, and it annoyed nobody. There was plenty of joking and laughter, that it would have done the most fastidious good to hear, and as much wit, and perhaps a good deal more, than where there does not exist the same freedom. More jovial evenings I never saw. Wilson gave them a tune on his flute, or took his fiddle; they cleared the floor of the largest room, invited some of the neighbouring visitors who had wives or daughters with them, and had a dance. On such evenings Sir John Falstaff sat in the large bay window of the apartment for coolness, and wiped his brow, and sang his merriest songs. His songs were all merry, and he had a host of them: it was a wonder where he had picked them up. His son often joined him, sometimes his wife and

daughter too. It was a merry family. Surely never could care have found a way into their house. Not even the young man's brown complexion could give him a care; it only furnished him with a joke, and made laughter contagious. Never could the old man have been so fat, had care been able to lay hold on him. The whole of that huge bulk was a mass of rejoicing. How his eyes did shine and twinkle with delight as he sang! what silent laughter played around his mouth, and stole over his ruddy cheeks, like gleams of pleasantest lightning of a summer's night, as he lifted his glass to his head, and listened to some one else! But, alas! all his mirth was well nigh closed one day. He was tempted by the fineness of the weather into the tide, contrary to his wont, and his doctor's order. Some one suddenly missed him; all looked round; at a distance something like a buoy was seen floating; it was Sir John; his fat floated; his head had gone down like a stone; they just pulled him up time enough to save him, but he was blacker in the face than ever his son had been in the cradle, and got a fright that spoiled all his mirth for some days.

But there was a ball at the hotel, and every body was off to it; all except Wilson, who was not well, and myself, who staid to keep him company. Even grave John Farn, in his drab suit and jack-boots, would go. Who would have thought that there was such a taste for pleasure in John Farn? John Farn was very fond of hearing Wilson and myself talk of books. He would come to our cottage, and sit and listen for hours to our conversation, or take up some of our books himself, and read. I perceived that there was an appetite for knowledge in him that had never been called out, because it had had nothing to feed on; but it was clear that it would soon, if it was in the way of aliment and excitement, become fearfully voracious. When he found the name of Dryden in a volume, he declared that he was born in the same parish. He put the book into his pocket, and was missed all that day. Somebody, by chance, saw him issue out of a great reed bed towards evening; he had read the volume through, and declared that he should think ten times better of his parish now for having produced such a man. Who would have thought that John Farn, the Northamptonshire farmer and grazier, and who had lived all his life amongst bullocks, and whose whole talk was of them, would have fastened thus suddenly on a volume of Dryden's poems! But John used to accompany Wilson and myself, botanising along the shore and the inland dykes; and it was curious to see with what a grave enthusiasm he would climb in his great jack-boots over the roughest fences; how he would leap across those wide dykes; how he would splash through the salt-water pools and streams to tear up a flower or a sea-weed that we wanted; and with what an earnest eye he would look and listen as we mentioned its name, and pointed out its class in the volume, or related its uses! There was an undiscovered world, and a great one, in the soul of that John Farn.

The more I saw of that man, the more I liked him. The stores of yet unstirred life, both of intellect and feeling in his frame, became every day more strongly apparent. He would sit with us on the sea-bank for hours watching the tide come up, or watching its play and the play of light and shadow over it when at flood, and drink down greedily all that was said of this or other countries, all that had in it knowledge of any kind. His whole body seemed full of the joyous excitement of a youth that in years should have passed over him, but was yet unspent, and was now only found. He rose up one day and said, "Let us hire a ship and sail out to some other country." At the moment we laughed at the idea, but John Farn persisted with the utmost gravity in his proposal, and eventually we did hire a smack, and sailed across to Norfolk. We visited Lynn; walked over the grounds of the school where Eugene Aram was an usher when he was taken for the murder; and nothing but the threatening of the weather would have prevented us crossing over to the Continent. As it was, it was delightful to see the childlike enjoyment with which that grave man saw the breezy expanse of ocean, the fiery colour of its waters as the vessel cut through them in the night, the seals that lay on a mid-sea rock as we sailed along, and the birds of ocean screaming and plunging in its billows.

There was a legion of things in the bosom of John Farn that he knew nothing of all the years that he had been buying and selling cattle, but were now all bursting to the light with a startling vigour. I wonder whether they have since troubled him like blind giants groping their way to the face of heaven, or whether, amid his cattle and his quiet fields, they have collapsed again into dim and unconscious dreams; but the last action which I witnessed in him, made me sure that his moral feeling was as noble as I suspected his intellectual strength to be great.

There was a robbery at Uriah Sparey's. Money and other articles were missed from the packages of the guests. The suspicion fell on a servant girl. Great was the stir, the inquiry, and the indignation. Mrs Uriah Sparey was vehement in her wrath. She insisted that the affair should not be talked of lest it should bring discredit on her house; but to satisfy her guests, she would turn the girl out of it that instant. The girl with tears protested her innocence, but in vain. When she came to open her own box, she declared that she was robbed too. Her wages, and the money given her by visitors, were all gone. Mrs Sparey exclaimed, that "never did she see such an

instance of guilty art as this! The girl to remove from herself the charge of theft, to pretend that she herself was robbed!"

If the girl was guilty, she most admirably affected innocence; if she was of a thievish nature, never did nature so defend vice under the fair shield of virtuous lineaments. All saw and felt this; all had been much pleased with the appearance and behaviour of the girl. Her vows of innocence were now most natural; her tears fell with all the hot vehemence of wronged truth; she earnestly implored that every search and every inquiry should be made, that she might at least regain her character; her money she cared little for. But Mrs Uriah Sparey only exclaimed, "Minx! get out of my house! I see what you want; you want to fix the theft upon me!" All started at that singular exclamation, and fixed their eyes on Mrs Sparey; she coloured; but no one spoke. The girl stood weeping by the door. Then said John Farn, "Go home, my girl, go home, and let thy father and mother see into the matter for thee." At these words, the girl, whose tears were before flowing fast but freely, burst into a sudden paroxysm of sobs and cries, and wrung her hands in agony. "What is the matter?" asked John Farn; "has the poor girl no parents?" "Yes, yes!" she exclaimed, suddenly looking at him, and the tears stopping as if choked in their bed; "but how can I go to them with the name of a thief?" The colour passed from her face, and she laid hold on a chair to save herself from falling. "Mary!" said John Farn, "I will not say who is the thief; but this I say, I will hire thee for a year and a day, and there is a guinea for earnest, and another to pay thy coach fare down. Be at my house in a fortnight, and till then go and see thy mother. Let them call thee thief that dare!" With that he rose up, gave Mary his address, paid his bill to Mrs Sparey, and marched out of the house with his little round portmanteau under his arm. We all hurried out after him, gave him by turns a hearty rattling shake of the hand as he was about to mount his horse; and that was the last I saw of John Farn. I know no more of him, yet would I, at a venture, rather take the heart of that man, though compelled to take the long drab coat and the jack-boots with it, than that of many a lord with his robes of state, and all his lands and tenements besides.

Such were a few days and their real incidents passed by me at a rural watering-place some years ago.

MOVING SAND-HILLS.

THE phenomenon of a moving hill of sand is by no means an uncommon one on various parts of the earth's surface, and, not unfrequently, whole villages and towns have thereby been overwhelmed and destroyed. To such shifting mounds the name of *dunes* is usually given by geologists, and from a similar root the more familiar term of *dovns* seems to be derived. Dunes or downs of sand are commonly found within a short way of the sea-shore, being composed of the fine particles cast up by the waves, and afterwards dried in the sun, and carried inland to a greater or lesser distance by the wind. The coasts of Holland present an example of vast quantities of detritus taken down to the sea in the first instance by rivers, and subsequently thrown back upon the land, forming long chains of sand-hills or downs. The shores of France, Spain, and various other countries, exhibit the same phenomena at particular points. On the shores of the Bay of Biscay, moving sands are so common as to have occasioned much injury to the land and the inhabitants, both in early and recent times. About the year 1770, a whole village near St Pol de Leon, in Brittany, was so completely buried by one great movement of drift-sand, that nothing could be seen of it but the spire of the church. In the same region, according to Cuvier, these dunes are at this hour covering large tracts of land. They advance with irresistible force, burying forests in their route, and impelling before them lakes of fresh water, derived from the rains which cannot find a way through them into the sea. "One village in the department of the Landes, named Mimisan, has been struggling for twenty years against them; and one sand-hill, more than sixty feet high, may be said to be seen advancing hourly. In 1802, the propelled lakes invaded five fine farms belonging to Saint Julien; they have long since covered a Roman causeway leading from Bourdeaux to Bayonne, and which was seen about forty years since, when the waters were yet in a low state. The river Adour, also, has been turned more than a thousand toises out of its former course by the same causes." Ten other villages in the Landes, the author (Cuvier) now quoted tells us, have advancing sand-hills in their immediate vicinity, which threaten them with slow but sure destruction. In truth, it is wrong to say *slow* destruction, for the progressive movement of the dunes in the Landes has been calculated at not less than *sixty*, and in some cases *seventy-two* feet, per annum.

Sometimes assuming the shape of conical mounds, and sometimes appearing in the form of flat heaps or masses, these shifting sands have also done much harm at different periods on the British coasts. In Suffolk, in the year 1688, part of Downham (a name ominously indicative of the character of the district) was overwhelmed by sands which had begun to move, about one hundred years before, from a point about five

miles to the south-west. The drifting mass travelled over the intervening distance in the course of the century, and covered more than a thousand acres of land. On the north coast of Cornwall, a considerable extent of country has been inundated by sands, constituting hills several hundred feet in height. So completely have these vast mounds shifted their whole bulk from spot to spot, that the ruins of ancient buildings, originally overwhelmed by them, have again been laid bare in the rear of their line of progress. A pot of old coins was found in the same situation in one instance, by which a guess could be made at the period of entombment. The changes had certainly occupied many centuries.

Sand-hills or dunes appear to be composed in many instances of comminuted shells, mingled with the river-borne matter, and with the particles derived from the attrition of sea-shore shingles. On the western coast of the Hebrides, which feel the whole force of the Atlantic waves, there are, as might be expected, large masses of sand thrown ashore, forming in some places patches of several miles in length, and at other points constituting hillocks from twenty to sixty feet high. "This sand (says Mr Macgillivray) is constantly drifting; and in some places islands have been formed by the removal of isthmus. The sand consists almost entirely of comminuted shells." The same writer gives a curious proof of the ease with which sand of this description is transported from spot to spot by the winds. Though this shell-sand is usually rather coarse in the grain, yet, during high and dry winds, "by the rubbing of its particles on each other, a sort of dust is formed, which at a distance resembles smoke, and which, in the island of Berneray, I have seen driven into the sea to the distance of upwards of two miles, appearing like a thin white fog." Doubtless the admixture of this shell-sand, from its brittleness and lightness, increases greatly the ease, in many cases, with which dunes are moved by the breeze. The coast of the Netherlands, as has already been mentioned in the present work, is lined with sand-hills formed by the action of the wind on the shore, and these hills now constitute the best protection to the low countries against the encroaching tendencies of the sea.

Many other examples of these sand-hill phenomena might be selected; but enough has been said regarding sea-borne sands. There are drifting sands of a different character, which have effected far greater changes on the face of the earth, and have far more deeply influenced the comforts and affected the lives of its inhabitants. What were the original limits of the desert-sands, and what the former condition of many regions now covered by them, it is scarcely possible to determine; but certain it is, that they have shifted to an immense extent within the knowledge of man, and have produced deplorable consequences. By the action, seemingly, of the west winds, the sands of the African interior have been gradually forced in more and more upon the banks of the Nile, until they have engulfed many cities, and the ruins of cities, and have covered a great portion of the tillage lands of Egypt. The number of cities, towns, and villages, thus effaced from the earth, is too large to be calculated. The French traveller, Denon, tells us that their summits still appear externally in many instances, and feelingly observes, that "nothing can be more melancholy than to walk over villages swallowed up by the desert-sands, to trample under foot their roofs, to strike against the peaks of their temples, and to reflect that here were cultivated fields, that here grew lofty trees, and that here were even the homes and habitations of men—and that all have vanished!" These remarks will bring to the mind of many readers the buried condition in which the majority of the recovered sculptures and monuments of Egypt were found, and particularly the great Sphinx, the base of which extraordinary piece of sculpture was sunk thirty or forty feet in the sands, having little more than its massive head above ground, to point out where it stood. Although the desert-sands, however, have wrought such vast apparent ruin, by swallowing up the glorious monuments of past ages, there is a degree of consolation to be derived from this very fact—this very engulfment. The sands are in one sense conservators of the things they entomb. By no other mode of interment or keeping, could the fine sculptures, stuccoes, and paintings, discovered by Burchhardt, Beechey, and Belzoni, have been handed down to us in so perfect a state. Mr Lyall, who makes this remark, points it out, also, as not improbable, that the sands which have shifted may shift again, and in such a manner that "many a town and temple of higher antiquity than Thebes or Memphis may one day re-appear in their original integrity, and a part of the gloom which overhangs the history of earlier nations be dispelled."

But, alas! the numberless human lives which the desert-sands have destroyed, can never thus be restored to the light of day. Whole caravans, numbering individually hundreds of followers, have been overwhelmed in this way, in various lines of travel, as well in Asia as in Africa. In Arabia, as we are informed by Burchhardt, the bones of dead men and camels are the principal guides of the pilgrim. The sands which cause the greater part of these deaths come usually in the form of a wind, bearing fine particles on its wings, which blind and suffocate the unfortunates who chance to be in their path. Bruce had an opportunity of closely observing these sand-winds or simooms, so closely, in truth, as to make his own position extremely

dangerous. They move along in columns of great height, in a whirlwind fashion, and well defined in their outline and extent. In the same countries, sands also move slowly along the earth, as the dunes of Europe move; but the chief source of fear and destruction to travellers is the whirling sand-wind. Captain Lyon's experience of central Africa corresponds with the observations of Denham and Burchhardt. When near the Soudah mountains, "we did not see (he says) the least appearance of vegetation, but observed many skeletons of animals, which had died of fatigue on the desert, and occasionally the grave of some human being. The sand-winds never cause the carcasses left on the ground to change places, for in a short time a mound is formed round them, and they become stationary."

In commencing this paper, it was merely our purpose to notice the immediate effects of shifting sands, whether in the shape of dunes, downs, or simooms, upon the face of the earth, as well as upon the condition of those who move thereon. Their ultimate and more comprehensive consequences, in a geographical as well as a geological point of view, it was not our purpose to inquire into. But it may be observed that these effects are great and important. In many places, where the shifting sands, originally of a moving character, have finally become stationary, and have remained so for a considerable period, their masses have assumed the shape of sandstone, or of firm and fixed rock. In Cornwall, where the moving period can almost be determined, some portions of the dunes are now so indurated as to be used for building purposes. Such is the case, also, in many other places. These mobile sands, therefore, must be viewed as powerful agents in changing, renewing, and re-arranging the solid crust of the globe. In other respects, their influence is equally powerful, for there cannot be a doubt that they have altered, and are still altering, to a great extent, the appearance and productive capabilities of large regions to the east, north, and north-east of the central African deserts whence they came. To them many geographers attribute the changes which seem to have taken place in Arabia, Arabia Petrea, and Palestine. A great part of these countries was once fertile to a wonderful degree, and extremely populous, as we learn from the most authentic records, corroborated by existing and visible ruins. The same regions are now, to a great extent, but a barren, sandy, rocky desert, and it has been feared that the sands will, in time, overrun all Lesser Asia, if not other countries still farther away. There is this hope and solacement, however, attending the worst view of the subject, that their agency must be paralysed, in a great measure, as they approach temperate or cold latitudes. The tendency to induration will always increase with the diminution of temperature. We have sea-dunes, it is true, in Europe, but these are endurable evils compared with the shifting sands and simooms of the desert; and these, it is to be trusted, Europe can never see, as long as the present order of things exists.

ADVENTURE OF A CANADIAN TRADER.

In the month of November 1771, David Ramsay, a merchant who had emigrated from Scotland to the Canadas, and had devoted himself to the employment of trading with the Indians, set out on one of his customary expeditions, for the prosecution of this profitable but precarious traffic. Accompanied only by a younger brother newly come from the mother country, a lad of about sixteen years old, Ramsay launched his small boat, laden with a variety of Indian goods, upon Lake Erie, along which he coasted until he reached the mouth of a river which falls into it, at a distance of 150 miles from Fort Erie. He ascended this stream a considerable way, before fixing on a spot to winter in, according to his usual custom on such occasions. The place he ultimately selected was in the bounds of a well-frequented hunting-ground, where he thought he would be in the way to make exchanges with the Indians for their furs and skins. Near to this spot was the residence of a single Pawnee family, consisting of one man, with his two squaws and two children. From these people Ramsay met with an amicable reception, and immediately began to build a log-house for the shelter of himself and his brother, with their goods. With great labour he succeeded in constructing a strong hut of piled logs, the interior of which he divided into two rooms, the innermost intended for holding the goods, and for sleeping in. A strong partition, with a low door in it, separated the two apartments, and gave a promise of security to the persons and property of the inmates.

It was late in December ere Ramsay completed his task, and the river on whose banks he had fixed his location was firmly frozen up for the season. Just at this time, three Indians of the Chippewaw nation came to the place, and built a hut near to that of the trader, as a residence for themselves during the winter hunt. Ramsay soon saw reason to fear both these men and his Pawnee neighbours. They were not at the pains, indeed, to conceal their mischievous feelings towards him; and as it was impossible for him to alter his position till the spring again opened up the navigation, he found it necessary to adopt a conciliatory, or rather submissive, system with them, as he was but

too much at their mercy. He was obliged to give them rum when they demanded it, and to credit them with whatever goods they chose to ask. All this did not satisfy them, and they gave him open hints of their inclination to treat him as the Saint Dusky Indians had recently treated another Englishman, who had "made private property of his goods," and had been put to death in consequence.

Ramsay became convinced that he and his poor brother must fall a sacrifice to these savages, and a circumstance occurred in January which only strengthened this conviction. Two Indian youths arrived at the hut of the Pawnee, on their way from Detroit to Niagara, and about the neck of one of them hung a broad belt of wampum, eight or nine inches long, which the trader knew to be the emblem—the fiery cross—of Indian war. The Indians noticed his attention to the belt, and laughingly told him that it was the belt of peace; a remark which confirmed him in his suspicion that a general war with the whites was in agitation, on the plea of which the savages were sure to fall on him at once. He accordingly became still more on his guard, kept his muskets always loaded, and fixed a sharp strong iron spear to a pole, by way of a defensive weapon. The return of the Pawnee from escorting the two youths on a part of their way to Niagara, brought on the crisis which the trader had apprehended. The three Chippewaws and the Pawnee approached his hut with all the formalities of Indian warfare, and commanded him to deliver up to them blankets, ammunition, and rum. Ramsay, a man of intrepid heart and powerful frame, answered them from his little castle with a direct and firm refusal, adding, that they had already got from him much more than they would ever pay, or ever intended to pay. "War will come with the leaves of spring," cried one of the savages scornfully, "and then will you be sufficiently paid." However, the resistance of Ramsay seemed to be unexpected by them. Uttering conjointly one of their frightful yells, they retired to some distance to consult together. They did not venture on further measures, either then or afterwards, but advanced day after day in the same manner, pouring forth the most violent threats, and using every means to intimidate Ramsay into submission. The dauntless trader gave them ever the same firm reply.

Some time in February, one of the Chippewaws to whom Ramsay had done some favour formerly, came privately to him, and said that the Chippewaws were going away, and that he could not leave the place without informing the trader that the Pawnee and his squaws were resolved to take his life and goods. Ramsay at first thought there was some finesse here; but the three Chippewaws did go away, and came back no more. After this time, the Pawnee squaws approached almost daily to his hut, with cords round their waists, and tomahawks stuck in them, as if to take a prisoner. These seem to have been merely menaces. About the middle of March, when the moon was nearly full, one of the squaws came to Ramsay, and begged for a cup of rum, declaring that two of the family were ill. He gave her a small cupful. On the same night, about twelve o'clock, one of the children came to the hut, and by the like entreaties moved the trader to give away a similar quantity a second time. Expecting to be troubled no more, Ramsay composed himself to rest, but was again aroused by the voices of the two Pawnee children, beseeching for admittance. One of these children was a girl nearly twelve years old, and the other a boy of lesser age. On asking the girl why she made the request, she said that the Pawnee was "threatening to kill and eat her brother, and he never broke his word." Ramsay knew not what to think of this; but he considered internally that the children could scarcely do him any harm, and permitted them to come into the inner room, where they lay down on the floor to sleep.

Even under these precarious circumstances the trader fell asleep. He was awakened, about two in the morning, by repeated strokes on the partition-door, and springing up, saw through the chinks of the logs that a blazing fire had been kindled in the outer apartment, beside which stood the two squaws, while the Pawnee was planted before the partition-door, striking at it with an axe, with all his might. Ramsay called to him to desist instantly, otherwise he would fire upon him. The savage paid no attention, but, with a powerful blow, split open the greater part of the door. Seizing the spear-headed pole, Ramsay made a thrust at the other's breast through the aperture. The lunge had not force enough to hurt the Pawnee, who, with another heavy blow, broke open the door altogether. The trader saw that the next fall of the axe would be upon his own head, and there being now nothing between them, he drove the spear into the breast of the Indian with such force, that the effort brought him down upon the floor of the outer apartment, above the body of his mortally wounded foe. Before he could recover his feet, he received a violent stroke from one of the squaws with a heavy stick or bar of wood. Had it alighted on his head, it would have stunned him fatally, but it struck his shoulder; and ere the blow could be repeated, he had regained his weapon, and dealt his assailant a thrust which brought her to the ground. Turning round, he had just time to avoid by a spring the long glittering knife which the other squaw had raised to plunge into his unprotected back. A third time he made a lunge with the deadly spear, and his third assailant

fell on the floor beside the others. The almost entire nakedness of their bodies, and the thick coarse nature of the weapon, rendered the strokes, which were in the chest, most fatal. They all died within a short time after the infliction of their wounds, which had itself been the work of a few seconds.

The bright moonlight looked in on a bloody scene that night in the little hut of the wilds. Ramsay, who had acted under the momentary and pressing impulse of self-defence in every successive stroke he gave, looked on the three bleeding bodies for a time in a sort of stupor. When the groans of the dying ceased, the only sounds that broke on the stillness of the scene were the weeping voices of the Indian children. A remembrance of the necessity for removing all evidences of the catastrophe before any other Indians could possibly come to the spot, aroused the trader from his trance. Before daylight, he had dug a pit, and interred the three bodies. A heavy snow, then falling, hid all marks of blood and other traces out of doors, while those inside the hut were removed by other means. In the course of the succeeding day, Ramsay dismantled the Pawnee hut, and conveyed its mats, &c., across the ice to a retired valley, where he set to work and raised a new hut of small size, for the reception of his brother and the Indian children. His chief motive for this was to ensure his brother's safety, and we may also suppose that he was unwilling to give any Indian visitors an opportunity of examining the children. When he left the new hut, he charged his brother, if he heard the report of firearms from the other log-house, to quit the place, and make the best of his way to the white settlements.

No human being, however, came near Ramsay, and on the 4th of April the ice began to break up. With all possible speed, the trader hauled his boat to the river, and having embarked his goods, began to descend towards Lake Erie, with his brother and the young Indians. The latter he could not think of deserting, and he reflected, moreover, that they might be useful as witnesses in justifying him before the colonial tribunals. Lake Erie was full of ice, and the course of the little party, after their entrance on it, was perilous and painful. On the 17th of April, Ramsay saw a canoe with two Indians. Believing war to have begun between the whites and red men, he prepared for an attack, but on their approach he recognised one of the men to be a Chippewaw with whom he had passed a winter formerly. On being spoken to, this Indian said that he was hunting along the shore with his companion, and that no others were with them. They said that "they would visit him when he got ashore." After parting with them, the trader spoke to the girl. "Do you wish to see the ground red again?" said he. "I have seen enough of blood," replied the young Indian. Encouraged by her answer, Ramsay requested her to say nothing of the past catastrophe, and she promised to do so. Next day the trader effected a landing, and constructed a rude temporary hut or tent, as the ice was too heavy on the lake to permit him yet to proceed with prudence towards Fort Erie. His brother and the two children were out collecting wood for fuel, when four Chippewaw men, with two squaws and several young children, landed from two canoes, and made for the hut. The appearance of two additional men, contrary to what those in the boat had told him, confirmed Ramsay in the belief that war had been begun. He concealed a knife in his belt as they approached, and threw on his blanket-coat to hide it. When the party came up, they unceremoniously helped themselves to the contents of a pot which was on the fire, and asked for rum. Ramsay said he never drew rum himself, but when his companion came with the children from the woods, he would give them some. When his brother did come with the children, he could not avoid giving them the rum. The Indians asked to whom the two children belonged. The bold trader's heart beat thick at the question. He answered, that they were the children of a white man and an Indian mother. "Girl," said one of the men, "are you the child of a white man?" The girl, whether from revengeful feelings, or from mere want of guile, at once replied, "No!"

Ramsay heard in this word the knell of fate to himself and his brother. Resolving instantaneously to make an appeal to the justice of the Indians, he sprang to his feet, drew his knife, and struck a tree by his side with it, uttering at the same time one of those prefatory cries or yells by which the red orators invoke attention to their harangues. "You know me," he began, addressing one of the Chippewaws, and using the Indian style of discourse, as well as their language; "I have lived with you. I have been by your side in the hunt, and have slept with you by the hearth. Did I ever harm you, or any of the red sons of my Great Father?" The Chippewaw filled up the pause with a "No." "I came peacefully and confidently among the Indians to buy from them their furs, and to give them blankets in exchange, that the snows might not chill them and their squaws. I came to give them powder, that they might have plenty of venison in their lodges. I came to give them every thing that could render their lives comfortable. Do I speak a lie?" In the same manner as formerly, the Chippewaws replied in the negative, and Ramsay went on to disclose the whole truth respecting the death of the Pawnees, describing the gifts he had made them, their ingratitude, and the assault he had finally perpetrated by night, with all its consequences. At inter-

vals in his speech, the trader appealed in their own fashion to his hearers, saying, "Are you angry?" The Chippewaws uniformly responded "No;" and when the story was told, they applauded Ramsay's conduct. "You are brave," said they; "you have done right. The Pawnees are wicked men—they are dogs!"

Notwithstanding these expressions, Ramsay, being persuaded that war had been declared, still thought that the Chippewaws could not be friendly to him, whatever they might think of his behaviour to the Pawnees. He therefore resolved to embark immediately on the lake, preferring that course, although the sun had now nearly set, to the risk of passing a night with the Chippewaws. As he was preparing to enter the boat, he missed the two children, and asked the squaws where they were. "They are gone to the woods," was the answer. The trader sent his brother to look for them, and in the mean time he himself stood leaning on his fusée, keeping a careful look about him. The four Chippewaws came up to him at this moment, and entered into familiar conversation with him; but when he turned his eye for one instant in the direction where he looked for his brother, the Indians rushed upon him simultaneously, disarmed him, and pinioned his arms above the elbow. They then led him back to the fire, and one of them struck him a violent blow in the face, which caused a severe bleeding from the nose and mouth, and made him indeed believe his jaw to be broken. He spoke not a word, but sat with downcast eyes till he heard the moanings of his brother, who on his return had also been seized and bound. The love of an elder brother for a younger one is a pure and beautiful feeling. The boy was to Ramsay a memorial of home, a sacred deposit committed to his charge by a tender mother. He exclaimed, "You are men! do not hurt a harmless boy. I am your captive. Dispose of me as you will, but do not injure the boy." The Indians made no reply, but placed the lad on the opposite side of the fire from his brother, and across its flickering light the two looked their last farewells, as they then thought, to each other.

The sun had by this time set. The Indians demanded rum from Ramsay, and the boy was temporarily unbound in order to get it from the boat. Two of the savages went with him and brought back a small kettleful, which they began to drink immediately. The other two Indians, however, would not taste it, but compelled Ramsay, on pain of instant death, to drink as much as the others. Meanwhile, one of the squaws patrolled round the party with a watchful eye, while the other woman frequently told the trader to "pray, for his hours were few." The men, too, entertained him with the repeated announcement that he would be burned to-morrow on the fire before him. In this manner passed the time, till the kettle, which held little less than half a gallon, was emptied by the two Indians and Ramsay. The savages again requested to have it filled, and the boy went a second time to the boat. He did not bring it quite full, and when the angry Indians demanded the cause, the trader said the boy did not understand the Indian tongue well, but if they would let him give the lad directions in his native speech, he would fill it up. The Indians assented, and Ramsay, aware that they knew some English, cried to his brother, "Fill it full, and slip a gully into ilka ane o' your hose when ye're there." The boy understood well; but while he was looking for the knives, the patrolling squaw, who had followed and watched him, exclaimed, in screaming tones, "Kill your prisoner! The boy is searching for weapons!" Two knives were instantly raised for execution, when Ramsay cried, "The squaw is mistaken. Let me call the boy, and you may search him." He then loudly called to his brother, telling him again in Scotch to leave the knives, or "gullies." Happily, the boy could not find them, and this danger passed by. The same two Indians began to the second kettle, and became deeply intoxicated. With brandished knives, they compelled Ramsay to take cup for cup with them. In spite of the danger of his situation, the liquor took its effect upon him, and about twelve o'clock, as he thought, he fell asleep.

In after life he had never any recollection of the dreadful scene that attended his awakening. The younger Ramsay, who could not sleep, related that the two sober Indians sat apart in consultation, for some time after David seemed to fall into a slumber. At length, one of them moved stealthily across to Ramsay, and the boy saw the knife raised, ready for the stab, in the Indian's hand. But the assassin seemed to have stumbled on the foot of Ramsay, or otherwise disturbed him, for the boy saw his brother make a rapid clutch with his hand, and seize the arm or hand of the Indian in which the knife was. The struggle between them had not lasted a moment, when the boy, by one powerful effort, slipped his arms from the cords with which the drunken men had bound them, and darting to the side of the other sober Indian, who was intent only on watching for Ramsay's death groan, snatched the knife from his hand. The boy was in another instant at the side of his brother, and had divided his bonds. Ramsay, as we have said, was a powerful man. He had now the additional strength of madness; for desperation, the sudden awakening, and the wild draughts of liquor he had taken, made him little else than a maniac. He wrested the knife from the Indian the instant his arms were free, wounded him, and would have killed him on the spot had not the man fled. Ramsay, without the delay of

a second, flew upon the other sober Indian ere he could get a new weapon, and passed the knife into his heart. The noise by this time had awakened the intoxicated men. Ramsay bounded upon them like a wild beast, and struck them down one after another, ere they could gather their faculties or think of resistance. The awful state of excitement in which the trader's mind was, may be guessed from the fact, that he killed one of the children also. The squaws fled from the spot with the others. Incapable of thought himself, Ramsay was led hurriedly to the boat by his brother. But the tale of blood was not yet complete. The first Indian, having returned and possessed himself of a knife, followed the trader to the boat. A struggle took place on the edge of the water, which was there knee deep. Both men fell into it, and from that grapple the Indian never rose. His blood dyed the waters of his native Erie.

The brothers reached Fort Erie on the 4th of May, after a most painful passage; for they never again approached the shore. Ramsay immediately told his story to the officers of the Fort, and delivered himself up into their hands. He was soon after sent with his brother to Niagara, to be examined in presence of a Chippewaw chief and several principal warriors of the nation. The "patrolling" squaw and the Pawnee girl were present. The result was an acquittal by the Chippewaw warriors. But, as colonial justice demanded a more regular trial, Ramsay was sent to Montreal, where he suffered an imprisonment of several months. He was finally liberated and absolved, no accuser appearing against him.

The scene of these bloody incidents is no longer the habitation of red men. Chippewaw and Pawnee hunt the moose no more on the shores of Lake Erie.

[We derive the foregoing from a manuscript volume, written by a gentleman who was engaged in the American war.]

MISS ROBERTS'S EAST INDIA VOYAGER.

In this recently published volume,* all persons bound for India, and to be employed either in the civil or military service, will find, as far as we can judge, much useful advice respecting matters requiring their attention, particularly as to choice of a vessel and cabin, and the necessary outfit of clothes and other articles. So much advice of one kind and another is indeed given by the authoress, who has been in India, and can speak of many things from personal experience, that we should imagine the perusal of the book must be indispensable to the "outward bound." For those also who wish to proceed, as it were, post haste by Alexandria and the Red Sea, there are some valuable hints. We perceive from this part of the volume that the journey by the Alexandrian route is performed as follows:—London to Paris; Paris to Lyons and Marseilles; thence by steam-boat, touching at Leghorn and Naples, to Malta; and by another steamer from Malta to Alexandria; from Alexandria by canal to the Nile, and onwards by boat to Cairo; thence by a land journey on donkeys to Suez; down the Red Sea from Suez to Bombay, touching at Mocha—total length of time from London to Bombay, sixty-one days, and expense, L.153, 19s. 9d. It may be added, that in certain seasons the navigation of the Red Sea is unsafe, or at least troublesome, on account of its exposure to sudden and heavy squalls; and this, we are afraid, will ever prevent it from becoming a line of route to India for regular traffic.

By way of presenting a specimen of Miss Roberts's observations and advices, we select the following passages, addressed to cadets:—"There are numerous persons who, if living in any part of Europe, would manage to find occupation for their time, who are in India utterly unable to discover a method of employing many hours of leisure, and therefore become a prey to ennui: military men have frequently a considerable quantity of spare time upon their hands; and should they accustom themselves to bestow it wholly upon the billiard room, they will suffer proportionately when that resource fails them, as it often must, since there are numerous stations in the country unprovided with such a refuge for the destitute. It is therefore of infinite importance to the youth who has obtained a cadetship, that he should cultivate and encourage some useful pursuit; and so great now is the spread of intelligence, and the facilities of acquiring knowledge are so many, that few need go out to India wholly dependent upon society for the means of beguiling time. Those who have a taste for drawing will find in it an inexhaustible source of amusement, and should lose no opportunity whatever in obtaining proficiency in sketching from nature. The study of architecture will likewise be found exceedingly useful, buildings being continually required in India; officers, in many places, having to construct their own bungalows, stables, or outhouses of various kinds. A competent knowledge of the art of surveying and making maps will frequently advance a young officer, who can make himself useful to government when taking possession of new territory, and civil as well as military engineering may be studied with great advantage by officers not belonging to that particular branch of the service. Instances frequently occur when it is of consequence that some person should be found upon the spot adequate to the undertaking of works of importance,

* London, Madden and Company, Leadenhall Street.

which otherwise must be postponed until the arrival of an officer of engineers. The principles of road making should always be understood, together with the construction of temporary bridges, rafts; and, in fact, an acquaintance with mechanics of every kind may be turned to good account in India, where Europeans are continually thrown amongst expert workmen, who are perfectly ignorant of science, and who, though following with great precision the instructions which they receive, can originate nothing. Many officers in India superintend the building of their own carriages, turning out very handsome equipages in remote stations where a vehicle of the kind had never been seen before; others make up articles of furniture in the same way in their own houses, for labour being cheap, and the greater part of the materials required at hand, there is no difficulty whatsoever in procuring any thing after a given pattern. The armourer of a native regiment made some excellent Italian irons from a model cut in paper, while a common carpenter constructed very beautiful bird cages, though he had never seen any thing of the kind before, from a pattern cut in pasteboard, and strung with cotton threads.

A piece of garden ground is usually attached to every European residence in India, and excepting in large stations, where experienced gardeners are attainable, its productiveness, particularly with respect to European vegetables, must in a very great measure depend upon the owner of the mansion. The Mallees, or gardeners, are in India generally stationary, an appendage to the garden, and coming into the service of the new tenant, instead of following the fortunes of the late resident. These men, if left to themselves, will fill the ground with tobacco plants, and other things convertible to their own use, either for family consumption or for sale. It will be necessary to supply them with the seeds for exotics of every kind, and slips of pot herbs, which may easily be conveyed from station to station in mould. To an early riser the care and culture of a garden affords delightful occupation; it will also give employment to the hour which marks the sun's decline, and, likewise, during many days in the rainy season, as well as the cold weather, the period in which it is most interesting, European vegetables being planted immediately after the rains have ceased.

A love of natural history opens endless fields of pleasurable research to those who have encouraged a taste for it; but at the same time, it must be said that the enthusiastic pursuit of any one of its branches may prove fatal to the party thus ardently engaged in it. India, unfortunately, can show a list of victims who have lost their lives from exposure to the climate, in their unwearied desire to extend their acquaintance with the wild tribes of the jungle, and to enrich their collections of specimens. Geology cannot always be followed up without peril, since it too often leads men who are devoted to this interesting branch of science, to remain out under a burning sun much longer than is consistent with safety; pursued with moderation, and a due regard to health, however, it forms a delightful resource, every day revealing new and valuable products in a country, of which, hitherto, comparatively speaking, little or nothing has been known.

Beautiful and interesting collections of birds may be made in India at a small cost of trouble or expense; their skins, as well as those of other animals, may be kept unstuffed till after their arrival in England, with very little disadvantage to their capability of being set up in all their pristine beauty. It is advisable not to remove the skull bone, as that materially assists in preserving the shape of the head. The following receipt for a solution which has been found very effectual, is given for the purpose of enabling the traveller, either at sea or on shore, to enrich his collection with whatever interesting animal may fall in his way. Take of common soap, or shavings, four drachms; gum-arabic in powder, two ditto; white oxide of arsenic in powder, six grains; boil these ingredients in four ounces of water, for about twenty minutes, taking care to stir it well during the time, and label the bottle which contains it with the word 'poison.' This solution is to be laid on sparingly on the inside of the skin with a brush or feather: two or three applications will in general suffice for the purpose. A deal box lined with lead foil, similar to that which guards the interior of a tea-chest, is recommended as the best depository for a traveller's museum; and when the skins are perfectly dried, they may be placed between layers of cotton, well peppered, or impregnated with camphor. In all the bazaars of India, a seed is sold which is very effectual in keeping off the attacks of insects, and will always be supplied by native servants for the purpose. The presence of a naturalist as a passenger on board ship is exceedingly desirable, since nothing can contribute more agreeably to the amusements and the employments of a voyage, than scientific researches directed towards objects of general interest. A taste is hereby diffused among persons who never troubled themselves before about natural philosophy; and those who may have found the study to be dry and unproductive, perceive its great utility, and find their enjoyments materially increased in looking at common objects with a view to ascertain their peculiar properties, the manner of their formation, and the uses to which they may be applied. Although it may be desirable to attain the very highest degree of science in every department undertaken by the student, slight observations upon any thing new or striking which

meets the eye of a traveller, are of importance in directing the attention of more experienced persons to the subject. The periodicals of India afford great facilities to those who desire to make the fruits of their researches known. Vast quantities of the most useful information are to be found in these valuable productions, as yet almost wholly supported by amateur contributors, who, neither writing for money, nor ambitious of shining by their style, communicate the results of their experience in an easy, unaffected manner, very much to the purpose."

THE SCOTT-BALLANTYNE CONTROVERSY.

THIS is a painful subject; but, having touched upon it a twelvemonth ago, a regard for impartiality makes it necessary that we should bring it down to the present date, when, we would hope, it has been laid at rest for ever. In the interval, Mr Lockhart has replied to the first pamphlet of the Ballantynes, using a title for his publication which we would rather avoid transferring to these pages; and the Trustees of Mr James Ballantyne have in turn replied to this. The result of the whole we shall now endeavour to present in an intelligible though necessarily compressed form to our readers.

We must first remind them that the controversy took its rise in the view which Mr Lockhart originally chose to take of the nature and consequences of Scott's connection with the two Ballantynes. The brothers, conjunctly and severally, were represented in his *Life of Scott*, as needy adventurers, who contrived to entangle Sir Walter, in an hour the blackest in his calendar, in business connections with them; who hung upon him like dead-weights, and dissipated his funds at all hands during a long succession of years; and who ultimately brought him to bankruptcy and ruin. Sir Walter Scott, on the other hand, was studiously put forward in the light of a gentleman of birth and fortune, who, without having any personal taste or turn for business, allowed himself, out of a weak and incomprehensible liking for the individuals alluded to, to become commercially implicated with them; and who, producing by the exercise of his great talents vast annual sums, in addition to his handsome income from other sources, permitted his reckless and unworthy associates, year after year, to apply to their own ends, and squander at pleasure, the whole or the main part of his unparalleled earnings, without ever once troubling himself about the manner in which the fruits of his toil were disposed of, or reflecting what involvements, over and above all, these unscrupulous partners, having his name and credit at command, might be hourly amassing, to fall all one day upon his own heedless and unaided shoulders.

The first pamphlet of the Trustees put, as we thought, a considerably different face upon the matter; and such was the general impression on the public mind, if we are to judge from the remarks of the newspaper press. Next, however, came Mr Lockhart's pamphlet, renewing all the former charges in an aggravated form, and producing documents and calculations to substantiate them. He asserts, at the very outset, that when the copartnership between Scott and Ballantyne was formed in 1805, the latter, though his stock appeared equal, was largely in debt; but as he advances no evidence to prove this, with the exception of one obviously perverted remark of the Trustees, the assertion need not detain us. The following, however, is a charge of a tangible kind. Alluding to the accounts of the copartnership for the first half year, Mr Lockhart sarcastically observes, "It must be allowed James starts well. During the first six months of the concern, his profits, according to his own accounts, were £366, 14s. 11d.: his monied drafts were, according to the same documents, for the same period, £1193, 0s. 6d." He contrives to make this charge appear in a very strong light; but the Trustees, in their second publication, overturn it by a simple statement. The greater part of the £1193 was made up of sums, for outstanding debts due to himself, which he received as alone entitled to them, though he at the same time transferred them into the company's hands, and entered them accordingly in the books. The Trustees complain, with much appearance of justice, of Mr Lockhart's having overlooked the opposite side of the account, which would have explained this matter. But his error does not stop with the first half year. Continuing his examination step by step, he arrives at the following conclusions:—James Ballantyne's profits from 1805 to 1809, were, in all, £3936, 9s. 10d., and his personal drafts £5963, 12s. 3d.; while Scott's profits were £1968, 4s. 11d., and his drafts £1391, 2s. 3d. "Thus," he continues, "while Scott left undrawn of his share of the profits the sum of £577, 2s. 8d., the careful and prudent tradesman, James, had overdrawn his share by no less than £2027, 2s. 5d." It is difficult to say by what terms such assertions as these should be characterised, when it appears from an accurate examination of the *very accounts* on which they are ostensibly based, and of which the Trustees have printed an abstract in their Reply, that James

Ballantyne's drafts exceeded his just and unquestionable dues by no more than by £148, instead of £2027; and that Scott, in place of leaving £557 undrawn, left but £286 (fractionals omitted). It was from the proceeds of old accounts, as has been said, not company funds, that Ballantyne's excess of drafts was made; and to understand the cause of his drawing such large sums of money in the years mentioned, it must be remembered that he was solely liable for all *outstanding engagements* previous to 1805. These he had to settle; and hence, those very drafts upon which the accusation against him is founded, might really have been made at the call and instigation of the other partner, who could not but be anxious to see the concern freed from all its previous obligations. But, however the money was applied, it is clear enough that Mr Ballantyne was not guilty of the plundering over-drafts upon the common funds of the company, with which Mr Lockhart directly charges him. What he took was his own; for an excess at any particular term of £148 is not worthy of notice in so large a concern. At an immediately preceding term we find a surplus of £343 in his favour, and so on. Besides, the fact that Scott only drew £100 from the business during the first year, is carefully paraded by Mr Lockhart, while the drafts of the succeeding years are as carefully kept in the background. Sir Walter's demands progressively increased, and in 1809 he drew £724, being nearly (not, as the Trustees incorrectly say, upwards of) £200 more than his year's profits, which amounted to £550.

In 1809, the copartnership was placed on a new footing, but the partners were left by it in the same relative position. After this arrangement was entered into, a new and most remarkable transaction characterised the history of the concern. To pay floating debts, and give the house the advantage of ready capital, apparently, Scott gave a loan to the company of £3000, or rather increased some small previous loans to that amount. At this period money could be got from the banks at six, or at most at seven per cent.; yet, upon the avowed plea that "the state of his family required that he should make the most" of his money, he charged "the company with interest at the rate of fifteen per cent." When we remember that Ballantyne was the two-thirds partner, and that, consequently, two-thirds of this usurious burden fell upon him, the transaction assumes an aspect widely at variance, to say the least of it, with Mr Lockhart's representations of the unselfish thoughtlessness of Scott in his pecuniary dealings with the company. Lockhart, following Scott, speaks of this fifteen per cent. as "trade interest," thereby implying that it was a common thing for a partner lending money to a company to receive such interest. But it appears that such a term is as great a novelty in commercial language, as the transaction or rather exaction itself is in commercial dealings. However, supposing that a lending partner had some claim to such a "trade interest," certainly Major Scott, who lent £1200 of this money, and who actually got a security for the sum on the company's premises, had no right to "trade interest." Yet for his money he received 15 per cent. Mr Lockhart, indeed, says that "Scott never received interest upon any of his advances [any part of this £3000, which was advanced in separate sums] except once or twice." Replying in their usual way, the very best possible, the Trustees present a portion of the company's accounts, showing that "from Whitsunday 1808 to Martinmas 1811, Scott received £1446 as interest on his advances." Tolerable interest, indeed, in three and a half years, for less than £3000! This whole affair is a strange one, but the strangest part of it all is, that Scott, when new arrangements were entered into in 1816 and 1822, appears to have charged this whole £3000 as a debt due to him by James Ballantyne personally, although it was clearly a company debt, with a share of which Sir Walter, notwithstanding his being the lender, was unquestionably chargeable.

"While the printing establishment of James Ballantyne and Company was thus prosperous—while its celebrity was daily increasing, and its profits averaged above £2000 per annum—in an evil hour the book-selling and publishing house of John Ballantyne and Company was projected." No man who looks attentively at the account given of its commencement and history in the "Life" itself, can doubt for an instant that the planning, establishing, conducting, and ruining of this concern, were the work of Scott, and Scott alone. Every important work issued by the publishing house was suggested by Scott; and the grossly injudicious nature of almost every one of these speculations brought speedy ruin on the business. Of all the works thus produced, a work called "Lixall Poetry," and the "Edinburgh Annual Register," were perhaps the most ruinous. The first was got up at an expense of £2500, and scarcely a copy sold. The second caused, while it lasted, a dead loss of £1000 a-year. "Could a concern, so conducted, possibly prosper?" the Trustees well may ask. According to James Ballantyne's calculation, 15,000 pounds worth of unsaleable stock had been created by these adventures. Scott, by his own showing, put into the publishing affair only £1500. Can we wonder, then, that the concern came to be sustained solely and entirely upon accommodation paper? Besides, "the presses of the printing-office were kept constantly at work on the heavy jobs of the publishing concern: but it is easy to see that, when the publishers were labouring to meet their engagements to strangers,

those to their printers would be the last to be provided for." The debts to the printing-office remained unpaid, or, what is the same thing, were paid in bills which were never retired, and were left finally afloat on the sole responsibility of the printing company. Supposing this to be so, let the reader mark the consequence. James Ballantyne was a one-fourth sharer in the publishing house, and a two-thirds sharer in the printing concern. Sir Walter Scott was a one-half sharer in the former, and a one-third sharer in the latter. Had the publishing house paid its debt to the printing-office, James Ballantyne would have paid a fourth, and received two-thirds; Sir Walter would have paid one-half, and received one-third. Observe, therefore, that Ballantyne was in the situation of a large loser by the non-payment of the debt, but Scott in the position actually of a *gainer*! The injustice of this sort of transfer seems to have escaped the notice of the Trustees.

However, such looseness of dealing was now of little moment. The printing concern had become fairly involved in a multitude of obligations and responsibilities, almost entirely, it is shown by the Trustees, in consequence of its connection with the publishing house; and Scott, conscious, seemingly, that he was the cause of all this, took the whole affair upon his shoulders in 1816. James Ballantyne, having now taken upon himself new responsibilities of a domestic nature, seems to have been glad to escape into the situation of a salaried servant, giving up the whole stock and funds to Scott, on condition that the latter, while becoming proprietor of all, should become responsible for all. We find no account in any of the papers before us, of the amount of the liabilities of the company in 1816. In the year 1822, when Ballantyne again became a partner, the current bills for which the company was answerable had accumulated to L.36,000. Referring expressly to the intervening period, Lockhart says, "Scott, on his part, continued, as of old, too much occupied with his own romantic creations, to have much time for minute scrutiny of his commercial affairs." Besides many other documents of similar import, there are letters of the date under consideration from Scott to Ballantyne, which alone render this statement absolutely ludicrous, showing, as they do, that Sir Walter watched monthly, daily, hourly, over the concern, was cognisant of its most minute transactions, and alone planned all the necessary ways and means to carry it on. As to the cause of the progressive increase of the company's liabilities, when we remember that Scott, previous to 1821, had laid out L.29,083 in land alone; that this land subsequently cost large sums in draining, planting, and enclosing, and yielded for a long time not one penny in return; that he was spending vast sums on the building and furnishing of Abbotsford; that his outlay on objects of virtu was in itself very great; and, moreover, that he had indulged in a most lavish style of hospitality for some years previously—we shall then find a cause, and the *only* cause, adequate to the production of such an effect. And that this *was* the cause, is proved by numberless documents in the Reply of the Trustees.

James Ballantyne again became a partner in 1822, but the state of matters was in no way altered. Sir Walter continued, as between 1816 and 1822, to be the true manager of the company's pecuniary affairs, and the mass of floating bills went on increasing, through the operation of the same causes as formerly. There was this difference only, that, whereas Scott had drawn, between 1816 and 1822, the whole profits of the printing-office, the *proper* business of which still continued prosperous, James Ballantyne now got his share as partner, according to the new arrangement. Mr Lockhart states, that "from May 1822 to January 1826, James Ballantyne drew from the business the sum of L.9331, 15s. 6d." "He was bound by the company contract (of 1822) not to take more than L.500 a-year, or about L.1750; so that there is an overdraft on the part of Ballantyne, in direct violation of the contract, of no less than L.7581, 15s. 5d. If we compute interest on this insane expenditure, we shall bring it considerably above L.8000!" Mr Lockhart further says, that these "sums are taken from accounts in Ballantyne's own handwriting." This last assertion (say the Trustees) "is grossly untrue." They then show, from accounts in the printer's handwriting, that, deducting cash payments into the business, the cash drafts of Ballantyne amounted to L.5356, 3s. 3½d. during the period in question, and that his real share of profits, and of the proceeds of novels published, amounted to L.9100. Thus, so far from drawing beyond his *dues* at all events, he left in the business an undrawn surplus in his favour of L.3743, 16s. 8½d. "If he deviated (say the Trustees) from the arrangement that the partners were to limit their drafts to L.500 a-year, Scott did so to an enormously greater amount." In fact, the arrangement appears to have been tacitly set aside by both, almost as soon as made. This did not affect the issue, which was brought on in 1826 by the failure of Hurst and Company, and Constable and Company, with which latter firm Ballantyne and Company were deeply connected by a reciprocal system of bill acceptances. The single liabilities of Ballantyne and Company amounted to L.46,000, and by the failure of the two other companies mentioned, these were increased to L.88,000. This was the close of the affair.

A number of lesser circumstances adduced by Mr Lockhart against Mr James Ballantyne are satisfac-

torily explained in the second pamphlet of the Trustees. These chiefly refer to the personal habits of Mr Ballantyne, which Mr Lockhart would fain fix as not less extravagant than his mode of conducting his business was lax and negligent. The showings of the Trustees on the first point speak for themselves, and we would add that, from what we can recollect of the domestic habits of Mr Ballantyne, they did not appear by any means extraordinary for a man gaining between one and two thousand a-year by his business, while we can say with equal confidence, from what we have ascertained through our own experience and that of friends, that his printing-office was decidedly the most ably and carefully managed, for all ends with which its customers had to do, in Edinburgh. Upon the whole, we conceive the friends of this estimable person to have completely and triumphantly made out their case in his defence.

Such being our impression, we cannot but regret that Mr Lockhart should have deformed his otherwise most agreeable and valuable book by what must now appear as so injuriously misrepresenting an innocent man. And not only this, but, by giving way to the erroneous impressions which existed in his mind, he has caused the exposure of a series of details in Scott's life, which will for ever *vulgarise* his name to a certain extent, and may even be said—wanting the explanations which he alone could have given them—to do something worse than this. For our part, since these things want the explanations of the party, we pass them by as charges altogether. We know enough of great and good in Scott, to be assured that he could have explained them. But they will have a depreciatory effect with the many. To conclude, it is distressing for a friend of Scott, as we had the honour in some humble measure to be, to consider how exquisitely painful the whole affair would have been to himself. Through his whole life, he maintained an unsullied reputation, and shone above other men in nothing more than in his keeping himself free from all low personal squabbings. Thus to have so many of his most delicate personal and domestic affairs harrowed up and cangled over before the public, is almost enough to bring him back in indignant re-animation from the grave.

CURIOSITY-HUNTERS.

THE following sketch of a remarkable class of beings termed *Virtuosos*, or *Curiosity-hunters*, is from the "Pictures of the French, drawn by themselves,"* and is, in our apprehension, as graphic and piquante as that of the Horticulturist, which we lately quoted.

"Adjacent to the 'Bourse,' that splendid edifice, raised by the genius of modern architects, with the assistance of Greek patterns, and numerous masons and stone-cutters, stands a smaller building, which might be easily taken for a tenement of trivial importance, did not large placards inform you that it is the Auction Mart, frequented by the public brokers. In that place, sacred to the Company of Auctioneers, every thing is put up to be bid for, every thing is to be sold—from travelling-carriages down to the autograph letters of Ninon de l'Enclos. Morning and evening the Auction Mart is open to the public; every one may inspect the articles to be disposed of; all are at liberty to crowd round the desks of the brokers, and indulge themselves in the pleasure of augmenting, by a few francs or centimes only, the marketable value of the greatest as well as of the most insignificant reputation possessed by artists, statesmen, or simple mechanics.

It is in the Auction Mart that we meet with those isolated characters—those really remarkable individuals of the present age, who alone possess a certain originality peculiar to themselves, and who alone disdain to mix with the common herd, in order that they may seek those paths, the grass of which is untrodden by the feet of the multitude. These remarkable beings are the lovers of virtu—and by this phrase I mean to embrace all those whom a passion for antiquarian research, and a desire to obtain a collection or museum more or less considerable, of things fabricated by human industry, or formed by the supernal energies of the great Creator, have launched into an arena where the victims of a ruling predilection are in a constant state of agitation.

As it is necessary to proceed methodically in all things, I shall begin by stating that there are three kinds—three species of antiquaries.

The first is the *Virtuoso* whose appearance is wild and uncultured, dirty and ragged from head to foot, with black nails, unshaven beard, uncombed hair, battered hat, and capacious pockets always full. This is the true *Virtuoso*—the antiquary who collects for the sake of the collection.

The second class comprises those merchants who move in good society—those dealers in curiosities—those tradesmen whose servants wear laced liveries, and whose carriages are haply adorned with armorial bearings—whose manners, language, and habits, are those of the true *Virtuoso*, but who only disburse their money for the sake of large gains.

The third species is the fashionable *Virtuoso*—he who

constitutes himself a *Virtuoso*, in order to keep pace with the age, and possess, like his acquaintances, a drawing-room fitted up in the style of the times of Louis XV., a dressing-room in the fashion of the *Renaissance*, a dining-room of the fourteenth century, with some Toledo blades, a few shields, the morion of a Covenanter, a cup in which he drinks when with his friends, a few Flemish jugs in blue and grey earthenware, and three Gothic windows which intercept the rays of the sun, and only admit through the casement a yellow, red, or blue light, that confers upon his features the hue of a yellow fever, scarlatina, or cholera morbus, should he only place himself in the way of the sunbeam which falls, thus disguised, upon his arm-chair.

Every *Virtuoso* must necessarily belong to one of the three classes which I have just described: the *Eccentric Virtuoso*, the *Speculating Virtuoso*, and the *Fashionable Virtuoso*. Amongst the votaries of the first class—those true poets of their kind—the most celebrated is an old man, dry, wrinkled, shabby, slovenly dressed in a species of brownish greatcoat, with his head covered by a black silk skull-cap, above which bulges out an enormous hat, of dubious colour, greasy about the brim, greasy in the crown, greasy in the band, greasy inside, greasy all over. This hat for the last thirty years has regularly accompanied its master to all the auctions, and attends upon him, whatever be the state of the weather, in his walks on the quays, and to the houses of all the dealers in rubbish and curiosities. This hat and this man are known by the name of *De Menussard*. M. de Menussard possesses a most splendid collection of *Sèvres* porcelain, made of *soft clay*. At his house—in his cupboards, in his closets, in his boxes—are concealed, as it were in a tomb, whole sets, traysful, and vases of *Sèvres* porcelain, made of *soft clay*, with the ground or borders of deep blue, light blue, turquoise blue, emerald green, or pink. After two years of research, perseverance, and anxiety, he bade for an emerald-green dinner-service, which had belonged to the Prince de Rohan, and purchased it at the public auction rooms on the Place de la Bourse for 30,000 francs. A little tray of a dark blue colour, containing five cups and saucers, and bearing the initials and esotericisms of King Louis XV., did not cost him less than 12,000 francs. It is, however, necessary to observe, that each of the cups and saucers of that tray was ornamented with medallions, upon which were portraits of the principal court ladies of the French Sardanapalus.

M. de Menussard is rich, well educated, and well born; he lives alone, shut up with his china-ware. He has neither carriages nor livery servants: an old female acts as his housekeeper. His toilet, his food, and his lodging, cost him but little. He never goes to the theatre; he has no friend; and he has never travelled farther than *Sèvres*. Nor to *Sèvres* has he journeyed more than once; and then he returned home on foot, fatigued, muddy, wet by the rain to the very skin, furious against the manufactory at *Sèvres*, against the age itself, and exclaiming, with indignation, 'There is neither religion nor creed now upon earth!—every thing is destroyed!—a decline—a total decline! To think that one of the glories of France has been suffered to fall into decay! The barbarians—the Goths—the Visigoths—not to manufacture any thing more of *soft clay*! Hard clay—nothing but hard clay! It is enough to make the hair stand upon one's head!' From that day, does any one dare to speak to him about the modern *Sèvres* porcelain, he shrugs up his shoulders, and a bitter smile plays upon his lips; but he does not utter a single word! The *soft clay* is every thing to him. When he cannot leave his lodgings, when the shops where curiosities are sold are closed, or when there is no auction to take place throughout Paris, it is then that M. de Menussard shuts himself up in the most secluded of his apartments. One by one he extracts from their cupboards, from their boxes, all his beautiful china, his plates, his dishes, his blue, pink, or green cups, or those with nosegays, medallions, or of a white or coloured ground: he contemplates them with admiration and with tenderness. Armed with a soft and fine piece of flannel, he wipes, he polishes, he caresses them: and then, when their toilet is thus completed, he talks to them, he converses with them, he questions them.

He only knows one thing—only loves, adores, cherishes one object—and that is the *soft clay* of *Sèvres*. The rest of the world may fall in, crumble, and he would not pay attention to the ruins. He never reads a newspaper; he is not an elector; does not belong to the National Guard, nor to any thing of that kind; he is the admirer of the *soft clay* of *Sèvres*. This passion for collecting curiosities—this mania—this idolatry of the *soft clay* of *Sèvres*—have exiled, as it were, M. de Menussard from the rest of the human species, from his fellow-creatures, and from all mundane sentiments; they have rendered him selfish, stern, and inflexible in his resolutions, and miserly in every thing, save the purchase of the *soft clay* of *Sèvres*. He entertains no compassion for the poor: the recital of a great misfortune extracts not a tear from his eye. He would see a whole quarter of the town burning before he would stir an inch from his own door, or suffer himself to experience the slightest emotion at the catastrophe; but if one of his cups, one of his plates, or one of his vases, were to break, his lashes would be bathed in tears; groans and complaints would escape from his bosom; he would find in his heart a mine of poetic treasure to deplore the loss of his cup, his plate, or his vase; and he would be lost in astonishment were the rest of the world to remain insensible to his anguish. He would be capable of killing the man that should break the smallest particle of his possessions in *soft clay*. In fine, he would traverse conflagrations, purgatories, and the regions below, to save the smallest saucer of *soft clay* that might be in danger of destruction; and he would not put his feet into water to save a drowning child! Love is a passion which renders ferocious those who experience it. M. de Menussard, with his black silk skull-cap, his greasy hat, his shabby coat, his upright and tarnished hair, his beard but indifferently cared for, his hands chilled by perpetual contact with earthenware, and his worn-out shoes, is perhaps, of all lovers and ad-

* At present in the course of being published in parts, with illustrative engravings, by W. S. Orr and Company, London.

mirers of this age, the most fervent, the most sincere, the most true, the most enthusiastic, and, on that account, the most excusable in his selfishness and ferocity.

By the side of M. de Menussard may invariably be encountered, at the Auction Mart on the Place de la Bourse, a celebrated collector of autographs, who possesses the writing of all famous personages: but within the last month he has laboured under a mortal affliction—ten lines of Molière's own writing escaped him, and became the property of a celebrated English amateur. He will not recover the shock; his days are numbered; he hears nothing, sees nothing, but walks about like a miserable wretch on whom some inveterate fatality is heavily weighing. He considers himself as a dishonoured individual: his collection of autographs was once reputed to be the finest of all collections existing, and now it is only the second in rank.

M. de Menussard shrugs up his shoulders when he sees the collector of autographs: he even says that he is mad.

And, indeed, the Virtuoso in autographs, like the Virtuoso in *soft clay*, the Virtuoso in pictures, and all other amateurs who carry their love of one thing to the passion of collecting thousands of specimens of the adored object, may be easily classed amongst the insane portions of those afflicted with monomania. They are harnessed to a single idea, and see nothing beyond it; for all the universe, and existence itself, are concentrated in the one idea which they pursue, and are pursued by.

There are unknown collectors of every kind, and of every species. All Paris must remember that celebrated Viscount, who made a collection of the most famous red hair. Another subject to the monomania of making collections, and who was laughed at by all the world, amassed a complete museum of the smallest female shoes that it was possible for him to procure. They might be seen at his house, arranged upon shelves, and ticketed like volumes in a library. He was acquainted with all living and all dead feet: a handsome foot, with a neat shoe, transported him with admiration. He would consider himself a neglectful guardian were he not to know the female who possessed that pretty foot; he would make all manner of inquiries concerning her; would write to her, to put her in the way of preserving her charming foot; would implore her not to use shoes too tight for her; would point out the species of leather she should order her shoemaker to use for her; and would conclude by soliciting, as the sole recompense for so much trouble, a pair of shoes for his collection—his museum—his treasury!

Lord D— loves nothing but snuff-boxes; he has a quantity of all kinds, and each is exceedingly precious. He has divided them into three classes; the boxes of celebrated men, the boxes ornamented with images or paintings, and the boxes of curious materials or workmanship. He has sacrificed considerable sums to this really remarkable collection. He boasts with pride of being able to exhibit to the curious in such matters six real *Blarenbergs*—more than the number possessed by the late king of England, George IV., who was particularly fond of snuff-boxes and of *Blarenbergs*. His collection of *Petitots* is almost as fine as that of the king of France; and all his *Petitots* have retained their original settings, of the latter years of Louis XIV.—a period when they were encrusted in snuff-boxes, which served as royal presents. The late M. de B—, a great collector of enamels, endeavoured for a long time to persuade Lord D— to dispose of two little enamellings of Limoges, of a certain epoch, and faultless in design, which adorned a small snuff-box that was reputed to have belonged to M. Abel Poisson, the brother of the Marquise de Pompadour, and superintendent of finances in the reign of Louis XV.; but Lord D— never disposes of, nor exchanges, a single thing. His entire collection of snuff-boxes is contained in a case which travels, dwells, and sleeps, if not absolutely *with*, at least *near* him. Lord D— has undertaken two journeys to St Petersburg to procure the snuff-box which formerly belonged to Catherine the Great, and which served as a species of frame for the portrait of Potemkin. Lord D— has bequeathed all his snuff-boxes to a grand-nephew, upon the single condition that they are never to be disposed of, and that they should be tended with all the honours and care which they deserve. An annual income of £1000 sterling accompanies this bequest, in order to recompense the legatee for his trouble, and secure a continuation of those luxuries and comforts which the boxes have so great a right to demand.

It would require, not a volume, but many hundreds of volumes, to describe and analyse the different tastes of curiosity-hunters—to paint in true colours, and depict in a faithful manner, this eccentric class of individuals. These species of Diogenes, shut up in their tubs, demand nothing better of the world than permission to enjoy in freedom the light of their sun—their predilection—their *Vada*—their monomania! One of those happy beings—those lunatics—those martyrs to a single idea—lived five-and-twenty years shut up with mummies; he saw nothing but mummies; and he at length looked upon them as animated creatures, living like the rest of the world, as his neighbours lived. To each had he given a name, by which he knew, caressed, and cherished it. To such a pitch did he carry his folly, that he eventually fell in love with a hideous corpse enveloped in bandages; its countenance wearing a horrible expression; its lips and cheeks black, haggard, faded, and dried up. He pretended that this wretched object was no other than the daughter of Pharaoh II., and that the box which contained it revealed its royal origin and death through the medium of hieroglyphic designs. A meeting of learned men took place; and it was unanimously agreed that the mummy should be elevated to the rank of a royal mummy, and of a sacred mummy. From that moment, the Virtuoso, its master, entertained towards this mummy a greater attachment than for any of her sister mummies. He dreamt of that young princess: he saw her, in his dreams, playing with the waters at the source of the Nile, and followed by the green crocodiles, which she attracted by her sweet voice from the river. Indeed, never did lover adore his mistress as the Virtuoso loved his mummy. For some time he was scarcely seen: he

shut himself up with the daughter of Pharaoh II., and poured forth his soul in respectful adoration at the feet of her dumb Royal Highness. One morning, after a cold and wet night, the Virtuoso found his mummy lying upon the ground. The sacred bandages were loosened; the form of his beauty appeared to him unveiled for the first time, but broken and spoiled; the fall it had experienced had ground it almost to powder. He endeavoured to raise and readjust one upon another the sad remains; but—oh horror!—the Virtuoso became suddenly aware that his Egyptian princess was a man! This was for him a mortal blow—a nameless sorrow: he languished for some time, and died at last, and was interred in the coffin of his loveliest mummy!

THE EMULATIVE PRINCIPLE.

THE article entitled "Hints respecting Mental Ability," which appeared in Number 397, has called forth some remarks from an esteemed friend, which we think calculated to enforce some of the doctrines there laid down. After a few complimentary sentences, the writer thus proceeds:—

"Every person must have observed the general anxiety of parents that their children should excel those of others. A boy is sent to school, not unfrequently at an age when his tender frame renders every exercise of his mind prejudicial to his health, and when he stands more in need of the rein than the spur; in this state his feeling of emulation is easily wrought upon from his own innate love of superiority, while the flame is fanned by his observing the pleasure it gives his parents; as he advances in years, his studies increase in difficulty, and this feeling is fostered in the same proportion, until it becomes the ruling passion; the attainment of knowledge for its own sake is in some measure lost sight of, and its chief value appears to consist in its being the means of obtaining distinction. Let us consider how this process must inevitably terminate. I must premise, however, lest I be misunderstood, that I do not object to the bestowal of rewards for positive merits for the correct performance of any given task; this is a principle quite in accordance with the nature of things. My object is to show that it is pernicious to bestow rewards for excellence which is merely comparative.

Let us take the case of many of our public academies in any of the three kingdoms. A prize is proposed for the greatest number of lines committed to memory, of original verses composed, or of pages translated in Greek, Latin, or French; here a boy actuated by the ambition more or less natural to every one, is never led to say to himself, "How can I use my powers of mind so as to be able to render that account of them for which I am responsible?" but, "How shall I be able to outstrip my competitors?" I must ascertain how much each of them is likely to do, and then I shall know when I have done enough." The natural effect of all this is to create the feeling of envy and jealousy, if his rivals completely outstrip him, or of redoubled exertion, if there be any prospect of his overtaking and surpassing them. Bodily exercise, so essential to the preservation of health, is neglected; the midnight oil is not spared; natural rest is abridged; the little sleep he does allow himself is disturbed by nervous excitement; the restorative power ceases to perform its functions; dyspepsia, with all its fearful attendants, ensues; and the mind, once vigorous and healthy, becomes completely shattered; and, what is deeply to be deplored, it is the most highly gifted that are in greatest danger: those of moderate talents, having no hope of attaining the envied summits of literary fame, are content to move along with calm but steady progress. With reference to the dangers of over-stimulation, the evidence of Dr Farre, before a committee of the House of Commons in 1832, is well worthy of an attentive perusal. I subjoin the following extracts from it:—

"A physician always has respect to the preservation of the restorative power, because, if once this be lost, his healing office is at an end. . . . The ordinary exertions of man run down the circulation every day of his life, and the first general law of his nature by which God (who is not only the giver, but also the preserver and sustainer, of life) prevents man from destroying himself, is the alternating of day and night, that repose may succeed action. . . . Man, possessing a superior nature, is borne along by the very vigour of his mind, so that the injury of continued diurnal exertion and excitement on his animal system, is not so immediately apparent as it is in the brute; but in the long-run he breaks down more suddenly; it abridges the length of his life. . . . I have frequently observed the premature death of medical men from continued exertion. I have advised the clergyman, as his Sabbath, to rest on one of the ordinary days of the week; it forms a continual prescription of mine." In an appendix to the above evidence, as reprinted by the Scottish Lord's Day Society, Dr Farre writes:—"The short life of over-stimulation is not a merry but a miserable one, and the shortened life of over-exertion, before its close, is followed not by ease and enjoyment, but by the living death of torpor. The effect of forcing the mind is as ruinous to the body as it is destructive of the end for which it is so inordinately exercised, for, as torpor of the body from over-labour is marked by a sluggish condition of all the corporeal functions, so the torpor of mind consequent on its over-exertion, is attended with the like inaction of all the sensorial powers which belong to the mere animal portion of the mind of man. It occurs in men of every rank *ho over-think*, as well as in those who over-act or over-stimulate, and in an increased ratio when the latter fatal habit is used to force the labour of the former. It is found in the sovereign, the legislator, the lawyer, the clergyman, the physician, the warrior, the student, or aspirant after honours, the merchant, the manufacturer, the artisan, and the labourer: in all, in proportion to their measure of talent and over-doing, is this slow and

miserable but premature death, instead of a green old age, too frequently found."

These observations of an eminent physician, of more than thirty years' experience, cannot be read without advantage. There is, doubtless, great danger of men contracting habits of indolence; but in the present age of competition and over-stimulation, there is even greater danger of running to the opposite extreme, and ending in a second childhood, if not worse. Our great objection to academic emulation, *practically*, is, that it is the means of establishing those habits which, in mature life, work such great evil.

Being a clergyman, it may not be improper for me to make a few remarks on the theology of the question. "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself," is the law prescribed by God to man. If I strive to outstrip my neighbour, my obedience to this law is impossible; the very entertaining of such a motive is a positive violation of this rule. Instead of cherishing any delight at seeing myself in advance, my duty clearly is to do all in my power to assist him in making the same progress with myself; nor is it enough to perform the outward act of doing what may tend to this; I am required to be actuated by the feeling of pleasure in doing it, and of pain in seeing him fall short of it. It is on this principle St Paul, in the inspired volume, condemns emulation, and classes it with the grossest sins of our nature. Whenever such a condition of genuine Christian feeling has been attained, envy and jealousy, and with all the kindred passions that torture the bosom of fallen man, will obviously cease to exist; and were such motives generally prevalent, the face of society would be completely changed.

I may be asked, after all that has been stated, What do I propose to be done? My answer is ready and brief. Let parents beware of expressing satisfaction with their children merely because they have surpassed others, or of holding out such an object as one to be desired by them; on the contrary, let them teach their children to rejoice in the good of others, and express their approbation of them only when they have done something actually good in itself.

Again, in schools or universities, I should recommend the more general adoption and more extensive application of the principle involved in the good old practice of granting degrees; let a standard be laid down, varying according to the place, age, and circumstances of the parties; let certain subjects of examination, or text-books, be fixed upon in any department; and let all who have acquitted themselves in a satisfactory manner, when examined at the end of their course, be classed as M. L., M. G., M. M., &c., Master of Latin, Greek, Mathematics, &c. With such a plan there might be a thousand, or there might only be one; the evils to which we have alluded as arising from estimating merits comparatively, would be obviated, and the public would have the satisfaction of knowing that an individual so designated, had, in the opinion of competent judges, acquired a definite amount of knowledge of certain subjects, and not merely that he was superior to others, which might either imply great merit or none at all.

LETTER OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

THE following is a copy of a letter written by Benjamin Franklin, to M. Le Roy, a French gentleman in Paris, and which we believe has never before been in print. The original, from which we copy, is in the hands of Sir John Robison, Edinburgh.

LONDON, January 31, 1769.

DEAR SIR—I received your obliging favour of Nov. 15. I presented your compliments to Sir John Pringle, who was glad with me to hear of your welfare, and desired me to offer his best respects whenever I wrote to you. The Farmer's Letters were written by one Mr Dickinson of Philadelphia, and not by me, as you seem to suppose. I only caused them to be reprinted here with that little preface, and had no other hand in them, except that I see some of my sentiments formerly published are collected and interwoven with those of others and his own, by the author. I am glad they afforded you any amusement. It is true, as you have heard, that troops are posted in Boston, on the pretence of preventing riots and protecting the custom-house officers; but it is also true that there was no intention among the people there to oppose the landing of these troops, or to resist the execution of the law by arms. The riots talked of were sudden, unpremeditated things, that happened only among a few of the lower sort. Their plan of making war on this country is of a different kind. It is to be a war on commerce only, and consists in an absolute determination to buy and use no more of the manufactures of Britain till the act is repealed. This is already agreed to by four provinces, and will be by all the rest in the ensuing summer. Eleven ships now here from Boston and New York, who would have carried, one with another, £50,000 sterling each in goods, are going away in their ballast, as the parliament seems determined not to repeal. I am inclined to think, however, that it will alter its mind before the end of the session. Otherwise it is to be feared the breach will grow wider by successive indiscretions on both sides.

The subject you propose to me, the consequences of allowing a free exportation of corn, the advantages or disadvantages of the *Concurrence*, &c., is a very extensive one; and I have been, and am at present, so much occupied

* That the same law regulates the expending of mere bodily power in the lower animals, appears from the following interesting note appended to the reprint of Dr Farre's evidence:—

"Mr Bianconi of Clonmel, in Ireland, whose establishment of 'day cars' run during six days of the week over two thousand miles of country in Ireland, and who is also contractor for carrying the royal mail in cars over seven hundred miles of cross roads, gives in evidence this result of his experience, 'That a horse can run ten miles per day for six days of the week better than eight miles per day seven days of the week.' He simply remarks thereupon, 'I am persuaded that man cannot be wiser than his Maker.'"

pied with our American affairs, as that, if I were ever so capable of handling it, I have not time to engage in it at present to any purpose. I think, however, with you, that the true principles of commerce are yet but little understood, and that most of the acts of parliament, edicts and edicts of princes and states, relating to commerce, are political errors, solicited and obtained by particulars for private interest, under the pretext of public good.

The bearer of this, Captain Overy, is a particular friend of mine, who now only passes through Paris for Lyons and Nice, but in his return may stay in your city some time. He is a gentleman of excellent character and great merit, and as such I beg leave to recommend him to your civilities and advice, which may be of great service to him, as he is quite a stranger in Paris.—With the greatest esteem and respect, I am, dear sir, your most obedient and most humble servant,

B. FRANKLIN.

Your English is extremely good; but if it is more easy for you to write in French, do not give yourself the trouble of writing in English, as I understand your French perfectly well.

THE BOATMAN OF THE PENTLAND FIRTH.

THE remote though picturesque and beautiful estate of Melsetter is situated in the parish of Walls, in one of the Orkney Islands named Hoy. The surrounding scenery cannot fail to strike the most listless observer with admiration and awe. It presents the singular combination of lofty rock, heath-clad mountain, cultivated plain, ocean, lake, and bay. On the north, the Hoy Hills rise in rapid succession, each seeming to vie with the other in height. About the centre, and at the foot of these ranges of hills, are two very pretty little lakes, with a limpid stream winding its lonely way to the sea. From the House of Melsetter to the romantic fishing hamlet of Rackwick, is an uninterrupted series of stupendous rock scenery, occasionally exceeding five hundred feet in height, sometimes perpendicular and smooth, in other places rent, shivered, and broken down in huge fragments, occasionally overhanging the deep, and frowning on the stormy surges of the Pentland Firth. From Rackwick to Hoymouth, facing the Atlantic Ocean, this rock scene is continued without any interruption.

See Hoy's old Man! * whose summit bare
Pierces the dark blue fields of air;
Bared in the sea, his fearful form
Gooms like the spirit of the storm;
An ocean Habel, rent and worn
By time and tide—all wild and torn;
A giant that hath warred with heaven,
Whose ruined scalp seems thunder-riven;
Whose form the misty spray doth shroud;
Whose head the dark and hovering cloud;
Around his dread and lowering mass,
In sailing swarms the sea-fowl pass;
But when the night-cloud o'er the sea
Hangs like a sable canopy,
And when the flying storm doth scourge
Around his base the rushing surge,
Swift to his airy clefts they soar,
And sleep amid the tempest's roar,
Or with its howling round his peak
Mingle their drear and dreamy shriek!

Towards the south and east is an extensive cultivated plain, the shores of which form part of the fine and commodious harbour of Longhope, well known as a place of safe retreat for vessels passing through the Pentland Firth, so famous for the rapidity of its current, and so great a terror to mariners of almost every country. During the last war it was no uncommon thing for a fleet of upwards of a hundred large vessels to set sail together from this harbour, and a fine sight it was to behold so many ships spreading their canvass to the breeze, and moving majestically along the shores of the island. It was while contemplating the above scenery, one stormy morning in the month of September, a few years ago, from the windows of the House of Melsetter, that I desecrated some ships in the Pentland Firth, which, with the aid of a glass, I soon discovered to be whale-ships on their way home from Davis' Straits. One of them had a signal flying for a boat to land some of the crew, natives of the island. The sea at the time was running tremendously high; the wind and tide, directly opposed to each other, seemed contending as if to decide which should obtain the mastery, and thus caused the sea to boil up in solid columns to a great height, and the spray to fly about in all directions. The only thing which could possibly have led the people on board to expect a boat in such a storm, must have been an impression that no storm would scare away Orkney boatmen. In this impression they were right, for no sooner was the signal observed than a boat was launched, in which four men attempted to proceed to the ship; but, alas! the storm proved too severe for even Orkney seamen. In the midst of a dangerous eddy she was so beset with the wind, tide, and boiling of the sea, as to be past all management, and in a few minutes went down. I immediately hurried to the beach, and shall never forget the scene of distress which there presented itself. The mournful cries of the wives, children, and relatives of the drowning men, would have softened down a heart of adamant. Within speaking reach of the shore, yet beyond the power of mortal man to afford any aid, the men were distinctly seen in the water bravely trying to right the boat by cutting away the

masts; but they failed in the attempt. One of them waved his hat towards the shore, and was faintly heard exclaiming, "Oh, my wife and children!" This was far too much for his wife, who in the agony of grief would have leaped into the sea, but for the protection of the people who had hastened to the scene of distress. The storm continued to rage with unabated fury, and the unfortunate boatmen sank to rise no more.

A few minutes after the sad catastrophe, a boatman, a native of the island, so celebrated for his prowess at sea as to be termed amphibious, determined to make a second attempt to go to the vessel, at rather a more sheltered point. He fortunately succeeded in gaining the ship, and returned safely to land with the men who had disembarked. This individual has been known to lie out in the Pentland Firth for nights together, in an open boat, and alone, during the most stormy weather. While, in a few days, disastrous accounts at sea would be quite current, he with his boat would return to land perfectly skaitless; hence he is also supposed, by the more superstitious of the islanders, to be under the special protection of some supernatural being. I once made a passage with him, during which he related some of his sea exploits—wonderful to any one but himself—with the greatest coolness. He may be truly considered as no unworthy representative of Neptune, or one would be almost inclined to pronounce him to be Neptune himself incarnate. I believe, however, his "hair-breadth escapes" are solely owing to a thorough knowledge of the various intricate tides and eddies of the Firth, in conjunction with expert boatmanship. Here, then, lives a hero of no ordinary stamp, but one of whose existence no note has ever been taken. Useful, however, in his station, and happy in the services which he is permitted to render to his unfortunate fellow-creatures, what benefit could he derive from worldly honour, or the fleeting breath of fame?

SONG OF THE HIGHLAND DROVER,

RETURNING FROM ENGLAND.

Now fare thee well, England, no farther I'll roam,
But follow my shadow that points the way home;
Your gay southern shores shall not tempt me to stay,
For my Maggie's at home, and my children at play!
'Tis this makes my bonnet sit light on my brow,
Gives my sinews their strength, and my bosom its glow.
Farewell, mountaineers! my companions, adieu!
Soon, many long miles when I'm sever'd from you,
I shall miss your white horns on the brink of the burn,
And o'er the rough heaths, where you'll never return;
But in brave English pastures you cannot complain,
While your Drover speeds back to his Maggie again.
O Tweed! gentle Tweed, as I pass your green vales,
More than life, more than love, my tired spirit inhales;
There Scotland, my darling, lies full in my view,
With her bare-footed lasses and mountains so blue:
To the mountains away; my heart bounds like the hind;
For home is so sweet, and my Maggie so kind.
As day after day I still follow my course,
And in fancy trace back every stream to its source,
Hope cheers me up hills, where the road lies before
O'er hills just as high, and o'er tracks of wild moor;
The keen polar star nightly rising to view;
But Maggie's my star, just as steady and true.
O ghosts of my fathers! O heroes, look down!
Fix my wandering thoughts on your deeds of renown,
For the glory of Scotland reigns warm in my breast,
And fortitude grows both from toil and from rest;
May your deeds and your worth be for ever in view,
And may Maggie bear sons not unworthy of you.
Love, why do you urge me, so weary and poor?
I cannot stop faster, I cannot do more;
I've paid silver Tweed; 'e'en the Tay flows behind;
Yet fatigue I'll dudkin;—my reward I shall find;
Thou, sweet smile of innocence, thou art my prize;
And the joy that will sparkle in Maggie's blue eyes.
She'll watch to the southward;—perhaps she will sigh,
That the way is so long, and the mountains so high;
Perhaps some huge rock in the dusk she may see,
And will say in her fondness, "That surely is he!"
Good wife, you're deceiv'd; I'm still far from my home;
Go, sleep, my dear Maggie—to-morrow I'll come.
—From Poems by Robert Bloomfield.

DUELLING AMONG THE ENGLISH.

On this subject, the following occurs in the recently published Journal of a Persian Prince, detailing his residence in England:—"The duel is allowed here. Sometimes this happens in such circumstances as the following:—If a man should be at an assembly, and should have something said to him improper or disgraceful, he who feels it to be such would at once leave the room. Then he will relate it to some friend, saying that he heard so and so, at such a place, in such a party, which he did not like at all. Then his friend will reply, 'So and so perhaps did not intend to insult you; he might have said it by accident; write a note, and I will carry it to him, and learn more fully.' Then the plaintiff will write to him a respectful letter as follows:—'At such and such a day, at such an assembly, I heard you say such words, which made my heart feel angry; please to explain to me what you meant.' Then the friend will carry the note, and request an answer. If the object of the accused is not to insult him, he will write him an answer as follows:—'Upon my honour I never intended to create any displeasure in you, and should I have said any thing which you consider improper, I now beg your pardon.' Such an answer will settle the question. But, if otherwise, he will neither excuse himself nor beg pardon, but will answer as follows:—'I have received your letter, which I will thus answer: meet me on such a day, at such a place, and thereby you will be informed, and learn all the particulars.' This will give him to understand that the object is a duel. Then he informs his friends of it, and commences preparations to meet his opponent; and like-

wise the other will inform his friends that he has already appointed the time to fight with such a man. Then the friends of both endeavour to settle the question between them; but, generally, this cannot be effected without fighting the duel. However, when all mediations fail, then the two individuals, accompanied by their respective friends as witnesses, meet at the appointed place, exactly at the fixed hour, which will be published in the newspapers. When the two come to this place with their pistols, then the friends use their utmost influence of mediation; if at last all should be in vain, then they separate from each other a distance of twenty feet, and the signal will be given, when both fire. Then it becomes a matter of chance; sometimes both of them are hit and perish, and perhaps no one is hit, or one dies, and the other is saved. Thus the question is finished; this act is permitted by their law, which does not condemn it, and it has been a well-known practice among the fools of this nation from the ancient times. It is quite similar to the old foolish custom of the heathens, who threw both the plaintiff and defendant into the fire, believing that the flame would only burn the criminal and not the innocent. Thus, also, these people believe that the bullet will not hit the innocent, and this old foolish custom is continued among the imprudent class of the Franks."

ADHESIVENESS OF TIMBER.

At one of the sectional meetings of the British Association, Mr Eaton Hodgkinson read a table of different species of wood, and the power which they possess to resist a force tending to crush them. The following are a few of the principal woods and number of pounds which they would sustain on the square inch, without sinking under the pressure. The weight was applied in all instances in the direction of the fibres. Yellow pine, 5375 lbs.; cedar, 5674 lbs.; red deal, 5748 lbs.; poplar, not quite dry, 4307 lbs.; green larch, wet, 2301 lbs.; green larch, dry, 5368 lbs.; plum tree, green, 5364 lbs.; beech, rather green, 7733 lbs.; beech, dry, 9363 lbs.; dry ash, 9363 lbs.; English oak, 5364 lbs.; Spanish mahogany, 5198 lbs.; elm, 10,331 lbs.; box from 9365 to 10,000 lbs.; kingwood, 12,645 lbs.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

THE SWELL MOB.

That class of elegantly dressed London thieves usually called "the swell mob," subsists chiefly by "hustling," or robbing in crowds. Six, eight, or ten of them, join forces, and go to a fair, market, or race-course. They soon mark a victim; they follow him till a push occurs, either accidentally by meeting a group of people, or intentionally made by themselves. Two go before the man, the others close up behind; their victim is hemmed in, a push takes place, he is jostled and hustled about, the thieves cry out to those behind not to press so; the press is increased; the victim being surrounded, his pockets are presently turned inside out. No time is lost; if he does not readily raise his hands, but keeps them in his pockets, or at his side, to guard his property, his hat gets a tip behind; perhaps it is knocked over his eyes. To right his hat he raises his arms, nor does he get them down again till he is eased of every thing in his possession. His hob and vest pockets are emptied by the thief standing beside him, and placing one arm against the chest of the dupe, by this means keeping his arms and head up, whilst with the other he unbuttons the coat and rifles the pockets; the trousers pockets and coat pockets are emptied by those behind; others behind them immediately take the property. When the gentleman has been robbed, the signal is given to that effect; the push subsides. The person immediately discovers his loss; he looks about him, and is, in the language of the thieves, "stunned." But no detection takes place; the mob move away in different directions, and again assemble and repeat their game.—*Report of the Constabulary Force.* In most instances, persons may guard against the depredations of these wretches, by avoiding crowds, and pursuing a steady pace in walking; in short, by minding their own business. The victims of personal robbery in large towns, are with few exceptions people who are chargeable with some kind of imprudence of behaviour.

KNOW WHEN YOU ARE WELL OFF.

A certain man, in the time of the Khalif of Bagdad, laid claim to the gift of prophecy. They took him to the Khalif, who asked him, "What sayest thou?" He said, "The angel Gabriel comes down to me once in every three days." "And what is the miraculous sign granted thee?" said the Khalif. The man replied, "That my breath should have odour of the best musk." The Khalif pitied him, and said, "The brain of this poor fellow is unsettled; take him to my kitchen, give him every day a pilaw, and a young and fat boiled fowl, and morning and evening let him have perfumed and medicated drinks." After ten days he sent for him, and said, "Oh, dervish, how is thy state?" He said "Very good." He said, "Does Gabriel yet descend to thee?" He replied, "Yes; formerly he came once in the three days, but during the ten days he only came once." The Khalif asked, "What message did he bring?" He replied, "He said to me, 'thou art in an excellent position; take heed and move not lest thou lose it.'"*—Asiatic Journal.*

PEOPLE'S EDITIONS.

The works most recently issued by Messrs Chambers in their series of PEOPLE'S EDITIONS, are Guizot's History of Civilisation in Europe, newly translated from the French, price 1s. 4d. Stephens's Incidents of Travel in Greece, Turkey, and Poland, price 1s. 10d. The same author's Incidents of Travel in Egypt, Arabia Petraea, and the Holy Land, price 1s. 10d., and Essays, Moral and Humorous, also Essays on Imagination and Taste, by Addison, price 3s. 3d. Altogether, twenty-nine works of approved excellence are now published, at the aggregate price of 34s. 8d.; the original prices of these works, as nearly as they can be ascertained, amounted to £27. 4s. 6d.

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* A singular pillar of rock, so named by mariners, who fancied that it bore a resemblance, in certain points of view, to an old man.

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SOME MORE HINTS RESPECTING MENTAL ABILITY.

If the general notions respecting mind are so erroneous as we lately described them to be, it is not surprising to find the world's appreciation of various mental endowments to be bestowed upon somewhat vague and capricious principles.

If we consider which class of persons receive most praise for high mental endowment, and are personally objects of the greatest interest in consequence, we shall find that they are those who have succeeded in the elegant and amusing arts, particularly that of literature. An eminent statesman will be spoken of as a great man, chiefly because of his historical or political importance. A distinguished barrister or a highly employed physician will be allowed to be an *able* man. Such beings as clever tradesmen and artisans are understood to exist. But if we hear of men who are run after as miracles of intellect, it is ten chances to one that we find them to be poets, or novelists, or in some other way connected with light literature, or, by a rarer chance, actors, painters, or sculptors. To these men alone is *genius* attributed—that more spiritual kind of mind, as it seems to be considered. Other men, however great results they may work in the world, seem to be regarded as ordinary mortal creatures in comparison: their brains seem to be thought of a grosser consistence. It would almost appear as if the character of the poet at least, if not of some of his compeers also, were thought to partake to a certain extent of the supernatural—as if they were not just so much "lower than the angels" as common men. One of the results of this prepossession is, that these men, to use a familiar phrase, are *lionised* and over-flattered, and in many instances puffed up with the idea that all kinds of intellectual display besides theirs are little better than drudgery.

That there is much fallacy here, we have no manner of doubt. The faculties required for elegant and comic literature, and for the higher branches of the imitative arts, are certainly of no mean order. Good powers of observation, a keen perception and relish of the beautiful and the ludicrous, the comparing, constructing, and imitative faculties, and (in the litterateur at least) the gift of ready and apt expression, are all needed, together with an endowment of a more general nature, which we can only describe as a fine quality and temperament of mind. But these gifts are not the very highest comprehended by the human intellect. Reason, or the power of tracing cause and effect, and, from mists of falsehood and error, extricating the bright truth, is a faculty far loftier and rarer, and one which is of infinitely greater service to man; and of this faculty there is little show amongst the cultivators of the *belles lettres* and *beaux arts*. These men are often, indeed, very slenderly endowed with the reasoning or judging faculty, and may also be, and generally are, very ignorant. A sound judge, contrasting their qualifications with those of the class of greatly informed and philosophical minds, which are comparatively few in numbers, and little noted by the common world, would be at no loss to assign them their true place. It only happens that their qualities are of a kind which the multitude can understand and enjoy, while deep thinkers benefit their race, it may almost be said, without their race knowing of it. The productions of the artist (including in this term the literary artist) appeal also to the more intimate affections, and become hallowed by a thousand fine associations: hence their names, if they have had the genuine matter in them, become more endeared to a remote posterity than even to their contemporaries. The author of a single popular song will be remembered with respect, while the elicitor of some important moral truth, or the arranger of some great department of human knowledge, will be known by name only to those who know much.

The general disposition to think of as clever or in-

genious men only those who shine in the elegant arts, does injustice to a still larger body of able men—those, namely, who are engaged in the front ranks of the world's ordinary business. The daily occupations of many such men require the exertion of as much mind, and that of as ingenious and powerful a quality, as the doings of the common run of literary men; and it is only from accident that the work of the one class is trumpeted abroad, while that of the other is never heard of. It is also often from accident that minds are brought into the gin-horse play of the desk-room, which might have "waked to ecstasy the living lyre." Scott, as we are informed by his biographer, "considered literature by itself as a thing of far inferior importance to the high concerns of political or practical life." This is perhaps overstating the matter, for literature is itself, in its higher branches, a very important part of the concerns of political and practical life; but certainly there is a prepossession as to its professors, which can only be accounted for by reference to the notoriety which attends it as a course of action, and the affections which it establishes between writer and reader. Much talent is engaged in it in most countries—but nothing in amount compared with what is devoted to the most commonplace pursuits. We verily believe that there is scarcely a master manufacturer, or considerable merchant, nay, even a tradesman of tolerably large undertakings, who is not, to all intents and purposes, as much a man of talent (meaning by this an aggregate of mental power) as any litterateur or artist of all but perhaps the very highest class. And the productions of many of these persons, who on account of them have acquired some note, could, we truly believe, have been produced by "many men, many women, and many children," in the ordinary walks of life.

This leads us to consider the common estimates formed respecting literary talent. The late James Hogg used to speak of a lady of his acquaintance, herself a literary woman of some local distinction, who so much revered the doings of the pen, that any one who had published a book, albeit it might be the sorriest or maddest volume of "poems on various occasions," was sure of her esteem. The enthusiasm of this lady was only an exaggeration of a prevailing error. The power of committing thoughts to print is still looked upon by the multitude as a kind of wonder. When a man is somewhat of an adept in this art, and has at the same time little sense and little morality, he is considered a perfect anomaly, as if this power were necessarily to be attended with every other brilliant and estimable qualification. Thus we have such phenomena as editors of newspapers without a particle of principle, poets without a grain of natural sentiment, and dexterous miscellaneous writers destitute of information and powers of just thinking. The error lies in the respect we entertain for the mere power of writing. This power depends mainly on the gift of Expression, one of the secondary intellectual faculties. It does not suppose the existence of good ideas: it only implies the power of clothing those which exist, or are transmitted through the mind, in tolerable language. This gift of expression is one which all possess more or less, and which many have in considerable endowment. Women generally have it in greater strength than men. Besides this faculty of language or expression, a certain quickness of mind, a very humble and ordinary endowment, is almost the only other intellectual peculiarity necessary to the *clever* writer. And these qualifications are nearly the whole stock of perhaps nine-tenths of the men who use their pens in the public service in this country. It is easy, of course, to see how judgment, information, and principle, should be so often wanting in that class of men. That very fallacy of the public, which pays so much respect to the mere power of writing, must be greatly instrumental in at least keeping this class destitute of the more solid qua-

lifications. Finding all desirable homage to be paid to the simple power of scribbling, they are content to be no more than scribblers. Why should a newspaper editor, for example, endeavour to be logical? If he can rail "in good set terms," if he can taunt, and gibe, and "thunder," is he not "a clever writer," "a man of splendid talents," and so forth? He has not the least need to be reasonable. On the contrary, his most valued qualification will be some tincture of skill in that ancient art, which consists in "making the worse appear the better reason." There are of course modifications of the fallacy. We may find, for instance, a man who, besides the gift of expression, has some imagination and high-flown sentiment. This man will be a popular orator. He will become famous. Fame will give him authority, and he will become a leader amongst his tribe, although destitute of that solid judgment which is essential above all things to the right conduct of great affairs. Thus, persons of very inadequate endowments often acquire a great, though it must always be a temporary, ascendancy. Others, again, in addition to the gift of expression, and the usual knowing faculties, and quickness of mind, will show considerable humour, and thus become distinguished in light literature, or in acting or caricaturing. But though, in such instances, one or two other respectable qualities are added, the whole character is still greatly over-estimated. We still see a few second or third rate faculties receiving the homage which is alone due to those of the first order.

We have hitherto alluded chiefly to the intellect; but the moral feelings are also a part of mind, and here we think something analogous could be made out. The greater number of the professors of literature and the other elegant arts, as they manifest chiefly a secondary class of intellectual, so do they also manifest chiefly a secondary class of moral, faculties. Of that spirit of conscientiousness which is true to every thing—even the remotest from self—true to truth itself above all things; of that benevolence which seeks for the good of each and all; or of any other very lofty sentiment, we find few and rare traces in popular literature. The praise of the world is all in all, both with the author and with the creatures of his imagination. And how often does it happen with these persons, that, as their intellect is illogical and unsound, so also are their sentiments false, and their practice, both in the application of their intellect, and in their domestic circumstances, vicious! May we not also say that for this the world affords some cause in its erroneous views as to mind? It sees intellect displayed in some one direction: it praises it, not only without regard to its grade in the intellectual scale, but without regard to the moral feelings which exist in the same mind; the latter particular being looked upon as something quite apart, or which for the time may be left out of view. We think this mode of judging of men altogether wrong. We would take the whole mental nature into consideration. If we find a lively writer full of absurd reasoning, or a man of good thinking powers displaying bad moral practice, we say that man has not a good mind. It is a mind with a great flaw. We may pity the fault, but we cannot allow that he who displays it is entitled to any of the soft and laudatory appellations which are too apt to be bestowed upon him.

The diffusion of more just views respecting mind, would do much to raise both the intellectual and moral tone of the cultivators of literature. At present, whatever is clever is admired, whether it be a mere display of words, or a collection of sound thoughts; and much confusion prevails in the minds of most men as to the motives and aims of all ordinary intellectual efforts. There is no recognised or sanctioned scale for readily measuring either the importance and utility of a literary composition, or the worthiness of the sentiments which have animated the writer. This is certainly to be much lamented, and it will evidently be long before

the deficiency be fully and rightly supplied. Yet even now and here a hint might be given as something towards a right test. We would say decidedly, that, amongst intellectual efforts, those which elicit new and useful truths, and, amongst moral displays, those which bear a regard to truth, justice, and the good of mankind, are of the first class. Those, in the one department, which create beautiful forms and ideas, to please kindred imaginations, and those in the other which proceed upon and tend to cultivate feelings of honour and a generous ambition, we would assign to a second place. Beneath this we shall not go in a formal manner; but if, in considering what was called a clever piece of writing, and finding it unilluminated by information, undirected by just thought, unirratiated by ennobling sentiment, designed not to clear, but to obscure the path of mankind towards happiness, or directly meant to maintain the interests of some overbearing section or class; if, we say, mankind, instead of senselessly applauding such a composition, would say, "Here is an ignorant, illogical, grovelling, and venal slave, as dangerous to his race at large as a highwayman or a swindler is to single parties, and with no intellectual power worth speaking of but that which merely gives a flow of words"—we might then expect to see that kind of writing go somewhat out of fashion, and a better come in its place. The young aspirants in the trade would then know that something was required besides the knack of using the pen. They would endeavour to acquire knowledge; they would reverence knowledge in others; they would be deterred from erroneous reasoning and the advocacy of vicious things; sound conscientiousness and philanthropy would be found to be among the requisites for their office, and such qualities would be elicited in them, instead of being left dormant, or perverted, as at present.

LABOUR SONGS.

FIRST ARTICLE.

SOME of the stiff critics of the last century speak of love and conviviality as the themes of song; but in point of fact songs have been composed on all subjects respecting which men feel with any degree of fervour. A song is properly a strain of sentiment sufficiently energetic to occasion or justify our giving it a measured and musical form; and, accordingly, if our definition be correct, there may be songs about every thing which excites any feeling whatever in the human bosom. There are war songs in the rudest nations, and political songs in the most advanced. We have hunting songs for squires, and sea songs for sailors. The patriot may be cheered with a lay containing a burst of national self-esteem, and even the highwayman can cock his pistols to the tune of "Hark, I hear the sound of coaches." There are also a few songs sacred to particular trades, and some which have been designed to be sung during work: the Grecian lasses are represented by Homer as singing to the sound of the lyre while engaged in the vintage, and Aristophanes speaks of women who

"—warbled as they ground the parched corn."

These allusions show that to sing to labour is a very ancient, and, we may consequently infer, a very natural procedure. It is, in fact, at once an expression of the labourer's feelings under the cheering influence of his employments—for all employment is, or ought to be, cheerful—and a means in itself of increasing that cheerfulness. Even the *yo-ho* of the mariner as he raises the anchor is an inspiring sound, albeit it has no literary meaning. So also is the strange gabble of the oyster-dredgers, in our Firth of Forth, of which David Herd has been at the pains to set down some snatches in his Collection of Scottish Songs—though, without the music, its virtues can scarcely be guessed at, as the subjoined passage will show.*

* Aherdour, Aberdeen,
Grey clath to the green,
Grey clath to the sands;
Trip it, trip it through the lands;
Through lands, or if hare
Hunt the dog frae the deer,
Hunt the deer frae the dog,
Waken, waken, Willie Tod,
Willie Tod, Willie Tay,
Cleckit in the month o' May,
Month o' May and Averile,
Good skill o' raisins,
Jentlens and fentlens,
Jeery ory alie;
Weel rowed five men,
As weel as your ten;
The oysters are a gentle kin,
They winna tak unless ye sing,
Come buy my oysters aff the bing,*
To serve the sheriff and the king,
And the commons o' the land,
And the commons o' the sea;
Benevolent and that's gude Latin.

* Heap

The Scottish Highlanders still keep up their ancient fashion of singing to their work. When the women, for instance, assemble to assist each other in the domestic process of fulling or thickening cloth—called by them the *Luagh*—they accompany their exertions with songs. According to Pennant, "twelve or fourteen women, divided into two equal numbers, sit down on each side of a long board ribbed lengthways, placing the cloth on it: first they begin to work it backwards and forwards with their hands, singing at the same time: when they have tired their hands, every female uses her feet for the same purpose, and six or seven pair of naked feet are in the most violent agitation, working one against the other: as by this time they grow very earnest in their labours, the fury of the song rises: at length it arrives at such a pitch that, without breach of charity, you would imagine a troop of demons to have been assembled." In the 244th number of the Journal will be found a song in the Scottish dialect, descriptive of this process, and such as might be supposed to be sung by the women engaged in it. In the Highlands, at no distant date, hand-mills, called Querns, were very common. One of these utensils consisted of two stones, one revolving like an upper mill-stone above the other. It was placed on a cloth, and two women sat down to it, one on each side. They grasped alike a stick, by which the upper stone was quickly revolved. Corn, *graddened*, or burnt out of the ear, was put into a hole in the centre, and the meal came out at the edges upon the cloth. It employed two pair of hands four hours to grind a single bushel of corn. The process was thus very tedious and clumsy; but it was the only available means of grinding corn in a simple state of society, and the songs with which it was accompanied made it heartsome enough. With these explanations, the reader will be prepared to understand a song of pleasant domestic feeling composed by the late Mr Robert Jamieson, of Edinburgh, and published originally in his collection of "Popular Ballads and Songs."

THE QUERN-LILT.

The cronech* stills the dowie heart,
The jurram stills the bairnie;
But the music for a hungry wame's
The grinding o' the quernie.
And loes me on my little quernie!
Grind the gradden,† grind it,
We'll a' get crowdie when it's done,
And bannocks steve to bind it.
The married man his joy may prize,
The lover prize his aries;
But gin the quernie gang na round,
They baith will soon be earless.
Sae loes me, &c.
The whisky gars the bark o' life
Drive merrily and rarely;
But gradden is the ballast gars
It steady gang, and fairly.
Then loes me, &c.
Though winter steek the door wi' drift,
And ower the ingle hings us,
Let but the little quernie gae,
We're blythe, whatever dings us.
Then loes me, &c.
And how it cheers the herd at e'en,
And sets his heart-strings dirlin',
When, coming frae the hungry hill,
He hears the quernie birlin'.
Then loes me, &c.
Though sturt and strife, wi' young and auld,
And flytin' but and ben be;
Let but the quernie play, they'll soon
A' lown and fidgin-fain be.
Then loes me, &c.

The Highland women also sang to the cows while milking them, not only for the sake of its cheering effect on themselves, but under an impression, similar to that of the oyster-dredgers, that the cow was thereby rendered the more willing to part with her milk. Mr Jamieson has written a song on this subject too, but, before presenting it, it is necessary to give the following prose note:—"On a very hot day in the beginning of autumn, the author, when a stripling, was travelling a-foot over the mountains of Lochaber, from Fort Augustus to Inverness; and when he came to the house where he was to have breakfasted, there was no person at home, nor was there any place where refreshment was to be had nearer than Duris, which is eighteen miles from Fort Augustus. With this disagreeable prospect, he proceeded about three miles farther, and turned aside to the first cottage he saw, where he found a hale-looking, lively, tidy, little, middle-aged woman, spinning wool, with a pot on the fire, and some greens ready to be put into it. She understood no English, and his Gaelic was then by no means good, though he spoke it well enough to be intelligible. She informed him that she had nothing in the house that could be eaten, except cheese, a little sour cream, and some whisky. On being asked, rather

sharply, how she could dress the greens without meal, she good-humouredly told him that there was plenty of meal in the croft, pointing to some unreaped barley that stood dead-ripe and dry before the door; and if he could wait half an hour, he should have brose and butter, bread and cheese, bread and milk, or any thing else that he chose. To this he most readily assented, as well on account of the singularity of the proposal, as of the necessity of the time; and the good dame set with all possible expedition about her arduous undertaking. She first of all brought him some cream in a bottle, telling him, 'He that will not work, neither shall he eat;' if he wished for butter, he must shake that bottle with all his might, and sing to it like a mavis all the time; for unless he sang to it, no butter would come. She then went to the croft; cut down some barley; burnt the straw to dry the grain; rubbed the grain between her hands, and threw it up before the wind, to separate it from the ashes; ground it upon a quern; sifted it; made a bannock of the meal; set it up to bake before the fire; lastly, went to milk her cow, that was reposing during the heat of the day, and eating some outside cabbage leaves 'ayont the hallan.' She sang like a lark the whole time, varying the strain according to the employment to which it was adapted. In the meanwhile, a hen cackled under the eaves of the cottage; two new-laid eggs were immediately plunged into the boiling pot; and in less than half an hour, the poor, starving, faint, and way-worn minstrel, with wonder and delight, sat down to a repast, that, under such circumstances, would have been a feast for a prince."

THE DEY'S* SONG.

Pbroo, pbroo! my bonnie cow,
Pbroo, hawkie! ho, hawkie!†
Ye ken the hand that's kind to you,
Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.
Your caufie's sleepin' in the pen,
Pbroo, hawkie! ho, hawkie!
He'll soon win to the pap again;
Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.
Pbroo, pbroo, &c.
The stranger is come here the day,
Pbroo, hawkie! ho, hawkie!
We'll send him singin' on his way;
Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.
The day is meeth and weary he,
Pbroo, hawkie! ho, hawkie!
While cozie in the bield were ye;
Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.
He'll bless your bouk‡ when far away,
Pbroo, hawkie! ho, hawkie!
And scaff and raff § ye aye shall hae;
Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.
Sic benison will saif ye still,
Pbroo, hawkie! ho, hawkie!
Frae cantrip, elf, and quarter ill;
Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.
The stranger's blessing's lucky aye;
Pbroo, hawkie! ho, hawkie!
We'll thrive, like hainet girs,¶ in May;
Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.
Pbroo, pbroo, my bonnie cow!
Pbroo, hawkie! ho, hawkie!
Ye ken the hand that's kind to you,
Sae let the drappie go, hawkie.

The negroes in the West Indies, who have naturally a good deal of the musical faculty, are accustomed to sing to any labours in which many join, and which require simultaneous effort; but we do not recollect having seen any of their ditties in print, excepting one in *The Pirate*, beginning, "Thus said the captain to his gallant crew," &c. and containing no allusion to labour. The world has been made aware by Mr Moore that the boatmen of the St Lawrence sing to their work, and that the effect is beautiful. Alluding to one of their airs, he says, in descending from Kingston to Montreal, "I remember, when we have entered at sunset upon one of those beautiful lakes into which this river so grandly and unexpectedly opens, I have heard this simple air with a pleasure which the finest compositions of the first masters have never given me, and now there is not a note of it which does not recal to my memory the dip of our oars in the St Lawrence, the flight of our boat down the rapids, and all those new and fanciful impressions to which my heart was alive during the whole of this interesting voyage." The air alluded to was that which he has made familiar in every drawing-room in the kingdom by his verses for it—

Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time;
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St Ann's our parting hymn;
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past! &c.

It is remarkable how few labour songs exist amongst ourselves. In Ritson's English Collection there is not one, nor is our Scottish anthology in a very different case. Our living poets might surely venture upon less promising essays than that of supplying a variety of ditties for the workshop—at least for those particular occupations which admit of singing in the course of them. There is one modern bard who has thought of the thing, and produced one song, which has certainly the merit of containing some good and just thoughts, however unlikely it may be to gain popular accept-

* A female attendant on cattle is so called.
† A familiar name for a cow in Scotland.
‡ Bulk—figure, or body.
§ A share of whatever is to be had.
¶ Such blessing will save you still.
¶ Spared grass.

* A song of wailing for the dead.

† Parched corn.

ance—and with it we conclude our speculations for the present :—

THE WEAVER'S SONG.

Weave, brothers, weave!—Swiftly throw
The shuttle athwart the loom.
And show us how brightly your flowers grow,
That have beauty, but no perfume!
Come, show us the rose, with a hundred dyes,
The lily, that hath no spot;
The violet, deep as your true loves' eyes,
And the little forget-me-not!
Sing, brothers, sing! weave and sing!
'Tis good both to sing and to weave:
'Tis better to work than live idle;
'Tis better to sing than to grieve.

Weave, brothers, weave!—Weave, and bid
The colours of sunset glow!
Let grace in each gliding thread be hid,
Let beauty about you blow!
Let your skein be long, and your silk be fine,
And your hands both firm and sure,
And Time nor chance shall your work untwine,
But all—like a truth—endure!
So—sing, &c.

Weave, brothers, weave!—Toil is ours;
But toil is the lot of men:
One gathers the fruit, one gathers the flowers,
One sows the seed again!
There is not a creature, from England's king
To the peasant that delves the soil,
That knows half the pleasure the seasons bring,
If he have not his share of toil:
So—sing, &c.

JUNCTION OF THE ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC OCEANS.

THE project of joining the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans has excited attention almost since the discovery of the American continent, and there can be no doubt that it would have been carried into execution long ere this, had the district in which the communication might be most conveniently made, been in the possession of almost any other European people than the Spaniards. As there now seems to be a prospect of the Anglo-Americans becoming the possessors, or at least the rulers, of Mexico, the idea of uniting the Atlantic and Pacific may be regarded as less visionary than it has hitherto been. In fact, the project has been revived with some likelihood of its speedy accomplishment, and the line of route to be assumed has become a matter of discussion both in Britain and America. To help on the good cause, we offer the following sketch of the district through which the canal-cutting may be performed.

The neck of land stretching as a connecting link between North and South America, embraces the part called the Isthmus of Panama, which is most southerly, Guatemala, and a portion of Mexico; on the east lies the Gulf of Mexico, and on the west the Pacific Ocean. By the intervention of rivers and lakes in various parts of the tract, nature has in some measure prepared the way for establishing a ship canal between the two seas. In the more northerly or Mexican portion, called the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, the breadth of the land is one hundred and twenty miles. Here two rivers run in opposite directions, and these it is reported could be made navigable so far into the interior, as to render a canal of twenty miles alone sufficient to connect the two waters. If the Mexican Spaniards had possessed the smallest ingenuity or desire for improvement, they would have had this intermediate tract surveyed, and a canal formed, if at all practicable. As the matter stands, there is no existing survey in which any confidence can be placed, and therefore we are at a loss to know what are the difficulties to be overcome in the way of excavation or lockage.

A plan which has found much more favour in the eyes of the world, as well as of scientific men, is that which would carry the line of communication through the lake of Nicaragua, which is situated in the middle of the neck, in an apparently convenient manner for forming part of a navigable channel between the two oceans. It extends about one hundred and twenty-three miles in length, about forty in breadth, and has almost every where a depth of sixty, and often of ninety feet, so that it is admirably adapted for the purposes of navigation. This great basin receives a number of streams, but the only visible issue of its waters is the river San Juan (St John), which flows from its south-eastern extremity into the Atlantic Ocean. On the north-west the lake of Nicaragua communicates with another sheet of water called Lake Leon or Matiares, upwards of thirty-five miles in length, and nearly fifteen in breadth, by means of a channel called the Rio Tapitapa, which is about twenty miles in length. The distance overland from the Lake of Nicaragua to the Pacific is only seventeen English miles, and from Lake Leon to the same ocean it is still less; but we know not which is the most practicable route. "It would be an important service rendered to geography," says an able writer,† "would any person

endeavour to ascertain the levels on this line of road, and the physical obstacles it would be necessary to overcome, to form a water communication. It is believed some such survey has been set on foot by the American government, or by a company of the United States; in the mean time, the only observations we have are from a Spanish manuscript, existing in the archives at Guatemala, and copied by Mr Thompson (in his work on that country), which states, that the engineer Don Manuel Galisteo executed a survey in 1781, by means of a water level, from the Gulf of Papagayo in the Pacific, as far as the Lake of Nicaragua; and that the bottom of the lake was found to be forty-six Spanish feet above the level of the sea. The distance between the lake and the sea, at the proposed communication, is by this measurement 29,880 English yards, or fifteen geographical miles nearly; and the greatest actual height of any part of the land is nineteen feet above the level of the lake: thus we are assured of a grand natural reservoir of water at a sufficient elevation. But the practicability of a communication with the Pacific, either by this line or through the Lake of Leon, or with the Atlantic by the Rio San Juan, or some great transversal valley, is not yet ascertained with any certainty." Here, then, in the first place, it will be necessary to cut a canal of seventeen miles length from the Lake of Nicaragua to the Pacific, and as the land seems gradually to decline to the ocean, and is in no part more than nineteen feet above the level of the lake, this really seems a very insignificant undertaking. It is not to be compared for a moment with hundreds of works of the same kind executed in the United States, Great Britain, and other places.

Our attention must next be drawn to the Rio San Juan, which flows from the Lake of Nicaragua to the Atlantic. In Colonel Galindo's map, published in the journal above quoted, this stream appears to be about one hundred and twenty miles in length. It is broken by falls, but, Mr Davis Robinson informs us, is navigable for sloops throughout its whole length; and Captain Phillips, a more recent authority, states that "the river and lake are at present navigated by boats which are called bungaloes (or, as we should call them, river barges), of about two tons burthen. I have seen a string of twelve or fourteen of these boats arrive in one day at San Juan de Nicaragua, from Granada, laden with hides, indigo, money, &c. If the stream is not strong enough to impede the passage of the bungaloes at present, there can be little doubt of the success attendant on the introduction of steam-boats," and so on.* But as the navigation of the river by small craft, such as are here mentioned, would not answer the intended purpose, it would be necessary to deepen the bed of the river, and to make a cut to avoid the falls. This would prove the heaviest part of the undertaking, and yet even this work is completely thrown into shade by many others for which bills are annually passed through the North American Congress. Judging from Colonel Galindo's map, the length of the inland navigation here would be,

	English miles.
From the Atlantic to the lake through the river San Juan	120
Through the lake to the head of the canal	85
The canal	17
Total	222

In 1824, three companies in England, Holland, and the United States, were in terms with the government of Central America for executing this canal; but the scheme was abandoned like many others created during that bubble period. It is now, however, pretty certain that the government of the North American Union will either carry through this work, or one similar to it at a place which we shall now describe.

If appearances on the map alone were to be consulted, the Isthmus of Panama seems the spot marked out by nature for a junction of the two oceans. Here the neck of land that unites the two continents is narrowest, being in one part only thirty miles across; and here the chain of the Andes in two places subsides to a level with the land, so that a canal is quite practicable, provided the land itself do not rise to too great a height. "It will be seen," says Mr Lloyd, of whose survey we feel ourselves indebted, "that the spot where the continent of America is reduced to nearly its narrowest limits, is also distinguished by a break for a few miles of the great chain of mountains, which otherwise extends, with but few exceptions, to its extreme northern and southern limits. This combination of circumstances points out the peculiar fitness of the Isthmus of Panama for the establishment of a communication across."† Mr Lloyd's attention was chiefly directed to the practicability of a railroad along a level tract of country which lies between the mouth of the river Trinidad on the Atlantic side, and the town or river of Chorrera on the Pacific side, a work which would certainly prove of great utility; but a large ship canal is what the wants of the commercial world require. This can only be effected in this part by joining the head waters of the rivers here situated, which flow partly to the Atlantic and partly to the Pacific. The largest is the Chagres, which empties itself into the Atlantic, after receiving the Trinidad and many other streams. On the Pacific side, the largest river is the Rio Grande, the upper part of

which approaches within about four miles of the Mandinga or Obispo, a tributary of the Chagres. The intervening country being nearly a level, presents no serious obstacle, so that a canal might easily be made to join the two streams, and thus the junction of the oceans is effected. The rivers, it is true, are too shallow for ships; but Senor Gazo, an authority in these matters, and many other persons, are of opinion that by deepening the bed of the Obispo, and carrying the canal from it to that point of the Rio Grande, where the latter stream becomes navigable for vessels of small tonnage, the desired object would be effected. Still, as large vessels could not sail right across, the idea of a grand oceanic canal would be but imperfectly realised. But surely there is nothing impracticable in rendering the Rio Grande navigable for large vessels; and allowing that the canal were to be cut from the Chagres direct to it without interfering with the Obispo at all, the distance would only be twelve miles. The following interesting facts bearing on this point are from a work recently published. "I have lately seen a letter from Mr Ferraud, the North American consul at Panama, to Mr Wheelwright, in which he says, that the distance from the Chagres to the Rio Grande is about twelve miles; that labourers are plenty in the country; a thousand may be obtained at about two dollars per week; that wood, limestone, and all materials for the completion of a canal, are to be found on the spot; and that the country is nearly level."* Here, then, we have labour cheap, material for a trifle, and a level country to cut; what is wanted but English or American enterprise to carry through the undertaking? To render the Chagres navigable at all seasons, it would be necessary to erect weirs at certain places; and to obviate an inconvenience occurring at its mouth, by which vessels drawing more than twelve feet of water cannot enter, Mr Lloyd informs us that the river might "easily be connected with the bay of Limon," where there is excellent and secure anchorage. The same writer describes some curious and interesting phenomena respecting the difference of level of the two oceans, by which it appears that the Pacific is several feet higher than the Atlantic, but this might be obviated for inland navigation by one or two locks.

Cupica, the most southerly portion of Panama, lying on the Pacific, is thought by Humboldt the most favourable point for connecting the two oceans by a navigable canal. At the distance of about fifteen miles inland, over a country perfectly level, or with a very gentle rise, we arrive at the river Naipi, a branch of the Atrato, which flows into the Atlantic.

Farther to the south, that is, higher up the Atrato, there is a river called the San Juan de Chirambira, which flows to the Pacific. The upper branches of the two rivers approach within ten or twelve miles of each other, at the sixth degree of north latitude. A quebrada or ravine stretches from the one to the other; and it is a fact worthy of record, that this natural facility was taken advantage of by the priest of the neighbouring parish, who caused the Indians to dig a channel here, which, being subject to periodical inundations, became filled with water, and thus, forming a communication between the two rivers, united the two oceans at the same time. He must have been an enlightened ecclesiastic that curate of Novita, so the parish over which he presided was called. Through this channel, boats laden with cocoa have occasionally passed from sea to sea for more than half a century. It is said that the canal might be easily enlarged by directing the course of some of the neighbouring rivers into it. In this case a line of boat navigation could be more readily established here than at any other place. But to render a canal in the isthmus useful on a great scale, it must be what Humboldt calls "a canal of oceanic navigation." It ought to admit ships large enough to trade between the Old and New World with advantage, for we have the example of the Caledonian Canal before us to prove, that unless ships can sail freely, speedily, and without damage, through an artificial channel, they will not proceed by such a course. We conclude, therefore, by saying, that if there is to be a canal from the Atlantic to the Pacific, it must be on a gigantic scale, otherwise it need not be undertaken.

The advantages which would be derived from establishing ship-navigation across the isthmus, are too vast and various to be individually pointed out. In the first place, they would be greater to the United States than to any other country, because by such a canal the voyage from all ports on the Atlantic side of North America, to all ports on the Pacific or western side of both South and North America, would be shortened two-thirds, one-half, one-third, one-fourth, and so on, according to the situation of the place. From Britain, and all other parts of Europe and Africa, the distance to the western coast of the New World would also be shortened, although, of course, not to the same extent in proportion to the length of the voyage. All that long and often harassing voyage round Cape Horn would be saved. It would immensely shorten the voyage between this country and China, and many other parts of Asia, as well as Australia, and every port and island in the Pacific Ocean. On the United States it would confer the same advantage, and in a much higher degree. We wish we had data for calculating the amount of money which would

* English Songs, by Barry Cornwall.

† Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. vi., p. 120.

* Journal of the Royal Geographical Society, vol. iii. p. 279.

† Philosophical Transactions for 1830, p. 65.

* South America and the Pacific. By the Hon. P. Campbell Scarlett.

be saved to the shipping interest of Britain alone in one year, by means of this canal; but such cannot yet be obtained. We have no doubt, however, but that it would be large enough to startle those who have not looked into the subject, and create surprise in all that such an undertaking as the junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans has been so long delayed.

A SEAMAN'S TALE.

LISTENING one evening to the conversation of the seamen during a passage made from Portsmouth to New York in the *Juliana*, in 1775, I heard them telling one another what were the respective causes which had sent them to sea. One of them, a very good-looking, well-mannered, and neatly dressed young man, on being asked what had made a sailor of him, replied smilingly, "Upon my word, it was a little *stumble over a stone*." No further queries were put to him at the time, but my curiosity was so much excited by the young seaman's words, as well as by the superior cast of his looks and deportment, that I took an early opportunity to enter into conversation with him, and to ask him the particulars of his story. He told me as follows:—

"My father, sir, is a humble tradesman in a small town in Dorsetshire, near to a sea-port of some magnitude, and there was I born and brought up. My father, whose name is Roger Alison, trained me to his own business of a joiner, and I continued at it till nearly eighteen, when an accident changed my whole prospects in life. The street of our town was narrow, and directly opposite to our shop was a little inn, kept by a Mr and Mrs Whitroe, whose only daughter Sally was nearly of my own age. We had from an early age entertained a strong partiality for one another; and as Sally had all the drudgery of drawing and serving the beer, it was my great amusement and delight at leisure hours to assist her in her toil. Though a sweet and well-formed girl, she was not strong, and was very grateful to me. In fact, we were declared lovers, as far as any body could be so at our age. But one day, when Sally required my assistance, I started like a deer from our own door to run across the street, stumbled, fell in the mud, and rent my clothes rather extensively. A great many people were then in the street and about the doors, and they set up a general laugh. As I rose, I saw a little smile even on Sally's countenance. There was nothing very cruel in this, as it was plain that I was not hurt. But an exposure of this kind puts a young fellow sadly to the blush, particularly if he is just at that age when he begins to think himself a man. I slunk hastily back to our own house, and, like a great booby, sat brooding and blushing over the accident; so much so, that, in the heat of my childish vexation, I packed up my clothes in a small bundle, and, without saying a word to any one, set off that night for Poole. By morning I got there, and finding a vessel on the point of sailing for the Newfoundland fishery, offered myself without wages, and was accepted. On the second morning I was far out of sight of my native Dorsetshire.

After seeing the fishing over for the season, feeling a disinclination still to return to England, I got a passage to Marble-head, on the North American coasts, and there entered myself in a new vessel for a Levant voyage. I began to like the life of a seaman, and during this second voyage applied myself, with the help of the mate, to the study of navigation, in which I became a considerable proficient. On returning to Marble-head from the Levant, I was paid my wages, which I laid out in books to complete me in navigation, and on clothes, as well as other necessities. My third voyage was to the West Indies; and when it was over, I entered on others from the same port, for the space of about three years in all. During this time, the people with whom I came in contact about the port had adopted the notion that I was a lad of good family and breeding, which my decent style of dressing when on shore, and also my good behaviour, had probably originated. I was admitted to the acquaintance of various respectable families of the place, and particularly that of Mr Reade, an extensive and rather wealthy trader. This gentleman became my warm friend, and gave me the charge of rigging a new vessel of his that was soon to be launched, and of which I was to be chief mate. Mr Reade had three daughters, to whose society I was also freely admitted. Of these girls, Miss Ruth Reade was my favourite; but I never presumed to think of her as a match for one like me. Yet, when I brought presents from my trips, I was sure, almost unconsciously, always to make Ruth's the best.

One day, Mr Reade said to me, "Suppose I were to make you captain of the new brig, do you think, William, you have experience enough to manage her?" I answered, "I have impudence enough to try, if you will trust me with her." "Well," returned he, "come to my house this evening; the girls want to see you, and then we can talk about it." It for the first time struck me, from Mr Reade's manner on this occasion,

that he had a thought of connecting me with his family, as well as with his vessel. I was punctual in my visit at night, and my suspicion was confirmed, on finding that the family contrived to leave me alone for a time with Ruth. I grew greatly agitated at the moment, and told the young lady that I felt suddenly unwell. She expressed great concern, and I took my leave, and went home to reflect on my situation.

A connection with such a family as Mr Reade's was beyond my most sanguine hopes as regarded my settlement in life, and the idea of being loved by the young and beautiful Ruth was so flattering, that at first I felt resolved to take advantage of the prize which fortune seemed to hold out to me. But as I lay that night on my solitary bed, the image of my poor Sally, my own dear Sally, rose uppermost in my mind. The recollection of all our fondness for each other, from our very cradles, came fresh upon my memory, and with her remembrance came also that of my poor parents, weeping for their only child, who had cruelly left them ignorant hitherto of his fate. I arose from my bed next morning in some measure a changed being, resolute to go without delay to England, and also to let the Reades know, if it proved necessary, that, for the sake of Sally Whitroe, I would go a disengaged man, ready to give her my hand, if I found that she loved me still, as I did her. When I saw Mr Reade, I told him of my determination about my parents, and he commended it; but it was when I went to his house, and was again left alone with Ruth, that my trial came. I sat for some time silent, and the tears came to my eyes. Ruth also was silent, and her eye was also tearful. "Will you go then?" she said at length in a soft voice. Still I could not find words to tell what I was resolved at heart to do. I only took her hand, and put it to my lips. "Suppose, William," said she, "you should write to your parents, and invite them to come to you. Tell them your prospects are good; and if they agree to come, my father will give you a vessel to go for them." I saw now, that the longer I delayed to tell the sweet girl the whole truth, the more painful it would finally be. "Dear Miss Reade," I said, "you know but part of my errand to England. I came now—I came resolved to tell you all—." Here I stopped. "Oh! William," cried Ruth hurriedly, "you could not have an attachment to any one before leaving England? You were so young!" My eyes remained fixed on the ground. "Oh! then it is so," she continued, and a new flood of tears from her eyes threw me into the greatest distress. "Tell me all," she said after a time; "let me be your confidant at least."

I then told her my whole history, and ended by saying, "Forgive me, dear Ruth, if on examining my heart I find that one I loved long ago still occupies the first place there." "I have nothing to forgive, William," she replied; "I had hoped that it was otherwise, for you are the first and only object on whom my own affections have been placed. But I esteem you the more for your constancy, and approve of what you propose to do." We parted, and I promised, at her anxious request, to write immediately on reaching England.

Not many months afterwards, I found myself in Dorsetshire, and entering, with a beating heart, my native town. I had taken a postchaise for the last part of my journey, and was very well dressed, so that I was not surprised that the landlord of the inn did not know me, although but four years had elapsed since my departure. I was at the time of life, too, when a year or two make a great change. It was with a most anxious and trembling heart that I asked if Roger Alison was alive. "Oh yes," said the landlord, quickly; "do you bring any news of his son Billy? The poor old soul is almost killed with fear and anxiety about him." "I have seen the young man you speak of, I believe," said I. "Oh then," cried the landlord, "I must go instantly and tell old Roger." I cried "stop!" from a mixture of feelings, but the friendly landlord was off. The way between the inn and my father's house was short. I ran to the window, and gazed in the direction. In a few minutes I saw my good father hurrying towards me as fast as his limbs could carry him. He did not know me. "Oh, sir, you have seen my son? Where is my poor boy?" "Father! do you not know me?" We sank into each other's arms, and had scarcely parted from that embrace, when my mother also entered the room. My father had entreated and desired her to stay at home till he brought her the tidings which might have come, but she could not remain, and now made her way into the room, exclaiming, "I must see the gentleman who has seen my son." I stepped forward, crying, "My dearest mother!" and she immediately fainted away.

Soon after, escorted by all the neighbours, who had gathered about the inn door, I again re-entered the house where I was born. Hitherto not a word had escaped my lips about Sally, but as soon as I was alone with my father and mother, I asked for their opposite neighbours. My father answered that Mr and Mrs Whitroe had that day gone to a little distance from the town on a visit. Sally was not mentioned, but there was an expression in the countenances of my parents which went to my very heart. They told me no more, till, being able to bear suspense no longer, I asked for Sally. "Oh! William," exclaimed my mother, "have you then heard nothing of that poor lost girl?" "Lost!" I cried, starting to my feet; "lost!—how! where!—tell me at once—put me out

of suspense!" "Be calm, my dear William," said my father; "your mother has spoken rashly. Sit down, and I will tell you the whole."

My father now began thus:—"From that hour when you left us, my son, Sally Whitroe was inconsolable. She took to her bed, and refused all nourishment, or at least would not take enough to sustain life in any one. I need scarcely say, William, that both her parents and your mother and I had seen how much you were attached to each other, and often had we rejoiced in private over the hope of seeing you united. Her father and myself had each been left with some little patrimonies, and we had added to its amount; and the thought that you, our only children, would enjoy our means when we were gone, was very pleasing to us. We were not surprised at the effect of your departure on Sally, but her condition was very alarming to her parents. At length, when our inquiries were so far successful as to reveal to us that you had gone from Poole to the Newfoundland fishing, the tidings were communicated to Sally. She started from her bed. 'Oh! thank God,' she said, 'is my dear William heard of at last?' I assured her that such was the case, and that you would surely come back when the fishing ended, or at least write to us. [How my heart smote me for my cruelty as my father said this!] Sally recovered rapidly after this period, and was soon able to go about; but there was still a painful degree of anxiety about her looks and manner. Her parents thought they would please her and do her good by giving up the business which they pursued, and which brought her into too much stir and noise. 'Can you do this without losing money and hurting your interests?' was the good girl's question to her father. 'We can, Sally,' said he, 'and I have often thought of it before.' 'Then,' replied Sally, 'it will gratify me much. I wish to have a little leisure to improve myself, and acquire a few accomplishments, for I know well that William will be improving himself wherever he is, and I would make myself worthy of him—if indeed he ever come back to me.'

In truth, my dear son, all the poor girl's thoughts were still about you. Her parents commenced the linen-draper business, and Sally devoted herself to the cultivation of her mind, and the acquisition of many little female accomplishments. Every day she came and sat for an hour with your mother and me, talking about you, and you only. At last she heard of a young lady, of respectable family, who was going to France to complete her education at a convent. Sally expressed a strong wish to accompany her, and Mr Whitroe was prevailed upon to agree to her wish. Within six months after you left us, she and her companion set out for Monteville in Normandy, and they were accompanied thither by Mrs Whitroe and by your mother, who thought the journey would do her health good. Sally's last parting words to your mother were, to send the intelligence of your arrival to her immediately, or whatever tidings might come from you.

Great was our disappointment, my dear William, when the captain of the Newfoundland fishing-vessel, on being inquired at, told us that you had left him and gone to Virginia. We dared not tell the truth to Sally, but wrote to her that you had written to say that you were going to stay abroad some time longer for self-improvement. We, moreover, said that you had sent kind messages to her, and that your wish was to make yourself deserving of her. This deception we had to repeat during the two years that she was away. At the end of that time she returned, bringing with her a Miss Simon, a young lady of Plymouth, who had been her friend abroad. Alas! Sally was not long, as we had feared, in asking us to permit her to read the letters of her 'dear William.' The question afflicted us so much that it was vain to think of longer concealing the truth. 'I feared this,' said Sally, with tears; but after a time she comforted us, saying, 'I am assured we shall yet see him again.'

Sally had improved herself so much, that she was regarded as a most accomplished girl, and people in the neighbourhood who had never noticed her before, were now happy to have her in their circle. A young clergyman proposed for her, but, my dear William, Sally told him 'her heart was with you'; and when he said you were probably dead, she replied, that 'her affections were then with you in the grave.' After the departure of her friend Miss Simon, she spent her whole time in some quiet employments, till she received a summons to go to Plymouth, according to a promise made, and be her friend's bridesmaid, on her union with Captain Toucher, an officer in the army. She went to Plymouth accordingly, but she did not return. In place of herself there came a letter from her to her parents, announcing that Captain Toucher had received a company in a regiment then serving in North America, that Mrs Toucher was going with him, and that she had resolved to accompany them; for she was sure that she would find you in that country, and be the happy means of restoring you to your parents. Mr and Mrs Whitroe were at first greatly distressed, but they could not remedy the matter, as Sally had sailed immediately on writing. Her father, therefore, sent after her a letter of credit on certain merchants in New York. We have not yet heard from her, as all this happened but a short time back."

My father here closed his narration. I was so deeply impressed with Sally's constancy, that I was for starting immediately in pursuit of her. But a

little reflection made me more patient. Besides, Mr and Mrs Whitroe came to me, and treated me like a beloved son. At the entreaties of all, I agreed to stay till a letter came from Sally. The interval I employed in writing to Miss Reade, telling her the whole story, and engaging her to find out and be kind to my Sally. When the letter at length wrote, announcing her arrival in New York, I again bade adieu to my parents and friends. Thinking it dishonourable in an English seaman to be an idle spectator in an English ship, I engaged with the captain of this vessel to work my passage out, and here I am on my way to New York.

I was delighted with the spirited handsome fellow, who thus told me his story, and I thought to myself that it was no wonder two fine girls should have loved him so. In America, I afterwards learnt, he found and married his constant Sally. As for Ruth Reade, a creature so kind-hearted as she could not but be happy in life, though her first affections were not rewarded as they deserved.

[The above story is transcribed, with only some alterations in language, from the same manuscript volume to which we were indebted for the *Adventure of a Canadian Trader*, inserted in last number; the said volume having been the genuine composition of a gentleman who was engaged as a British officer in the American war of independence.]

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

A POINT IN SHOPKEEPING.

Except in London, and in a few of the larger provincial towns in England, the best modes of constructing and laying out shops attractively are little understood. The chief point in the London shop system is accessibility. There must be perfect facility of access. A very small obstacle would be considered injurious. A shop approachable by steps would be placed at a serious disadvantage in comparison with one level with the street, and in point of fact few London shops have steps at the door. The principle which guides the objection to steps rests on a well-defined feeling. The persons who visit shops may be divided into two classes—those who go with a deliberate intention to buy, and those who are inclined to buy something, but are not very sure if the shop which they enter possesses the kind of thing they would like. This latter class is by far the most numerous, and it is to them that the shopkeeper must in the main look for support. His art, therefore, consists, first, in rendering the exterior of his shop attractive, and, second, in rendering it perfectly easy of access. Inasmuch as a small pebble at the margin of a brook will divert the course of the stream, so will a small obstacle at the door of a shop turn aside a customer. The entrance ought to be so convenient that the passenger should slide in almost imperceptibly, as if drawn insensibly into a whirlpool. One instant, he is in the street; and the next, before he knows rightly what he is about, he should be alongside the counter. Thus, his half formed notion that he wishes to buy something, must not be impeded by steps. His purpose is not sufficiently strong to encounter the trouble of mounting an elevation; and, besides, steps tend very much to cut off his retreat, should he not find what he is in quest of. There is a feeling about him, that, by mounting steps, he would show his determination to buy, and that he should have some difficulty in coming out again with any degree of decency if he did not make a purchase—all which is most injurious to the interests of the shopkeeper who has heedlessly planted himself at the top of a stair, or who has even not more than two or three steps at his door. Reader, if you are about to set up a shop, take care to have it constructed right slick off from the trottoir. No steps!

GRANITE.

One of the finest kinds of granite which is any where to be met with, exists to an incalculable extent at Kingston, on the sea-shore, a few miles from Dublin. It is a composition of sparkling crystals black and white, but the white predominating. Nothing can exceed this beautiful stone in hardness and durability; and it is therefore exceedingly suitable for the erection of public edifices requiring imperishable materials. We should suppose that this or Aberdeen granite, both being alike excellent, might with great advantage be employed in the construction of the new House of Parliament. The public edifices of London are in general built with a species of freestone, which is too easily destroyed by the atmosphere.

RAILWAY SLEEPERS.

In speaking of granite, we are reminded of rather an important fact connected with the laying down of lines of railway. The iron rails in the line betwixt Dublin and Kingston were at first laid upon square and substantial granite blocks or sleepers; but after a trial it was found, that, from the unyielding quality of the blocks, the vehicles were injured in their rapid transit, and, besides, the noise made by the train was too great to be comfortably endured. The blocks were consequently raised and thrown aside; they are seen scattered along the sides of the way. The rails are now laid upon wooden beams, placed longitudinally beneath them, and giving support, not at points like stone sleepers, but from end to end of the rails, or continuously throughout. At certain intervals, the

beams on the two sides are connected by cross bars of wood. Since this arrangement was adopted, the train sweeps along the line with smoothness and velocity, there being no jarring of parts, and as little noise as could reasonably be expected. It might prove of consequence for railway companies to take this fact into consideration when determining whether they will adopt stone or wooden sleepers.

ARAGO'S LIFE OF WATT.

THE *Eloge*, or Memoir of James Watt, addressed to the French Academy of Sciences, by M. Arago, the secretary of that distinguished institution, has been translated into English, and recently laid before the public in an accessible form.* As a piece of biography, it has little or no merit, for a number of important facts in Watt's life are omitted; and the style of the work from first to last is high-sounding and insubstantial, and therefore inappropriate in narrating the career of a man of plain practical science. As a running and frequently eloquent commentary, however, on the successive discoveries of Watt, particularly his great works in connection with the steam-engine, the *Eloge* of Arago possesses no small degree of interest.

It will be recollected that the stupendous inventions of Watt were at first received with great indifference, and even strenuously opposed. When alluding to this fact, so disgraceful to us as a nation, M. Arago makes the following animated comments:—"Thus, then, was the steam-engine completed. The improvements it received from Watt are evident, and of their immense utility there cannot be a doubt. You will, therefore, anticipate, that it would immediately displace, as a draining apparatus, the comparatively ruinously expensive machines of Newcomen. This, however, was far from being the case. The author of a discovery has always to contend with those whose interests may be affected, with the obstinate partisans of whatever is ancient, and, finally, with those who are jealous—and these three classes united form (must we confess it?) the great majority of the public. Yet, to avoid a paradoxical result, I leave out of my calculation all those who had double motives. It is time alone that can disunite and scatter this phalanx of opponents. Nor will time alone do it. They must be energetically and unceasingly attacked, and the means used must be varied, as is done by the chemist, whom experience has taught that the complete solution of certain compounds requires the successive employment of several acids. The strength of character and firmness of purpose which in the long run defeat the most wily intrigues, are seldom united with an inventive genius. Watt, were it necessary, might be quoted as a convincing proof of the fact. His grand invention and most felicitous conception, that steam might be condensed in a vessel quite separated from the cylinder in which the mechanical action is going forward, was completed in the year 1765; and in two years, scarcely any progress was made to try its applicability upon the great scale. At length, however, his friends put him in communication with Dr Roebuck, the founder of the great establishment at Carron, so celebrated even at the present time. The engineer and the projector now associated themselves together, Watt yielding to him two-thirds of his patent. A machine was speedily constructed upon the new principles; it confirmed all the anticipations of theory; its success was complete, although, in the mean time, Dr Roebuck's fortune was injured. The invention of Watt would, without doubt, have repaired it; all that was required, was to apply to money-lenders; but our brother associate thought it more simple to renounce his discovery and to change his career." He engaged himself for several years as a surveyor of canals, improver of harbours, &c. in Scotland.

"Were I now for an instant to forget my duties as the organ of the Academy, and to aim at producing a smile rather than insisting upon important truths, the fact before us would supply the materials of a striking contrast. I might adduce not a few authors, who, at our weekly meetings, are wont to demand, with all their heart and might, leave to communicate the solitary remark, the trifling reflection, the hasty note which was conceived and written the previous evening. I might represent them cursing their destiny, when our laws, or the priority of another's communication, postponed their paper for a week; although they have the guarantee of the *paquet cacheté* being deposited in our archives. On the other hand, we see the great inventor of a machine destined to constitute an epoch in the annals of the world, submit, without a murmur, to the stupid neglect of capitalists, and apply his superior genius for eight years to the preparation of plans, to the making of surveys, to troublesome calculations of levelling, and to measurements of masonry. How strikingly does this exhibit the serene character, the subdued ambition, and the true modesty, of Watt! But, indifference such as this, however noble its causes, was not devoid of blame. It is not without reason that society stamps with its reprobation those who withdraw from circulation the gold hoarded in their coffers. And is that individual less culpable who deprives his country, his fellow-citizens, and the age in which he lives, of the treasures a thousand-fold more valuable, which are the products of the mind; who retains for himself alone those immortal discoveries, the sources of the noblest and purest delights of the

soul; and who does not bestow on the artisan mechanical contrivances which may indefinitely multiply the products of industry, which may diminish, to the profit of civilization and humanity, the effects of the inequalities of our lot, and which may ere long afford us the satisfaction of visiting the humblest dwellings, without discovering the heart-rending spectacle of fathers of families, and wretched children of both sexes, assimilated to the brutes, and hurrying prematurely to the tomb!

Towards the commencement of the year 1774 (after what we must call the indifference of Watt was overcome), he formed a connection with Mr Boulton of Soho, near Birmingham, a gentleman equally distinguished by his knowledge of the arts and his enterprising spirit. The two friends applied to Parliament for prolongation of the privilege, for Mr Watt's patent was dated in the year 1769, and had only a few years to run. The introduction of the bill gave rise to an animated discussion. The celebrated mechanist thus writes to his aged father, in a letter, dated London, May 8, 1775:—"After a series of violent and various opposition, I have at last got an act of Parliament. The affair has been attended with great expense and anxiety; and without many friends of great interest, I should never have been able to have carried it through, as many of the most powerful people in the House of Commons opposed it." I was curious to learn to what class of society those members of Parliament belonged, to whom Mr Watt alludes, and who refused to the man of genius a small fraction of that wealth which he was about to create. Conceive my surprise, when I learned that at their head stood the celebrated Burke! Is it then the fact, that a man may be given to profound thought, may possess extensive knowledge and sterling honesty, be pre-eminently endowed with oratorical talents to move and carry along with him political assemblies, and yet be wanting in plain common sense?"

Watt fortunately outlived these rebuffs. From the establishment at Soho, his improved engines were dispersed over the country, especially Cornwall; the firm of Boulton and Watt receiving the value of the third part of the coal which was saved by the use of the machines. "And we may judge of the commercial importance of the invention by the fact, that in the single mine of Chacewater, where three pumps were employed, the proprietors thought it worth their while to purchase the rights of the inventors, at the price of £2500 per annum for each engine. Thus, in a single establishment, the substitution of the condenser effected in fuel alone a reduction in expense of more than £7500 per annum. On the expiration of the term to which his patent had been extended, namely, the beginning of the year 1800, Mr Watt withdrew himself entirely from business."

While in retirement in the decline of life, Watt did not allow his faculties to slumber; he was jealous of any decline in his mental capacity. "At one time (says M. Arago) our associate imagined that his faculties were declining, and, in keeping with the seal he had adopted (an eye surrounded with the word *obscurare*), he determined to satisfy his doubts by making observations on himself; and, accordingly, when upwards of seventy years of age, he determined to select some kind of study on which he might try his powers, and for a time was in despair, because he could find no subject that was new to him. At length he thought upon the Anglo-Saxon tongue, which is a difficult language; and immediately it became the subject of the desired experiment, when the facility with which he mastered it soon convinced him there was no ground for his apprehensions." He thus busied himself in various useful and entertaining pursuits till near the period of his lamented death in 1819.

We cannot do better than conclude these sketches of the career of this illustrious individual by quoting M. Arago's observations on the encouragement given in England to men of science:—"The peerage in England the first of dignities, the highest of rewards; and you will naturally suppose that Watt was created a peer. So far was this from being the case, that it was never even thought of! Were we to speak the truth, we should say, so much the worse for the peerage. Such a neglect, however, in a nation so justly proud of its illustrious men, could not but greatly astonish me. When I inquired into the cause of this neglect, what think you was the response? Those dignities of which you speak, I was told, are reserved for naval and military officers, for influential members of the House of Commons, and for members of the aristocracy. 'It is not the custom,' it was said, and I quote the very phrase, 'to grant these honours to scientific and literary men, to artists or engineers.' I well knew it was not the custom in the reign of Queen Anne, because Newton was never a peer of England. But after a century and a half of progress in science and philosophy, when all of us, within the short span of life, have seen monarchs banished, forsaken, proscribed, and replaced upon their thrones by mere soldiers of fortune, who have hewn out their renown by their swords, surely I might be permitted to hope that the time had passed when it would be attempted to divide men into exclusive classes; that, at all events, it would not be declared openly, and in the style of the inflexible code of the Pharaohs. Whatever may be your services, your virtues, or your acquirements, not one of you shall ever rise above the level of your caste. Such a senseless custom (since custom it is) should no longer be permitted to disfigure the institutions of

* One volume, thin octavo. A. and C. Black, Edinburgh.

a great people. Let us hope better things of the future. The time will come when the science of destruction shall decline before the arts of peace; when the genius which multiplies our powers, which creates new products, and dispenses comfort throughout immense masses of our population, shall occupy, in general esteem, the place which reason and sound sense have even now assigned to it."

The feeling which dictates these remarks is doubtless good; but we nevertheless think that there would have been something odd in making Watt a peer. A peerage, being a kind of reward which took its rise in the middle ages, is quite a suitable reward for any distinction in things which remind one of those ages, as the science of destruction, for example, or the squabbles which we consider as government. But the distinction of Watt arose from things which appertain to an advanced and enlightened age, and its rewards should be of an appropriate kind—certainly not a hereditary title.

SLEEPY HOLLOW.

[BY GEOFFREY CRAYON, GENT.]*

HAVING pitched my tent, probably for the remainder of my days, in the neighbourhood of Sleepy Hollow, I am tempted to give some few particulars concerning that spell-bound region; especially as it has risen to historic importance, under the pen of my revered friend and master, the sage historian of the New Netherlands. Besides, I find the very existence of the place has been held in question by many; who, judging from its odd name, and from the odd stories current among the vulgar concerning it, have rashly deemed the whole to be a fanciful creation, like the Lubber Land of mariners. I must confess there is some apparent cause for doubt, in consequence of the colouring given by the worthy Diedrich to his descriptions of the Hollow; who, in this instance, has departed a little from his usually sober if not severe style; beguiled, very probably, by his predilection for the haunts of his youth, and by a certain lurking taint of romance, whenever any thing connected with the Dutch was to be described. I shall endeavour to make up for this amiable error, on the part of my venerable and venerated friend, by presenting the reader with a more precise and statistical account of the Hollow; though I am not sure that I shall not be prone to lapse, in the end, into the very error I am speaking of, so potent is the witchery of the theme.

I believe it was the very peculiarity of its name, and the idea of something mystic and dreamy connected with it, that first led me, in my boyish ramblings, into Sleepy Hollow. The character of the valley seemed to answer to the name; the slumber of past ages apparently reigned over it; it had not awakened to the stir of improvement, which had put all the rest of the world in a bustle. Here reigned good old long-forgotten fashions; the men were in homespun garbs, evidently the product of their own farms, and the manufacture of their own wives; the women were in primitive short-gowns and petticoats, with the venerable sun-bonnets of Holland origin. The lower part of the valley was cut up into small farms, each consisting of a little meadow and corn-field; an orchard of sprawling, gnarled apple-trees, and a garden, where the rose, the marigold, and the hollyhock, were permitted to skirt the domains of the capacious cabbage, the aspiring pea, and the portly pumpkin. Each had its prolific little mansion, teeming with children, with an old hat nailed against the wall for the house-keeping wren; a motherly hen, under a coop on the grass-plot, clucking to keep around her a brood of vagrant chickens; a cool stone-well, with the moss-covered bucket suspended to the long balancing pole, according to the antediluvian idea of hydraulics; and its spinning-wheel humming within doors, the patriarchal music of home manufacture.

The Hollow at that time was inhabited by families which had existed there from the earliest times, and which, by frequent intermarriage, had become so interwoven as to make a kind of natural commonwealth. As the families had grown larger, the farms had grown smaller, every new generation requiring a new subdivision, and few thinking of swarming from the native hive. In this way, that happy golden mean had been produced, so much extolled by the poets, in which there was no gold, and very little silver. One thing which doubtless contributed to keep up this amiable mean, was a general repugnance to sordid labour. The sage inhabitants of Sleepy Hollow had read in their Bible, which was the only book they studied, that labour was originally inflicted upon man as a punishment of sin; they regarded it, therefore, with pious abhorrence, and never humiliated themselves to it, but in cases of extremity. There seemed, in fact, to be a league and covenant against it, throughout the Hollow, as against a common enemy. Was any one compelled, by dire necessity, to repair his house, mend his fences, build a barn, or get in a harvest, he considered it a great evil, that entitied him to call in the assistance of his friends. He accordingly proclaimed a "bee," or rustic gathering, whereupon all his neighbours hurried to his aid like faithful allies; attacked the task with the desperate energy of lazy men eager to overcome a job; and when

it was accomplished, fell to eating and drinking, fiddling and dancing, for very joy that so great an amount of labour had been vanquished with so little sweating of the brow.

Yet let it not be supposed that this worthy community was without its periods of arduous activity. Let but a flock of wild pigeons fly across the valley, and all Sleepy Hollow was wide awake in an instant. The pigeon season had arrived! Every gun and net was forthwith in requisition. The flail was thrown down on the barn floor; the spade rusted in the garden; the plough stood idle in the furrow; every one was to the hill-side and stubble-field at day-break, to shoot or entrap the pigeons, in their periodical migrations.

So, likewise, let but the word be given that the shad were ascending the Hudson, and the worthies of the Hollow were to be seen launched in boats upon the river, setting great stakes, and stretching their nets, like gigantic spider-webs, half across the stream, to the great annoyance of navigators. Such are the wise provisions of nature, by which she equalises rural affairs. A laggard at the plough is often extremely industrious with the fowling-piece and fishing-net; and whenever a man is an indifferent farmer, he is apt to be a first-rate sportsman. For catching shad and wild pigeons, there were none throughout the country to compare with the lads of Sleepy Hollow.

As I have observed, it was the dreamy nature of the name that first beguiled me, in the holiday roving of boyhood, into this sequestered region. I slumbered, however, the populous parts of the Hollow, and sought its retired haunts, far in the foldings of the hills, where the Pocantico "winds its wizard stream," sometimes silently and darkly, through solemn woodlands; sometimes sparkling between grassy borders, in fresh green meadows; sometimes stealing along the feet of rugged heights, under the balancing sprays of beech and chestnut trees. A thousand crystal springs, with which this neighbourhood abounds, sent down from the hill-sides their whimpering rills, as if to pay tribute to the Pocantico. In this stream I first essayed my unskilful hand at angling. I loved to loiter along it, with rod in hand, watching my float as it whirled amid the eddies, or drifted into dark holes, under twisted roots and sunken logs, where the largest fish are apt to lurk. I delighted to follow it into the brown recesses of the woods; to throw by my fishing gear, and sit upon rocks beneath towering oaks and clambering grape-vines; bathe my feet in the cool current, and listen to the summer breeze playing among the tree-tops. My boyish fancy clothed all nature around me with ideal charms, and peopled it with the fairy beings I had read of in poetry and fable. Here it was I gave full scope to my incipient habit of day-dreaming, and to a certain propensity to weave up and tint sober realities with my own whims and imaginings, which has sometimes made life a little too much like an Arabian tale to me, and this "working-day world" rather like a region of romance.

The great gathering-place of Sleepy Hollow, in those days, was the church. It stood outside of the Hollow, near the great highway; on a green bank, shaded by trees, with the Pocantico sweeping round it, and emptying itself into a spacious mill-pond. At that time the Sleepy Hollow church was the only place of worship for a wide neighbourhood. It was a venerable edifice, partly of stone and partly of brick, the latter having been brought from Holland in the early days of the province, before the arts in the New Netherlands could aspire to such a fabrication. On a stone above the porch were inscribed the names of the founders, Frederick Filipssen, a mighty patron of the olden time, who reigned over a wide extent of this neighbourhood, and held his seat of power at Yonkers; and his wife, Katrina Van Courtlandt, of the no less potent line of the Van Courtlandts of Croton, who lorded it over a great part of the Highlands.

The capacious pulpit, with its wide-spreading sounding-board, were likewise early importations from Holland; as also the communion table, of massive form and curious fabric. The same might be said of a weather-cock, perched on the top of the belfry, and which was considered orthodox in all windy matters, until a small pragmatical rival was set up, on the other end of the church, above the chancel. This latter bore, and still bears, the initials of Frederick Filipssen, and assumed great airs in consequence. The usual contradiction ensued that always exists among church weather-cocks, which can never be brought to agree as to the point from which the wind blows, having doubtless acquired, from their position, the propensity to schism and controversy.

Behind the church, and sloping up a gentle acclivity, was its capacious burying-ground, in which slept the earliest fathers of this rural neighbourhood. Here were tombstones of the rudest sculpture, on which were inscribed, in Dutch, the names and virtues of many of the first settlers, with their portraits curiously carved in similitude of cherubs. Long rows of grave-stones, side by side, of similar names, but various dates, showed that generation after generation of the same families had followed each other, and been garnered together in this last gathering-place of kindred.

Let me speak of this quiet grave-yard with all due reverence, for I owe it amends for the heedlessness of my boyish days. I blush to acknowledge the thoughtless frolic with which, in company with other whippers, I have sported within its sacred bounds, during the intervals of worship; chasing butterflies, plucking wild-flowers, or vying with each other who could leap over the tallest tomb-stones, until checked by the stern voice of the sexton.

The congregation was, in those days, of a really rural character. City fashions were as yet unknown, or unregarded, by the country people of the neighbourhood. Steam-boats had not as yet confounded town with country. A weekly market-boat from Tarrytown, the "Farmer's Daughter," navigated by the worthy Gabriel Requa, was the only communication between all these parts and the metropolis. A rustic belle in those days considered a visit to the city in much the same light as

one of our modern fashionable ladies regards a visit to Europe; an event that may possibly take place once in the course of a lifetime, but to be hoped for, rather than expected. Hence the array of the congregation was chiefly after the primitive fashions existing in Sleepy Hollow; or if, by chance, there was a departure from the Dutch sun-bonnet, or the apparition of a bright gown of flowered calico, it caused quite a sensation throughout the church. As the dominie generally preached by the hour, a bucket of water was providently placed on a bench near the door, in summer, with a tin cup beside it, for the solace of those who might be athirst, either from the heat of the weather, or the drouth of the sermon.

Around the pulpit, and behind the communion-table, sat the elders of the church, reverend, grey-headed, leathern-visaged men, whom I regarded with awe, as so many apostles. They were stern in their sanctity, kept a vigilant eye upon my giggling companions and myself, and shook a rebuking finger at any boyish device to relieve the tediousness of compulsory devotion. Vain, however, were all their efforts at vigilance. Scarcely had the preacher held forth for half an hour, on one of his interminable sermons, than it seemed as if the drowsy influence of Sleepy Hollow breathed into the place: one by one the congregation sank into slumber; the sanctified elders leaned back in their pews, spreading their handkerchiefs over their faces, as if to keep off the flies; while the locusts in the neighbouring trees would spin out their sultry summer notes, as if in imitation of the sleep-provoking tones of the dominie.

I have thus endeavoured to give an idea of Sleepy Hollow and its church, as I recollect them to have been in the days of my boyhood. It was in my striping days, when a few years had passed over my head, that I revisited them, in company with the venerable Diedrich. I shall never forget the antiquarian reverence with which that sage and excellent man contemplated the church. It seemed as if all his pious enthusiasm for the ancient Dutch dynasty swelled within his bosom at the sight. The tears stood in his eyes, as he regarded the pulpit and the communion-table; even the very bricks that had come from the mother country seemed to touch a filial chord within his bosom. He almost bowed in deference to the stone above the porch, containing the names of Frederick Filipssen and Katrina Van Courtlandt, regarding it as the linking together of those patronymic names, once so famous along the banks of the Hudson; or rather as a key-stone, binding that mighty Dutch family connection of yore, one foot of which rested on Yonkers, and the other on the Croton. Nor did he forbear to notice with admiration the windy contest which had been carried on, since time immemorial, and with real Dutch perseverance, between the two weather-cocks; though I could easily perceive he coincided with the one which had come from Holland.

Together we paced the ample churchyard. With deep veneration would he turn down the weeds and brambles that obscured the modest brown grave-stones, half sunk in earth, on which were recorded, in Dutch, the names of the patriarchs of ancient days, the Ackers, the Van Tassels, and the Van Warts. As we sat on one of the tomb-stones, he recounted to me the exploits of many of these worthies; and my heart smote me, when I heard of their great doings in days of yore, to think how heedlessly I had once sported over their graves.

From the church, the venerable Diedrich proceeded in his researches up the Hollow. The genius of the place seemed to hail its future historian. All nature was alive with gratulation. The quail whistled a greeting from the corn-field; the robin carolled a song of praise from the orchard; the loquacious cat-bird flew from bush to bush, with restless wing, proclaiming his approach in every variety of note, and anon would whisk about, and perk inquisitively into his face, as if to get a knowledge of his physiognomy; the woodpecker, also, tapped a tattoo on the hollow apple-tree, and then peered knowingly round the trunk, to see how the great Diedrich relished his salutation; while the ground-squirrel scampered along the fence, and occasionally whisked his tail over his head, by way of a huzza!

The worthy Diedrich pursued his researches in the valley with characteristic devotion; entering familiarly into the various cottages, and gossiping with the simple folk, in the style of their own simplicity. I confess my heart yearned with admiration to see so great a man, in his eager quest after knowledge, humbly demeaning himself to curry favour with the humblest; sitting patiently on a three-legged stool, patting the children, and taking a purring grimalkin on his lap, while he conciliated the good-will of the old Dutch housewife, and drew from her long ghost stories, spun out to the humming accompaniment of her wheel.

His greatest treasure of historic lore, however, was discovered in an old goblin-looking mill, situated among rocks and waterfalls, with clanking wheels and rushing streams, and all kinds of uncouth noises. A horse-shoe, nailed to the door to keep off witches and evil spirits, showed that this mill was subject to awful visitations. As we approached it, an old negro thrust his head, all dabbled with flour, out of a hole above the water-wheel, and grinned, and rolled his eyes, and looked like the very hobgoblin of the place. The illustrious Diedrich fixed upon him at once as the very one to give him that invaluable kind of information, never to be acquired from books. He beckoned him from his nest, sat with him by the hour on a broken mill-stone, by the side of the water-fall, heedless of the noise of the water, and the clatter of the mill; and I verily believe it was to his conference with this African sage, and the precious revelations of the good dame of the spinning-wheel, that we are indebted for the surprising though true history of Ichabod Crane and the headless horseman, which has since astounded and edified the world.

But I have said enough of the good old times of my youthful days; let me speak of the Hollow as I found it, after an absence of many years, when it was kindly given me once more to revisit the haunts of my boyhood. It was a genial day, as I approached that fated region.

* Washington Irving, who is now residing in his native country, America, some months ago, under his assumed name of Geoffrey Crayon, commenced a series of papers, principally descriptive of early recollections, in the Knickerbocker, or New York Monthly Magazine, and some of which have already been copied into English periodicals. The above, which is one of the series, we copy from the Knickerbocker for May 1839.

The warm sunshine was tempered by a slight haze, so as to give a dreamy effect to the landscape. Not a breath of air shook the foliage. The broad Tappan Sea was without a ripple, and the sloops, with drooping sails, slept on its glassy bosom. Columns of smoke, from burning brushwood, rose lazily from the folds of the hills, on the opposite side of the river, and slowly expanded in mid air. The distant lowing of a cow, or the noontide crowing of a cock, coming faintly to the ear, seemed to illustrate, rather than disturb, the drowsy quiet of the scene.

I entered the Hollow with a beating heart. Contrary to my apprehensions, I found it but little changed. The march of intellect, which had made such rapid strides along every river and highway, had not yet apparently turned down into this favoured valley. Perhaps the wizard spell of ancient days still reigned over the place, binding up the faculties of the inhabitants in happy contentment with things as they had been handed down to them from yore. There were the same little farms and farm-houses, with their old hats for the housekeeping wren; their stone-wells, moss-covered buckets, and long balancing poles. There were the same little rills, whimpering down to pay their tributes to the Pocantico; while that wizard stream still kept on its course, as of old, through solemn woodlands and fresh green meadows: nor were there wanting joyous holiday boys, to loiter along its banks, as I had done; throw their pin-hooks in the stream, or launch their mimic barks. I watched them with a kind of melancholy pleasure, wondering whether they were under the same spell of the fancy that once rendered this valley a fairy-land to me. Alas! alas! to me every thing now stood revealed in its simple reality. The echoes no longer answered with wizard tongues; the dream of youth was at an end; the spell of Sleepy Hollow was broken!

I sought the ancient church, on the following Sunday. There it stood, on its green bank, among the trees; the Pocantico swept by it in a deep dark stream, where I had so often angled; there expanded the mill-pond, as of old, with the cows under the willows on its margin, knee-deep in water, chewing the cud, and lashing the flies from their sides with their tails. The hand of improvement, however, had been busy with the venerable pile. The pulpit, fabricated in Holland, had been superseded by one of modern construction, and the front of the semi-Gothic edifice was decorated by a semi-Grecian portico. Fortunately, the two weather-cocks remained undisturbed on their perches, at each end of the church, and still kept up a diametrical opposition to each other, on all points of windy doctrine.

On entering the church, the changes of time continued to be apparent. The elders round the pulpit were men whom I had left in the gamesome frolic of their youth, but who had succeeded to the sanctity of station of which they once had stood so much in awe. What most struck my eye, was the change in the female part of the congregation. Instead of the primitive garbs of homespun manufacture, and antique Dutch fashion, I beheld French sleeves, French capes, and French collars, and a fearful fluttering of French ribbons.

When the service was ended, I sought the churchyard in which I had sported in my unthinking days of boyhood. Several of the modest brown stones, on which were recorded, in Dutch, the names and virtues of the patriarchs, had disappeared, and had been succeeded by others of white marble, with urns, and wreaths, and scraps of English tomb-stone poetry, marking the intrusion of taste, and literature, and the English language, in this once unsophisticated Dutch neighbourhood.

As I was stumbling about among these silent yet eloquent memorials of the dead, I came upon names familiar to me; of those who had paid the debt of nature during the long interval of my absence. Some I remembered, my companions in boyhood, who had sported with me on the very sod under which they were now mouldering; others who in those days had been the flower of the yeomanry, figuring in Sunday finery on the church green; others, the white-haired elders of the sanctuary, once arrayed in awful sanctity around the pulpit, and ever ready to rebuke the ill-timed mirth of the wanton strippling, who, now a man, sobered by years, and schooled by vicissitudes, looked down pensively upon their graves. "Our fathers," thought I, "where are they?—and the prophets, can they live for ever?"

I was disturbed in my meditations by the noise of a troop of idle urchins, who came gambolling about the place where I had so often gambolled. They were checked, as I and my playmates had often been, by the voice of the sexton, a man stayed in years and demeanour. I looked wistfully in his face; had I met him any where else, I should probably have passed him by without remark; but here I was alive to the traces of former times, and detected in the demure features of this guardian of the sanctuary, the lurking lineaments of one of the very playmates I have alluded to. We renewed our acquaintance. He sat down beside me, on one of the tomb-stones over which we had leaped in our juvenile sports, and we talked together about our boyish days, and held edifying discourse on the instability of all sub-lunary things, as instanced in the scene around us. He was rich in historic lore, and to the events of the last thirty years, and the circumference of thirty miles, and from him I learned the appalling revolution that was taking place throughout the neighbourhood. All this I clearly perceived he attributed to the boasted march of intellect, or rather to the all-pervading influence of steam. He bewailed the times when the only communication with town was by the weekly market-boat, the "Farmer's Daughter," which, under the pilotage of the worthy Gabriel Requa, braved the perils of the Tappan Sea. Alas! Gabriel and the "Farmer's Daughter" slept in peace. Two steam-boats now splashed and paddled up daily to the little rural port of Tarrytown. The spirit of speculation and improvement had seized even upon that once quiet and unambitious little dorp. The whole neighbourhood was laid out into town lots. Instead of the little tavern below the hill, where the farmers used to

loiter on market-days, and indulge in cider and gingerbread, an ambitious hotel, with cupola and verandahs, now crested the summit, among churches built in the Grecian and Gothic styles, showing the great increase of piety and polite taste in the neighbourhood. As to Dutch dresses and sun-bonnets, they were no longer tolerated, or even thought of; not a farmer's daughter but now went to town for the fashions; nay, a city milliner had recently set up in the village, who threatened to reform the heads of the whole neighbourhood.

I had heard enough! I thanked my old playmate for his intelligence, and departed from the Sleepy Hollow church, with the sad conviction that I had beheld the last lingerings of the good old Dutch times, in this once favoured region. If any thing were wanting to confirm this impression, it would be the intelligence which has just reached me, that a bank is about to be established in the aspiring little port just mentioned. The fate of the neighbourhood is therefore sealed. I see no hope of averting it. The golden mean is at an end. The country is suddenly to be deluged with wealth. The late simple farmers are to become bank directors, and drink claret and champagne; and their wives and daughters to figure in French hats and feathers; for French wines and French fashions commonly keep pace with paper money. How can I hope that even Sleepy Hollow can escape the general inundation? In a little while, I fear the slumber of ages will be at an end; the strum of the piano will succeed to the hum of the spinning-wheel; the trill of the Italian opera to the nasal quaver of Ichabod Crane; and the antiquarian visitor to the Hollow, in the petulance of his disappointment, may pronounce all that I have recorded of that once favoured region, a fable.

THE CURIOUS CASE OF A—R—, A FEMALE IMPOSTOR.

THE skill with which some persons will feign diseases, and the firmness with which they will submit to painful surgical operations, in the hope of gaining some slight personal benefit, as, for instance, exemption from work, or charitable support in idleness, are strongly exemplified in the following remarkable case, which occurred in the Richmond Hospital, Dublin, about twenty years ago, and is reported to the College of Physicians of that city by Mr R. Carmichael, surgeon. We quote it, with Mr Carmichael's additional account of the case, from a volume of the *Phrenological Journal* for 1825:—

"A young woman, named A—R—, was admitted into the Richmond Hospital on the 23d July 1818, on account of a painful swelling of the left hand and arm, extending considerably above the elbow. The appearance of the limb resembled that which occurs in pleurisy dolens; the fingers were bent; no fluctuation or symptoms of matter could any where be discovered; the pain was excessive, so as altogether to prevent rest, unless strong anodynes were employed; the symptomatic fever was considerable.

The patient ascribed the complaint to a needle, which she averred had broken in the palm of her hand about six weeks before, and stated that at present she felt the point of it at the back of her hand. Upon this part I immediately cut down, but was not so fortunate as to light on the needle. Warm fomentations and poitices were ordered, together with frequent mercurial cathartics, but the pain and tension gradually increased. Some time afterwards, the skin and fascia covering the muscles a little above the wrist on the fore part of the arm, where the tension was greatest, were divided to the extent of three inches, so as to lay bare the muscles; but this was not attended with any relief, although the incision was afterwards extended towards the palm of the hand, the original seat of the disease, by dividing the annular ligament of the wrist. A dark-coloured fungus in a few days sprang up from the divided parts, which considerably projected beyond the surface of the skin.

The swelling of the arm extended to within three inches or less from the top of the shoulder, where it terminated abruptly. Diarrhoea set in, and her constitution was evidently sinking under the constant pain and irritation of the disease. Amputation was therefore recommended, and performed on the 21st of September, close to the shoulder-joint at the termination of the swelling. The circulation was completely commanded by pressure on the artery above the clavicle, for there was not sufficient room for the application of a tourniquet.

On examining the limb after amputation, the thickening and enlargement was found to arise altogether from the deposition of lymph and serum, nor were there any where the slightest signs of suppuration. The bones of the carpus and extreme ends of the radius and ulna were observed to be so far softened as to yield, and be easily broken down by the pressure of the nail, probably owing to the absorption of the earthy principle.

In searching for the broken needle, we not only discovered what we sought, but to our surprise half a dozen others, each about half an inch in length, embedded in the pronator quadratus muscle under the site of the incision; some of them lying between the radius and ulna, and others fixed in the periosteum of the bones. Similar fragments of needles were afterwards found by the pupils—one in the palm of the hand, and others in the fore-arm above the quadratus, but none of them had entered either tendon or nerve.

The muscle in which they lay was almost changed to a firm gelatinous structure, and they were everywhere surrounded by firm lymph, almost of the consistency of softened cartilage, which seems to be the

process employed by nature to insulate such extraneous bodies from the surrounding parts as do not excite suppuration. These fragments, ten in number, I send for the inspection of the association.

It is obvious that so many needles could never have pierced the arm without the knowledge of the patient, who has every appearance of intelligence and shrewdness, indeed rather too much of the latter; yet, on being presented with these needles the day after amputation, she solemnly declared she knew nothing of having been wounded by more than one. The superintendants of the Dublin Female Penitentiary, an asylum for reclaimed females, in which she is an inmate, and which is admirably well conducted, have no hesitation in attributing the infliction of these evils to herself; though it is to be presumed the extent of the punishment was little in her contemplation. She had, however, a taste for this kind of deception; for on another occasion she complained, during an entire year, of excruciating pain in her chest, attended with paroxysms of difficult breathing, that seemed often to approach the last gasp; but after enduring such a sufficiency of blisters and issues, and bleeding both local and general, as Doctor Mills, and Doctor Edward Percival, and myself, thought it prudent to prescribe, she suddenly recovered, and with great candour acknowledged that all her complaints had been dissembled; yet to account for all this finess, which cost her so much bodily pain, she could give no reason more satisfactory than that she had suffered herself to be seduced by the instigations of the devil: but this explication involves a still stranger incongruity; for she has the character of being remarkably devout, and is seldom without a prayer-book in her hand, and a jargon of religious cant in her mouth. I conjecture that she is not much inclined to bodily exertion, and would rather undergo any torment than work; and possibly she may have derived some little advantages, by exciting the commiseration of the benevolent ladies who superintend the institution; she, however, when too late, became sensible of her folly, and before the operation I have described I heard her remark, that she well deserved the punishment she was about to suffer."

Mr Carmichael proceeds to state, that, being anxious to learn some further traits of the disposition of this extraordinary individual, he made some inquiries concerning her conduct at the Dublin Female Penitentiary, where she was an inmate both before and after the amputation of her arm. "Here I was informed, that on her first admission into the institution she appeared so repentant of her former mode of life, as to interest in her favour, not only the immediate superintendents, but those benevolent ladies who form the committee of management of this excellent establishment. She never appeared without the Bible, or at least some religious tract, in her hand, and at night-time the Bible was regularly laid under her pillow. Finding that her hypocrisy succeeded so well in exciting the attention and indulgence of the matron and governess, she was encouraged to a further trial of her talent at deception. Her second grand step was to feign madness; her ravings were all of a religious character, and, to use the expression of one upon whom she played with great success her battery of tricks, 'her ejaculations appeared to have so much of meekness and devotion, and she seemed to possess so sweet a frame of mind,' that the witnesses of this young arch-hypocrite's impostures were often affected even to tears, wrung from them by her well-feigned repentance for the false step she had taken.

In these ravings she constantly murmured out the praises of the matron, and such persons of the institution as had the power of indulging her with the enjoyment of temporal comforts. This 'method in her madness' unfortunately excited suspicions about the reality of her lunacy in the mind of Jane, an intelligent upper-servant of the institution. She accordingly watched her narrowly, and discovered that the dissembler never raved when she thought herself alone or unobserved; but if even a footstep was heard in the passage, then the wandering mind of the maniac became apparent.

The consequence was, that Jane upbraided her sharply for her hypocrisy and imposture. Prince Hohenloe himself could not have evinced more miraculous powers; for, lo! the madness of the maniac suddenly ceased; but, unfortunately for Jane's celebrity in this line, this marvellous cure proved but a metastasis; epileptic fits intervened, during which she foamed at the mouth, and the convulsions appalled the beholder. The indefatigable and wondrous-working Jane rescued her again from the pressure of disease, by ascertaining, beyond contradiction, that the foam which flowed from her mouth in such abundance during the paroxysms, was simply owing to her churning a piece of soap, which she had previously introduced.

To the fits succeeded the pain in the side, and difficulty of breathing, alluded to in the former part of the paper, which were so severe, that bleedings and blisters without number were insufficient to remove the malady; which, however, at length yielded to low diet, and a large issue, capable of containing two or three beans, which was opened in her side over the seat of the supposed pain. The penetrating Jane herself was deceived this time, or was too modest to interfere where regular practitioners were consulted.

After this, the catastrophe of her arm, already detailed, took place, by which she received so severe but just a punishment.

The extraordinary individual who is the subject of this paper, is small in stature, her features are regular, but display such an expression of determination, and of wily fox-like cunning, as to render her disposition obvious to the most careless observer. She never ventures to look the person in the face with whom she is conversing. I lately inquired, in an earnest manner, as one interested in her conduct, what were the motives which induced her to insert the needles in her arm. Keeping her eyes steadfastly fixed on the ground, she endeavoured to evade this question by entering into a history of her life, and other irrelevant matters. On being pressed for a direct reply, none more satisfactory could be obtained, than that she was tempted by the devil; but on perceiving that I was but little pleased with her evasions, she added, that she was weary of life, and took this (*likely*) method of putting a period to her existence.

I understand that her grandmother, by whom she was reared, and afterwards consigned to the Dublin Female Penitentiary for her misconduct, stated to the governors of that institution, that from the time she was capable of speaking, she was so incorrigible a liar, that no person could place the slightest reliance upon her veracity.

After her recovery from the amputation of her arm, she was called before the governors of the penitentiary, and formally dismissed the institution on account of her misconduct. She appeared very repentant, and with tears acknowledged the justice of her sentence; but no person could believe in her penitence. Since that time I have allowed her to remain in the surgical ward of the House of Industry as a deputy nurse-tender. I have not since heard of any complaints of misconduct; but it is to be recollected, that her character is so well known, that there is no person who would place the slightest reliance upon a word she says; therefore she probably permits her most preponderating faculties to remain in a state of inactivity.

A cast of the head of this persevering impostor was examined by the editor of the *Phrenological Journal*, who presents a note of the development of the organs to his readers, in which he describes Secretiveness, Firmness, and Imitation, as very large, drawing of course the inference that these were the means by which she was enabled to devise and pursue her extraordinary tricks. On this, however, we pronounce no opinion.

MISS SEDGWICK ON HEALTH.

A HEALTHY mind in a healthy body was esteemed by the ancients the greatest blessing. This truth being proclaimed so long ago, is it not strange that we have not better learned before this time to secure, by all pains and care, the healthy body? Perhaps you are a little sceptical. You do not believe that the powers of your mind, the evenness of your temper, and the kindness of your disposition, depend, in any sense, on the state of your body. I appeal, then, to your own observation and experience.

Providence has put into your own hands the means of health. It was too precious a boon to be trusted to any one's keeping but your own; and, remember! the gift involves a solemn responsibility. Health will be counted among those talents for the use of which you are to answer to God. It is then surely one of the *must* have, and one of your first duties is to study the laws that govern it—this is *physical education*.

It is a solemn truth, and one, my young friends, that should be familiar to you, that, *for the most part*, we bring the sicknesses we suffer upon ourselves. If not the effect of our own sin, or imprudence, they are traceable to the neglect or ignorance of the guardians of our youth, or they are entailed on us by our parents. They perhaps received them from their parents. They were sent by Providence, and sent as the penalty for the violation of His laws.

Take, for example, a young girl bred delicately in town, shut up in a nursery in her childhood—in a boarding-school through her youth—never accustomed either to air or exercise, two things that the law of God makes essential to health. She marries; her strength is inadequate to the demands upon it. Her beauty fades early. She languishes through the hard offices of giving birth to children, suckling, and watching over them, and dies early; and her acquaintance lamentingly exclaim, "What a strange Providence, that a mother should be taken in the midst of life from her children!" Was it Providence? No! Providence had assigned her threescore years and ten; a term long enough to rear her children, and to see her children's children, but she did not obey the laws on which life depends, and of course she lost it.

A father, too, is cut off in the midst of his days. He is a useful and distinguished citizen, and eminent in his profession. A general buzz rises on every side of "What a striking Providence!" This man has been in the habit of studying half the night, of passing his days in his office and in the courts, of eating luxurious dinners, and drinking various wines. He has every day violated the laws on which health depends. Did Providence cut him off? The evil rarely ends here. The diseases of the father are often transmitted; and a feeble mother rarely leaves behind her vigorous children.

It has been customary, in some of our cities, for young ladies to walk in thin shoes and delicate stockings in mid-winter. A healthy blooming young girl, thus dressed in violation of heaven's laws, pays the penalty; a checked circulation, cold, fever, and death. "What a sad Providence!" exclaim her friends. Was it Providence, or her own folly?

A beautiful young bride goes, night after night, to parties made in honour of her marriage. She has a slightly sore throat, perhaps, and the weather is inclement, but she must wear her neck and arms bare, for who ever saw

a bride in a close evening dress? She is seized with inflammation of the lungs, and dies before her bridal days are over. "What a Providence!" exclaims the world, "cut off in the midst of happiness and hope!" Alas! did she not cut the thread of life herself?

A girl in the country, exposed to our changeable climate, gets a new bonnet instead of getting a flannel garment. A rheumatism is the consequence. Should the girl sit down tranquilly with the idea that Providence has sent the rheumatism upon her, or should she charge it on her vanity, and avoid the folly in future?

Look, my young friends, at the mass of diseases that are incurred by intemperance in eating, or drinking, or in study, or business; by neglect of exercise, cleanliness, pure air; by indiscreet dressing, tight-lacing, &c., and all is quietly imputed to Providence! Is there not impiety as well as ignorance in this?

We repeat it. Diseases are the consequences of the violation of God's laws. Were the physical laws strictly observed from generation to generation, there would be an end to the frightful diseases that cut short life, and of the long maladies that make life a torment or a trial. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body, this "goodly temple," would gradually decay, and men would die, as a few now do die, as if falling to sleep.

I cannot close this chapter, my dear young friends, without begging you to observe how the evil effects of our own sins are tempered to us by the benevolence of the Deity. Truly, "He pitieth us as a father pitieth his children!" Much spiritual good may be, and often is, extracted from bodily suffering. In our sicknesses we may acquire fortitude, patience, humility, and thankfulness. In the sicknesses of others, we learn self-sacrifice, compassion, and forbearance.

But who doubts that health is better than sickness? Study then, my young friends, the laws on which it depends, and obey them.—*Means and Ends*, by Miss Sedgwick, lately published.

COD-FISHERY OF NEWFOUNDLAND.

AMONG the different branches of industry, that of fishing, which in other countries ranks only as a secondary pursuit, possesses in Newfoundland such a superior importance as to claim our first attention. Almost from the earliest discovery of America, this occupation was followed upon a large scale by the maritime nations; but for a long time it was chiefly confined to the great bank, and to vessels sailing from European ports. As soon, however, as permanent settlements began to be formed, it was found that the south-eastern coast, rocky and deeply embayed, afforded a supply almost equally exhaustless, the produce of which could be cured there much more cheaply and conveniently. When, therefore, the coast-fishery was established, the ships employed on the banks found extreme difficulty in making head against it; and though the merchants procured the most violent orders for the extirpation both of the fisheries and settlements, these proved altogether unavailing. The one branch continually increased, while the other declined, till it did not now employ above eight or ten sloops. If the French and Americans, to the grief of our colonial patriots, still carry it on to a certain extent, we may conclude that it is entirely owing to the want of the same convenience on shore. The first operation of the coast-fisher is to erect what is termed a fish-flake, raised upon posts which support a platform covered with dry fern. It stretches so far into the sea, that boats can readily approach. From the spot thus prepared, the boats at dawn of day push out to the best fishing-ground within reach, which, from circumstances not yet fully understood, is sometimes very near, and sometimes changes to a considerable distance. Across each boat is a succession of bins, like the counters of a shop, separated by flat spaces, on each of which stands a fisherman. He is furnished with two lines, having two hooks fastened to each. These are baited chiefly with capelin, or herrings, and sometimes even with the flesh of birds. When all these fail, a jigger or artificial fish of lead is thrown in, and is often caught at by the voracious animal. The nets are cast, one on each side of the boat; the first filled is drawn up, the fish stunned by blows are thrown into the bin, and the hooks, after being rebaited, are returned to the sea. The opposite net, which is then drawn up, is handled in the same manner. This task continues till the boat is filled, often in a very short time. The men then hasten to the flakes, upon which the fish are hastily thrown by a pike stuck in the head, not injuring the body. The crew again return to the fishing-ground, whence, in the course perhaps of an hour or two, they bring in a fresh cargo. From the top of the flake the fish is carried into the salting-house, where a new class of operations commences. This structure is provided with one or more tables, round which, invested in leathern aprons, are seated three important personages, the cut-throat, the header, and the splitter. The first, with a sharp-pointed double-edged knife, cuts open the fish through its whole length. The header, to whom it is then passed, removes the head and entrails, preserving in many cases the liver and sounds, and dropping the rest into the sea. The splitter, to whom it is next transferred, by two dexterous cuts removes the back-bone; an operation considered so nice, that he receives the highest wages, and ranks next to the master. These three operations are usually performed upon half a dozen subjects in the course of a single minute. The fish thus prepared is placed in hand-barrows, and conveyed to the salter, whose business is also considered very important. Having spread over each a due portion of salt, he piles them above each other, with the backs undermost. When they have thus remained for a few days, the salt is washed off with a soft mop, during which process they are placed in a box with holes underneath for the water to run off. Further to complete the draining, they are piled in long heaps, bearing the odd name of water-horses. After the fish have remained a day in this state, they undergo the final process of drying. This is effected by spreading them on flakes with the fleshy side uppermost, and leaving them thus exposed till sun-

set, turning them once a-day. At night they are piled above each other, with the backs uppermost, in heaps called fagots or flackets, which often accumulate till they resemble haystacks. If rain occurs during the day, those lying out are hastily thrown into this shape. Even when well dried, they are left in this form to sweat, as the sailors term it; when, being deemed thoroughly cured, they are lodged in warehouses.—*Edinburgh Cabinet Library: Historical and Descriptive Account of British America.*

THE SOLAR SPOTS.

THE surface of the sun has of late presented a very striking and diversified aspect, when contemplated through a powerful telescope. The spots of all descriptions by which its disc is divaricated have been more numerous, and some of them much larger, than have been observed for several years past. On Monday the 2d current [Sept. 1839] almost the whole surface of this luminary seemed to be diversified with large and small spots of every description peculiar to the sun. A cluster containing four or five very large spots, and about thirty or forty smaller ones, disappeared from the western part of the disc next day, but a very great number of both large and small spots still remain. At present (September 4) there is a very large cluster approaching the centre of the disc, which consists of about eighteen large spots, the smallest of them not much less than the size of the earth, and some of them much larger. Besides these, there are within the compass of the same cluster above eighty smaller spots, which can be distinctly counted by means of an achromatic telescope magnifying one hundred and twenty times—making about a hundred spots in all within the limits of one cluster. The smallest of these spots cannot be less than from five to nine hundred miles in diameter. One of the spots which lately passed off from the western margin of the disc, measured about the one-thirtieth part of the sun's diameter, and consequently must have been about thirty thousand miles in diameter, or nearly four times the diameter of the earth; and if it is to be considered as a solid body, it must be above sixty times larger than the earth. It contained an area of more than seven hundred millions of miles. Besides the cluster noticed above, there are five other clusters nearer the western edge of the disc, containing several large and a number of smaller spots, amounting in all to about seventy or eighty; so there are at present nearly two hundred spots, great and small, diversifying the surface of this luminary. The largest cluster will likely remain for about eight days longer before it disappears from the western limb. Some of the other spots will disappear in the course of three or four days. There are indications of other clusters about to appear on the eastern limb. Each of the larger spots has a dark nucleus, surrounded with a penumbra, or fainter shade, nearly of the same shape as the nucleus. Some of the nuclei appear nearly round, others elliptical, others conical, and some of them are divided in the middle by a bright streak. When these spots are near the margin of the sun, they appear surrounded with a mottled appearance, such as is seen on some parts of the lunar disc—evidently indicating elevations and depressions, or, in other words, mountains and vales of very great magnitude. These mottled appearances generally precede the appearance of spots on the eastern limb, and plainly show that there is a very great diversity of surface and scenery on this magnificent orb, and that changes and operations of inconceivable magnitude are continually going forward, probably for the purpose of preserving this central body in a proper state for diffusing light and heat, and other influences, to surrounding worlds. Four or five of the larger spots may be distinctly seen by means of an opera glass which magnifies about two or three times, and even by the naked eye, provided a coloured glass is interposed between the eye and the sun, or a common plain glass smoked with the flame of a candle.—*Dundee Advertiser.*

HYDROPHOBIA.

Mr Murray, known as a lecturer on chemistry, and author of several chemical works, has recently written a letter to the editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, embodying his opinion as to the nature of the disease of hydrophobia, and its means of cure. The following is the remedy he proposes:—"Let a mixture of two parts of nitric and one part of muriatic acid, both by measure (evolving chlorine in a concentrated form), be applied to the wound as soon as possible, and more than once. I thus treated the wounds of a man whose hand had been dreadfully lacerated by a mad dog, while separating another dog from its attack; and as the latter became also rabid, it afforded full proof that the rabid virus in the former was at its maximum of malignity. Nearly fifteen years have rolled away, and the man has continued free from hydrophobic attack."

WITTICISMS OF SIR HERCULES LANGRISHE.

Like the poetry of ancient bards, the witticisms of Sir Hercules Langrishe have met with oral tradition. Some of them were strongly expressive of his national feeling. On one occasion, when riding with the lord lieutenant in the Phoenix Park, his excellency complained of his predecessors, and asked why they had left the place in such a wet and swampy state; Langrishe replied, "They were too much occupied in draining the rest of the kingdom." On another occasion, being asked where could be found the best history of Ireland, he answered, "In the continuation of *Rapin*."—*Life and Times of Henry Grattan.*

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STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
ST PAUL.

THE CROCK OF GOLD.

In the county of Wexford, and in a nook which, fifty years ago, was completely apart from the ordinary route of travellers, are situated the Seven Castles of Clonmines. An arm of the sea, called "the Scar," separates them from the parish of Bannow. In my childhood they were to me objects of deep interest; I had no playmate, no companion; and when my relatives went on friendly visitings in the neighbourhood, they would take me with them; it being a fixed principle that I was never to be left to the care of servants. One of our best and dearest friends dwelt in a house called Barristown, nearly opposite those fine old ruins; and happy indeed was I, when the carriage was ordered to prepare for a drive thither. It was inhabited at that period by a very aged lady and her youngest son, an old bachelor; her granddaughter also lived with them, a young lady of most amiable mind and manners.

Sally H., though a young woman when I was born, was, nevertheless, my playfellow, my adviser, my friend; and proud was I, as a little girl, to have a tall lady for my companion. She would pet me, and scold me, and reason with me, and tell me stories. She had such mild soft eyes, so gentle a voice, and a certain degree of refinement in her manners—the result, perhaps, of delicate health—that now, through the vista of years, I revert to her as one of the sweetest and fairest of my memories. She used to say I would forget her when I came to England; a prophecy that always made me weep. But she did me injustice; I never did forget her, nor the double violets she used to drop over the pew, on entering church, into my lap; nor the delight I felt when placed on her side-saddle, her long fair arm holding me in my seat, dear kind creature! When the world has been only a little hard with us, how sweetly comes the remembrance of kindness bestowed on our youth! It seems as if there never had been kindness like unto that; and we wonder how the world is changed, grown chill, and cold, and estranged. And we love to shut our eyes upon all things present, and live over again with the dear ones of the olden time, our young and thoughtless years! But this is worse than idle; we are with the present, and of the present.

When last I drove by old Barristown, it looked grim and grey, shut in with its own loneliness—nothing about it telling of existence, except the rooks that cawed above the one tall ivied tower, where the old lady slept and died. It looked grey and sad, and well it might; for those who made it ring again with hospitality, were all—all—in their silent graves. It frowned at the sunshine like a thing that would not be comforted. I was glad to send my thoughts and my gaze across the waters to the ruins of the Seven Castles of Clonmines, and they looked, as they had always done to me, land-marks of mystery, and full of the deepest and most solemn interest. Time, which had destroyed the charm of the more modern structure, had only added a few more ivy wreaths to the old castles. I could hardly discern even if they had crumbled nearer to the earth, for the ivy, with the solicitude of the truest friendship, concealed all defects, and laboured to keep the mouldering stones together. Very, very beautiful, the old castles looked, lying in the Vale of the Scar, covering a considerable extent of the greenest meadow-land it is possible to imagine, and leading the mind back to the olden time when wassail and superstition celebrated their alter-

nate orgies within those walls. A bridge beyond the castles, called "Wellington Bridge," crosses the arm of the sea I have already mentioned, and facilitates communication between the secluded neighbourhood of Bannow and Ross and Waterford. Before the bridge was built, those who wished to get to the opposite side were obliged to wait till the tide was out, and cross at the ford. The country girls proceeding to Ballyhack to sell their eggs, used to take off their shoes and stockings, and wade across, carrying their marketing on their heads; if the tide ran strong, they would link hands, and cross in numbers. And I remember but one or two accidents; though, since they have got the bridge, crossing the ford is spoken of as a barbarism—I should say, since they have got the road to the bridge; for be it known to the methodical readers of "Chambers's Journal," that the bridge was finished three years before the road was made. But things are better ordered now.

The morning was fine, and leaving Barristown and its host of memories, I thought I should like a ramble round the Seven Castles, and in a short time I was scrambling among the ruins with little Daniel Muckleroy for my guide—the guide being far more ignorant of the locale than myself, yet *too Irish* to suffer his ignorance to appear.

"Dan, do you know who built these castles?"

Dan (a little perplexed), "Myself can't say *exactly* how old they are, but some hundred thousand years, any way!"

"But who built them?"

"Oliver Crom'ell, my lady."

"And who destroyed them, Dan?"

"Bedad, ma'am, it was Oliver Crom'ell."

"What! did he build them up and pull them down?"

"Bedad, my lady, I'll go bail he did that same; for ye see, my lady, he had a *bad heart* to the country, and could never let well alone."

This attributing of all things bad to the great Cromwell, is universal throughout Ireland. Dan's mode of reasoning was by no means singular, strange as it must sound to English ears.

"You think he was a bad fellow, Dan?"

"The Lord between us and harrum, my lady! he was the devil himself! My great-grandfather see him onst, and a bad light he was to him, and his, and us, and every foot a' land he could lay his eye, let alone his hoof on. Oh, bedad! he was all out the worst sight ever came across ould Ireland, or I needn't be standing before yer ladyship in the *skin of my feet*."

Dan's winding up of his country's distress by such a picture was quite in keeping, but it was so odd that I turned away to prevent his seeing me smile; and at the moment I perceived one of the most remarkable figures I ever saw. A tall thin man, bent nearly double, but still looking very tall and spectre-like, was creeping round a buttress of the nearest tower; one thin bony hand grasped a massive ivy bough which wound like a huge serpent up the grey wall, and he supported himself on something between the narrow spade they use for digging potatoes, and a pick-axe. The handle was long enough to be used as a leaping pole, and the end furnished with an iron cross, upon which he leant. It appeared to me that without such support he could not walk, and yet he moved, or rather shuffled along, with considerable rapidity. His coat was long and grey, patched with many colours; and a bag, originally made of sacking, was slung across his back by a leathern belt, from which depended more than one string of "holy beads," and a multitude of shreds of different-coloured cloths, several rabbit skins, and one or two skins of birds of prey. He wore no stockings,

but his shoes were bound on, sandal-fashion, with knotted cords crossed more than half way up his legs. His hair was thin, and white as snow, receding from a high narrow forehead, which a phrenologist would at once pronounce as proud and dreamy. He wore no hat, but a cowl of grey cloth fell behind, and in bad weather he could protect his head from the pelting of the storm by drawing it forward. Indeed, his head was a model of ancient beauty, rising so nobly above his cowering figure; and the pure white hair was well thrown out by the dark-green ivy which formed an appropriate background to the solitary wanderer. His features looked worn and attenuated, but their extreme sharpness proceeded from the thinness of the face. His eyebrows were long and bushy, and his eyes grey, restless, and piercing. He paused and bowed his head—for all of the peasant class are courteous—and manifested no desire either to retreat or advance.

"God save you, Daddy Whelan, sir!" said little Muckleroy; adding, under his breath, "he'll root the ould towers themselves up some of these days."

"God save ye kindly!—who's spaking to me?" answered and inquired the old man.

"A lady from England, and little Dan Muckleroy, anty Muckleroy's grandson," was the reply.

"A lady from England!" repeated the old man, relinquishing his grasp of the ivy bough; and, after a moment, he smoothed down his white hair, drew his cowl a little over his head, and advancing close to where I stood, crossed his hands on the top of his singular staff, and gazing with his glittering eyes in my face, inquired, in a low mysterious tone of voice, "Had ye a *drame*?"

It is quite impossible to describe the eagerness of the old man's manner; his mouth open, as if panting for intelligence; his eyes—the word I have used is the only one that can convey an idea of their expression—*glittering* with a wildness that almost amounted to insanity; the very grasp in which he held his staff showed how anxious he was for my answer.

"Had I dream t—yes, many."

"Ay, lady, many; but about—about—the *crock of goold*—about *that*, lady dear! Was it a *drame* about that brought ye here t—what else could bring a laughing-eyed lady among ruins and dry bones? The *crock o' goold*, lady, did ye *drame* of *that*?—if ye did, send little Dan away; he doesn't know the secret. I do—the witch hazel, and the holy *drop*—I have 'em all—I'll find it."

"Then why have you not found it for yourself?" I asked.

The brightness of his eyes faded, the lids dropped; the very muscles of his hands relaxed; the excitement was over for the moment; he passed his hand across his brow, and repeated, "Why hav'n't I?—why hav'n't I? I hadn't the luck yet; I lie down under the light of the new moon, but I don't *drame*; I never dreamt but the onst; but that was enough. I saw it—I had it—the *crock* in these two hands—the goold rolling like the waves of the sea at my feet—that was a *drame*!—have you dreamt such, lady, have ye? I know the *charrum*—the witch hazel, the holy drop, the first tear of the new moon!" and he repeated again and again the same words, his eyes glittering, his excitement increasing.

"Daddy Whelan," said my attendant imp, "have ye tried under the flat grey stone down by the water? Granny dreamt onst that there was a *crock* of goold there."

"I don't know—I forget—maybe I did—maybe I didn't—I find *my marks* in many a green hillock, and under many an ould tower; but I have not found the

crook of gold yet. You'll never find it by yerself, lady. So, if ye had a drame, tell me; we'll find it together, we'll divide it together."

It was in vain I assured Daddy Whelan I had not dreamed a dream. Had it not been that little Dan hit upon a new spot where to direct his attention, the old treasure-seeker would have still insisted that I too must have dreamed of a *crook of gold*.

I watched him stealing away amid the ruins, and then sat down on a bench of soft green moss to recall the story my old friend Sally had told me, in my childish days, about the old man I had seen so unexpectedly for the first time, but of whom I had so often heard.

"Never," she said, "build your hopes of future well-doing upon chance, but rather upon industry, whether of the head or of the hands; both have it in their power to win independence, though they do it in a different way. My uncle knew two young men in the gentleman's county—the county Kilkenny—of the name of Whelan, Roger and Michael. They were left a large tract of land by their father, which was divided equally between them. It was in parts wild and uncultivated, but it was all he had to give, except his blessing; and the blessing of a parent gladdens a good child's heart. Roger, the eldest, was a wild, dreamy fellow; and instead of setting steadily to work to mend matters and improve his farm, he was always talking of the 'luck' some people had, and how hard it was to be obliged to labour on bad land. It was in vain that Michael told him it was worse to have no land to labour on; he idled and complained. His brother worked night and day, at first with little success, but time helps industry; and what was really owing to industry, Roger said was owing to luck. 'If,' said Roger to Michael, one sunny Sunday evening, when, after walking round and round and through and about the old ruins of Jerpoint Abbey, 'if I could only find a crook of gold, I'd be a made man. I'd have as fine a hunter as Squire Nixon, and such lashings of whisky and fresh cod and oysters for every Friday in and out of Lent. Abel Ryan found one, and why shouldn't I?' While he spoke, he kept poking, poking with his stick among the stones of the mouldering archway, beneath which they, the brothers, stood; and as he did so, it chanced that he dislodged a stone, and in a crevice, a sort of hole between the stones, he discovered several old silver coins. This astonished one brother, and elated the other, whose wish that he might find a crook of gold was fast strengthening into the idea that he should find one. It was in vain that Michael reasoned with Roger, and urged him to take the new-found treasure to the landlord, whose property, according to the law of the land, it most undoubtedly was. Roger laughed at his scruples, and kept the coin; but though he had the money, he did not exactly know how to dispose of it. The sum was far too small to take him abroad, and he feared to show it at home, for the news would have flown like wildfire, and the castle be either rooted up or thrown down by those who would have expected to be as fortunate as Roger Whelan. Soon after this occurred, the time arrived for planting seed potatoes. Michael had got his ready, and hinted to his brother that the season was passing, and his ground remained uncultivated.

"How do you think," was the treasure-seeker's reply, "that I can be able to spend my time digging thick clay, when I am, as you, and you only, know, night after night, through and through the ruins of old Jerpoint. Don't I know the red goold is in it? And how do you think I can give my mind to such work as that, when I know what's before me?" It was no use talking to the infatuated man. "Give me," he continued, "the bit and the sup, and a good coat to my back, a new spade and pick-axe; suffer me to go and to come, and I'll give you my share of the land, the dirty barren soil that it is: stockings and croppings, just as it is, take it, and welcome."

"Well," answered Michael, "I will manage it, Roger, till you come to your senses; and then I'm thinking you'll be glad enough to get it back."

Roger Whelan," continued my friend, "was a fine handsome fellow, tall and comely, and was at the time very much in love with a very pretty girl, who had a good deal of money; but her parents found out that Roger was always out at nights. The country was, as it generally is, in an unquiet state; and despite Michael's assurances to the contrary, Mary Morgan's 'people' believed that Roger was in some way connected with the disturbers of the public peace, at the very time when, to do him justice, he disturbed nought but the wild rabbits, the bats, owls, rooks, and wild birds, that sheltered amid the ruins of Jerpoint. Neither Roger nor Michael would tell why Roger was from home at nights; and after some hesitation, and a few tears, Mary relinquished her handsome lover for a short, steady, little husband, who lived to be a rich citizen of the city of Waterford. 'Never mind,' said the discarded lover; 'she'll be sorry for it yet, when she hears Mister Roger Whelan, Esq. talked of, and hears the bay of my hounds on the hills, and sees my carriage overrunning all the pigs on the quay of Waterford'; then, maybe, she'll be sorry for changing her mind." The forgetfulness of his fair one, however, preyed upon his spirits; and having gone into Kilkenny, he was tempted to change one or two of his precious coins; and after having drunk the worth of his money in whisky, he was imprudent enough to boast that he had many more of the same 'curiosities'

at home. The landlord, seeing that the coins were unlike any he had ever seen before, took them to a 'knowing man,' a little crabbed body who lived near the church gate of Saint Xanis, and was as near an approach to a dealer of curiosities as could be supposed to exist in an Irish country town, where the great of those days spent more than their spare money in show and claret, and the small had never any money to spare. Still the old man existed; and when he purchased the coins from the whisky dealer, something seemed to occur to him, which he did not communicate to any one; but finding that it was still early in the day, he set out to walk to a gentleman who resided about five miles from Kilkenny, on the Ross road. To him he showed the coins; and much to poor Michael's horror, Roger Whelan was arrested at the end of the week, on the accusation of having stolen these coins from that very gentleman's house. About a fortnight before the unfortunate treasure-seeker found them among the stones of Jerpoint Abbey, the house had been beset by some Whitefeet, or Peep-of-day boys, or whatever they chose to call themselves, seeking for arms, and professing to take nothing else—a profession they generally adhered to. But one of them had doubtless been tempted by the glitter of a drawer of coins and medals in a bureau, which they had broken open to get at some curious Spanish pistols the gentleman was known to possess. After having obtained possession thereof, he doubtless did not know how to dispose of them, and secreted them in the ruin, where Roger unfortunately discovered them.

I confess my opinion is, that the law in those days was administered in a very one-sided manner; but I must at the same time admit, that circumstantial evidence was strongly against poor Roger; he had acquired for himself the character of an idle wandering fellow, and the only one to support his story was Michael; but the counsel for the crown said, 'What brother was there who would not say as much for another brother?'

"Plaze yer honor," answered Michael, "he is my brother, poor boy; and though he's foreint me, where I never thought he'd be, and the first of his family that ever *stud* in sich disgrace, and though I'd sell the coat off my back, and the flesh after it, if that would save him, still I'd not tell a lie, and by so doing sell my soul to the devil. Gintlemen counsellors, you're used to it, but I'm not: he has tould the blessed truth. 'Treasure-seeking he was, that's sartin, whin, with a bit of a stick—the very one that stud his friend many a turn, yet, like many friends, betrayed him at the last—poked out the unnatural pieces of money, bad luck to them; and if he had taken my advice, and just carried them to the landlord, there would have been no more about it, only maybe the right made out. Look, gintlemen, I can say no more than this; look round at me, Roger, *avick*, the born picture of our blessed father, the boy that lay with myself many and many a night and day upon the bosom of our own mother; look at me, my own heart-brother, and hear me pray on my knees that curses by day and night may fall hot, heavy, black, and bitter on yer head, if you knew any thing about the dirty money until that blessed minute when, unknowst to yerself, you let the light of day shine on the treasure, and thought yer fortune made.' To this his brother replied with a deep and sincere AMEN! Many in the court wept, for all who knew respected Michael, and considered Roger as an 'innocent boy, who would never do any harm to any one but himself.' Poor Roger, however, was sentenced to seven years' transportation, to which was added the information, that the law showed great mercy in not sentencing him to death.

"God bless you, Michael," said Roger, when he embraced his brother for the last time; 'all the country knows I'm innocent; and who can tell but I may find the *crook of goold yet*, when all's said and done? The money was hid there, any way.'

"If ever," said Michael to his wife, when he returned home, 'if ever poor Roger comes back to ould Ireland, it will be to go treasure-hunting; his brain is struck with it, as indeed every brain is when it takes a foolish notion that reason can't conquer.'

Five years had passed, and the only matter connected with the brothers worth recording, was, that the man who really took the old money from the gentleman's bureau, having wound up his misdeeds by the crime of murder, was discovered; and when about to suffer, confessed his sorrow that a 'dacent boy's son, Roger Whelan by name, should have been turned out of the country for his fault.' This was a joyful hearing to all Michael Whelan's friends, and they were many; his conduct had won him the approbation of rich and poor; and it had long been evident, that if Roger failed to find a *crook of gold*, it was equally certain that Michael would soon make one, as every thing prospered that he undertook. The ignorant said, he had great luck—the wise, that he had great industry.

The news of Roger's pardon, and consequent permission to return home, spread through the country; but long before there was a possibility of a ship reaching Botany Bay, a tall, worn, spectral-looking man presented himself beneath Michael's roof, and was soon pressed to the arms of the whole family.

"My own dear brother," said the true-hearted Michael, "you are indeed returned; and now your farm is worth the having; it is stocked, and cropped, and thriving; we will work together, and live together. But how is it you are so quickly returned?"

'Don't laugh at me, Michael,' was the reply; 'but I had one drame, which I never shall rest till I work out; it kept up my heart for three long years of slavery, and I'd often pray to drame it again, but I never did. I dreamt I was in Ireland, standing by cross roads that divided some ould ruins into four halves, and milk came pouring down one road, and water down another, and a swarm of bees flying down another, and a herd of cattle driving down the last; and as I stood, a voice said, "Seek, and have;" and I thought I made with my hands a trough like, where the milk and water mixed like whisky and water, and the bees hung over it, and the cattle drank of it; and I could tell the place, if I saw it. And behold, I worked, worked at the hollow; and, all of a sudden, I raised up a crook of goold between these hands; and as I did so, the red, red goold fell at my feet, like the waters of the wide ocean, for plenty; and through all manner of dangers, I made my way back to Ireland, on the sly; and for the last three months I've been disguised like a bocher, or a natural, seeking through the ruins of old Ireland for the *crook of goold*—but I haven't found it yet.'

'Nor never will,' said Michael. 'Let me read the dream for you. Didn't your hands make the trough, and did not milk and water rest there, and cattle rest there, and honey rest there? and are not they the fruits of labour? And out of that trough came the crook of goold; and so it will, out of the labour of your hands. That is the only *crook of goold* the Whelans will ever find, depend upon it.'

This interpretation did not, however, suit the treasure-seeker; on all other subjects he was sane enough; but nothing could change his desire to find, instead of labour for, wealth. And yet his brother told my uncle, he does labour, and labour hard. He risked much in venturing to Ireland before he knew that his innocence had been declared. But he did not care: his whole ideas were in the *crook of gold*. There is not a part of Ireland that he will not travel to, spend night after night burrowing in the earth like a wild animal, no matter what the weather is, or what the season; and the first question he asks of every stranger he meets is, 'Had ye a drame?'

This was one of the tales my gentle friend told me with a desire to correct my fondness for castle-building; which is indeed even now one of my faults. She enlarged upon the utility of Michael's course of life, and pointed out how totally lost to himself and to society poor Roger was. "He comes here sometimes, and asks my grandmother's leave to inspect our castle; a permission we never refuse, upon condition that he does not meddle with the foundation. He makes his appearance once every three years, spending some time at Dunbrody Abbey, some time at Clonmines, a night here, another at Danes Castle, another at Coolhill, at Duncormuck; and so getting into the barony of Forth, which is full of old castles, he travels by day, and digs by night; but he has not yet found his crook of gold."

How well I remembered the evening when, sitting on my friend's knee in the great bow-window of the drawing-room at Barristown, she told me that story! The Castles of Clonmines had flung their shadows on the water, and the evening was as calm and silent as the grave. I remember asking her to send me word when next the old treasure-seeker came to the neighbourhood, that I might see him, only at a little distance; and I also remember her saying, that "he might never come again, for that exposure to all weather's had brought on premature old age, and he seemed ill and worn the last time he was there."

Alas! dear Sally had departed long, long ago to a better world; and I, after residing many years in another land, had, by one of those curiously turned romances of re-life that laugh at fiction, encountered the treasure-seeker upon the very spot where, years ago, I knew he loved to linger and explore—the very old man whom my poor friend had supposed too worn and ill to return again! Indeed, I had been so certain of his death, that I had never thought of inquiring about him. I know not how long I might have remained among the ruins, musing over the story I have recorded, and recalling the looks and voice of her who told me many such tales, had not my little busy companion, Daniel Muckleroy, begged "my honour's" pardon, but "would I be pleased to tell him which I liked best—travelling by night or by day, or in rain or sunshine?" This recalled me to a sense of the rapidity with which time had passed, and I became aware that the evening approached. I had hoped the sun would have set over the castles with the red, red glory I had so often witnessed, bestowing his radiant benediction with all his brightness; but no; the clouds were grey and heavy, the whistle of the plover was more frequent than usual, and a moaning came from the not far off ocean—a sound perfectly distinct from the roaring that accompanies the progress of the storm-king, or the loud ripple that beats music to the breeze; it was a moaning—those who know the sea will understand what I mean—a heaving, as if the mighty waters groaned inwardly at the approach of a tempest.

"The clouds have gathered above our heads, ma'am, and ye haven't noticed them; and there was a brood about the moon last night; and early as it is, sorta crow, the craythur, that hasn't come home; and since ye seemed so struck, my lady, with Daddy Whelan, if ye'll just be pleased to step here, you'll see him in his *Wiment* intirely."

I walked on to where the boy stood, and I was

pleased, when, looking earnestly in my face, he added, "Daddy's of decent people, ma'am; and sure you wouldn't laugh at him! He's as innocent as a baby, only touched in the head with the trouble he had onst, and the fancy of a crock o' goold." There was warm feeling round the heart of that wild Irish boy, though he was standing in the skin of his feet.

Roger Whelan was preparing for a stormy night, and the prospect seemed to have imbued the old man with new life; he had fastened his cowl more closely round his head, and was seated on the grey stone my guide had pointed out; his curious staff placed upon his knees, his elbows resting upon it, and his attention divided between the arrangement of a piece of candle in an old lantern, which I had not before perceived, and the course of the clouds, that were, without any apparent wind, careering above our heads. I advanced nearer, but he did not heed me.

"My lady," whispered little Daniel, "he's dug round and round that stone a thousand times, but the neighbours fill up the marks; his brother, Mither Michael, has come to live in this county, and likes to keep the Daddy, as we call him, near at hand. He wouldn't stay in the place if he found his own marks, but go to break fresh ground; granny says he's more easily deaved than he used to be."

Suddenly a shivering flash of lightning ran amid the clouds, and a few drops of rain warned me to take shelter under a ruined arch close to the grey stone, upon which the treasure-seeker was seated.

"Daddy, sir," said Dan, "come in the shelter; it's bad for old bones to get cold."

The old man turned his face suddenly towards the smiling child, and holding forth a long arm-bone, which was fastened beneath the shreds to his singular belt, and was polished as ivory, he exclaimed, "This doesn't feel the cold; it's been stripped these hundred years and more. I had dug the whole night, and the thunder howling, and the lightning, not laughing like the weeny flash that passed us now, but dancing mad with divilment through the heavens and over the earth. It was in Adair I was rooting—rooting—for the crock of goold, inside the proud lord's walls, and he thinking none like me could get at his hid treasure. And I saw the handle, the handle of the crock, forewent me, in the hole, and I made a plunge and seized it. I knew it was the handle, and I was so wild wid joy, that I forgot myself, and shouted, and heard the shout repeated as loud again by some of the *achoes*, and muttered over by others according to their fancy. And I knew I had done wrong to spake, but I held fast; and, ah! ah! I pulled, and he pulled; but I held fast, and tore this up—this! Do ye understand it!—the spirit that had owned the goold, had power after I shouted. So he kept his crock of goold, but I got his arm-bone! That was my best chance; I never can have such a chance except when they," and he pointed downwards, and spoke in a lower tone, "when they get tarryified with the thunder; then's my best chance, and I shall have it to-night; if I had but a drame. Are you sure you had not a drame, lady?" he added, peering at me as he had done before.

I asked him if he remembered his friends at Barristown, for I was anxious to ascertain if his mind wandered on all subjects.

"Ay, well!" he replied, and his voice changed again; "God be good to them!—the warm welcome, the open house, the old Lady Queen of the Castle! she often dramed for me: and her son—the flower of the gentry—and the fair young lady, I brought a white rose-tree from Woodstock, and set it on her grave, though she would never try to drame for me! Poor thing, she did not believe in drames; but she knows the truth of them none! It's a quare world, and every thing in it. What is it from first to last but a drame, leading by visions to eternity! Sure, in our own short time, the people are gone from Barristown like a drame! and yet they war in it onst, and so with the money in my crock of goold! Sure, after that, what can ye say agin' the drames! Isn't all life a drame! There's another flash o' lightning! I love to read my drame-book by flashes o' lightning! and I love it at sea, the fire and the wather sporting wild sport together! Ah, thin, if ye hadn't a drame, lady, whin will ye go out of this, for ye're troubling the earth! Don't ye hear how the thunder growls?"

"May I not wait till the storm is over, Daddy?" I inquired, not without some apprehension, for the old man's features were assuming a troubled aspect, though my little guide did not seem alarmed.

"Oh, *agra*! yes; a lady and a stranger; only the sooner the better, unless you could sleep, and tell me yer drame. God help me," he added, shivering, for the wind had risen, and was rattling amid the ruins and the ivy; "God help me! I shall soon be little more than a drame myself!"

It is impossible to convey an idea of the sadness of the tone with which he uttered this prophecy. They were the last words he spoke to me. The storm was short-lived; and though I bade him good-day, he would not answer me; the boy said he was vexed the "tunder" was over. Be that as it may, I heard the click-click of his sharpening the end of his axe, as if determined on his singular purpose.

Poor Roger Whelan! one of my last received letters from Ireland contained this passage: "I have just left the prosperous and contented dwelling of Michael Whelan; he is a very old man, full to the brim of the happy years of an industrious life, though just now much grieved by the death of his wandering brother,

'the Treasure-Seeker,' for despite his eccentric obstinacy, which, as he advanced in years, deepened in my opinion into positive madness, he loved him tenderly. Roger's end was as remarkable as his life. He had been occupied, as usual, one stormy night in the old churchyard of K—; and the storm he so delighted in, but too faithfully assisted the excavation he had made. A portion of the north wall gave way, and buried the picturesque old man beneath its ruin."

Poor dreamer! he had left his brother's house under the strong excitement of a new vision, and his end was in keeping with his life. The prosperity arising from the industry of the one brother, and the comfortless life and tragical end of the other, form the best commentary upon the most feasible means of obtaining a crock of gold.

SUPPOSED CHANGES IN THE WEATHER OF LATE YEARS.

ONE can scarcely meet with a single old or even middle-aged person now-a-days, who does not affirm and believe, that, within his own experience, the temperature of the weather, and indeed the general character of the seasons, have sustained some remarkable changes in our island. The warmth of our summers, and, still more particularly, the severity and duration of our winters, are represented by such individuals as having undergone most striking modifications. The same extremes, they say, either of heat or cold, of placidity or storm, are now unknown. It is not unusual, for instance, to hear aged country persons, both from their own recollections and the traditions handed to them by their fathers, allege that in times fifty to eighty years ago, the heat was so intense in summer that the labours of the field could not possibly be carried on at mid-day, and that for at least two hours daily, all out-of-door operations had to be suspended. They also tell similar stories respecting the intensity and length of the winters; so that, if they are to be believed, the weather is altogether a different thing in these degenerate days. In order to investigate the correctness of these reminiscences and traditions, we have thought it worth while to examine the Meteorological Records of our island during the past century, in order to see what the barometer and thermometer have to say on the point. Fortunately, we find the necessary materials for our purpose in the good old magazine files, which, though displaying nothing like the literary merit of the present monthly periodicals, contain a mass of useful matter of all kinds, for which posterity will look in vain in similar modern works.

The Scots Magazine presents regular, and, we have no doubt, pretty accurate monthly observations of the weather, as indicated by the barometer and thermometer, for a succession of years. We here give a table, showing the weather for the first twelve months on which continued and complete observations were made in the work alluded to. The choice, being made from this cause, is of course as impartial as may be. The first barometrical column shows the highest point, and the second the lowest, which the mercury attained at any time during each month; and the same with the thermometrical columns. The two columns of variations indicate the greatest change in the instruments during any twenty-four hours of the month. The observations in the table commence with April 1751, and end with March 1752. They were made in Edinburgh or its vicinity, but we are not told how often, or at what precise hours, the instruments were looked at.

	Barometer (in Inches and 10ths)			Thermometer (Degrees)		
	Highest.	Lowest.	Variation.	Highest.	Lowest.	Variation.
April 30-0	29-1	0-3		57-0	43-0	4-0
May 30-4	29-2	0-3		58-0	47-0	5-0
June 30-3	29-6	0-5		68-0	53-0	5-0
July 30-1	29-4	0-6		65-0	59-0	3-0
Aug. 30-3	29-4	0-3		64-0	57-0	3-0
Sept. 30-3	29-3	0-6		62-0	50-0	6-0
Oct. 30-4	29-4	0-3		56-0	46-0	5-0
Nov. 30-5	29-0	0-4		54-0	42-0	8-0
Dec. 30-4	29-5	0-3		51-0	37-0	6-0
Jan. 30-4	29-0	0-2		51-0	42-0	4-0
Feb. 30-2	29-4	0-3		51-0	38-0	5-0
Mar. 30-6½	29-3	0-4½		55-0	39-0	6-0

The writer of the table calls the reader's attention to the fact that the "barometer, according to these monthly calculations, never rose during the year above 30 inches 6½ tenths, and never subsided lower than 29 degrees; while the utmost ascent of the thermometer was 68 degrees, and its greatest descent 37 degrees, so that it only traversed, in the several changes from spring to spring, about 32 degrees in all." The severest cold of the year seems to have been in December, and yet the lowest point of that month was only 37 degrees, or 5 above freezing. November and January were 42 degrees, about the same as April.

"The greatest variation in the temperature during any twenty-four hours of the whole year was but 8 degrees."

The next year to which we shall refer, and the results of which may be compared with the preceding, is the twelvemonth beginning April 1818, which we again select from an accidental, and of course impartial, cause, it being the first year in which suitable observations were made in the new series of the Scots Magazine. The meteorological tables given in this work, and from which we extract the following calculations, were drawn up from a register kept near Perth, in latitude 56 degrees 25 minutes, and at the elevation of 185 feet above the level of the German Ocean. We arrange the table precisely in the form of the preceding one, to render the comparison easy and plain. The observations were made several times a-day.

	Barometer (Inches and 10ths)			Thermometer (Degrees)		
	Highest.	Lowest.	Variation.	Highest.	Lowest.	Variation.
April 30-5	28-9	0-5		58-0	26-0	26-0
May 30-3½	29-3	0-2½		71-0	38-0	23-0
June 30-4	29-2	0-5		79-0	45-0	25-0
July 30-2½	29-6	0-4		80-0	38-0	27-0
Aug. 30-2	29-3	0-4½		75-0	43-0	22-0
Sept. 30-1	29-1	0-5		68-0	36-0	20-0
Oct. 30-2	28-9½	0-6½		62-0	36-0	17-0
Nov. 30-0½	29-0	0-6½		56-0	33-0	16-0
Dec. 30-5	29-1	0-5½		50-0	24-0	20-0
Jan. 30-3½	28-7	1-1		52-0	21-0	17-0
Feb. 29-9	28-7½	0-7½		49-0	21-0	16-0
Mar. 30-1½	28-9	1-1½		55-0	26-0	18-0

The years to which these two tables (both made up from observations in the open air) refer, have been selected accidentally, it is to be remembered. The points given in each table are precisely the same, namely, the highest and lowest points of the two instruments, with the greatest variations in any twenty-four hours, in the course of every month. And what result do we find from comparing the two tables? One widely inconsistent, most certainly, with the notion that summers were warmer and winters colder many years back than they have been of late. As for the barometer, the mercury rose, during 1818, only to the same point or nearly so as in 1751 (the first being 30.5 and the other 30.6½ tenths); but during 1818, the barometer fell considerably lower than in 1751, 29 being the lowest point during the latter year, while in five months of the former twelve months, it fell below 29, and in January reached 28.7. What is of chief consequence, however, is the greater extent and rapidity of the variations in the barometer during 1818. The greatest variation in any twenty-four hours in 1751 was 6-tenths of an inch; in two months of 1818, the range extended to a degree and 1-tenth. Taking these single monthly variations as an indication of the general barometrical variations in both years, we arrive at the conclusion that the weather must have been less equable, or, in other words, must have shifted more rapidly from one extreme to another, in 1818, than in 1751.

The thermometrical tables present a much more remarkable contrast. While in 1751 the thermometer never rose above 68, and never fell below 37, we find it as high as 80 and as low as 21 in 1818. In three other months of the latter year, we find it as high as 71, 75, and 79, and in seven other months we have it so low as 36, 36, 33, 26, 26, 24, and 21 (a second time). All these months, therefore, exhibited extremes of temperature that, on the whole, render the year 1818 a striking contrast, both as regards heat and cold, to the year 1751. The winter and summer of the latter are remarkably mild in comparison. As respects the variations of temperature in any twenty-four hours of each month, the tables display a difference which proves the same point still more forcibly. While 8 degrees was the greatest change in any twenty-four hours of 1751, the least change in any month of 1818 was 16 degrees, and more often it ranged between 20 and 27, which last was the greatest variation.

Though taken at random, we are inclined to think, from recollection, that 1818 was considered a year somewhat warmer than common during the summer months. We therefore take the preceding year, 1817, the observations for which were made at the same spot on the banks of the Tay. The barometrical fractions in the following table are in a different form, and the variations are not given, but these points are not very important here.

	Barometer (Inches).		Thermometer (Degrees).	
	Highest.	Lowest.	Highest.	Lowest.
January	30-360	28-340	56-0	25-0
February	30-450	28-900	54-0	29-0
March	30-250	28-465	52-0	22-0
April	30-580	29-560	63-0	27-0
May	30-180	29-070	57-0	33-0
June	30-160	29-110	76-0	41-0
July	29-950	29-185	66-0	44-0
August	29-990	28-905	65-0	42-0
September	30-090	28-490	69-0	35-0
October	30-350	28-555	51-0	29-0
November	30-250	28-890	56-0	30-0
December	29-956	28-293	46-0	15-0

It will be apparent to every one that this table confirms the deductions made from the preceding ones. The winter cold of 1817 presents a great contrast, as far as these tables go, to that of 1751-2, and the thermometer rose higher, too, in the summer months. We cannot tell what were the greatest variations in any twenty-four hours of the months of 1817, but we

may conclude from the differences between the highest and lowest points of the same months, that the daily variations much exceeded those of 1751-2.

This comparison would lead one to think that the equability of the weather in 1751 must have been, on the whole, somewhat uncommon. The way to discover the truth of the matter is, of course, to turn to other years. In the Scots Magazine for 1755, we find tables of the weather copied from the Gentleman's Magazine, and which must have been made up in England, probably at London. In January, February, November, and December, of 1755, the highest and lowest points of temperature are stated, respectively, at 50 and 27, 44 and 31, 55 and 28, and 50 and 34. For May, June, July, and August, of the same year, we find the highest points of the thermometer to be, respectively, 65, 77, 70, and 66.

The highest and lowest points of the thermometer in the two first and two last months of 1785, as observed at Edinburgh, were respectively 48 and 27, 39 and 21, 50 and 29, 45 and 23. The highest and lowest points of the thermometer during the three summer months of the same year were respectively 89 and 43, 83 and 46, 67 and 40. The highest and lowest points in January, February, November, and December, of 1788, were respectively 50 and 25, 47 and 20, 55 and 29, 44 and 18. The highest and lowest points during the three summer months of the same year, were respectively 78 and 43, 72 and 45, 76 and 43. In the year 1787, we find the greatest heat of any day in July to have been 77.

We thus see, by irrefragable evidence, that in these years, selected at random from the last century, there was the same mixed hot and cold weather as we now experience—the summers abounding in cold disagreeable days, and the winter's cold interrupted by occasional mild weather. The conclusion to which every candid mind will arrive is, that it is in a great measure an erroneous conception, that the winters were so much colder and the summers so much warmer in past years than they are now. The reason, it seems to us, why the belief alluded to is entertained by people of advanced years, is simply, that the very hot years and very cold years which they have seen in the course of their lives, have left a strong impression on their minds, while all the others have been forgotten. Thus, on calling up their weather recollections, they find only a number of these remarkable years engraven on their memories, and as the intervals are blank, they not unnaturally fill up the picture with tints of the same kind as those remembered.

PICTURE OF A GERMAN STUDENT.

THE German gentleman is well known to be upon the whole a dull and phlegmatic being. His character has, however, one short period of fermentation, during which it takes sufficiently fantastic forms. This is the university-attending period. The singular peculiarities which then shine forth in him have attracted much attention amongst other nations, and many sketches of the *burachen*, as the students are called, have been presented in our own literature. We remember none that have given us more amusement than the following, which occurs in a clever novel recently published under the title of "Morton of Morton's Hope: an Autobiography."—

"The next morning I lounged up the Weender Strasse. The day was fine, and the streets were thronged with more than the usual number of Students and Philistines. As I got near the end of the street, I saw one or two small boys, and half-a-dozen house-maids, looking with wonder at a strange figure, preceded by a strange dog, that was passing along the side-walk. On looking at him at first, at a short distance, I took him for a maniac escaped from the lunatic asylum. He wore a cap, embroidered in crimson and gold, shaped like a shaving basin, and of the sort usually denominated beer-caps, a dressing-gown of many colours, strapped tightly about his loins with a leather girdle, in which were thrust two horse-pistols, and a long basket-hilted 'schläger,' or duelling-sword, and on his feet a pair of red Turkish slippers. His neck was open, and his legs bare from the ankle to the knees. In one hand he brandished an oaken cudgel, and in the other he held a small memorandum-book. He was preceded by a small dog of the comical breed called 'Deckel,' a kind of terrier, which considerably resembles the English turnspit. The individual one which now presented itself, was, like all its class, as ugly as a dog can well be. His body was very long, and his legs very short; his colour was a mixture of black and a dirty red; his tail curled itself as gracefully as a pig's, his knees were bowed outwards, so as to form a perfect parenthesis, and he turned out his toes like a country dancing-master. In order to heighten the effects of these personal charms, his master had tied a wreath of artificial flowers round his neck, and decorated his tail with fancy-coloured ribbons. Attired in this guise, the dog and his master proceeded gravely down the street, apparently without heeding the laughter of the admiring spectators. There seemed to be no students in the immediate vicinity, and the Philistines were beneath his notice. As I approached him, I observed something familiar in his countenance, and, immediately afterwards, the singular individual caught me by the hand, and kissed me affectionately on both cheeks. It was Rabenmark, my Leipzig acquaintance. He invited me to accompany him to his rooms, and smoke a pipe. I complied, and turned about with him; and we continued our walk down the street.

A few minutes' walk brought us to his lodgings. We ascended two flights of stairs, and entered his apartment. The sitting-room was tolerably large, and in its furniture

and arrangements, a perfect specimen of a regular 'kneipe.' The floor was without carpet, and sanded; and the household furniture consisted of a table, a sofa, and half-a-dozen chairs of the most unpretending kind. The great expense had been, however, evidently made in providing the pipes, pictures, and other student luxuries. A large and well-executed engraving of a celebrated duel, which, from the notoriety of the combatants, and its tragical issue, had become historical, hung on the right side as you entered. On the left, the wall was covered with a large collection of 'silhouettes'; these are a peculiar and invariable characteristic of a German student's room. * * The third side of the room was decorated with a couple of 'schlagers,' or duelling-swords, which were fastened crosswise against the wall. * * On the fourth side of the room were ranged a collection of pipes, which were the pride of his heart. They were about twenty, ranged in a systematic row. The bowls were of porcelain, exquisitely painted; some with portraits of pretty women, some with copies from Ostade and Gerard Dow, and some with the arms of his intimate friends. The stem of each was about three feet in length, and of the fragrant polished cherry. The tassels were large and rich, and of every combination of Landsmanschaft colour. Besides these were half-a-dozen meerschams, of all the different kinds: there was the 'milk meerscham' from Vienna, exquisitely carved, and delicate as sugar work; the 'oil meerscham' from Hanover, carefully polished, and scientifically embrowned towards the bottom by its own smoke; besides the 'wax meerscham,' the 'raw meerscham,' and various others. Besides these articles, there were some half dozen engravings in frames, a fowling-piece, a sabre, and two or three different species of caps hanging in different parts of the room. 'There,' said Rabenmark, entering the room, unbuckling his belt, and throwing the pistols and schläger on the floor; 'I can leave my buffoonery for a while and be reasonable; it's rather tiresome work this renommising.' 'Have the kindness to tell me,' said I, 'what particular reason you have for arraying yourself and your dog in such particularly elegant costumes, and for making such an exquisite exhibition of yourself during your promenade?' 'No particular reason,' he answered: 'but it is about the most simple way of arranging matters on the whole. I am a fox. When I came to the university three months ago, I had not a single acquaintance. I wished to introduce myself into the best Landsmanschaft, but I saw little chance of succeeding. I have already, however, become an influential member. What course do you suppose I adopted to gain my admission?' 'I suppose you made friends of the president or senior, as you call him, and the other magnates of the club,' said I. 'No. I insulted them all publicly, and in the grossest manner. Look here,' he continued, taking down one of the schlägers from the wall, and showing me the list of the duels he had already perpetrated, written, according to an universal custom, on the white leathern lining of the hilt. The number of entries was already about fourteen. 'See,' said he; 'these first half dozen are the senior, con-senior, and some other members of the Pommerania; they were my first six duels.' 'I suppose you got well peppered by such old stagers,' said I; 'but I hardly see how that was to expedite your admission.' 'Oh! that was a very simple matter,' replied Rabenmark; 'for in the first place you are wrong in your flattering supposition. Instead of being peppered I was very successful; and after I had cut off the senior's nose, sliced off the con-senior's upper lip, moustachios and all, besides bestowing less severe marks of affection on the others, the whole club, in admiration of my prowess, and desiring to secure the services of so valorous a combatant, voted me in by acclamation.' 'Do you find any particular satisfaction,' said I, 'in your club, and the university life?' 'Oh, it is boy's play,' said he; 'but then I am a boy, in years at least. I have a certain quantity of time on my hands. I wish to take the university as a school for action. I intend to lead my companions here, as I intend to lead them in after-life. You see I am a very rational sort of person now, and you would hardly take me for the same crazy mountebank you met in the street half an hour ago. But, then, I see this is the way to obtain superiority. I determined at once, on arriving at the university, that, to obtain the mastery over my competitors, who were all extravagant, savage, eccentric, was to be ten times as extravagant and savage as any one else. You do not suppose I derived any particular satisfaction from tying up Fritz's tail with ribbons; but then it is as good a way of bullying as any other; and, besides, these student duels are capital exercise.' 'Suppose, however, that Mr Weissbier had happened to have been a less tractable person than he proved to be?' 'Why, I should have been obliged to shoot him.' 'You forget the less agreeable alternative. He might have done you the same favour.' 'Oh, no—impossible. I shall not die till I am nineteen years and nine months old. If I pass that period, I shall live some twelve or thirteen years longer; I forget the exact number; but I have it written down in my common-place book somewhere.' This I found afterwards to be a settled conviction. Nothing could induce Rabenmark to admit the possibility of his death till that age. It was a prediction in his family by some gipsy, I suppose, for he was, as I have said, a Bohemian. His age was, at the time of which I am writing, exactly eighteen and a half. 'Perhaps,' said he, politely, 'you would like to see a duel or two. They are very pretty gladiatorial exhibitions. There are always plenty going on every day, and they are quite as amusing as the *combats des animaux* at Paris.' 'I should have no objection,' said I, 'as it seems customary to admit spectators.' Here Rabenmark threw open the window, and called to a passing acquaintance. 'Katt! do you go "los" to-morrow afternoon?' (To go los, or loose literally, is the cant expression for fighting.) 'Yes; with Poppendorf,' was the answer. 'Very well. Oh! by the way, have the kindness to step to a certain Pott of the Bremen club, and to Kopp and Fizzleberg of the Brunswick, and challenge them each for me, on twenty-four gangs, small caps.' 'Very well. I shall see you at the Kneipe to-

night?' 'Yes. Adieu.' 'Adieu.' 'There, Mr Morton,' continued Rabenmark, 'you see in five minutes a student's whole life. A young man usually spends three years at the university. As most of the German universities are in coalition, whatever time he spends at one, is counted for him at the next, and he consequently usually passes a whole year at one, the next term at another, and so on. The first two years of the three, a student generally employs in fighting duels, and getting drunk. After he has fought his fifty or a hundred duels, and drunk as much beer as he is capable of, he usually, at the end of his second year, leaves his club, and spends his third and last year in diligent study. His examination—and a very strict one it is—succeeds: and if he can pass it, he receives his doctor's degree, whether of theology, philosophy, law, or medicine, and retires into private life.' 'But I suppose he remains a long time a troublesome and ferocious individual?' 'On the contrary. Nobody ever hears of him. It is a singular anomaly—the whole German student existence. The German students are no more Germans than they are Sandwich Islanders. They have, in fact, less similarity with Germans than with any other nation. You see in them a distinct and strongly characterised nation, moving in a definite though irregular orbit of its own, and totally independent of the laws which regulate the rest of the social system of Germany. It presents the singular phenomenon of a rude though regularly organised republic, existing in the heart of a despotism. In fact, every one of the main points of the German's character is directly the opposite of those of the German student. The German is phlegmatic—the student fiery. The German is orderly and obedient to the authorities—the student ferocious and intractable. The German is peaceable—the student for ever brawling and fighting. The German is eminently conservative in his politics—the student always a revolutionist. The government of all the German States is despotic—the student's whole existence is republican. The German is particularly deferent to rank and title. In the student's republic, and there alone, the omnipotent "Vou" sinks before the dexterous schläger, or the capacious "beer bummel." Lastly, the German is habitually sober, and the student invariably drunk."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

ISAAC WATTS.

ISAAC WATTS was born at Southampton, in Hants, on the 17th of July 1674. His father kept a boarding-school in that town, and was a man of sense and education, besides being distinguished for the zeal and sincerity of his religious opinions. On the latter account, he is said to have suffered much inconvenience during the persecutions inflicted in the reign of Charles II. on the Protestant dissenters, to which class he belonged. It is not to be wondered at, under these circumstances, that young Watts should have been early imbued with a deep sense of religion. At the same time, he was noted, from his very childhood, for the sprightliness and vivacity of his wit, as well as for his arduous and success in the acquirement of the ordinary learning of the schools. Under the care of his father, and of the Rev. John Pinhorn, master of the free academy of Southampton, he made such proficiency in the Latin, Greek, and Hebrew tongues, that a subscription for his support at the university was proposed by those friends who witnessed this part of his career; but this aid was declined by the youth, as his acceptance of it might have been construed into a desertion of the dissenting body, to which he had already resolved firmly to adhere. In accordance with this determination, he was sent to London in 1690, to study the higher branches of knowledge at the academy of Mr Rowe, a dissenting clergyman of eminence. His progress here amply sustained the high promise of his preceding years.

In 1694, Isaac Watts returned to Southampton, and spent the ensuing four years partly in the house of his father, and partly at Stoke Newington, in the capacity of tutor to the family of Sir John Hartopp. On his twenty-fourth birthday he preached his first sermon, having previously prepared himself, by the most earnest study, for the assumption of the pastoral office, which he viewed as the great end and business of his life. He was soon afterwards chosen assistant to Dr Chauncy, and became that gentleman's successor in the year 1702. He had but a short time entered on his charge, however, when he was attacked by a severe and dangerous illness, which withdrew him for a long time from his public labours, and rendered the appointment of a helper necessary. After his recovery, Mr Watts continued to perform his duties without further intermission till the year 1712, winning the esteem of all around him by his learning, abilities, and piety.

Before the period mentioned, he had also earned the applause of the world in the character of a Sacred Poet. From the age of fifteen, according to his own statement, he had been addicted to versifying, and the natural bias of his mind gave a devotional cast to all the exertions of his muse. Between 1706 and 1712, he appears to have published his "Lyrical Hours, or

Poems chiefly of the Lyric kind;" a second collection entitled "Hymns and Spiritual Songs;" and an "Essay towards the Improvement of Psalmody." His principal subsequent efforts in poetry were his "Divine Songs and Hymns for Children;" the "Psalms of David, imitated in the language of the New Testament;" and a "Collection of Juvenile and Miscellaneous Pieces in Verse." The first of these works appeared in 1715, the second in 1718, and the last in 1734. A few poetical pieces were also found among his manuscripts, and published after his decease.

In his preface to one of the earliest of these works, the author enters into an animated defence of sacred poesy, and points out the extraordinary beauty of those portions of the Scriptural writings which bear this character. He closes his prefatory remarks with this modest avowal: "Let minds that are better furnished for such performances pursue these studies, if they are convinced that poesy can be made serviceable to religion and virtue. As for myself, I almost blush to think that I have read so little and written so much. I cannot court the world to purchase this book for their pleasure or entertainment, by telling them that any one piece entirely pleases myself. The best of them sinks below the idea which I form of a divine or moral ode. He that deals in the mysteries of heaven, or of the muses, should be a genius of no vulgar mould." The world, fortunately for the fame of Isaac Watts, saw more beauty in his productions than had been apparent to his own severely critical eye. We shall give to those not well acquainted with his writings an opportunity, to a certain extent at least, of reviewing this judgment, though at the risk of quoting what many are already familiar with. The following piece, after some consideration, has been fixed upon as calculated to afford a fair idea of the style of the poems in the "Lyrical Hours." We give it nearly entire:—

HAPPY FRAILTY.

"How meanly dwells the immortal mind!
How vile these bodies are!
Why was a clod of earth designed
To enclose a heavenly star?"

Weak cottage where our souls reside!
This flesh a tottering wall—
With frightful breaches gaping wide,
The building bends to fall!
All round it storms of trouble blow,
And waves of sorrow roll;
Cold winds and winter storms beat through;
And pain the tenant-soul.

Alas, how frail our state!" said I,
And thus went mourning on,
Till sudden from the cleaving sky
A gleam of glory shone.

My soul felt all the glory come,
And breath'd her native air;
Then she remembered heaven her home,
And she a prisoner here.

Straight she began to change her key,
And, joyful in her pains,
She sang the frailty of her clay
In pleasurable strains.

"How weak the prison where I dwell!
Flesh but a tottering wall—
The breaches cheerfully foretell
The house must shortly fall.

No more, my friends, shall I complain,
Though all my heart-strings ache
Welcome disease, and every pain;
That makes the cottage shake!

Now let the tempest blow all round,
Now swell the surges high,
And beat this house of bondage down,
And let the stranger fly.

I have a mansion built above
By the Eternal Hand,
And should the earth's old basis move,
My HEAVENLY HOUSE must stand."

Another piece, much better known than the preceding, and certainly of higher merit, is that entitled the Day of Judgment—remarkable also as being one of the few compositions in which the peculiar structure of Latin verse has been successfully imitated in English.

When the fierce north-wind, with his airy forces,
Rears up the Baltic to a foaming fury,
And the red lightning with a storm of hail comes
Rushing amain down,

How the poor sailors stand amazed and tremble!
While the hoarse thunder, like a bloody trumpet,
Roars a loud onset to the gaping waters
Quick to devour them.

Such shall the noise be, and the wild disorder,
(If things eternal may be like these earthly)
Such the dire terror when the great Archangel
Shakes the creation;

Tears the strong pillars of the vault of heaven,
Breaks up old marble, the repose of princes;
Sets the grave open, and the bones arising,
Flames all around them.

Hark the shrill outcries of the guilty wretches!
Lively bright horror, and amazing anguish,
Stare through their eyelids, while the living worm lies
Gnawing within them.

Thoughts, like old vultures, prey upon their heartstrings—&c.

We have been unable to refrain here from marking in italics some particular expressions, which, for force and intensity, have scarcely any parallels in poetry. The remainder of the poem is equally impressive, but we prefer to leave space for some pictures of a milder kind from the pages of Watts. It is a curious proof (and many similar ones might be adduced) of the incalculable value of simplicity in literary composition, that those pieces which our author professedly "attempted in easy language for the use of children," are

in reality the most admired of all his poetical efforts with readers of every age and every degree of intellectual advancement. Unfortunately, he wrote but few poems of this kind, intending those which he did produce as merely "a slight specimen of moral songs, such as he wished some happy and condescending genius would undertake for the use of children, and perform them much better." It might have been difficult, however, to fulfil the latter point of this request, for few poets have ever produced anything so perfect in its way as

THE ROSE.

How fair is the rose! what a beautiful flower,
The glory of April and May!
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.
Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast
Above all the flowers of the field:
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours are lost,
Still how sweet a perfume will it yield!
So frail is the youth and the beauty of men;
They bloom and look gay like the rose,
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain;
Time kills them as fast as he goes.
Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade,
But gain a good name by well doing my duty:
This will scent, like a rose, when I'm dead.

The following is equally fine, and contains a moral which young and old may alike profit by.

THE ANT OR EMMET.

These Emmets—how little they are in our eyes!
We tread them to dust, and a troop of them dies
Without our regard or concern:
Yet, as wise as we are, if we went to their school,
There's many a sluggard, and many a fool,
Some lessons of wisdom might learn.
They don't wear out their time in sleeping or play,
But gather up corn on a sun-shiny day,
And for winter they lay up their stores:
They manage their work in such regular forms,
One would think they foresaw all the frosts and the storms,
And so brought their food within doors.
But I have less sense than a poor creeping ant,
If I take not due care for the things I shall want,
Nor provide against dangers in time;
When death or old age shall stare in my face,
What a wretch I shall be in the end of my days,
If I trifle away all their prime.
Now, now, while my strength and my youth are in bloom,
Let me think what will serve me when sickness shall come,
And pray that my sins be forgiven;
Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,
That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay,
I may dwell in a palace in heaven.

It is from these and others of his minor pieces that we receive the most favourable idea of Watts as a poet. His larger odes and epistles are correctly and pleasingly written, and contain here and there fine thoughts and expressions, but they for the most part display too much of that quality of mediocrity which, according to the old critical canon, is tolerable in all things but verse.

In the year 1712, the ministerial labours of Mr Watts were a second time interrupted by a severe and lasting illness, which did not permit him again to officiate in public for four years, and left effects upon his constitution that were visible to the close of his days. It was at this period that he was invited to reside in the house of Sir Thomas Abney, of which he continued an inmate for the succeeding thirty-six years of his life. In this family "he enjoyed (says his biographer Dr Gibbons) the uninterrupted demonstrations of the truest friendship. Here, without any care of his own, he had every thing which could contribute to the enjoyment of life, and favour the unwearied pursuits of his studies. Here he had the privilege of a country recess, the fragrant bower, the spreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other advantages, to soothe his mind, and aid his restoration to health; to yield him, whenever he chose them, most grateful intervals from his laborious studies, and enable him to return to them with redoubled vigour and delight." The bulk of his prose works, both religious and philosophical, were composed during his residence with this truly friendly family; among these works, the treatise entitled "Logic, or the Right Use of Reason in the Inquiry after Truth," attained to particular and merited celebrity. Generally speaking, these productions are marked by great ability, good sense, and research. It might have been better, however, had he been able to throw off more completely the shackles of the schools, and given more liberal play to the workings of his own unbiassed intellect upon philosophical questions, as he declares his wish to do, in the following lines upon "True Philosophy," as he titles it:—

Custom, that tyranness of fools,
That leads the learned round the schools,
In magic chains of forms and rules,
My genius storms her throne!
No more, ye slaves, with awe profound
Beat the dull track, nor dance the round;
Loose hands, and quit the enchanted ground;
Knowledge invites us each alone.
I hate these shackles of the mind,
Forged by the haughty wise:
Souls were not born to be confined,
And led, like Samson, blind and bound;
But, when his native strength he found,
He well avenged his eyes.
Thoughts should be free as fire or wind;
The pinions of a single mind
Will through all nature fly:
But who can drag up to the poles
Long fettered ranks of leaden souls?

It was difficult for a philosophical inquirer in his day, however, to act up to these just and vigorous aspirations. The scholastic fetters were not yet rusted enough, or rather were still too firmly fastened on in youth, to be easily shaken off.

In 1728, the Universities of Edinburgh and Aberdeen did themselves honour by conferring on Watts, without his knowledge, the degree of Doctor in Divinity. On the 25th of November 1748, he died in the dwelling of which he had been so long a venerated inmate, at the age of seventy-four, and leaving behind him a reputation, from the moral beauty of which no detraction has ever been made.

THE SCOTCH COSTUMES OF LONDON ARTISTS.

It has long appeared to us a very curious thing, that English landscape painters, both professional and non-professional, both those who stay at home and those who travel to see nature and art as they actually exist, should continue, in spite of all representations to the contrary, to depict the people of the Lowlands of Scotland as dressed either in tartans or kilts. It seems to be of no use to tell our English friends that garments of that fabric or fashion are practically unknown in this portion of Scotland, and in fact never had an existence within it. Tartans and kilts they insist upon giving us, reason or no reason, to the end of the chapter. A sort of stupid ignorance is at the bottom of these gentlemen's conceit for the kilts. If they had read the history of our common country, or made the slightest inquiry, they would have learned that the Lowlands, consisting of the entire south, and a large tract of the east, of Scotland, are Anglo-Saxon, and have no more to do with the Highlands than the county of Middlesex has with Wales. Within this Lowland or Anglo-Saxon territory, which comprehends the cities of Edinburgh and Glasgow, and, with one or two exceptions, all the large towns in the country, the English language has been spoken, and the English dress worn, from a period coeval with their use in England. Making, however, no inquiry on the point, and guided only by the consideration that Highland regiments, and the equally conspicuous representations of Scotsmen at the doors of tobacconists' shops, are dressed in kilts, our English artists determine that all Scotsmen are kilted, and kilted they must be in all pictures accordingly. Thus, views of Edinburgh, executed in London, show the men on the streets dressed in kilts, the women dressed in tartan gowns and tartan boots, and carrying tartan parasols, the children wearing tartan bonnets, and the girls on the Calton Hill dressed in tartan petticoats, and spreading out washings of tartan shirts. People may laugh, but all this is true. We lately saw a picture of the pretty south-country town of Dumfries, executed in London, and in which every figure in the market-place was in kilts or tartans, or had something else Highland about them. One figure was particularly amusing. Over a respectable pair of trousers and frock coat, the draughtsman had hung a shaggy tasselled purse or sporran, such as is usually worn by a Highland soldier in full dress. Beyond this, ignorance and absurdity could scarcely be expected to go.

The travelling artists who execute these draughts of Lowland scenery, as we are told, are not the persons properly chargeable with the offence to which we allude. It seems that in most instances they leave the figures in their drawings to be filled in by a different class of persons in London, whose knowledge of Scottish costume is gained entirely from the aforesaid Highland regiments, the figures which decorate the shops of tobacconists, or the actors and actresses in the theatres. Be this, however, as it may, the offence against good taste and truth is the same.

It may appear somewhat farcical that we should trouble ourselves to notice these petty errors of taste in English landscape painters. To speak quite honestly, we might have allowed the matter to pass as it has hitherto done, if it had not afforded the materials of a little mirth. But it has also its serious side. It is, we apprehend, a fixed principle in pictorial delineation, that the painter shall truly, and with all the judgment he can command, represent nature as she really is, not as she is arbitrarily supposed to be. To be faithful to nature, each country ought to be represented only with its own proper costumes, not those of another. But it may be answered, the English generally do not comprehend the difference between the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland. Exactly so: they are ignorant, and studiously remain in ignorance, of certain historical facts with which they should be made acquainted in youth. The history of Greece and Rome are made the subjects of regular study at schools in England, but the history of Scotland, an integral portion of the United Kingdom, is rarely seen either in or out of school. One of the results of this kind of ignorance we now point out. There is an universal confusion of ideas as to Highlands and Lowlands in the English mind. In almost every pictorial representation of Scotland we see this confusion strongly portrayed.

We see it marked with equal strength in the acting drama. In the Italian Opera-House in London, in the piece called the *Bride of Lammermoor* (Lammermoor is a district of Scotland close to the English border) all the male characters, Mr Bidethebent excepted, are dressed in tartans and kilts. Bucklaw, a south-country laird, is in kilts, and young Ashton is dressed with a red coat and kilt, like an officer in a Highland regiment, while Lucy Ashton is garnished with a Highland bonnet and a tartan scarf. As for the Rev. Mr Bidethebent, who, being a clergyman, could hardly be put in a kilt with any show of decency, he is favoured so far as to figure in the black serge gown of a monk, and the long scoop-like hat of a Spanish priest. These things, we say, mark the little knowledge of the English on a very simple matter of national dress and manners. Perhaps the remarks we have made may attract the attention of professed critics in the fine arts, and be the means of curing an absurdity not very creditable to the taste of our southern neighbours.

WHAT CONSTITUTES A PATENT.

THE following explanations of what peculiarities in an invention are necessary in order that the inventor may obtain a patent, are from a newly published work of accuracy and research, and calculated to be of great use to both professional and unprofessional persons, entitled "A Manual of the Law of Scotland, by John Hill Burton, Advocate." It may be proper to state, that, in the original work, authorities are quoted for every fact stated.

"It is a requisite of any invention for which a patent may be obtained, that it be complete of its kind, constituting when embodied a vendible article. It is held that the discovery of a mere principle cannot be protected—a practical result in the form of an article of commerce must be shown; and so if one make a discovery in mechanics or chemistry, from which he expects great practical results to be attainable, while in the mean time he is unable to produce any, he cannot obtain a patent. The invention must have been made by the claimant of the patent, and not suggested by another person. It must not have been used before, either by the petitioner or any other person. By 'using' appears to be meant the employment for some article of trade. There are few cases in which one can avoid, in the literal sense, 'using' an invention before it can be pronounced successful. So, in the case of the refracting glasses, Dolland, who obtained a patent, was entitled to retain it, though Dr Hall had invented the same commodity, as the latter had not 'used it' by communicating the commodity to the public; the result would have been different had he used it as a vendible commodity, though he had concealed the method of construction. 'In a late instance,' says Mr Carmichael, 'at a trial of a patent cause, several witnesses spoke of having seen the invention at the workshop of the plaintiff's workmen some months before the sealing of the patent: this was not considered such a publication as to injure the validity of the grant.' It follows, that if several persons are in common aware of the same invention, no one of them can obtain a patent; but that, if several persons simultaneously make the same invention without communicating it to each other, or using it, he who first applies is entitled to a patent, to the exclusion of the others. It has to be observed, too, that use in one part of the United Kingdom will not invalidate a patent for any other part, if obtained by the original inventor or importer from abroad.

The law on this subject is now to a certain extent modified by statute. If it be found by verdict of a jury that a patentee is not the first inventor of part or the whole of the subject of his patent, some other person having previously invented or used it, or if the patentee himself discover this to be the case, he may petition the queen in council to confirm his patent, or grant a new one. The petition and objections are heard before the judicial committee, who, if they are satisfied that the patentee believed himself to be the first inventor, and that the invention had not been publicly used before the date of his patent, may recommend that the petition be acceded to. When a patent comes under judicial discussion, and the decision is in favour of the patentee, the judge can give a certificate of the fact, the effect of which is, that if the validity be again questioned, the certificate may be produced; and if the decision be in favour of the patentee, he is to receive treble costs, unless the judge specially certify that he should not.

It is specially provided in the English statute of James I., and would probably be held law in Scotland, that a patent may be obtained by the first user of a foreign invention. The above principles apply to such a case, and so a patent for a foreign machine was protected, though a model of the machine had been previously sent to England, the model not having been used.

The invention must be useful and beneficial; it would appear at first sight that there is little danger of a patent being disputed, unless the invention proves its utility by its vendibility, but a patent being held for a useless invention may be the means of preventing another person from applying that invention to some useful purpose. The invention must be completely new as to all material parts. It does not follow, however, that it must form a new article or commodity not previously known; it may be a new arrangement of things already known, or simply an addition to, or an improvement of, something already in use. 'An improvement on any known machine, whereby such machine is rendered capable of performing more beneficially,' is a fit subject for a patent; and so is any skillful arrangement of common materials, so as to make them productive of some beneficial effect not previously occasioned by them, as in the case of Mr Hartley's method of arranging iron plates in buildings as a protection from fire. In such cases, however, the patent must

be taken out only for the addition or improvement. It would appear that no person can obtain a patent for a mere improvement on a commodity for which another person is in possession of a patent—at least to the prejudice of the patentee; and it is held 'that where an improvement to a patent is made after the enrolment of the specification, it becomes the property of the patentee, provided that the improvement cannot be used of itself, but, to be useful, must be superadded to the patented invention.' Though the applicant must be the sole inventor, it is not necessary that he must have gone through the process connected with the first construction with his own hands. 'The rule of law respecting the assistance from servants may be thus stated. If the servant make a new discovery by himself, such invention becomes his property; but if the master plans and the servant only executes with alterations of his own, then the master is the true inventor of the machine.'

A patent may be taken out for a combination of previously known machines or commodities, if the invention of the new combination be all that is claimed, or for an addition to any existing combination, if no more than the addition be taken credit for.

'The application of a known substance or material to a new purpose, when there requires art to adapt it, is the subject of a patent.' This is well illustrated by the case of the patent for percussion-locks. The detonating powder used for the purpose was well known before, but the patentee having first applied it as a priming for fire-arms, and used a lock adapted to the purpose, the application of locks of a different construction was held an infringement. It is observed that the use of the lock by the patentee, in this case, was necessary to convert his discovery into a vendible commodity, and that he could not have supported a patent for the mere 'application of certain well-known explosive mixtures as priming for fire-arms, without going into a detailed account of how that was to be done.'

The title under which the patent is petitioned for is an object of great importance, as it is by the applicability of the title to the thing said to be invented that the lodger of a caveat knows whether the application will interfere with himself or not. It must convey an idea of what has been invented, but of nothing more. Thus, Lord Cochrane's patent for naphtha-lamps was found void, because it was called 'a method or methods of more completely lighting cities, towns, and villages,' whereas, though it was only for such a purpose that his invention could apparently be used, from the noxious nature of the materials, the invention was after all but a lamp suitable for the purpose of burning naphtha, and should, it was said, be called so. Where Mr Wheeler invented a method of colouring porter by a small quantity of deep-coloured malt mixed with pale malt, instead of the old practice of preparing the whole malt of a certain depth of colour, and called the invention 'a new and improved method of drying and preparing malt,' it was said that there was no new method of drying and preparing malt in the invention, but merely a new way of colouring porter, and that it should have been called 'a new method of preparing malt for the purpose of colouring beer or porter.'

The title must not contain more uses for the commodity than those which it is adapted to; so Felton's patent in 1827, for 'a machine for an expeditious and correct mode of giving a fine edge to knives, razors, scissors, and other cutting instruments,' was held bad, because the machine described would not sharpen scissors."

WELEES AND DERVISHES.

ONE of the most amusing chapters in Mr Lane's work on the Manners of the Modern Egyptians, is that upon the Mahomedan saints who are seen in Cairo and other parts of Egypt. These men, who are called *welees*, and who are under the direction of a superior termed the *kootb*, lay claim to a miraculous knowledge of things concealed from the senses of ordinary mortals, and for this, and their excessive devotional spirit, are held in extreme veneration by the people. "If a person (says Mr Lane) were to express a doubt as to the existence of true *welees*, he would be branded with infidelity, and the following passage of the Koran would be adduced to condemn him: 'Are not the favourites of God those upon whom no fear shall come, and who shall not be grieved.' This is considered as sufficient to prove that there is a class of persons distinguished above ordinary human beings." And the *welees* take care to impress the belief that they are the persons meant.

Commissioned by the *kootb*, the *welees* perform the office of religious watchmen in certain districts of Cairo, and in the performance of which office they have opportunities of showing their supernatural acquirements. Mr Lane tells the following story of a devout tradesman, who, being exceedingly desirous of being made a *welee*, applied to the *kootb*, and he was appointed accordingly. "His prayer was granted; the *kootb* said, 'Take charge of the district which consists of the Durb-el-Ahmar and its immediate neighbourhood;' and immediately the person thus addressed found himself a *welee*, and perceived that he was acquainted with things concealed from ordinary mortals. As soon as he had entered upon his office, he walked through his district, and seeing a man at a shop, with a jar full of boiled beans before him, from which he was about to serve his customers as usual, took up a large piece of stone, and with it, broke the jar. The bean-seller immediately jumped up, seized hold of a palm-stick that lay by his side, and gave the *welee* a severe beating; but the holy man complained not, nor did he utter a cry: as soon as he was allowed, he walked away. When he was gone, the bean-seller began to try if he could gather up some of the scat-

tered contents of the jar. A portion of the jar remained in its place; and on looking into this, he saw a venomous serpent in it, coiled round, and dead. In horror at what he had done, he exclaimed, 'There is no strength nor power but in God! I implore forgiveness of God, the Great! What have I done! This man is a *welee*, and has prevented my selling what would have poisoned my customers.' He looked at every passenger all that day, in the hope of seeing again the saint whom he had thus injured, that he might implore his forgiveness; but he saw him not, for he was too much bruised to be able to walk. On the following day, however, with his limbs still swollen from the blows he had received, the *welee* limped through his district, and broke a great jar of milk at a shop not far from that of the bean-seller, and its owner treated him as the bean-seller had done the day before; but while he was beating him, some persons ran up, and stopped his hand, informing him that the person whom he was thus punishing was a *welee*, and relating to him the affair of the serpent that was found in the jar of beans. 'Go and look,' said they, 'in your jar of milk, and you will find at the bottom of it something either poisonous or unclean.' He looked, and found in the remains of the jar a dead dog. On the third day, the *welee*, with the help of a staff, hobbled painfully up the Durb-el-Ahmar, and saw a servant carrying upon his head a supper-tray covered with dishes of meat, vegetables, and fruit, for a party who were going to take a repast in the country. He put his staff between the servant's legs, and overthrew him, and the contents of the dishes were scattered in the street. With a mouth full of curses, the servant immediately began to give the saint as severe a thrashing as he himself expected to receive from his disappointed master for this accident; but several persons soon collected around him, and one of these bystanders observed a dog eat part of the contents of one of the dishes, and a moment after fall down dead; he instantly seized the hand of the servant, and informed him of this circumstance, which proved that the man whom he had been beating was a *welee*. Every apology was made to the injured saint, with many prayers for his forgiveness; but he was so disgusted with his new office, that he implored God and the *kootb* to release him from it, and, in answer to his solicitations, his supernatural powers were withdrawn, and he returned to his shop more contented than before. This story is received as true by the people of Cairo, and therefore I have inserted it; for in treating of superstitions, we have more to do with opinions than with facts. I am not sure, indeed, that it is altogether false: the supposed saint might have employed persons to introduce the dead serpent and dog into the vessels which he broke. I am told that many a person has obtained the reputation of being a *welee* by artifices of the kind just mentioned."

Mr Lane afterwards mentions that there are many instances of *welees* afflicting themselves by austerities similar to those practised by the fanatical devotees in India. "At present (he continues) there is living in Cairo, a *welee* who has placed an iron collar round his neck, and chained himself to a wall of his chamber, and it is said that he has been in this state more than thirty years: but some persons assert that he has often been seen to cover himself over with a blanket, as if to sleep, and that the blanket has been removed immediately after, and nobody found beneath it! Stories of this kind are related and believed by persons who in many respects are endowed with good sense; and to laugh, or express discredit, on hearing them, would give great offence. I was lately told, that a certain *welee* being beleaded, for a crime of which he was not guilty, his head spoke after it was cut off; and, of another decapitated under similar circumstances, that his blood traced upon the ground, in Arabic characters, the following declaration of his innocence: 'I am a *welee* of God, and have died a martyr.'"

Dervishes, or *Durweeshes*, are a different class of holy men among the Mahomedans; they seldom aspire to the character of *welees*. Dervishes are of various orders, and seem to be united in fraternities, very much like freemasons in this country. Some are agriculturists or tradesmen, who only assist at particular rites and ceremonies; others are entirely devoted to religious exercises; and a few lead a wandering life, and subsist on alms, which they often demand with great effrontery. The religious exercises of dervishes consist, for the most part, of the repetition of certain pious exclamations in a chanting tone for hours together, or of dancing in a circle in a truly maniacal manner to tunes played upon a flute and drum. One order of dervishes follows the occupation of charming away serpents from houses, and another order pursues a new profession, namely, that of bringing a blessing into dwellings by introducing calves, which are trained to perform certain tricks, and are called after particular saints deceased. "A venerated saint (says Mr Lane) called El Azab, who lived at Tefahineh, a village in Lower Egypt, had a calf which always attended him, brought him water, &c. Since his death, some Riffae dervishes have been in the habit of rearing a number of calves at his native place, or burial place, above named; teaching them to walk up stairs, to lie down at command, &c., and then going about the country, each with his calf, to obtain alms. The calf is called 'Egl El-Azab,' the calf of El-Azab. I once called into my house one of these dervishes with his calf, the only one I have seen. It was a buffalo calf,

* Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd. 18mo, pp. 714.

and had two bells suspended to it, one attached to a collar round its neck, and the other to a girth round its body. It walked up the stairs very well, but showed that it had not been very well trained in every respect. The Egl El-Azab is vulgarly believed to bring into the house a blessing from the saint after whom it is called."

THE DAGUERRETYPE.

IN consequence of an agreement with the French government, by the terms of which M. Daguerre and his partner M. Niepce receive a divided annuity of ten thousand francs (L.416, 13s. 4d.), the true and perfect method of Photogenic Drawing, upon the principles of the Daguerreotype, has now been made public by the inventor. The pamphlet in which the stipulated disclosures appear, has been excellently translated by Dr J. S. Memes, and of this version we avail ourselves in laying before our readers a summary of the facts now brought to light on this interesting subject.

M. Arago, in reporting on the matter to the Chamber of Deputies, traced the history of the invention in a clear and eloquent way. After describing the discovery and gradual perfecting of the camera, he says, in allusion to that instrument, "No person has ever witnessed the neatness of outline, precision of form, the truth of colouring, and the sweet gradations of tint, without regretting that an imagery so exquisite and so faithful to nature could not be made to fix itself permanently on the tablet of the machine—who has not put up his aspiration that some means might be discovered by which to give reality to shadows so exquisitely lovely? Yet, in the estimation of all, such a wish seemed destined to take its place among other dreams of beautiful things—among the glorious but impractical conceptions in which men of science and ardent temperament have sometimes indulged. This dream, notwithstanding, has just been realised." M. Arago then adverts to the property possessed by nitrate or chloride of silver, of becoming black by the action of light. This property was early known to chemists, but no one seems to have thought of turning it practically to account in the production or reproduction of drawings, till Mr Wedgwood, in 1802, proposed a mode of copying window-paintings by means of paper washed with chloride of silver. Subsequently, many persons were in the habit, for mere amusement, of making experiments on the same principle. Betwixt the sun and prepared paper they placed an engraving, which was quickly reproduced on the paper beneath, but with the lights and shadows reversed. This arose from the dark parts of the engraving intercepting the light, while it passed more or less freely through the other portions. But the fruits of these experiments were totally valueless, as they could not even be looked at for a few minutes without becoming one entire black blank, through the continued action of the light. M. Niepce, a country gentleman living near Chalons, on the Saone, engaged, so early as 1814, in a train of experiments for the fixation of the photogenic images, both as they were obtained through the camera and by other means. He had made some remarkable discoveries on the subject previously to 1826, when he accidentally learnt that M. Daguerre, a Parisian artist of high reputation, was deeply occupied with similar studies. This led to a partnership between these gentlemen, for the further prosecution of the subject to their mutual advantage; and at the death of M. Niepce in 1833, the connection was kept up by his son. The complete and admirable process ultimately discovered, was in a great measure, however, the result of the single and unaided labours of M. Daguerre. What that process is, we have now to display from the inventor's own description of the Daguerreotype and its operations—or, in other words, of the apparatus for photogenic painting, and its mode of use.

"The designs (says M. Daguerre) are executed upon thin plates of silver, plated on copper. Although the copper serves principally to support the silver foil, the combination of the two metals tends to the perfection of the effect. The silver must be the purest that can be procured. As to the copper, its thickness ought to be sufficient to maintain the perfect smoothness and flatness of the plate, so that the images may not be distorted by the warping of the tablet; but unnecessary thickness beyond this is to be avoided on account of the weight. The thickness of the two metals united ought not to exceed that of a stout card. The process is divided into five operations."

The First Operation is that of *preparing the plate*, which is commonly from six to eight inches long, by four or six in breadth. In the original pamphlet, as well as the translation by Dr Memes, engravings are given of the various articles and instruments required in the different processes. The materials for the first operation are, olive oil, fine cotton, finely ground and dried pumice-stone, a phial of nitric acid diluted with sixteen parts of distilled water, and a wire frame for placing the plate upon, while heat is applied to it by a spirit-lamp. With these articles the plate is thus prepared. "The size of the plate will depend of course on the dimensions of the camera. We must begin by polishing it carefully. To accomplish this, the surface of the silver is powdered all over with the pumice, by shaking the bag without touching the plate.

Next, with some cotton dipped in a little olive oil, the operator rubs the plate gently, rounding his strokes. During this operation, the plate must be laid flat upon several folds of paper, care being taken to renew these from time to time, that the tablet be not twisted from any inequality in the support. The pumice must be renewed and the cotton changed several times. It will be readily apprehended of what importance it is to attend to these directions, since upon the high polish of the silver depends in a great measure the beauty of the future design. When the plate is well polished, it must next be cleaned by powdering it all over once more with pumice, and rubbing with dry cotton, always rounding and crossing the strokes, for it is impossible to obtain a true surface by any other motion of the hand. A little pledget of cotton is now rolled up and moistened with the diluted acid already mentioned, by applying the cotton to the mouth of the phial and inverting it, pressing gently, so that the centre only of the cotton may be wetted and but slightly, care being taken not to allow any acid to touch the fingers. The surface of the plate is now rubbed *equally* all over with the acid applied by the pledget of cotton. Change the cotton repeatedly, and keep rubbing, rounding as before, that the acid may be equally spread, yet in so small a quantity as just to skim the surface, so to speak. It will be seen when the acid has been properly diffused, from the appearance of a thin veil spread regularly over the whole surface of the plate. Once more powder over pumice, and clean it with fresh cotton, rubbing as before, but very slightly.

The plate is now to be subjected to a strong heat. It is placed upon the wire frame, the silver upwards. The spirit-lamp is applied below the hand, moving it round, the flame touching and playing upon the copper. This operation being continued at least five minutes, a white strong coating is formed all over the surface of the silver, if the lamp has been made to traverse with proper regularity; the lamp is now withdrawn. A fire of charcoal may be used instead of the lamp, and is perhaps preferable, the operation being sooner completed. In this latter case the wire frame is unnecessary, because the plate may be held by one corner with pincers, and so held over the fire, moving it at the same time till all is equally heated, and the veil appear as before described. The plate is now to be cooled *suddenly*, by placing it on a cold substance, such as a mass of metal or stone, or, best of all, a marble table. When perfectly cold, it is to be again polished; an operation speedily performed, since the gummy appearance merely has to be removed, which is done by the dry pumice and cotton repeated several times, changing the cotton frequently. The polishing being thus completed, the operation of the acid is to be repeated three different times, dry pumice being powdered over the plate each time, and polished off very gently with the cotton, which must be very clean, care being taken not to breathe upon the plate, or to touch it with the fingers, or even with the cotton upon which the fingers have rested, for the slightest stain upon the surface will be a defect in the drawing. Lastly, every particle of dust is removed by gently cleaning the whole edges and back also with cotton."

The Second Operation consists in *coating the plate*. M. Daguerre's great merit undoubtedly lies in his discovery of the use of iodine, in producing a sensitive coating to receive the images photogenically. The coating operation, it need only be mentioned, requires a small quantity of broken iodine, and a small square box. In the middle or upper part of this box, the plate is fixed horizontally, with its face downwards, having been previously fixed on a board by means of side-catches and bands of the same metal as the plate. At the bottom is placed a quantity of the iodine in a small saucer, and the exhalation rising from it, at a natural temperature, gives a decided *gold tinge* to the plate. The time required for this varies from five minutes to half an hour, and the plate must be taken out on the instant of its reaching the pure gold tinge, as the plate is useless, if it passes that hue. An examination, therefore, must be made now and then by lifting the plate, but this must be performed quickly, that the light may not act on the surface. The whole of these operations, indeed, must be performed in a darkened apartment. By using a taper, there is least chance of injury to the plate from the light. A piece of gauze, stretched across the box between the iodine and the plate, is used to regulate the evaporation.

The Third Operation consists in placing the plate, now of a gold tint, in the camera, to receive the required image or images. The camera must be previously fixed in the proper position, and the focus adjusted and tested by a piece of white paper, as in

ordinary cases. Avoiding light and contact, the plate is then quickly placed in the camera, along with the board on which it was fixed, as already mentioned, with plated bands and tacks holding it down by the edges. When the aperture of the camera is opened, the operator has nothing to do but to take up his watch, and stand by till the proper time for removal. Unfortunately, that time is difficult to ascertain. When the external objects are brilliantly illuminated by the sun, three minutes will complete the operation. When there is little light reflected from external objects, from three to twenty minutes will be required. The operator must make the best guess he can upon the principle now stated. There is nothing visible on the plate when taken from the camera, so that he has no guide in this respect. In northern latitudes, more time will always be necessary than in more southerly climes, where the intensity of the sun-light is greater.

When the plate is removed from the camera, it is subjected to the Fourth or Mercurial Operation, by means of which the images are *disengaged*, or developed. The chief apparatus here required consists of a tall square-sided box, fully the breadth of the plate, and more than twice as high, reckoning the limbs on which it stands. Daguerre seems to have this box, in whole or in part, made of black iron, but does not assign any reason for preferring such a material to wood. The box, however made, should have a hinged top, and a small glass window in the upper part of one of its sides, and should be open below in such a way that a spirit-lamp may be applied to the under part of a cup, placed in the bottom of the box, and containing three ounces of mercury. In this mercury the bulb of a thermometer must be placed, and the upper part of this instrument must be visible. In a box made of wood, the upper part of the thermometer may be passed through a hole in one of the sides, the instrument lying angularly. Such is the arrangement in the under part of this apparatus. The upper portion must be so arranged that the plate, with the board on which it is placed, can be fixed across the interior of the box at an angle of 45 degrees, the face of the plate downwards, in order to receive the fumes of the mercury. The top or door of the apparatus is then gently shut. "When all things are thus disposed, the spirit-lamp is lighted, and placed under the cup containing mercury. The operation of the lamp is allowed to continue till the thermometer, the bulb of which is covered by the mercury, indicates a temperature of 60 degrees centigrade. The lamp is then immediately withdrawn; if the thermometer has risen rapidly, it will continue to rise without the aid of the lamp, but this elevation ought not to exceed 75 degrees centigrade.

The impress of the image of nature exists upon the plate, but it is invisible. It is not till after the lapse of several minutes that the faint tracery of objects begins to appear, of which the operator assures himself by looking through the glass, by the light of a taper, using it cautiously, that its rays may not fall upon and injure the nascent images of the sketch. The operation is continued till the thermometer sink to 45 degrees centigrade; the plate is then withdrawn, and this operation completed."

The Fifth Operation consists in the fixing of the impression or image, by removing the coating of iodine, on which the light would still act. A saturated solution of common salt, filtered and warmed, or, what is better, a weak solution of hyposulphite of soda, not heated, some cold distilled water, and some warmed distilled water, with two (sheet copper) troughs, are the chief materials required in this process. The plate, when removed from the mercurial box, is freed from the board attached to it, and plunged into one of the troughs, containing cold distilled water, care being taken not to touch the centre of the plate. It is again *immediately* removed, and plunged into the saline solution in the other trough, and, being laid there face upwards, is stirred about by means of a little copper-wire hook. The yellow tinge now leaves the plate; and when this is seen to have taken place, the plate is placed on an inclined plane (of japanned white iron), and distilled water, hot, but not boiling, poured freely over it. All these operations are but the work of a minute or two; and when the last is finished, the plate must be dried rapidly by blowing on it, and moving it in the air, else stains will be left on the drawing. After this, the drawing cannot be washed out; but rubbing, or the continued action of vapours, would destroy it. "To preserve these sketches, then, place them in squares of strong pasteboard, with a glass over them, and frame the whole in wood. They are thenceforth unalterable even by the sun's light."

These are the whole photogenic operations of M. Daguerre, detailed in as simple a manner as possible. Regarding the apparatus, it may be observed that the more closely the directions of the inventor are followed, the better, though, as in the case of the copper troughs for example, there is perhaps no great necessity for using the precise materials specified. Earthenware dishes, or ashets, as they are called, may do well enough. In some other respects, and particularly in the cleaning and preparing of the plates, the most minute attention must be paid to the directions given. The exclusion of light, also, and the avoidance of contact with the plates, must be pointedly attended to, and all the apparatus cleaned carefully after use.

When finished in a perfect way, the design on the plate is exquisitely beautiful, and though impression

of it cannot be multiplied as from a graven plate, it is in a perfect state for the engraver to copy, and he can do this with far more ease and correctness than in the case of ordinary drawings. We have seen one brought from Paris, and now in the possession of a gentleman in Edinburgh, which gives a representation of a portion of the streets of the French capital, and in a manner so minute, so delicate, and so wonderfully perfect in shading, as to give one a striking idea of what this invention will yet do for the fine arts. The plate seems to be about eight inches by six, and is set in pasteboard, glazed, and framed. The windows of the houses, blinds, sign-boards, stones of the pavement, and other points in the view, are brought out with great force. At the time we write, this specimen is the only one, we believe, yet brought from Paris; but, ere long, multiplied specimens will doubtless be in the hands of our countrymen, and these not the production of Parisian, but of native men of science. We have had the gratification of seeing M. Daguerre's processes practically worked out by one of our ablest chemists and experimenters, Dr Fyfe of Edinburgh. Though operating on plated copper not prepared for the purpose, and comparatively very imperfect in level and finish, Dr Fyfe has succeeded in making several very successful representations.

In England, a French artist of the name of Ste. Croix is at present exhibiting the wonders of the Daguerreotype. We find in a London paper the following remarks from a spectator of this gentleman's operations:—"The picture produced on the polished silver surface by these means is one of the most curious and beautiful objects of art that we have ever beheld. It is seen with all the truth and beauty of nature, as in a mirror, with the additional charm of brilliant concentration similar to that which is furnished by an opera glass, and (still more wonderful) with a soft tint of blue in the sky. M. de Ste. Croix assures us that the extent and distance of the landscape does not present any impediment to the success of his operations, and that the prospect of Paris taken from the Pont Neuf by M. Daguerre is quite as perfect as that taken across the street or across the table. The capacity of the Daguerreotype for doing justice to an 'interior' was pleasingly illustrated by a mirrored sketch of the artist's own table, with basin, ewer, towel, &c., of which the early sunshine had just completed a faithful picture as his visitors entered."

Although it is mentioned here that a "soft tint of blue" existed in the sky, we believe this to be a visual deception, arising from the admirable minuteness of the shading. M. Daguerre has nowhere alluded to the production of natural tints in his designs. At the same time, some doubt certainly appears to exist on this point. M. Arago, in his Report, speaks of the *couleur locale* of the plates, which expression Dr Memes professes himself unable to understand, "as photographic designs have no local colour." There are, indeed, many improvements yet to make in this art. The process is at present difficult, and the materials expensive. The rationale, moreover, of several of the processes, is not understood by the inventor himself, and operators are left without any determinate rules of guidance. But the matter is now handed over to the whole world of science, and we may confidently anticipate rapid improvements. No invention ever reached perfection in the very infancy of its course.

What we may yet expect from the Daguerreotype is finely shown by the philosophic Arago. "To copy the millions and millions of hieroglyphics which entirely cover to the very exterior the great monuments at Thebes, Memphis, Carnac, &c. would require scores of years, and legions of artists. With the Daguerreotype, a single man would suffice to bring to a happy conclusion this vast labour. Arm the Egyptian Institute with two or three of Daguerre's instruments, and on several of the large engravings in that celebrated work, the fruit of our immortal expedition, vast assemblages of real hieroglyphics would replace fictitious or purely conventional characters. At the same time, these designs shall incomparably surpass in fidelity, in truth of local colour, the works of the ablest artists. Again, these photographic delineations having been subjected, during their formation, to the rules of geometry, shall enable us, with the aid of a few simple data, to ascertain the exact dimensions of the most elevated parts, and of the most inaccessible edifices. The preparation employed by M. Daguerre is a re-agent much more sensible to the action of light than any other hitherto in use. Never have the rays of the moon, we do not say in a natural state, but even when concentrated by the most powerful lens, or in the focus of the largest reflector, been capable of producing any perceptible physical effect. The plated discs prepared by M. Daguerre, on the contrary, receive impressions from the action of the lunar rays and the succeeding operations to such an extent as permits the hope that we shall be in a situation to make photographic charts of our satellite. In other words, in a few minutes we shall be able to execute one of the longest, most tedious, and most delicate operations of astronomy.

Let us not hesitate, then, to announce the fact: the re-agents discovered by M. Daguerre will speed on-wards the progress of those sciences which confer the highest honour on the human mind. By their aid the philosopher will be enabled henceforth to proceed on the principle of absolute intensities; he will compare lights by their effects. If he find it useful, the same

tablet will present him with the impression of the dazzling beams of the sun, and with the pencillings of rays three hundred thousand times fainter than those of the moon—the rays of the stars. In short, when observers apply a new instrument to the study of nature, what they expected from it has always proved little indeed compared with the series of discoveries which the instrument originated. In this instance it is upon the *unforeseen* that we are especially to reckon." These deductions are not less just than sublime.

MARIANA.

[BY ALFRED TENNYSON.]

"Mariana in the moated grange."—*Measure for Measure.*

With blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all,
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange,
Unlifted was the clinking latch.
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch,
Upon the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said:
She said, "I am aweary, aweary;
I would that I were dead!"
Her tears fell with the dews at even,
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried,
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky,
She drew her casement curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said:
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"
Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the nightfowl crow:
The cock sang out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seemed to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the grey-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said:
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"
About a stonecast from the wall,
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The clustered marsh-mosses crept.
Hard by a poplar shook all day,
All silver green with gnarled bark,
For leagues no other tree did dark
The level waste, the rounding grey.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said:
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"
And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up an' away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said:
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"
All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd,
The blue fly sang i' the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peep'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd through the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices call'd her from without.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said:
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"
The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loath'd the hour
When the thick-motted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Downsloped was westerling in his bow.
Then, said she, "I am very dreary,
He will not come," she said:
She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,
Oh God, that I were dead!"

—Tennyson's Poems.

BANKING IN EARLY TIMES.

A banker in early times pursued a very different trade from that which occupies the attention of the opulent and influential class so called at the present day. It is well known that the latter derive their profits from the employment of fluctuating sums of money deposited in their hands for convenience and safety by the public, and for the security of which the respectability of the banker is a sufficient guarantee. But this is a refinement of comparatively recent introduction, with which our forefathers were wholly unacquainted. As late as the time of Swift, bankers gave and took a bond on receiving and lending money, and made their profit by obtaining a higher rate of interest, or usury as it was called, on the latter operation, than they allowed on the former. Ten or twelve per cent. was the customary rate of interest during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, at which period, we mean no disrespect to the banker when we say that he united in his person the trades of the usurer, the pawnbroker, the money-scrivener, the goldsmith, and the dealer in bullion. A German traveller who visited England in 1593, says that he saw in Lombard Street "all sorts of gold and silver vessels exposed to sale, as well as ancient and modern coins, in such quantities as must surprise a man the first time he sees and considers them."

It is a curious circumstance that Lombard Street should have retained its character as well as its name for about five centuries and a half; and it may not perhaps be out of place to mention, that within the last thirty years several gold and silver lacemen lived there, a link between the ancient and modern occupants of the street, which has now almost wholly disappeared.—*Life and Times of Sir Thomas Gresham.*

THE SILK-WOOL OF THE ALPACA.

At one of the meetings of the British Association at Birmingham, "Some remarks were made on the introduction of a species of Auchenia into Britain, for the purpose of obtaining wool, by Mr W. Danson. Samples and manufactured specimens of Alpaca wool, in imitation of silk (and without dye), as black as jet, were exhibited; and Mr Danson stated, that the animals producing it ought to be propagated in England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales; and to the two latter places the Alpaca is well suited, being an inhabitant of the Cordilleras, or mountainous district in Peru. Importations have already taken place to the extent of one million of pounds, and are likely to increase. There are five species of Llamas, of which the Alpaca has fine wool, six to twelve inches long, as shown by the specimens exhibited, the Llamas, the hair of which is very coarse, and the 'Vicuna,' which has a very short fine wool, more of the beaver cast. The Earl of Derby has propagated the Alpaca in his private menagerie at Knowsley, and Mr Danson understood that Mr Stephenson, at Oban, in Scotland, has a few of these animals. The wool of these animals would not enter into competition with the wool of the sheep, but rather with silk. It is capable of the finest manufacture, and is especially suited to the fine shawl trade of Paisley, Glasgow, &c. The yarn spun from it are already sent to France in large quantities, at from 6s. to 12s. 6d. per pound, the price of the raw Alpaca wool being now 2s. and 2s. 6d. per pound. Mr Vigors stated, that one of the objects of the Zoological Society of London was to introduce animals which might be made available for draught, food, or clothing. Amongst others, this animal had been kept in the Society's gardens. They bred and looked well, but were subject to disease, which was the case with most foreign animals at first. Animals were generally found adapted to the districts in which they lived, as the camel, &c., but animals which afforded food and clothing are usually capable of universal dispersion, as the horse, sheep, &c. He believed that in the course of time the Llamas referred to would be acclimated amongst us. These animals also brought forth their young at an unseasonable period, Christmas; but in general animals changed their season of bringing forth, in order to adapt it to the climate they lived in."—*Athenaeum.* [We should like to hear of some further investigations into the subject; it is one of public importance.]

YANKEE PEDLAR.

A clever trick was played by a Yankee pedlar upon one of the captains of the steam-boats running from New York to Albany, on the Hudson river. The Yankee was fully aware of the custom of putting people on shore who attempted to gain a passage for nothing, and his destination was to a place called Poughkeepsie, about half way between New York and Albany. He therefore waited very quietly until he was within a mile or two of Poughkeepsie, and then went up to the captain. "Well, now, captain, I like to do things on the square, that's a fact; I might have said nothing to you, and run up all the way to Albany—and to Albany I must go on particular business—that's a fact; but I thought it more honourable like to tell you at once, I haven't got a cent in my pocket; I have been unfortunate; but, by the 'tarnal, I'll pay you my passage-money as soon as I get it. You see I tell you now, that you mayn't say that I cheat you; for pay you I will, as soon as I can, that's a fact." The captain, indignant, as usual, at being tricked, called him certain names, swore a small quantity, and as soon as he arrived at Poughkeepsie, as a punishment put him ashore at the very place the keen Yankee wished to be landed at.—*Captain Marryat's Diary in America.*

ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY OF THE STEAM-ENGINE.

The discovery of the method of making a vacuum by the condensation of steam, was reproduced, before 1698, by Captain Thomas Savery. His discovery of the condensing principle arose from the following circumstance:—Having drunk a flask of wine at a tavern, and flung the empty flask in the fire, he called for a basin of water to wash his hands. A small quantity which remained in the flask began to boil, and steam issued from its mouth. It occurred to him to try what effect would be produced by inverting the flask and plunging its mouth in the cold water. Putting on a thick glove to defend his hand from the heat, he seized the flask, and the moment he plunged its mouth in the water, the liquid immediately rushed up into the flask and filled it. Savery stated that this circumstance immediately suggested to him the possibility of giving effect to the atmospheric pressure, by creating a vacuum in this manner. He thought that if, instead of exhausting the barrel of a pump by the usual laborious method of a piston and sucker, it was exhausted by first filling it with steam, and then condensing the same steam, the atmospheric pressure would force the water from the well into the pump-barrel, and into any vessel connected with it, provided that vessel were not more than about thirty-four feet above the elevation of the water in the well. He perceived also, that, having lifted the water to this height, he might use the elastic force of steam in the manner described by the Marquis of Worcester to raise the same water to a still greater elevation, and that the same steam which accomplished this mechanical effect would serve, by its subsequent condensation, to reproduce the vacuum, and draw up more water. It was on this principle that Savery constructed the first engine in which steam was ever brought into practical operation.—*Lardner's new work on the Steam-Engine.*

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VISITS TO THE SCHOOLS IN DUBLIN.

HAVING long felt an interest in the condition and progress of elementary education in Ireland, I took the opportunity, during a late visit to Dublin, to make some personal inquiries on the subject, the result of which may not be uninteresting to the public. I knew no one connected with any of the existing systems of instruction, but it is impossible to be long in Dublin without gaining kind friends and acquaintances, who are willing to give all the explanations in their power, and to show what can be seen in the public institutions; and accordingly I had no difficulty in procuring the information which I required. A perambulation of the streets of Dublin for a few days, opens up to the stranger a new world of philanthropy. I was not prepared for the exhibition of so much benevolence on a large scale. Hospitals for the sick; institutions for the relief of poor householders, locally termed room-keepers; asylums for blind, and deaf and dumb; asylums for female domestic servants when out of place; orphan-supporting societies; missionary and other religious associations to a large amount; Sunday schools; a poor-house, supported by voluntary contributions, giving food daily to upwards of 2000 individuals;* and, lastly, certain large schools for the children of the humble classes—all served to show that benevolence, whether well or ill directed, was a conspicuous element in the social organisation. Conducted by a gentleman belonging to the town, I visited a house in Sackville Street (the great central thoroughfare of Dublin), consisting of two large mansions thrown into one, and which contained the office of a different benevolent institution in each apartment—a great cluster of offices forming the head-quarters of societies whose labours are extended all over Ireland. It would almost seem as if the religious differences of the country had stirred up an emulative spirit of philanthropy. I found gentlemen, for instance, devoting not a little of their leisure to the conducting of Sunday schools, who, if in this country, would most likely take no interest, and certainly no personal trouble, in such things. The "gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease," have no sort of notion how much time is frequently given up by their friends in Ireland, to projects for the melioration and enlightenment of the poorer order of people.

My design, however, is not to notice these efforts, but to give a general idea of what is doing in the way of educating the mass of the juvenile population of Ireland. I may begin by stating, that no people in the world are more alive to the value of education, or more capable of receiving instruction, than the Irish; with all their faults of an over-hasty inconsiderate temperament, and so forth, they are a remarkably shrewd and active-minded race, and possess a rare faculty for "uptake." Long before any of the new educational schemes were projected, there were many schools in which poor children were taught at the most insignificant cost, by a primitive order of teachers; the school-house being, perhaps, a mud-built hovel, perhaps a shed under a hedge, perhaps the lee side of a wall, and not unfrequently the only primers were the lettered grave-stones in the open churchyard; the same tablets serving, with a piece of chalk, as the only copy-books by which to give a knowledge of writing and arithmetic. I men-

tion this to show what an innate taste for learning has prevailed among even the very poorest Irish. And, unassisted by any species of endowment, or any patronage or countenance, they could not otherwise have preserved amongst them the elements of instruction. In one instance, as has been mentioned to me, such was the enthusiasm and philanthropy of a humble and poverty-struck teacher of youth, that he wandered over the country, offering to any one the boon of being taught to read, provided he would in return engage to teach other ten; the gratification of disseminating the blessings of a humble kind of education among his countrymen was his sole reward.

That a people who have shown such aptitude for literary instruction, should have been left so long utterly destitute of the means of regular education, is a fact not very creditable to those on whom the responsibility of such matters is supposed to fall. But that condition of things is past, so no more may be said about it. Thanks to the energy of the "Society for Promoting the Education of the Poor in Ireland," or Kildare Place Society, as it is usually termed, which first organised a pretty extensive system of school instruction throughout the country, and thanks to the more recent establishment of the National System of Education, the Irish are now in the fair way of receiving a proper share of moral, religious, and intellectual culture.

My first visit was to the establishment of the Kildare Place Society, which occupies two very large brick buildings, in a small square off Kildare Place, which is a street in the division of Dublin lying on the west side of the Liffey. Its situation, therefore, near the dense cluster of streets inhabited by the poor in this quarter of the town, is perfectly appropriate. At one time, as is perhaps well known, this society, which consists of a large body of influential individuals, received an annual grant of money from Parliament to carry on its operations, but that grant is now withdrawn, and the association conducts its educational schemes entirely by voluntary contributions. Notwithstanding this limitation of the means of support, which prevents it from any longer affording salaries to country teachers, the number of schools in connection with, and partly dependent on, the society, was in May last 1097. In 1816, it had only 8 schools; in 1820, it had 381; in 1824, it had 1490; in 1830, it had 1634, which was the highest number on its books; in 1834, the number was down to 1000, and is now, as stated, 1097. According to the best estimate which has been obtained, these 1097 schools contained 81,178 scholars. The annual revenue of the society is, I believe, between four and five thousand pounds, and last year the disbursements amounted to £4917, 8s. 2½d. The nature of the society's operations will be understood by a glance at a few of the payments which were made—as for example, £227 for conducting the model schools in Kildare Place, £170 on training of teachers, £825 on grants of books and school requisites to country schools, £1611 on the preparation of books and other requisites, the remainder being disbursements for inspection, and matters of a miscellaneous kind. The income is aided by school fees in the model school, and the sale of books and work. The preparation and dissemination of books suitable for school libraries, has always been a leading feature in the society's procedure. The volumes, of a small 18mo size, are about eighty in number, embracing a variety of entertaining subjects for youth. The society has since its commencement distributed 1364 libraries, comprising 127,390 volumes, and amounting in value, at reduced prices, to £3189, 10s. 2½d. There is a depository of books in one of the edifices in Kildare Place, very much resem-

bling a bookseller's shop, and from this the number of cheap books issued in the past year was 18,234, making a total since its opening of 1,636,025 volumes. Of the delight which this vast issue of innocently entertaining books must have produced among the young people of Ireland, during the last three or four and twenty years, who can give any estimate!

With these preliminary explanations in remembrance, we enter the large building which contains the model schools. These schools are contained in two very extensive and lofty apartments, that on the ground floor being for boys, and that which is above it for girls. Both seemed in a state of great efficiency, with pupils to the number of about 900—fee of each 1d. per week. Some of the classes were examined in our presence, according to the usual intellectual plan of teaching; that is, by a process of searching cross questions on the subjects of the lessons. The teachers were young men evidently skilled in this mode of tuition. I was particularly struck with the activity which was displayed in mental arithmetic. For example, the whole boys in the class were asked by us such questions as these—If a yard and three-quarters of cloth cost 7s. 6d., what will 7-8ths of a yard cost? What is the interest on £475 for a year and a half at the rate of £5 per cent. per annum? A dozen such queries were put and answered with amazing rapidity, the boy who first called out being asked to prove the accuracy of his answer, and he was generally successful. The Irish have an extraordinary faculty for both mental arithmetic and mathematical analysis. Their fondness for geometry as a branch of study is quite remarkable; and in some instances it has been carried to such a length as to exclude almost every other branch of knowledge. Hitherto the great dearth of works on geometry has been a matter of sore complaint to the poor Irish, but I was glad to learn that this has been removed by the publication of the cheap treatises with which I happen to be connected. Taking up one of these from a desk (Euclid's Elements of Plane Geometry), the master of the model school assured me—and I hope to be pardoned for feeling proud of the compliment—that the work had completely removed the difficulty which had been formerly experienced, and that the Irish were no longer debarred from pursuing their favourite branch of study.*

From the boys' school I was conducted up stairs to that of the girls, where a similar efficiency and order appeared to prevail. Under the direction of a mistress the girls were receiving lessons in the various branches of needlework, straw-plaiting, and knitting. They are taught to make and mend their own clothes, to shape and sew shirts, jackets, and other parts of male attire, also to knit and darn stockings, and patch holes in clothes in as neat a manner as possible. These exercises are conducted on a strictly methodic plan, there being a series of patterns of a small size to copy from. The book of patterns of gowns, shirts, frocks, jackets, stockings, petticoats, caps, &c., all made by the pupils, is a great curiosity in its way, each of the articles being about the length of a finger, and the whole looking like the wardrobe of a Lilliputian; copies are sent to all the schools in connection with the society, so that the girls in every district are taught to use their needle on an uniform plan. We have nothing of this kind in Scotland; where the parochial system makes no pro-

* At the period of my visit, this useful institution, which is the means of keeping the streets in a great measure clear of beggars, was in serious difficulties for lack of funds, as it depends entirely on voluntary contributions, or, in other words, the philanthropic are alone taxed for its support. The new poor-law, which will come shortly into operation, will put an end to this absurdity, by taxing all alike for the support of the necessitous.

* I allude to this as simply a statistical fact, and it may serve to throw some light on the subject, when I mention, that of the cheap edition of Euclid, published by W. and R. Chambers in their Educational Course, about as many copies are sold in Ireland as in all Great Britain. It was not till I visited Dublin that I could account for the large demand for this book among the Irish.

vision for the instruction of girls in these useful arts. I could not help remarking in this female model school of the Kildare Place Society, that there were many girls of a rank of life far above that of paupers or persons in moderately poor circumstances, and I was informed that it is no unusual thing for respectable shopkeepers to send their daughters here for education, although the charity (if I may call it such) is designed for the accommodation of the very humblest classes of society.

Having satisfied myself with respect to the Kildare Place model schools, I proceeded to make similar inquiries regarding those under the auspices of the National Board. It may be premised, that, as the Kildare Place Society from the outset insisted on the Protestant version of the Bible without note or comment being used in the schools under their superintendence, their labours, as might have been expected, proved useful almost exclusively to one portion of the people, comparatively few Catholics taking advantage of their liberality.* This gave rise, in 1831, to the establishment by the government of what has been called the National System of Education, the main feature of which is an arrangement by which the children are separated at certain times, and taught religion by their respective pastors—the necessary funds being provided by the state. By this means it was hoped that the great body of the people, and more particularly the children of the poorer class of Catholics, would at length be brought within the pale of education. I need not say how differently the plan has been regarded by various parties, both in Ireland and in Britain.

The National Board consists of nine commissioners chosen from both the Roman Catholic and Protestant bodies—the Roman Catholic and Protestant archbishops of Dublin being among the number. The commissioners receive from the public purse, and expend annually, the sum of £50,000; their estimate for the year ending March 31, 1840, is £50,357, which they propose to lay out as follows:—On training of teachers, £2,220; model schools, £390; grants towards building and establishing new schools, £12,000; salaries and gratuities to teachers, £23,000; infant schools, £220; agricultural schools, £150; inspection, £4975; books and school requisites, £4250; and general expenditure, £3152. The fee paid by each scholar is 1d. per week, the same as at the Kildare Place schools. In granting aid towards the erection of country schools, one-third at least of the expenditure upon each building must be locally provided for, and the local trustees must engage to keep the house in repair. A stock of books and school requisites is supplied gratuitously every four years to each school, and these articles are at other times sold to the schools at from a third to a half of the common selling price. The appointment of teachers rests with the local patrons and committees, but subject to the approval of the board. By the provision for training teachers in the normal school, there will in time be a due supply of these functionaries, both male and female. The commissioners have divided Ireland into twenty-five school districts, and have appointed a superintendent for each. In March 1838 (the date of the Report before me), the number of national schools was 1384, attended by 169,548 children, but 195 new schools were soon to be opened, and it was expected that they would be attended by 40,106 pupils, making a total of 209,654. Reckoning, however, the schools said to be in actual operation in March 1838, there were then, as we perceive, upwards of 169,000 children receiving a regular elementary education, at an annual cost to the state of £50,000. The commissioners, in their Report, congratulate the public on this marked success of their labours. It seems that, in 1826, the number of children attending schools in Ireland to which the state granted aid, was 69,638, while the grants amounted in the year preceding to £68,718.

The reader, I trust, will now have no difficulty in comprehending the nature or extent of this great national institution, to which I am about to introduce him. The head-quarters of the board are in Marlborough Street (a rather narrow thoroughfare behind Sackville Street), in the midst of the division of Dublin which lies on the east side of the Liffey. My first visit to the institution need not be specially described. In order to have as comprehensive an idea as possible of the nature of the system, I visited the schools several times, dropping in now and then to the different class-rooms, as I happened to have time to spare, during my residence at a hotel in the neighbourhood. The several edifices belonging to the institution are detached from each other, and stand within a square enclosure fronting to the street. Passing a large edifice

on the right, devoted to the official business of the board, and a similar structure on the left, fitted up with an upper and lower hall for normal instruction and lectures to candidate teachers on philosophical subjects, we proceed to an inner group of three edifices—one on the left being the model school for boys, that on the right the model school for girls, and that in the centre being occupied as a model infant-school. The normal institution has three professors, one master, and one assistant; the boys' school one master, one assistant, and three monitors advanced to sub-teachers; the girls' school has one mistress, and one assistant; and the infant-school one master, one mistress, and one assistant. Belonging also to the head establishment is a farm for instruction in agriculture, a few miles from Dublin, possessing one agriculturist, one gardener, and one ploughman. The candidate teachers attend the farm for practical instruction in agriculture one day in the week.

There are at present upwards of 1100 children at the model schools in Marlborough Street.* The boys' school, to which I paid most attention, appeared to be conducted by some exceedingly active and intelligent individuals, though certainly not more so than those of the similar school belonging to the Kildare Place Society; and I was in no small degree surprised and pleased to find that the instruction embraced various branches of physical science—such as the Laws of Matter and Motion, Mechanics, &c., while Geometry, as a matter of course, was a special object of study. A class of ragged urchins was at my request examined on some of the theorems in the first six books of Euclid, and the result was extremely satisfactory; I question, indeed, if our more advanced students in the best academies could have acquitted themselves better. Yet these Irish boys are children of a humble order of individuals, and pay no more than a penny a-week for their education. I likewise heard a class examined on Bible history or Scriptural knowledge, and on this subject the answers were as readily delivered as those which I had heard a few weeks before at the Norwood institution in England, when elicited by a clergyman of the established church. I was a little surprised at this exhibition, because I had always understood that no species of religious instruction was given at the National Schools. Since this, I have learned that although the Bible, in its entire form, is not used as a class-book, there is much Scriptural knowledge contained in the books sanctioned by the institution, and which it seems possess the merit of being acceptable to all classes of Christians, at least to all except the more strict and unyielding of the two leading sects. I find it stated in the regulations of the National Schools, that "one day in each week, or part of a day (independent of Sunday), is to be set apart for the religious instruction of the children, on which day such pastors, or other persons as are approved of by the parents or guardians of the children, shall have access to them for that purpose." By this provision, which is exactly conformable to the plan pursued in Holland, and by the scrupulous care which is taken to avoid the very semblance of proselytism, the National Schools have gained the good-will of nearly the whole Catholic population. But while the greater proportion of the children attending the schools are Roman Catholic, there are more Protestant children in attendance than were at the Kildare Place schools in 1826.† This, I should think, is an important fact, and would seem to imply that the National Schools are not so exclusively patronised by one party as has been represented. I found the boys' model school to comprehend pupils of both the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches. The general success of this school is such, that there is not sufficient space to accommodate the daily applications for admission, and certain apartments in the sunk story have recently been opened for classes, although never designed to be put to such a purpose.

In the girls' school, I had the satisfaction of seeing the same kind of instruction in needlework, as had pleased me so much at the Kildare Place schools, and here also are made up books of miniature specimens of male and female attire, to be sent to the female schools in the country. The infant-school, which was begun by Mr Wilderspin, has been sustained in the best state of efficiency by a young teacher and his wife. The contemplation of the rows of happy little creatures, all under a correct system of moral training, afforded a most gratifying spectacle; and in turning away from the scene, I felt impressed with the conviction that I had now seen, in practical operation, the true plan of improving, if not the whole Irish people, at least that portion whose numbers and general condition make it of the most importance to the public at large that they should be so improved.

By the united exertions of the National Board and the Kildare Place Society, it may be fairly estimated that at present nearly 300,000 children are receiving daily instruction. After making every allowance for those who may be taught privately and at other schools, there still remains an ample field for the establishment of new, and an extension of the existing, seminaries. This field, it is gratifying to reflect, is now in course of a more extended culture. National Schools are getting up in many parts of the

country; the schools of the Kildare Place Society are in active operation; Sunday schools, in spite of all obstacles, are increasing in number and usefulness; and the established church is organising a widespread system of education, strictly in connection with Scriptural knowledge. With all these aids, it will be hard if Ireland is not in time one of the best educated portions of the United Kingdom.

"ADVENTURES OF ROBIN DAY."

SUCH is the title of an amusing, though somewhat coarsely written novel, by Dr Bird, an American author rapidly becoming known to English readers. The hero, Robin Day, is a dreadful scape-grace, a young Flibbertigibbet, who gets into all sorts of mischief—at least it is called mischief, and furnishes an excuse for giving him many a sound beating and no small measure of abuse. Robin, in short, is what is usually termed a very bad boy, though, as in forty-nine out of every fifty such cases, his bad conduct is clearly traceable to the mismanagement, if not petty tyranny, of his superiors. The history of Robin's early career is worth abridging for the sake of its humour.

When an infant of only a year old, he was wrecked on the coast of New Jersey; his parents were drowned; by a lucky chance he was saved, and fell to the share of Mother Moll, a female wrecker of eminence in that part of the world. Mother Moll, who had an eye to bringing him up to her own infamous profession, which consisted of decoying vessels ashore by holding out false signals, took care to initiate him in its mysteries as he grew in stature. When he was able to run along the beach, he was sent out on dark stormy nights to regulate the performance of an old horse, whose legs were tied to cause a stumbling motion in a lantern which it carried, and thereby convey to the unhappy mariner an idea of a light in a vessel in the offing. What with cold, hunger, and blows, young Robin felt this to be a most uncomfortable employment, so that at seven years of age he was glad to be bought from his adopted mother by a character of the name of Day, whose name he subsequently took.

Robin's master or proprietor was the skipper and owner of a shallop called the Jumping Jenny, and to this he added the profession of a wrecker and smuggler. His ship's company consisted of himself and another, and when Robin was stowed on board, he was installed in the office of cook. In one respect the situation was more comfortable than that at Mother Moll's, for he now got plenty of food; but to compensate this advantage, he received a greater share of kicks; and for five years, during which he served in the Jumping Jenny, his life was a round of hopeless, cheerless misery. At length a period of relief to his troubles arrived. As he sat one day engaged in the delightful occupation of picking a gander, upon the bowsprit of the little craft, which lay at anchor, and in which he had been left alone, to make preparation for his patron's dinner, a party of youth, in a boat near by, employed themselves in pelting him with stones and oyster-shells. One of the missiles inflicted a severe wound, and, at the same time, the graceless urchin who had launched it, lost his balance and fell into the water, which was deep, with a strong current running.

"The hero of the scene (such are Robin's own words), whose disaster I regarded with sentiments of complacency and approbation, as being nothing more than he deserved for the unprovoked injury he had done me, sank to the bottom, whence in a moment he came whirling and gasping to the surface, and was swept by the tide against the sloop's cable, which he attempted to seize, but without success; for though he had hold of it for an instant, he was not able to maintain his grasp. In this state of the adventure, the little fellow was immediately under me, where I sat on the bowsprit; and as the tide swept him from the cable, he looked up to me with a countenance of such terror, and agony, and despair, mingled with imploring entreaty—though being on the point of strangling, he was neither able to speak nor to cry out—that I was suddenly struck with feelings of compassion. They were the first human emotions, I believe, that had entered my bosom for years; and such was the strength of them, that, before I knew what I was doing, I dropped into the river—gander and all—to save the poor little rascal from drowning.

Such a feat did not appear to me either very difficult or dangerous, for I could swim like a duck, and had had extraordinary experience in the art of saving life in the water; not, indeed, that I had ever performed such service for any body but myself; but, in my own case, I had almost daily occasion; for nothing was more common than for Skipper Day to take me by the nape of the neck and toss me overboard, even when on the open sea; though the mate always threw me a rope to help me on board again, except when we were becalmed or at anchor; in which cases he left me to take care of myself. In the present instance, however, as it proved, the exploit was not destined to be performed without difficulty; for, dropping down with more hurry than forecast, right before the stern, and with a force that carried me pretty deep into the water, I was swept under the shallop's bottom, which, in the effort to rise to the surface, I managed to strike with my head, with a violence that would undoubtedly have finished me, had not that noble

* The following is part of the evidence before the House of Lords, given by the Hon. and Rev. B. W. Noel, on this question:—"As a proof how little such a system can prevail, I find that, when the Kildare Place Society came to Parliament annually for the money which they wanted, after ten years of exertions, they only got 29,812 children in their schools out of half a million that ought to have been instructed; and this was at a fearful sacrifice, much greater than the board is called to make, for the religious education was often merely nominal, and the Bible was often not read. The Commissioners of Education Inquiry state that they found the reading of the Scriptures to be frequently a mere form, and, in the second place, no exposition was allowed; and, notwithstanding these fatal concessions, after all, in ten years they could only get, out of 500,000 Roman Catholic children, 29,812."—*Lords*, p. 872.

* I give this number from memory. I cannot find any number stated in the Fifth Report of the Board, lately published.

† Digest of Evidence before the Houses of Lords and Commons, 1838, p. 212.

excrecence been, in those days, of unusual thickness. The shock was, however, sufficient to stun and confound the small quantity of wits I possessed, and to such a degree that I lost my hold of the gander, which up to this moment I had clutched with instinctive care, besides which, I was swept, before I had time to recover myself, along the whole of the sloop's bottom; and this being pretty well studded with barnacles, young oysters, and the heads of old nails, I had the satisfaction of enjoying as complete and thorough a keelhauling as was ever administered to any vagabond whatever, my jacket, shirt, and back, being scratched all to pieces. Of this, however, as well as of the loss of the gander, I was for a time quite unconscious, being confused by the shock my head had suffered; and the moment I succeeded in passing the rudder, and reaching the surface, I had all my thoughts engaged in rescuing the boy, who had now sunk two or three times, and was, I doubted not, sinking for the last time; for he was quite insensible when it was my good fortune to reach and seize him by the collar.

The bateau had by this time been borne by the tide against a projecting wharf, whither I easily swam with my charge, and then giving him up to his companions, who had now, by dint of yelling, brought several men to their assistance, I took to my heels, hoping to regain the sloop before Captain Day, who had gone ashore, should return and discover my absence. My only way of getting on board was that in which I had departed, namely, by swimming; and to this I betook me, by running a little up the stream, and then leaping again into the river.

My haste, however, was vain, the worthy skipper reaching the vessel an instant before myself; and when, having clambered up by the hawser and bobstay, I succeeded in jumping on deck, I—who was in such a pickle, what with my clothes torn to shreds, and dripping with water, and the blood trickling down my face, as the reader cannot conceive—found myself confronted with my tyrant face to face. He gave me a horrible stare of surprise, took one step forward, so as to bring me within reach of his arm, and exclaimed, 'You draggle-tailed tadpole! where have you been?' which question he accompanied with a cuff on the right cheek, that tossed me a full fathom to the larboard.

'Please, sir,' said I, in as much terror as my stupidity was capable of, 'overboard, sir.'

'Overboard!' cried my master, giving me a cuff with the other hand, that sent me just as far starboard; 'what have you been doing overboard?'

'Please, sir, saving a boy's life, sir,' returned unhappy I, beginning to be conscious of the enormity of my offence.

'Saving a boy's life!' ejaculated Skipper Day, knocking me again to larboard; and here I may as well observe, that this was his usual way of conversing with me, or rather of pointing his conversation; his stops being usually but three, a cuff to the right, and a cuff to the left, which he alternated with extreme regularity, at every other speech; and a full period, used at the close, by which I was laid as flat as a flagstone. 'Saving a boy's life!' cried the skipper, boxing me as aforesaid; 'I wish all the boys were in Old Nick's side-pocket, roasting! Where's the gander?'

The gander! ay, where was the gander? The question froze my blood. I remembered the loss. By this time the gander was a mile down stream, if not already lodged, in divided morsels, in the capacious jaws of a hundred catfish.

The skipper noticed my confusion, and his face of a sudden became small, being puckered by a universal frown, that began at forehead and chin and the two ears, and tended to the centre, carrying these several parts before it, till all were blended in a knot of wrinkles scarce bigger than his nose. He stretched forth his hand, and took me by the hair, of which I had a mop half as big as my whole body; and giving his arm a slow motion to and from him, like the crank-rod, or whatever they call it, of a locomotive, just as it is getting under way, and making my head, of course, follow in the same line of traverse, thundered in my ears, 'The gander! you twin-born of a horse-mackerel! where's the gander?'

'Please, sir,' I spluttered out, in a confusion of intellects that was with me extremely customary, 'boy was overboard—jumped overboard to save him.'

'But the gander!' quoth my honest master; 'where's the gander?'

'Please, sir, jumped overboard,' I repeated; 'got under the keel; knocked head—senses out, and—and—lost it.'

The chastisement which Robin received for this mishap was the last to which he was destined from the same quarter. The father of the child whom he had rescued, a worthy and opulent physician, received him into his family, and undertook to provide for, and, if possible, humanize him; Captain Day, meanwhile, having been subjected, by the intelligent indignation of the town's people, to an infliction of keelhauling, shaving, tarring, feathering, and banishment, all in pursuance of a sentence of Lynch Law.

Dr Howard, Robin's patron, placed him at school, with the intention of introducing him honourably into life. All things might now seem to be going merry as a marriage-bell. But care, which follows all men to the fleet, follows our hero from it, and he has a dismal story to tell—though no worse, we suppose, than most others who were brought up at the same time—of the treatment he received at the hands of

the ingenuous youth, his school-fellows, who were not only very pugnacious, but very speculative withal, and ready to go to death for their theories. Richard Dare, son of a soldier of the revolution, and leader of one of the parties in the school, introduced to his mates, in a good stump harangue, the doctrine of schoolboys' rights, and illustrated it so happily by analogies drawn from the movements of 1776, as to carry all before him. No sooner said than done. Mr Burley, bear-keeper to these young hopefuls, having occasion, before long, to chastise their leader, finds, to his cost, that the revolutionary train has been but too well laid.

'I won't be trounced,' said Dickey Dare, 'except by a vote of the boys; for I go on the popular principle, and —' But Dickey had not time to finish his sentence; for Burley immediately rushed forward to seize him, which Dickey was fain to avoid by leaping over his desk to the floor, where, being closely followed, he let fly his inkstand, by which he did great damage to the head of one of his schoolmates, without, however, hurting the master, and then dropping like a log on the floor, whereby the autocrat, whose legs he dexterously seized upon, was suddenly overturned, with a shock that left him for a moment quite helpless. 'Now, fellows!—them that aint cowards, fall on!' cried the hero to his fellow conspirators, who, having been somewhat horrified by the sudden rally of the enemy, now recovered courage, and rushed upon him pell-mell; so that, when he recovered from the shock of his fall, not Gulliver himself, waking from his first nap in Lilliput, was more multitudinously over-run by the bodies, or more hopelessly secured in the coils, of his pigmy foes.

Horrible were the din and confusion that now prevailed; and horrible also, for a moment, were the struggles of the downfallen monarch, who, however, being somewhat troubled with an asthma, became, after a time, completely exhausted, and incapable of further resistance; upon which Master Dare demanded handkerchiefs to bind him securely, which being effected, this incomparable putter-down of tyrants snatched up a birchen twig, and dispensed, with uncommon coolness, a dozen thracks upon the victim's shoulders. Nor did he rest here, but, passing the rod from hand to hand, compelled every member of the new-born republic to administer, in like manner, the same number of blows, which were, in general, laid on with exceeding good will. This being accomplished, he called for three cheers; after which we all took to our heels, leaving the deposed ruler to his meditations.

The success of the insurgents was altogether beyond their hopes. It set the town people to discussing the merits of the flogging system of education, which, being now brought under consideration for the first time, was pronounced by the majority entirely unsuited to the character and genius of a republican people, whose children, it was demonstrated, ought to be brought up with the highest ideas of personal independence and honour, of freedom and equality, which the tyranny of the rod must inevitably beat out of their tender spirits. It was agreed that the academy should thenceforth be governed on republican principles—that is, that there should be no more flogging.

The scheme, however, did not work so well in practice, as it looked in principle. The first master was discouraged, and took leave in a fortnight's time. A second, who was more persevering, discovered that it was not a question of liberty, but of who should be master, and, because he might not use force, he had to terminate his sway. The third, says Robin, 'met the views of all concerned, being a very amiable, indolent personage, who agreed the more readily to adopt the republican system, as he had just brains enough to perceive it would save him a vast deal of trouble. He seemed very well content we should do as we pleased, get our lessons when we liked, and as we liked, come in and go out, laugh, talk, play, fight, or do any thing else, just as we thought proper; a degree of forbearance that won our entire love and respect, which we were accustomed to show by peppering him, whenever he was in a brown study, with potato popguns and showers of ripe elder-berries; by emptying the ink bottle on his chair, when he appeared in white trousers, and strewing it with pin caltrops when in brown; and by sundry other innocent tricks, wherewith tender juveniles delight to show their affection. These little freedoms, it is true, sometimes drove him into a passion, when he scolded at us with great energy and emphasis; but they gave him no disgust at the school, in which he might have perhaps remained the president to this day, had it not been for a discovery made by some busy bodies, which brought his administration to a close, after six months' away, and wrought somewhat of a change in public opinion on the subject of the new system.'

The discovery was, that, under the said system, learning was at a stand-still, the boys having actually advanced in nothing but mischief during all that period. The system was again brought under discussion; the minority, who had originally opposed it, repeated their denunciations; and, after another squabble, which at the time bade fair to shake even the national government (so hot, furious, political, and patriotic, were the passions it excited), our enemies prevailed, and schoolboy rights and schoolboy glory fell for ever.

It was now urged, that the best way to bring up the boys of a republic in detestation of tyrants, was to put tyrants over them during their school-days, and thwack them into a thorough appreciation of the horrors and

inconveniences of oppression. In short, it was agreed that the *ancien régime* should be restored, and the birch used as before; or, at least, so far as was necessary to help us along with our books, and keep us on our best behaviour.

But it is not easy to bend those to the yoke, who have once tasted the sweets of freedom. One teacher after another was made to know, by woful experience, what doom he merits, who would shackle the movements of the free-born soul. At length the exigency became extreme; and the trustees adopted, as usual, the policy of seeking refuge from the intolerable tyranny of many to the more tolerable tyranny of one. They committed their charge to the dominion of a Mr McGoggin, a disciplinarian who knew neither fear nor favour, and by whom peace was once more restored to the establishment. For an account of McGoggin's mode of reform, we must refer to the work itself, which will furnish many other matters for mirth to the reader.

LABOUR SONGS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

SINGING to labour is, we presume, more common on the continent than in our own grave and most reflecting country. In Germany, we should suppose that such things as labour songs must be numerous, for we find two modern poets of that country writing lyrics with reference to work, namely, Burder and Schiller. The girl's song to her spinning-wheel, by the former, is very happy. A translation of it, by Professor Tennant, has already appeared in our pages. The composition by Schiller is his *Song of the Bell*—a most extraordinary poem, all things considered, and one which has never yet been made known in this country to a degree comparable to its merits. To use the words of a work entitled *An Autumn Near the Rhine*—"The casting of a bell is in Germany an event of solemnity and rejoicing. In the neighbourhood of the Harz, and other mine districts, you read formal announcements in the newspapers from bell-founders, that at a given time and spot a casting is to take place, to which they invite all their friends. An entertainment out of doors is prepared, and held with much festivity. Schiller, in a few short stanzas forming a sort of chorus, describes the whole process of the melting, the casting, and the cooling of the bell, with a technical truth and felicity of expression, in which the sound of the sharp sonorous rhymes and expressive epithets constantly forms an echo to the sense. Between these technical processes be breaks forth into the most beautiful episodic pictures of the various scenes of life, with which the sounds of the bell are connected." We are tempted, from its connection with the present subject, to present a few passages from a very well executed translation of this celebrated song, which appeared a few years ago in a volume of poems edited by Joanna Baillie. Such parts of the episodes as we can afford room for are put within brackets, that they may be more readily distinguished from the rest:—

Fast immur'd within the earth,
Fixt by fire the clay-mould stands,
This day the Bell expects its birth:
Courage, comrades! ply your hands!
Hotly from the brow
Must the sweat-drop flow:
If by his work the master known,
Yet—Heav'n must send the blessing down.

Billets of the fire-wood take,
Every billet dry and sound;
That flame on father'd flame awakes,
And vault with fire the furnace round.
Cast the copper in.
Quick, due weight of tin,
That the Bell's temacious food,
Rightly flow in order'd mood.

[What now within the earth's deep womb
Our hands by help of fire prepare,
Shall on yon turret mark our doom,
And loudly to the world declare!
There its aerial station keeping,
Touch many an ear to latest time;
Shall mingle with the mourner's weeping,
And tune to holy choirs its chime.
All that to earth-born sons below
The changeful turns of fortune bring.
The Bell from its metallic brow
In warning sounds shall widely ring.
Lo! I see white bubbles spring:—
Well!—the molten masses flow.
Haste, ashes of the salt-wort fling.
Quick'ning the fusion deep below.
Yet, from scorias free
Must the mixture be,
That from the metal, clean and clear,
Its sound swell tuneful on the ear.]

[Hark! 'tis the birth-day's festive ringing!
It welcomes the beloved child,
Who now life's earliest way beginning,
In sleep's soft arm lies meek and mild.
As yet in time's dark lap repose,
Life's sunshine lot, and shadowy woes,
While tenderest cares of mothers born
Watch o'er her infant's golden morn.
The years like winged arrows fly:
The stripling from the female hand
Hursts into life all wild to roam;
And wandering far o'er sea and land,
Returns a stranger home.
There, in her bloom divinely fair,
An image beaming from the sky,
With blushing cheek and modest air
A virgin charms his eye.
A nameless longing melts his heart,
Far from his comrades' revels rude,
While tears involuntary start,
He strays in pathless solitude—

There, blushing, seeks alone her trace;
And if a smile his suit approve,
He seeks the prime of all the place,
The fairest flower to deck his love.]

Sweet, 'mid the tresses of the bride,
Blooms the virgin coronal,
When merry bells ring far and wide
Kind welcome to the festival.
Ah, that life's fairest festive day
Fades with the blossom of our May!
[Forth the husband must wend
To the combat of life;
Plunge in turmoil and strife.
Must plant, and must plan;
Gain get as he can.
Hazard all, all impotence,
To woe and win fortune.

Then streams, like a spring-flood, his wealth without measure,
And his granaries groan with the weight of their treasure;
And his farm-yards increase, and his mansion expands.

Now the house-wife within
Her course must begin;
Nurse, mother, and wife,
Share the troubles of life;
Discreetly severe
Rule all in her sphere;
Give each maiden employ,
Watch each troublesome boy.
With orderly care,
Keep all in repair;
And store without ceasing
Her riches increasing:

Fill her sweet-scented coffers; and, restlessly twirling,
Set each spindle a-spinning, each wheel ever whirling;
And in smooth-polish'd wardrobes range row above row,
Her woollen all radiant, her linen all snow;
And trim them, and prunk them, and fashion them ever,
And rest—never.

The father now, with deep delight,
From his proud seat's wide-seeing roof,
Sums up the wealth that feasts his sight;
The branching columns that support
The loaded barns rang'd round the court;
Granaries that with corn o'erflow,
And harvests billowing to and fro:
And deems, fond man! that, prompt on gain,
Like pillars that the globe sustain,
His house in glory shall withstand
Misfortune's rough and ruthless hand.
But—none—no mortal can detain
Fate in adamant chain.

Mischance with hurried foot advances.]

'Tis time.—Now, now begin the fusion:
The crevice now yields promise fair.
Yet, pause—nor hasten the conclusion,
Till heav'n has heard our pious pray'r.
Push the stopper out.
Saints! watch the house about.
Smoking in the handle's bow,
Shoot the waves that darkly glow.

[A city conflagration is now described—after which:]

All prosperous seems beneath the earth,
Full and kindly fill'd the mould:
But will the day that views its birth,
What crowns our toil and art behold?
If the fusion fail!—
If the mould prove frail!—
Ah! haply, while Hope's sunbeams glow,
Fate has already wrought the woe!
[From the dome,
Sad and slow,
Tolls the Bell,
The song of woe;

Its sad, its solemn strokes attend
A wand'rer to his journey's end.
Ah! 'tis the dear one—'tis the wife!
'Tis the belov'd, the loving mother!
Who by the prince of darkness borne,
From her fond husband's arms is torn—
Torn from each tender child away
She bore him in her bloom of day—
Those who had grown upon her breast,
By love—a mother's love—erect.
Ah! the household's gentle band
Is loos'd for ever—ever more;
She dwells within the shadowy land
Whose fondness hung that household o'er.
Now ceas'd her zealous occupation,
None her kindness more shall prove;
O'er that wide waste, that orphan station,
A stranger rules devoid of love.]
While the Bell is cooling, rest,
Rest from toil and trouble free;
Each, as fits his fancy best,
Sport like bird at liberty.

Break me the mould: its due employment
Now done, no more its aid we need.
Let heart and eye in full enjoyment,
On the well-formed image feed.
Swing, the hammer swing,
Till the cover spring.
When the earth the Bell releases,
The mould may split in thousand pieces.

Joy! joy to me, kind heav'n has giv'n:
Lo! like a star of golden birth,
The metal polish'd, smooth, and even,
Comes from its coverture of earth.
Lo! round its beauteous crown
Sunlike radiance thrown
And the coat of arms' gay burnish
Shall to my skill new honour furnish.
Come all! come all!
Close your ranks, in order settle;
Baptise we now the hallow'd metal:
"Concordia!"—Such her name we call.
To harmony, to heartfelt union,
It gathers in the blest communion.
Be this henceforward its vocation;
For this I watch'd o'er its creation.
That while our life goes lowly under,
The Bell 'mid yon blue heav'n's expansion,
Should soar, the neighbour of the thunder,
And border on the starry mansion.
Its voice from yon aerial height
Shall seem the music of the sphere,
That rolling lauds its Maker's might,
And leads along the crowned year:
To solemn and eternal things
Alone shall consecrate its chime,

And hourly, as it swiftly swings,
O'ertake the flying wing of time:
Shall lend to Fate its iron tongue,
Heartless itself, nor form'd to feel,
Shall follow life's mix'd scenes among,
Each turn of Fortune's fickle wheel—
And, as its echo on the gale
Dies off, though long and loud the tone,
Shall teach that all on earth shall fail,
All pass away—save God alone.
Now, with the rope's unwearied might,
From its dark womb weigh up the Bell,
That it may gain th' aerial height,
And in the realm of Echo dwell.
Draw! draw!—it swings;
Hark! hark! it rings.
Joy to this town, be heard around!
Peace unto all, the Bell's first sound!

Amongst ourselves, while songs strictly for labour scarcely exist, we are not without a few relating to trades and occupations, and to some of these we may now advert. One, of very especial merit, bears reference to the business of the fisherman, but is a great favourite amongst all other classes, on account of its genuine natural sentiment. The turn of the last stanza is affecting beyond nine-tenths of the most pathetic poetry of scholarly workmanship!

O weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed!
And weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairn's bread!
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wishes her to speed!
I cuist my line in Largo Bay,
And fishes I caught nine;
There's three to boil, and three to fry,
And three to bait the line.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wishes her to speed!
O weel may the boatie row,
That fills a heavy creel,
And clouds us a' frae head to feet,
And buys our parritch meal.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows indeed;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boatie speed.

When Sawnie, Jock, and Janetie,
Are up, and gotten lea,
They'll help to ear the boatie row,
And lighten a' our care.
The boatie rows, the boatie rows,
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightome be her heart that bears
The mairlain and the creel!

And when wi' age we're worn down,
And hirling round the door,
They'll row to keep us hale and warm,
As we did them before:
Then, weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairn's bread;
And happy be the lot of a'
That wish the boat to speed!

If any one, struck by the simple beauty of this strain wish to know from whom it proceeded, the only answer that we are aware can be given to the inquiry, is, that Burns somewhere reports it to have been the composition of a Mr Ewen, of Aberdeen.

"Tarry woo," another old Scottish song, is, as might be supposed, sacred to the generation of shepherds. It is popular all over the pastoral districts of Peebles, Selkirk, and Roxburgh shires, and is somewhat remarkable for one extrinsic circumstance—namely, that it is the only song which Sir Walter Scott, with his unmusical voice and no ear, ever attempted to sing before company. He regularly sang it, about the third bowl, at an annual meeting of farmers in his neighbourhood.

Tarry woo, tarry woo,
Tarry woo is ill to spin;
Card it weel, card it weel,
Card it weel, ere ye begin.
When it's cardit, row'd, and spun,
Then the wark is haffins done;
But, when woven, dress'd, and clean,
It may be cleadin' for a queen.

How happy is the shepherd's life,
Far frae courts and free of strife!
While the gimmers bleat and bae,
And the lambskins answer nae;
No such music to his ear!
Of thief or fox he has no fear:
Sturdy kent, and collie true,
We'll defend the tarry woo.
He lives content, and envies none:
Not even a monarch on his throne,
Though he the royal sceptre aways,
Has such pleasant holidays.
Who'd be king, can any tell,
When a shepherd sings sae weel?
Sings sae weel, and pays his due
With honest heart and tarry woo.

Next, we think, to having a song relative to labour, and calculated by its sentiments to make that labour appear light, is it to have a song which thus gives the charm of poetical grace and feeling to a particular trade or occupation. We wish that every trade had such: it would tend to support in the professors of each that harmless pride in their own craft which seems to be one of the things which give them a liking to their labours. Unfortunately, very few trades have been so far favoured by the muses. We are aware of none relative to the joys and sorrows of the tailor's lot; though nothing, we should suppose, could be more delightful than to hear some eighteen of these tradesmen on one board singing a duet descriptive of all that they do and suffer. Neither have the shoemakers, or

the bakers, or the butchers, or the grocers, any appropriate ditties. The poets have here shown a most intolerable partiality, for they have given us songs without number respecting the shepherds, the ploughmen, and the millers. As to millers in particular, have we not the gentleman who lived on the Dee, and was quite indifferent to all the world, since all the world was indifferent to him? also the fine description of a miller's domestic system, written by Sir John Clerk of Pennycaik, of which we cannot refrain from presenting at least one verse—

Behind the door stand bags o' meal,
And in the ark is plenty,
And gude hard cakes his mother bakes,
And morn a sweeter dainty;
A gude fat sow, a sleeky cow,
Are standing in the byre,
And winking puss, wi' mealy mou',
Is playing round the fire.

This is part of the speech of a mother to a daughter, whom she wishes to marry a miller. In the song which ensues, we have one of the trade himself giving an account of the happiness of his condition: it is said to have been written by a Mr Charles Highmore, for Robert Doddsley, in whose play of the Miller of Mansfield it occurs:—

How happy a state does the miller possess!
Who would be no greater, nor fears be no less;
On his mill and himself he depends for support,
Which is better than servilely cringing at court.
What though he be all dusty and whiten'd does go,
The more he's bopowdered, the more like a beau;
A clown in his dress may be honest far
Than a courtier who struts in his garter and star.
Though his hands are so daubed they're not fit to be seen,
The hands of his betters are not very clean;
A palm more polite may as dirtily deal;
Gold, in handling, will stick to the fingers like meal.

And should he endeavour to keep an estate,
In this he would mimic the tools of the state;
Whose aim is alone their own coffers to fill,
As all his concern's to bring grist to his mill.
He eats when he's hungry, he drinks when he's dry,
And down when he's wearied contented does lie;
Then rises up cheerful to work and to sing:
If so happy as a miller, then who'd be a king?

To conclude, we would once more recommend to the consideration of gentlemen of poetical endowment, and at the same time philanthropic views, the possibility of their doing a good turn to their fellow-creatures by composing songs appropriate to various branches of labour, and others calculated to raise in working people a feeling of pride and pleasure in their respective crafts.

SNATCHES OF CONTINENTAL RECOLLECTIONS.

HOW THEY CURE NE'ERDOWEELS.

THE story of Jerry Guttridge, which was presented a few weeks ago in the Journal, furnished on the whole not a bad plan for "pulling up" that numerous class of beings usually known among us by the names of "ne'er-doweels," "victims," and "down-draughts." I do not certainly recommend whipping as a means for curing either habitual drunkenness or idleness, for, independently of the cruelty of such a mode of punishment, it has generally the effect of hardening instead of mollifying the evil dispositions of offenders. Ne'er-doweels must be treated very much like persons who labour under mental alienation. Their faculties and tastes are diseased. They are, in some respects, not accountable for their behaviour any more than an idiot or lunatic. As things go with us, ne'er-doweels are subject to no species of judicial control. Their friends and relatives have no power whatever to place them legally in confinement. An honest and worthy man may be worried to death with a drunken wife or a vicious good-for-nothing son, but the law offers no means of relief. We hear daily of the most distressing cases of wives and families being in a state of destitution, in consequence of husbands and fathers spending their earnings in reckless intemperance, but neither magistrates nor correctional police have any thing to say in the matter. A man may allow his family to become a burden on society, but society can only complain of the injustice. With the greatest respect for civil liberty, we cannot help thinking that there is something wrong here; and it becomes a very grave question whether, in maintaining the principle of personal freedom, we do not, in this instance at least, go a little too far, and incur evils on the other side.

In Holland, and some of the German states (perhaps in all), it is competent for the public authorities to deprive any man of his liberty, and send him to the house of correction, on a due representation of his being guilty of habitual idleness, drunkenness, or general bad behaviour. Cases of ne'er-doweelism and victimisation are consequently rare in Holland, and assuredly are not observable on the common thoroughfares, as we see them in this country. In Prussia, when a man addicts himself to habits of intemperance, and regularly misspends the earnings which should go to the maintenance of his family, the public authorities take cognisance of his conduct. He is pulled up. On being brought before a magistrate, we may suppose him to be addressed in the following

terms:—"You are here, sir, on the very serious charge of being a habitual drunkard. The wages which you earn, when it pleases your fancy to work, you regularly spend upon liquor; your wife and family are at the point of starvation; they have neither food nor fuel, and their clothing is insufficient for their necessities. This conduct is infamous, for you are a good workman, and could earn six thalers per week, on which yourself and family might live in great comfort and respectability. I say, your behaviour is intolerable; you are a public nuisance, for your example may seduce others to enter on the same career of wickedness; and in the meanwhile you are leaving your family to be a burden on honest and industrious men. But this shall continue no longer. I consign you to the correction-house, where you will be removed from all temptations to vice, and have an opportunity of working for your family, and of forming resolutions to amend your life for the future." Thus lectured on his delinquency, the ne'er-do-weel is handed to prison. He is there set to work, as far as it can be done, in the kind of employment he has been accustomed to, and a certain portion of his weekly earnings is given to his family. What may be the length of his confinement, I am not aware; most likely it varies according to the circumstances of the case, and the appearance of amendment. The object being to reclaim, not to punish, no undue harshness is employed.

During my stay in Holland, I heard of the practice of incarcerating and reclaiming ne'er-do-weels. At Rotterdam there are several apartments within the precincts of the *Dol Huis*, or lunatic asylum, which are employed for this purpose. On the representation of parents, guardians, or other relatives or friends, or by complaints for the public interest, all dissolute and abandoned characters, confirmed drunkards, whether male or female, are consigned for correction to the *Dol Huis*, while all houseless vagrants, youths who haunt the public thoroughfares, and can show no honest means of subsistence, and others in a deserted miserable condition, are taken hold of by the police, and sent off to one or other of the great industrial penitentiaries, called "home colonies," in a distant part of the country. In Amsterdam, there is a similar asylum or prison (*Maison de Travail*) for the incarceration of ne'er-do-weels of both sexes, and which is also useful as a house of refuge, or place in which work and subsistence may be had for a short period by persons in destitute circumstances.

These continental practices might not be strictly suitable in this country, but they afford a hint for something of the kind; and the subject is of such importance as to be well worthy of consideration.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

RED-COLOURED RAIN.

THE following curious and important narrative, which is extracted from "Gassendi's Life of Peirese," throws some light upon a subject which has not unfrequently excited the wonder of the ignorant, and the attention of the learned. It affords, also, a good illustration of the way in which remarkable phenomena were popularly accounted for two centuries ago:—

"Through the whole of this year (1608) nothing gave M. Peirese greater pleasure than his observations upon the *bloody rain*, said to have fallen about the beginning of July. Large drops were seen, both upon the walls of the cemetery of the greater church, which is near the walls of the city, upon the walls of the city (*Aix*, it is presumed), and likewise upon the walls of villas, hamlets, and towns, for some miles round the city. In the first place, M. Peirese went to examine the drops themselves, with which the stones were reddened, and spared no pains to obtain the means of conversing with some husbandmen beyond Lambese, who were reported to have been so astonished at the shower, as to leave their labour, and fly for safety into the neighbouring houses. This story he ascertained to be without foundation.

To the explanations offered by the philosophers, who said that the rain might come from vapours, which had been raised out of red earth, he objected that evaporated fluids do not retain their former hues, as is plainly exemplified in the colourless water distilled from red roses. Nor was he better satisfied with the opinion of the vulgar, countenanced by some of the theologians, who maintained that the appearance was produced by demons, or witches, shedding the blood of innocent babes. This he thought was a mere conjecture, scarcely reconcilable with the goodness and providence of God. In the meantime, an accident happened, which discovered to him, as he thought, the true cause of the phenomenon. He had found, some months before, a chrysalis of a remarkable size and

form, which he had enclosed in a box. He thought no more of it until, hearing a buzz within the box, he opened it, and perceived that the chrysalis had been changed into a beautiful butterfly, which immediately flew away, leaving at the bottom of the box a red drop of the size of a shilling.

As this happened about the time when the shower was supposed to have fallen, and when a vast multitude of those insects was observed fluttering through the air in every direction, he concluded that the drops in question were some kind of excrementitious matter emitted by them when they alighted upon the walls. He therefore examined the drops again, and remarked, that they were not upon the upper surfaces of stones and buildings, as they would have been if a shower of blood had fallen from the sky, but rather in cavities and holes where insects might nestle. Besides this, he took notice that they were to be seen upon the walls of those houses only which were near the fields; and not upon the more elevated parts of them, but only up to the same moderate height at which the butterflies were accustomed to flutter. In this way he explained the story, told by Gregory of Tours, of a bloody shower seen at Paris, in the time of Childbert, at different places, and upon a house in the vicinity of Senlis; and another, said to have fallen in the time of King Robert, about the end of June, the drops of which could not be washed out by means of water, when they had fallen upon flesh, garments, or stones, but might be washed out from wood; for the time there stated was the season for the butterflies, and he showed that no water could wash out these red marks from stones. After discussing these and similar arguments in the presence of much company, at the house of his friend Varius, they determined to inspect the appearance together; and as they wandered through the fields, they saw many drops upon the stones and rocks, but only in hollows, or upon sloping surfaces, and not upon those which were presented to the sky." It is perhaps only necessary to observe, that the phenomenon here described was no doubt correctly accounted for. The butterfly observed by Peirese is supposed to have been the common butterfly of our own fields. It has been observed to deposit the same red sort of fluid in England.

But although Peirese satisfactorily explained the appearance which came under his own observation, it is not to be taken for granted that all such blood-like phenomena are caused by the sloughing of insects. In the *Philosophical Journal* for 1830, there is a translation from the German of Mr Ehrenberg, of an elaborate essay, in which the author shows that the appearances which have at different times been observed in Egypt, Arabia, Siberia, and other places, are not to be attributed to one, but various causes. Beginning with the most ancient account of blood-coloured water in the books of the Jewish legislator, he succinctly notices the various descriptions of the phenomenon which are given us in the works of ancient and modern writers, ending with the red and orange-coloured snow of Captains Parry, Ross, and Scoresby, and his own observations of the blood-red waters of Siberia. From his statement it appears there is sufficient evidence for believing that rivers have flowed suddenly with red or bloody water, without any previous rain of that colour having fallen: that lakes or stagnant waters were suddenly or gradually coloured without previous blood-rain: that meteoric substances, which are usually colourless—dew, rain, snow, hail, and what are called shot-stars, fall from the air red-coloured, as blood-dew, blood-rain, and clotted blood, without the atmosphere being obscured by the red dust. And, lastly, that the atmosphere is occasionally loaded with red dust, by which the rain accidentally assumes the appearance of blood-rain, in consequence of which, rivers and stagnant waters assume a red colour. Into the author's various details we need not enter.

The blood-red colour which pools sometimes exhibit was first satisfactorily explained by Girod Chantran about the close of the last century. Observing the water of a pond to be of a brilliant red colour, it occurred to him not only to prove the colour of the water chemically, but also to observe it with the microscope. He found that the sanguine hue resulted from the presence of innumerable animalcules not visible to the naked eye. A German philosopher of the name of Weber, who had witnessed the same phenomenon, had accounted for it in the same manner a few years before the Frenchman. But previously to the investigations of either, several philosophers, among others Linnaeus, had shown that red infusoria were capable of giving that colour to water which in early times was supposed to forebode great calamities, and to throw whole districts and communities into the greatest alarm. One of the latest instances of this superstitious dread occurred in 1815, when an appearance of the above description was seen in a lake near to Lubotin, in the south of Prussia. Red, violet, or grass-green spots, were observed in the lake, about the end of harvest. In winter the ice was coloured in this manner three lines in thickness on the surface, while beneath it was colourless. The inhabitants in the neighbourhood, like the Greeks and Arabians of former times who had witnessed something of the same kind, prognosticated great misfortunes from the appearance. It fortunately happened that the celebrated chemist Klaproth was then actively engaged in his researches, and he took an opportunity of ascertaining the chemical ingredients of the colour. He

found that an albuminous vegetable matter, with a particular colouring matter very similar to indigo, caused the appearance, and concluded that these were produced by the decomposition of vegetables in harvest. The transition of colour from green to violet and red, this philosopher explained by the absorption of more or less oxygen. Thus both animals and vegetables are concerned in giving a peculiar tinge to water. Scoresby mentions, that in 1820 he observed the water of the Greenland sea striped alternately with green and blue, and that the particular colours were produced by small animalcules. The red snow seen by Captain Ross, during his northern voyage in 1818-20, excited much attention at the time, but it has now ceased to be a marvel. In Baffin's Bay he found red mountains six miles in length and six hundred feet in height, the colour of which was caused by large flakes of snow resting upon them. The colouring matter was collected, and on experiment found to be a vegetable substance; and botanists unanimously declare that it is not a decomposed dead substance, but a living vegetable organisation. How it came there, is not so easily settled; the most plausible supposition is, that these minute plants are foreign bodies wafted from another situation and deposited in the snow, &c., by the melting of which they collect in masses, and thus produce the red-coloured patches. The cases in which red atmospheric dust colours the earth as well as water, are less satisfactory, and need not be described. The blood-red waters of a Siberian lake were carefully examined by Mr Ehrenberg, and found to contain multitudes of infusoria, by the presence of which this very striking phenomenon is accounted for.

IMPRESSIONS OF A RECENT EMIGRANT TO SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

MR B—, a young married man belonging to Edinburgh, known as an upright and intelligent person to the Editors of this Journal, emigrated to South Australia in the summer of 1838, accompanied by his wife. He designed to employ a few hundred pounds of capital in sheep-farming, or any other course of life which might promise well, and for which he conceived himself fitted. In April last, after having been three months in the colony, he wrote to a friend in this city a free statement of all his impressions respecting Adelaide and its neighbourhood; and the letter has been handed to us, with permission to print some extracts from it. Our confidence in the integrity and good sense of the writer has disposed us to act upon this permission, for the benefit of the public; and we accordingly subjoin the most important passages of Mr B—'s letter. We at the same time deem it necessary to remark, with regard to such parts as are unfavourable to this new colony, that the impressions of a settler are apt to be of a disagreeable kind at first—a simple consequence of the want of the familiar comforts of the old country—and that they generally improve through time. It appears necessary that some allowance should be made on this score. The most important part of the communication is that relating to the arrangements for the purchase of land. The difficulties, competitions, and stratagems here depicted as besetting this first essential of the business of settling, seem to show the worst possible management in the Company.

After mentioning that on his arrival at Adelaide he embraced an offer from an old friend settled there, to go into partnership with him in keeping a store for the sale of goods, and that he has agreed to follow this line of business for twelve months, Mr B— goes on to say, that while he was writing, the market at Adelaide was prodigiously glutted with various kinds of goods, particularly ironmongery or hardware. Having given a few particulars of a private nature on this point, he next enters on the matter of public interest.

"To come, or not to come, that is the question; but this I cannot resolve for you. All I can do is simply to supply you with a few facts, which may assist you in forming your own opinion. I would say, let your sole reason for coming be the making, without much trouble, a comfortable livelihood and independence in the country. This can certainly be accomplished under the necessary privations attendant on such a first settlement, and with the requisite amount of cash. As to a person's happiness and comfort from other sources, ten to one but you can find them at home a thousand times more easily. Do not allow your imagination to conjure up here more beautiful skies, more fertile plains, more social happiness, than at home, or you will be disappointed. Many exaggerations and deceptions have been practised regarding the colony. As an instance, from a statement at the top of page 22 of S—'s pamphlet, any one would be led to the conclusion that gardens in the town would any where be seen producing all the fine things there enumerated; you may have an idea, then, of the disappointment which we experienced on first entering Adelaide about the middle of summer—going up the principal street, and not seeing (probably with one exception) a single green stump, scarcely a single attempt at a garden at all, and nothing better to be seen than a few sickly cabbages. I don't mean to say that the country could not produce what is stated, but it is not doing so at present, and this probably forms your first source of disappointment on coming here. Vegetables sell extravagantly high; a miserable head of cabbage will bring 3d.; a good-sized melon 3s.; onions 1s. 6d. a-pound; potatoes 6d.

a-pound, &c. Turn next to the bottom of page 16, and you will find the emigration agent in December 1836 stating that he had dug at his tent for water, and that it came in so abundantly, that he could only get down seven feet. It is true he does not state *where* his tent was when this feat was performed; but from the letter, one is (I think) almost led to the conclusion that it was in Adelaide. Now, the fact is, that *there* no water can be had but what is brought in carts from the river Torrens, as it is called (but for river you may understand rivulet, and not undervalue it); and not only is it not good, because it is taken from almost stagnant pools containing decaying vegetable matter, but for this water a family would require to pay 3s. a-week for as much as they would require, or, more correctly, the regular charge is 2s. for the fill of a porter hogshead cask. There are now a good number of wells sunk in the town, but the average depth of these is not less than seventy feet. Now, where the English agent can have dug his well, I have no idea; but certain it is, that water is to be had nowhere (at the season mentioned), unless in the neighbourhood of pools in the bed of the river. In general, water need not be expected at a depth of less than twenty or thirty feet, and the want of water is the universal complaint. As for the river Torrens, I have not been two miles up it from Adelaide; but so far as I have been, it consists of a stream of pretty deep pools, and at a mile or a mile and a half below the town is completely dry. While passing the town, the run of water would certainly not fill an ordinary furrow. I do not doubt that in winter there may be a pretty large stream, and even torrents perhaps occasionally, for the size of the bed of the river, and the appearance of its banks, give sufficient evidence of this; but, at the present season, it is no better than I have stated it. As I have already stated, there is over the country almost a complete want of water for three or four months in the year, without digging to a very considerable depth for it. This you may easily believe was another source of great disappointment to us, and affords a good illustration of the colour put upon matters here to gull the people at home. Lastly, but greatest in importance, is the difficulty of obtaining land on arrival here, a subject upon which the most false official accounts have been sent home, and which have been the source of much misery and disappointment here.

No land, to any extent, can yet be obtained unless by special surveys, and within a very short time upwards of ten have been obtained. The way this is managed is this: A district is explored and fixed upon, and a number of individuals may join in the survey; and a number of parties have thus got their land in a short time, and without much trouble. They can possess it legally before it be surveyed. They merely require to give a description of the district containing the 15,000 acres, which is sufficient in the meantime. The desire for land here at present amounts to a perfect mania. I shall give you an example. The Messrs H— had been squatting upon a fine district which they had discovered. A friend from Sydney came to spend a few days with them; he coveted the spot, and being possessed of the funds, demanded a special survey before the Messrs H— had any knowledge of the proceedings, and they were of course immediately dispossessed. But the following example will give you a still better idea of the eagerness for speculation in land here at present. An extensive merchant in town had freighted a ship to go to Port Lincoln to explore thereabouts, believing from certain information that it would be an excellent place for a survey. He thought he had slipped off very quietly, but his departure was soon known. Some people in the town had caught the mania, and resolving not to be outdone, raised the funds among themselves (ignorant of course whether the place would turn out well or not), and had a survey of Port Lincoln applied for long before the two voyagers had returned, who now discovered to their mortification that their labours had been in vain. To such a height did this mania go, that the shares in the survey, which cost L3, were selling for L30, and even L60, it is said, and this too before the information had been received as to the real value of the land. It is now believed that the land is fine, and there is said to be plenty of water, and no doubt ever existed as to its splendid harbour. At present, great numbers of people are going to it, but the excitement and puffing about it are so great, that I really cannot obtain accurate information about it. The mania for forming towns also prevails here at present. This is managed by the holders of country sections mapping them into acre or half-acre lots, and selling them for towns at the rate of L5, L6, or even L10 an acre. A number of towns at the distance of three, six, and ten miles, have thus been formed round Adelaide, but I am not aware that any houses have as yet been erected upon any of them, with the exception of one, called Hindmarsh Town (the late governor's section), about one and a half or two miles from Adelaide, on which there is a considerable number of houses, belonging chiefly to the lower classes. A fine district was lately discovered by one of the assistant commissioners, about twenty-five miles from Adelaide, having abundance of water throughout the year, being situated upon a branch of a lately discovered river, the Parra, and having a salt-water creek coming into it, navigable by boats for about three miles. A special survey was obtained, of course, and a town is being laid out, called Port Gawler, and is to be sold at L20 a half acre! The rest of the survey is to be laid out in small farms of fifty acres, on a seven years' lease, to be rented at L8 per acre, and purchasable by the party at the end of three years, if he choose, at L12 per acre. I have heard that L10 an acre has been offered and refused for the whole survey. Thus you see how easily a lucky hit may make a fortune:—here L4000 converted into L40,000 in the twinkling of an eye! The S—'s were disappointed with things generally as well as we, but particularly on account of the great difficulty of getting possession of land; so much so, that they had almost resolved to go on to Sydney and remain there for some time (provisions being so much dearer here) until they could obtain land; but the special surveys had just

then commenced, and they, through a gentleman here, heard of a very good district about twenty-five miles distant, with a considerable quantity of water in pools upon it; the land, however, was also good, and they joined with some friends and got a special survey of it. Mr S— has now got his portion ascertained, and is just removing to it. He is delighted with his purchase, for a great part of which I do not suppose he would part with for L3 per acre.

As to climate, you will see you cannot, as yet, look for my experience. We landed in the middle of summer, and it certainly was disagreeably warm, if not oppressively so, the thermometer in our wooden house standing occasionally at 110 or 112 degrees, but by night falling to 80, 70, or even 60 degrees. The heat, after all, is certainly not so oppressive as it might be expected from the height of the thermometer, and is nothing like the oppressive heat of the Brazils, which has a peculiar sickliness about it, although the thermometer may not indicate the same height as we have here. We had ample experience of this, having put in at Pernambuco for a few days. I would say, generally, that it is warmer here than the descriptions led me to expect; but with this you may enjoy the peculiar satisfaction of having, I may say, always an agreeable coolness during the night. The only objection I have to the climate is the extreme changes of temperature, generally three times a-day, increasing greatly the difficulty of escaping colds.* At present, for example, the thermometer in the morning may be about 66 degrees, 96 or 98 at mid-day, and 66, or even lower, again by night. For my own part, I have enjoyed the best health since I came, and am twice as strong I daresay as when I left home. I don't say that with the same amount of muscular exercise in the open air at home I might not have enjoyed as good health, but the grand difficulty is to get that exercise at home. Upon the whole, nothing can be objected to on the head of climate. As to noxious animals, it may almost be said that we have none of them. About the Port, and marshy places, there are numbers of mosquitoes, but none about Adelaide, unless a stray one now and then. There are snakes, of course, but I have seen none, and heard of but very few. There are great numbers of ants, but they are not found to be any real practical grievance. At first we were very much annoyed by fleas, which here exist in great numbers, apparently generated in the sand. They have almost all disappeared now, but whether they will return or not, I cannot say. I have seen one scorpion and one centipede, but one never hears of them from others, and I conclude there are not many of them. I have also seen a few pisantes, an animal not unlike an ant, but they are not worth mentioning as a source of discomfort.

The appearance of the country is very pretty even now, when almost completely bare with pasturing and burning off the grass; and in a few weeks I can easily believe what I am told, that it will be very beautiful. When a little rain has fallen, vegetation proceeds with inconceivable rapidity. The timber is in general no thicker than you would wish for useful and ornamental purposes; and in many places the country is really like a gentleman's seat, as the printed accounts state it to be.

As for wild animals, there appear to be very few. I have seen neither emu, kangaroo, duck, nor wild dog; indeed, I have seen nothing but parrots (small parrots), which exist in considerable numbers about Adelaide, but are too small to be worth killing for eating. I have seen a few parrots, but they, like the other wild animals, have fled before their civilised destroyers. I am told that during the rainy season ducks are to be found in great abundance. There are also, I believe, a good many quails; but upon the head of sporting, you need calculate nothing, as there is no sport to be had worth the exertion, within a reasonable distance of the town, at all events. Up the country, however, I believe it is a little better. Guns, therefore, you will easily believe, are at a discount; the colony is quite stocked with them; almost every emigrant brings one, or even a pair, besides the regular stock sent out for sale.

Now, on the supposition that you and friends make up your minds to come, I must add a few observations on this view of the matter. I have already stated that there exists a difficulty of getting good land by any one just come out—not exactly that good land does not exist, but that the good which is found on the regular surveys is sure to be picked up either by the preliminary section-holders, or by the friends of the surveyors, who always manage to get the first hint, and can secure a good section in this way. There is no hope for the present, therefore, of good sections being easily and soon obtained by people coming out, nor can they do so by other means than a special survey. On the supposition, therefore, that you come, the best way, I think, to proceed would be this: Having examined a tract of country, and found it suitable for all of us (for I may include myself too), we should join, and obtain a survey of it. You will see by the regulations that when such a survey is taken, a space of 15,000 acres is fixed upon, out of which, when surveyed, the 4000 acres are selected. The surveyors, however, have so much work to do, that perhaps for a few years it would not be surveyed, and thus the occupancy of the 15,000 acres would be secured. But suppose it were to be soon surveyed, the land may be so chosen that only about 4000 acres of good soil could be obtained, all beyond being fit merely for pasturage. This would secure you against any one demanding another special survey near you; and so, after all, you might still command an unlimited run of pasturage without paying a sixpence for it.

Early in April 1838, Mr R— L—, a gentleman well acquainted with pastoral affairs, and formerly employed by the South Australian Company (whose services he states he left in disgust), landed in the colony 300 ewes and 10 rams. The dropping of lambs unfortunately commenced immediately after landing, and while the ewes were suffering from the effects of the voyage, so that a considerable number were lost. The produce, however, of the flock, on the 1st June, amounted to 351

lambs. On the 1st of January last, the same ewes lambed the second time, and the produce was 306 lambs, making the increase of Mr L—'s flock as under:—

1838, May 1. Original flock—ewes and lambs	400
June 1. Increase—lambs	351
1839, Jan. 1. do. do.	306
Increase within seven months	657

Total on 13th January last 1057

The lambs of the first dropping in the colony will produce in August next, along with the imported ewes, and Mr L— calculates that his increase of lambs upon the whole flock, during that month, will amount to 540, which added to the present flock of 1057, shows an increase upon the original importation, of 400, of 1197 within little more than sixteen months.

The above statement I have taken from the South Australian Gazette of 2d March, and have every reason to believe it to be perfectly true. This will show you that the published statements as to the increase of sheep have not been exaggerated, as some people were apt to suspect. Both Wentworth and Lang, for example, state the increase of a flock of 670 at the end of the first year to be only 595. The price of the best ewes in lamb here, I may add, varies at present from L2 to L2, 10s., but the large importations must soon reduce this price. I see they are to be bought just now in Sydney for 13s. and 15s. A gentleman told me he saw sold a day or two ago a fine cow in calf for L12, and another in calf with one at her foot for L16, what would have cost upwards of L30 eight or nine months ago."

The writer concludes with some private details and the strong recommendation to his friends, that, should they decide on emigrating, and take intermediate berth on board ship, they must by all means procure a written agreement from the charterer and captain of the vessel, defining the kind and variety of accommodations they are to receive during the voyage. All persons who have proceeded to Australia as emigrants seem to concur in enforcing attention to this point, a circumstance which reflects little credit on the integrity of charterers or the humanity of captains of vessels.

In all probability we shall ere long have another letter from Mr B—, and should it contain any remarks of apparent value to intending emigrants, we shall take an opportunity of presenting them to our readers.

STORY OF ELEANOR.

[The Dublin University Magazine, as we lately mentioned, has for some time been materially improving in the quality of its contents, which, bating occasional papers written in a style of furious partisanship that nobody of course reads, are worthy of being ranked with those of any English periodical now issuing from the press. To its enterprising publishers must unquestionably be assigned the merit of bringing out and encouraging the native literary talent of Ireland; many of the articles in the Magazine are contributed by a set of clever writers whose names are as yet hardly known in Britain, but whose reputation is daily extending, and will ultimately be acknowledged in our common literature. The following little story, which we have slightly abridged, will afford a specimen of the lively style of one of these writers: it occurs as one of a series of papers, called the *Recollections of a Portrait-Painter*.]

ONE of the standing annoyances to which a portrait painter is subjected, is that of being perpetually called upon to pourtray the features of individuals, who, whilst they cannot be called positively ugly, are still so far from handsome, and so much farther from the possession of any peculiar expression, good or bad, that it is impracticable to throw any interest into their portraits, save for those who know the originals. Such has been my continual experience ever since, brush in hand, I entered the lists, where so many nobler and more gifted competitors than myself are contending for the prize of fame. And yet, paradoxical as the statement may seem, one of the most insipid portraits I ever undertook to paint was the means of procuring me more genuine pleasure than I have often found in this world of tribulation and vexation.

Miss Georgiana D— was just one of those commonplace, red and white, *unindividualised* girls whom it is a labour to talk to, or to paint, either in words or colours. She had one quality, however, which rendered her a person of much consideration in her own circle—she was rich.

Miss D— was a parlour boarder in a fashionable metropolitan school, and the painting of her portrait originated in the fancy of a rich and childless uncle in Bombay, who had the power, if he pleased, to swell the heiress's fortune to three times its present extent. To do Miss D— justice, I do not think her own vanity would have induced her to sit to me. She was too inert and sleepy to be very vain, and certainly had no innate love of the fine arts, which might have tempted her to patronise one of their votaries. Her exclamation, when she saw the picture on its completion, might have settled that question for ever—"Dear, dear! well, I dare say it is like me, though—and I am sure the lace tucker is the very same!" The background, and the rich drapery, and the flush tints, on which I had expended so much thought and care, were all as nothing to her!

Yet the painting of that portrait is connected in my mind with such sunny and happy recollections—with so much of the romance of real life, that I look back on it as one of the brightest vistas in the image of memory. Another face arises in my dream: beside that inexpressive visage—a face, of which a glimpse might put a man in good humour for a week, and even reconcile him to the task of painting a Miss D—! The face of Eleanor Armstrong, the under-teacher at Miss Toogood's seminary, always rises to my mental

* It is odd to hear a person from Scotland complaining of changeableness of climate.—Ed.]

sight, amidst the memories of that time, as one of the fairest visions that ever blessed the eyes of painter.

Miss D— had favoured me with one or two sittings, when Miss Toogood suggested that a companion might be useful in talking to her, as I ought to catch the varying expression of my sitter's countenance! I certainly did not expect that any thing under an earthquake or the laughing gas could induce the heiress to move a muscle; but as I could not decently say so, I assented, and Eleanor Armstrong was forthwith installed in her office of conversationist, and elicitor of expression, where, alas! there was none to elicit. Oh! what a face was that which beamed on me, when, on the third day of my purgatory, I entered the room set apart for my work. There was Miss D—, just as heavy and blank as usual, but beside her sat Eleanor Armstrong—the personification of living loveliness. Beautiful, very beautiful, was the under-teacher. She painted her likeness on the minds of all who looked on her, as effectually as ever the sun painted the features of a landscape in Mr Talbot's newly discovered camera obscura. But this sort of painting did not content me; I longed to paint her portrait. Had I asked permission to do so, I might, perhaps, have been refused; at any rate, such a request would naturally have drawn on the fair damsel the envy of the amiable proprietress of the establishment, of a worthy lady of a certain age, who presided over the spelling and the needlework, and of an old French governess. So I forbore the request, but not the deed. During the very frequent sittings with which I discovered it was indispensably requisite Miss D— should indulge me, I managed to transfer that lovely face to a miniature canvass, secretly placed in front of the larger one; and, copying this at home on a larger scale, assisted by memory, I managed to make a portrait so striking, that the likeness was almost startling. Poor dear Eleanor! She little guessed the nature of my employment, or of what vast importance to her future happiness that employment was to be.

The portraits were finished. Miss D—'s was to have graced the walls of Somerset House; but as the person who had undertaken to convey it to the Indian nabob left England earlier than he had intended, it was consigned to his keeping, and from that time to this I have seen and heard no more of it. The other, so secretly wrought, so fairly finished, supplied its place in the Exhibition. Fresh, and fair, and new, did that sweet face look amongst the resemblances of glowing gentlemen and smirking ladies, by which it was surrounded. Many a loudly expressed burst of admiration, many a whisper of deeper and truer delight, were elicited from the groups which crowded round that transcendent portrait; and often might be heard the murmur of disappointment, when the page in the catalogue, eagerly turned to for information, was found to contain nothing respecting the original, save the unsatisfactory words, "Portrait of a young lady."

The season was drawing to a close, and the Exhibition rooms were unusually crowded. I happened to be there, and saw with much pleasure that the gazers on my favourite picture were as numerous as ever. Amongst these there was a young man of about twenty-five years of age, of remarkably distinguished appearance, who seemed to regard it with an extraordinary degree of interest. Long did he pause before it, long after the groups around had departed, and he was left alone to survey it at leisure. He paced back and forward before it, looked at it from all points of view, and finally left the room rather quickly, with the air of a man who has formed some hasty purpose, and is determined to lose no time in executing it.

"I shall see that youth again," was the prophetic impression on my mind, and I was not mistaken. That very evening my servant announced "a gentleman on business," and on the skirts of the announcement, the glazer of the morning entered my apartment.

Long before this time my readers will have anticipated that the young man had been struck by the likeness of the picture to some one in whom he was deeply interested. Such was precisely the case. He came to me for the purpose of ascertaining the residence of the original, of whose identity he had not a moment's doubt; but it is best that I should detail the history I gathered from him, in a somewhat more connected form than it was poured out to me.

Eleanor Armstrong was the only daughter of an excellent clergyman, and distantly related, by the mother's side, to the very noble and very proud Lady Borrodaile. Left an orphan at twelve years old, and very slenderly provided for, pity or pride, or both together, induced the titled dame to extend her protection to her fair young relative, and to receive her under her own roof. This was a piece of virtue which brought with it its own reward; for if ever embodied sunshine were the inmate of an earthly dwelling, Borrodaile Park had such an inmate in the person of Eleanor. Gay, but never noisy, wise as well as witty, loving and amiable as she was beautiful, Eleanor Armstrong was as a new life and pulse to the somewhat starchy inhabitants of the gloomy old mansion. Her light foot sounded strangely pleasant as she tripped over the old oaken floors, so long used to echo nothing but the stately steps of the Lady Borrodaile and her attendants. Her sweet laugh rang like fairy music amongst the arched roofs, and in the broad, quiet corridors. Her bright face looked out like a flower with a soul in it (it is a conceit, but it is so like her)

from the dark recesses and the Gothic windows. The Lady Borrodaile felt her influence—she could not resist it; and her heart, cold and formal as was the set of its currents, could not but warm into something like attachment to the fair being who was so happy, so cheerful, and, above all, so grateful and dependent.

But if the proud and formal lady almost thawed in the presence of the sweet Eleanor, there was another heart which, naturally warm and ardent in its feelings, fired with a passion of the most enthusiastic and devoted kind, as my heroine changed from a lovely child to a lovelier woman.

Sir Philip Borrodaile was an only child, and had been left under the guardianship of his proud mother, by a very weak and very henpecked father, who died when his son was little more than an infant. Fond of power, which she had exercised with an iron hand over poor Sir Ralph, from the time of his marriage to his decease, and hating to give up her sway over any person until she should reach the extremest point to which it was possible to retain it, she had prevailed on her husband to give her a certain authority over the pecuniary resources of Sir Philip, which he could not shake off until he should have attained his twenty-fifth year.

Had he been a constant resident at Borrodaile Park, his heart might not have been less kind, but his manners might have contracted the dignified coldness of those around him, and the continued presence of his orphan cousin might have averted the event his mother dreaded; he might have loved her as a sister, and no more. But fearing the consequences of constant intercourse with one so lovely and so poor, the lady contrived that he should spend much of his time at a distance from home; and whenever he was a visitor at the Park, she never failed to expatiate largely on the horrors of *misalliances* in general, with a special clause against those which included relationship, however distant, amongst their disadvantages. Certainly for a wise woman, Lady Borrodaile did a very foolish thing, for her design was immediately seen through; and as Sir Philip was not without a spice of the spirit of contradiction in his nature, he naturally fell in love with Eleanor, with a vehemence and ardour unsurpassed in all the records of romance.

[The affection became mutual; but being discovered by Lady Borrodaile, her son was dispatched on foreign travel, and Eleanor shortly afterwards expelled from the family, and compelled to take up the employment of an under-teacher in the educational establishment of a Miss Toogood, in London. All letters sent to her from Sir Philip were intercepted, and she was at last, by the artful insertion of a paragraph in a newspaper, announcing a projected union between him and a certain Lady Honoria M—, forced to believe that she was entirely forgotten and abandoned.]

She had a long and severe illness, and for weeks small hopes were entertained that she would survive. But a sound constitution and an elastic spirit will bear up marvellously through heavy troubles, and revive again and again from bitter mental suffering. Eleanor Armstrong had a truly affectionate heart, and she had loved with all the warmth and enthusiasm of which such a one is capable; but still she was not the girl to die of love, or resolve to be miserable because she had known disappointment, especially when she remembered that the object of her attachment had proved himself unworthy of it. She rallied her pride and her spirit—called in the blessed aids of religion and reason, and in a few months the lovely under-teacher was as lovely as ever. There was, perhaps, a little more thought on her brow, a little more tenderness in her smile—but she was once more able to perform her duties with attention and energy, and her cheerful resignation and unrepining content won her the love and respect of every being near her, whose heart was not utterly sheathed in the frost of selfishness.

I do not doubt that if Sir Philip Borrodaile had crossed her path no more, she would in time have conquered the lingerings of attachment towards him which *would* sometimes rebel in her heart, and even might at some future day have practically proved that it is quite possible to love more than once. I say this *might* have happened, but the fates (in compassion to the romantic portion of my readers) had ordered otherwise, and Eleanor Armstrong was doomed to remain a heroine after the most approved fashion.

The baronet had contracted an acquaintance, while on the continent, with an English nobleman, to whose party he speedily attached himself, and with them returned to England. His mother was delighted at this accident, for the family of the aforesaid nobleman was an ancient one, and his estates large, and she allowed to herself that the Earl of V—'s only daughter might be almost a sufficiently good match for the heir of Borrodaile Park. It was at her instigation that a newspaper paragraph had insinuated the probability of such a marriage, and by her direction that the paper was placed in the way of Eleanor Armstrong. To her son she was all warmth and affection. The untruths respecting Eleanor's conduct, which she rather hinted at than expressed, were of such a nature as to lead Sir Philip to suppose that his betrothed had acted in such a manner as to place an eternal bar betwixt them. She described Eleanor's departure from her protection as entirely her own spontaneous deed, and even denied any knowledge of her residence or situation. But Sir Philip clung long and obstinately to the memory of his early love; and

it was only on the very eve of his twenty-fifth birthday that his mother extracted from him a consent to pay a long-delayed visit to the Earl of V—, and if he should find Lady Honoria still as favourably disposed towards him as she once seemed to be, to offer her his hand. For this purpose he went to London. Lady Borrodaile had no fears respecting the possibility of his meeting with Eleanor, for her obsequious *confidante*, Miss Toogood, was carefully apprised of Sir Philip's intended journey, and had orders to keep her fair inmate pretty close during his stay in town. Great was the surprise of Miss Toogood when a gentleman called at the "establishment," and demanded an instant and private interview with Miss Armstrong. Greater still was her consternation when, on entering the drawing-room half an hour afterwards in an agony of uncontrollable curiosity, the gentleman announced himself as Sir Philip Borrodaile. Greatest of all was the anger of his lady mother when she was informed of the frustration of her schemes!

A fortnight after his memorable visit to the Exhibition, Sir Philip Borrodaile kept his twenty-fifth birthday. In three months more, a bridal party stood before the altar of St George's, Hanover Square. Sir Philip Borrodaile was the bridegroom, a bishop pronounced the blessing, I gave away the bride, and that bride was Eleanor Armstrong.

The portrait which plays so conspicuous a part in this faithful narrative, still hangs in the gallery of Borrodaile Park. There are many others around it by far worthier hands than mine—pictures, for which hundreds and thousands have been refused—pictures, that have raised the envy of half the connoisseurs in Europe—but there is not one which the master so dearly prizes as that which made its *début* at Somerset House in the humble character of the "Portrait of a young lady."

LAW, THE PROJECTOR.

Now and then, in the common course of events, we find obscure men, but of enlarged conceptions, bringing themselves into notice by the mightiness of their projects, and if not attaining a high degree of honour, at least gaining no small share of permanent notoriety. John Law, who flourished at the beginning of last century, was one of these extraordinary individuals.

Law, who was the son of a goldsmith in Edinburgh, was distinguished in youth for his power of arithmetical calculation, but this might not have been of consequence in advancing his fortunes, but for an accidental circumstance. Having killed a person in a duel, he fled from Britain to France, a country much more congenial to his habits. He afterwards returned to his native country, but finding no opening for his schemes, he returned to Paris, which henceforth became the scene of his exploits. Law's genius took the direction of financiering. He had notions about national credit and paper money of the most extravagant kind. There was nothing in the way of national aggrandisement that a well-managed apparatus of paper issue could not accomplish. With these ideas in his head, he contrived, after a few years' delay, to gain the favour of the Duke of Orleans, at the time regent of France, and by that personage was permitted to set up a joint-stock bank in Paris, in May 1716. This concern was prosperous, and increased his credit as a projector. It soon appeared that the bank was but the first of a series of gigantic financial and commercial undertakings, such as had never before entered into the conception of any human being. Unquestionably, the consent of the regent to the progressive development of these plans was founded on the belief, instilled into his mind by Law, that the government of France might be freed through them of the enormous load of debt then pressing upon it, and which absorbed one half of the national revenues for the mere payment of interest.

Ample proof of the complete understanding between the regent and Law, is presented in the history of the great project which the latter set on foot, with the duke's approval, in the year following the commencement of the bank. He had long entertained the notion that a rich field for commercial enterprise was to be found in the yet uncolonised and but partially explored regions on the banks of the Mississippi, and particularly in the district of Louisiana, which, having been visited and so named by a French voyager, was held upon that footing to belong to France. An impression prevailed that this country was full of magnificent mines, and rich in all respects beyond description. Law accordingly persuaded the regent to establish a great company for the purpose of trading to this part of the world, and to give numerous privileges to the body, along with the sovereignty of Louisiana, under certain conditions preservative of the king's nominal superiority. This was the too famous Mississippi scheme. The funds of the West Indian Company, as it was called, were to consist of a capital of 100,000,000 livres, to be raised in shares of 500 livres each. And now the company repaid in part their obligations to the regent, by taking the subscriptions in government paper, or *billets d'état*, which, on account of the miserable way in which the interest was paid by the state, bore in the market at that time scarcely a fourth of their ostensible value. The consequence was, that the depreciated government paper rose to full credit with the people, who from that moment began to place implicit confidence in Law, and to thirst universally

for a share in his wonderful projects, and the profits which promised to follow from them. But before the eagerness for participating in his speculations rose to its full extent, he had incorporated with the Mississippi scheme others of even tenfold magnitude. He prevailed on the government to take his bank into its own hands, and became director-general of the establishment, under its new form of the Royal Bank. This appears to have been effected chiefly for the purpose of having the state's guarantee for an enormous issue of paper money, amounting to 1,000,000,000 of livres. In December 1718, and in May 1719, our projector got a further transfer of the charter and privileges, first of the Senegal Company, and then of the China and India Companies, out of which, in conjunction with the West Indian Company, a great "Company of the Indies" was formed, with the exclusive right of trading to the "four quarters of the world." Existing claims were of course paid by the new body. In the course of 1719, the public revenues, also, which were usually called *farms*, and had been long in the hands of contractors or farmers-general, were transferred to the management of the Company of the Indies. The Company, on their part, took upon themselves vast obligations, and one, among others, to lend the king or government the enormous sum of 15,000 millions of livres. Separate funds were raised in succession for all the company's purposes, in the shape of actions or shares, amounting to 600,000 in all, of which 200,000 were at the rate of 500 livres each; 50,000 at 550 livres; 50,000 at 1000 livres; and 300,000 at 5000 livres. To pay the interest of this enormous total, the company, it was said, had an annual income of above 80,000,000 of livres, and they at least boldly declared themselves able to pay an annual dividend of 200 livres a share.

This great company, supported by the whole credit of government, engrossing such immense sources of revenue, and possessed of such extensive property, became gradually the object of the most absorbing interest to all France. The ample profits which it seemed to promise, excited the cupidity of the people to an extraordinary extent, and a system of trafficking in shares commenced, which has no parallel in the annals of speculation or stock-jobbing. The rage for shares actually raised them to more than sixty times their original value, judging of that value by the former price of the *billets d'état*, or purchase money in the market. Almost all the original proprietors made splendid fortunes at the very outset, and the knowledge of this led to the wildest bidding on each new creation of shares. Clergy and laity, peers and plebeians, statesmen, princes, and even females of every class, were alike seized with the stock-jobbing phrensy. The negotiations for the sale and purchase of shares were at first carried on in the Rue Quinquempoix, which was besieged by such crowds, that houses, rented at 800 livres a-year, actually yielded from 6000 to 16,000 livres a-month. The eagerness of the speculators to commit bargains to writing, was such, that a hump-backed man made 150,000 livres in a few days, by letting out his hump as a writing-desk. A murder, which took place in the Rue Quinquempoix, caused the paper traffic to be transferred to the Place Vendôme. "The superb hotels of which that magnificent square (or rather octagon) consisted, not being calculated for the establishment of offices for transacting business, a number of tents were for that purpose pitched in the area. Of these, some served for the accommodation of the stock-jobbers, others were destined for places of refreshment, and a third set was occupied by gamblers playing at quadrille, and drawing lotteries of jewels. All the world flocked to this spot, ladies of the highest quality delighted to walk there of an evening, and the concourse was so great, that the famous fair of Beaucaille appeared a desert in comparison. The business was productive of so much noise and disturbance, that the Chancellor complained he was prevented from attending to the causes in the Chancery, which is situated in the Place Vendôme. Mr Law then agreed with the Prince of Carignan for the purchase of the Hotel de Soissons, at the enormous price, as is said, of 1,400,000 livres; and in the gardens belonging to that edifice, about 600 pavilions, each rated at 500 livres a-month, were disposed in regular order, beautifully interspersed with trees and fountains. To oblige the brokers to make use of them, an ordonnance was issued, prohibiting, under severe penalties, any bargain for stock to be concluded, except in one of these pavilions. Mr Law (continues his biographer) now blazed a meteor of unequalled splendour, having arrived at a pitch of power and consequence, that required a strength of intellect almost supernatural to be able to support it undazzled. He saw himself perpetually followed by, and his levee constantly crowded with, princes, dukes and peers, marshals and prelates, who all humbled themselves before his shrine with the utmost submission, while he treated them at times in a style of consummate haughtiness. The Baron de Pollnitz observes in his memoirs, that he has seen dukes and peers of France waiting in Mr Law's antechambers like the meanest subjects, and that at last there was no getting near him without feeing the Swiss porters for entrance at the gate, the lacquys for admittance into the antechamber, and the valets for the privilege of access to his presence chamber or closet."

The influence and authority of Law were rendered still more extensive by his appointment, on the 5th of

January 1720, to the office of comptroller-general of the French finances, preparatorily to which he had formally adopted the Catholic faith. In plain language, he became prime minister of the country. By this time, his operations began to be a subject of alarm to the British government, who began to court his favour in various underhand ways. There is evidence that the Prince of Wales himself sent over a confidential person to secure for him a share in the profits of the great stock-jobbing affair. The British ministry are also said to have offered, in order to propitiate Law, to bring his wife's brother, commonly called the Earl of Banbury, into the House of Lords, from which a charge of illegitimacy, brought against his father the third earl, had hitherto excluded him. Lady Catherine Law shared largely in the adulation lavished on her husband during his hour of success, and is reported to have shown much insolence to ladies of rank, speaking usually of duchesses as "the most tiresome animals in the world." Her children, a son and a daughter, might have been married into the first families in Europe, and the father, in his adversity, assumed some merit to himself for not permitting this to take place. Miss Law's hand was sought by the Prince of Tarente, and other suitors of scarcely inferior rank.

All this splendour was doomed speedily to disappear. A constant drain of the specie of the kingdom had been going on since the commencement of the speculating mania. Those who had made large fortunes in paper secured themselves by converting their wealth into gold and silver, which they either hoarded up, or sent out of the kingdom. Many of the same parties, also, filled their houses with such prodigious quantities of plate, as must have tended materially to reduce the amount of the metallic currency. The fabrication of notes, meanwhile, was proceeding at an enormous rate, upwards of 2000 millions of livres being struck off between December 1719 and May 1720. Thus the stability of the system, and the prosperity, in truth, of the country, came to depend on the maintenance of the paper credit, which the comptroller-general endeavoured to secure by a succession of arbitrary edicts, one of which declared the bank notes to be legally current at five per cent. above the specie. But in spite of all his endeavours, he and his plans began to lose credit with the French regent, chiefly through the secret influence of persons envious of the successful adventurer. His proceedings were represented as particularly detrimental, on account of the disparity of value which they created between the paper and metallic currencies. By such representations, the regent was induced to take a step which at once and for ever ruined the paper credit, and brought the whole gigantic system to the ground, with a crash which may be said to have shaken all Europe. On the 21st of May 1720, an edict was issued, announcing that "a progressive reduction of the India Company's actions, and of bank notes, was to take place from that day till the 1st of December, when the bank notes should remain fixed at one-half of their present value, and the actions at four-ninths." This edict in an instant lifted the film from the eyes of all France. The hands of the people were filled with paper, the value of which they now saw could be utterly annihilated by a word from the mouth of authority. A run commenced upon the bank, which compelled the government to post soldiers around it to prevent the very edifice from being pulled down by the infuriated applicants. Seditious libels appeared every where, attacking the regent for overturning the credit to which he himself had given existence. Alarmed by these proceedings, he hastily summoned the parliament, and revoked the fatal decree six days after its promulgation. Nothing could restore the credit of the paper money with the public. The bank was shut for a time on various pretences, but, as soon as reopened, it was again besieged by such crowds of people, that in one day (the 9th of July) twenty persons perished in the streets by suffocation. The mob also surrounded the hotel of Law, and compelled the man whom they had lately idolised, and had saluted in the streets with the *vivats* which are seldom given but to royalty, to hide himself for weeks in the houses of friends. On the mind of the projector the first symptoms of disorder are said to have produced a dreadful impression. Lord Stair describes him as being incapable of sleep, and as subject to such fits of phrensy as to be found sometimes dancing in his shirt around the chairs of his bed-room, "seemingly quite out of his wits." But he struggled hard, by tongue, pen, and act, to maintain his system, though all his efforts, as well as those of the regent, who deeply regretted the edict of the 21st of May, proved utterly fruitless. From the consequences of the delusion, France did not recover for many years. By the regent's dealings with Law, the national debt had been almost annihilated; but the creditors had been paid in paper, and when that became valueless, they were ruined by thousands. The delusion which caused this wide-spread misery presents, on the whole, a valuable lesson, being a striking example of a fallacious theory carried out to its fullest extent, and on the grandest possible scale.

Law resigned all his offices in December 1720, and retired to a country seat, which he quitted soon afterwards for Brussels, carrying with him only 800 louis d'ors, the wreck of his once magnificent fortune. This and other circumstances prove that there was a degree of disinterestedness in the views of this remarkable man, for which he has not usually received credit

from posterity. His latter days were spent in poverty, and he died at Venice in 1729, before he had completed his fifty-eighth year. Several descendants of the Law family are still living in France. One of the projector's grand-nephews arrived at high military and diplomatic distinction in the service of Napoleon and the Bourbons, and died a few years ago, a marshal and peer of France.

TASTE FOR MUSIC IN GERMANY.

There exist in Germany particular bodies of craftsmen, among the members of which music is cultivated with more than common zeal. Such is the case, for instance, in some china manufactories at Eichternach, at Metloch, on the banks of the Sarre. The miners are, in particular, distinguished by their knowledge of music. * * * What seems more surprising is, to find the art cultivated in localities entirely deprived of the means of instruction. They told us of a man who, without having ever had the least instruction in music, had learned it alone, and seemed to have fed his children with it, at an age when most children are fed on milk only. We had great desire to know him, and prolonged our journey in the Tyrol, as far as Berchtesgaden, in the neighbourhood of Salzburg.

* * * On our road to the dwelling which had been pointed out to us, we heard some Tyrolean songs, often accompanied on the *Zitter* (cittern?). At last we arrived at the cottage; it was shut up. We knocked in vain; no one answered us. The whole family, Grassl, his wife, and children, was out on the mountains, occupied in their daily work—that of finding aromatic herbs and wood. This man, who had no other means of subsistence than the sale of simples, procured with such hard labour by himself and family, had himself built, with the aid of his wife and children, the little cabin they inhabited: and at evening when they came home, bending under their burdens, they took a frugal meal, and then betook themselves to the study of music, by way of repose and diversion after the labours of the day. Grassl learned the gamut and the time-table, and fathomed the principles of art, without any other assistance than his own wonderful perseverance. Little by little he began to play on the violin, the bassoon, the clarinet, the flute, the octave flute, the trumpet, the keyed trumpet, the horn, and the trombone. Nor is that all: this naturalist in music has inoculated his children with all he knows. * * * The Queen of Bavaria, who possesses estates in this district, wished, like ourselves, to know this interesting family. She arrived, with her suite, about six o'clock in the evening. The little family had not returned from its rural labours—some were fiddling the cows, some digging up potatoes. The queen had them collected, and when they arrived, without taking time to change their clothes or clean themselves, they ranged themselves round their table; and the poor children, with earth on their hands and sweat on their foreheads, began to perform the "Bavarian Troops' March," the "Salzburg Waltz," the "Chamois Hunter's Air," some on stringed, some on wind instruments, sometimes on brass instruments only. A little boy on a chair, only five years old, played the double bass. Grassl subsequently made the tour of the continent with his family.—*Notice of Mainzer's Sketches of Music, in the Athenæum.*

MILITARY PARADE AND COSTUME.

On this subject we find the following observations in Dr Channing's Lecture on War, recently published. "Men's sensibility to the evil of war has been very much blunted by the deceptive show, the costume, the splendour in which war is arrayed. Its horrors are hidden under its dazzling dress. To the multitude, the senses are more convincing reasoners than the conscience. In youth, the period which so often receives impressions for life, we cannot detect, in the heart-stirring file and drum, the true music of war, the shriek of the newly wounded, or the faint moan of the dying. Arms glittering in the sunbeam do not remind us of bayonets dripping with blood. To one who reflects, there is something shocking in these decorations of war. If men must fight, let them wear the badges which become their craft. It would shock us to see a hangman dressed out in scarf and epaulet, and marching with merry music to the place of punishment. The soldier has a sadder work than the hangman. His office is not to dispatch occasionally a single criminal; he goes to the slaughter of thousands as free from crime as himself. The sword is worn as an ornament, and yet its use is to pierce the heart of a fellow creature. As well might the butcher parade before us his knife, or the executioner his axe or halberd. Allow war to be necessary, still it is a horrible necessity, a work to fill a good man with anguish of spirit. Shall it be turned into an occasion of pomp and merriment? To dash out men's brains, to stab them to the heart, to cover the body with gashes, to lop off the limbs, to crush men under the hoof of the war-horse, to destroy husbands and fathers, to make widows and orphans, all this may be necessary, but to attire men for this work with fantastic trappings, to surround this fearful occupation with all the circumstances of gaiety and pomp, seems as barbarous as it would be to deck a gallows, or to make a stage for dancing beneath the scaffold. I conceive that the military dress was not open to as much reproach in former times as now. It was then less dazzling, and acted less on the imagination, because it formed less an exception to the habits of the times. The dress of Europe, not many centuries ago, was fashioned very much after what may be called the harlequin style—that is, it affected strong colours and strong contrasts. This taste belongs to rude ages, and has passed away very much with the progress of civilisation. The military dress alone has escaped the reform. The military man is the only harlequin left us from ancient times. It is time that his dazzling finery were gone, that it no longer corrupted the young, that it no longer threw a pernicious glare over his terrible vocation."

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INTERDICTED CONVERSATION.

ALL kinds of conversation will not suit in all places. Human life is such a blotted page, that there is scarcely any person who has not some delicate point about him, which others must forbear alluding to in his presence. Then there are prejudices and habits of thinking in all men, and it does not do to come shock upon any of these in a random conversation. Even peculiarities of professional occupation become causes for the exercise of the good old rule, to think twice before we speak once.

If a gentleman, for instance, has been so far left to himself, as old people say with us in the north, as to publish a very poor book, which is understood to have been a dead weight on the shelves of the publisher ever since, he can scarcely fail to be offended when he hears sorry attempts at authorcraft sneered at, or is told of the great conscientiousness and acumen of the review which extinguished him. The honest gentleman will say nothing at the time: it is surprising how unconscious of pen and ink he will appear. But he will writhe in his secret soul, and regard the individual who brought on the conversation with dislike ever after. If another gentleman has set up a business of some newfangled kind, and failed in it, all allusions in his presence to that business, or to newfangled projects in general, must needs be gall and wormwood to him, and are therefore to be avoided. Suppose one has made some sort of misalliance, whether in rank or age, unequal matches become from that time a forbidden subject in every company where he may chance to be. The most provoking thing is, that one may thus give offence very unknowingly, and be honoured with the most merciless reprobation without being told for what. He may cut himself off from all expectation of honour and profit in the highest quarters by some simple allusion. A jest at second marriages before a patron who has taken a third wife, may defeat the best formed hopes of promotion, or he may be cut out of a will by an unlucky remark on that frailty of well-disposed old ladies which leads them to endow their cats.

All men, it has been said, have some prejudices or habits of thinking, which it does not do to come against in conversation. How often do we see this truth illustrated in ordinary society! A mixed company is for hours quite social and happy in general conversation, when some one, forgetting the well-known caution on the subject, or carried over bounds by the feeling of the moment, speaks favourably of some public personage whom some others present detest, or condemns as a monster some statesman whom the rest regard with veneration. What a curling up instantly takes place! Or it may be that some gentleman speaks of, as an established fact, some allegation which others recognise as only a lie of his party, and then how equally certain are we to see peace and harmony rise from the table! One soon comes to learn in a free country that truth is truth only in certain companies, and may be lies and calumny every where else; and *vice versa*: and he learns to take care that his hearers pass under a certain political designation before he ventures on the simplest proposition. The number of things that it is unsafe to speak of except in one way before certain persons, is as great as that of the venerations and dislikes of mankind—which, verily, are not few. There is no safety here. There would be companies in Nero's time, in which it would have been impossible to insinuate a word on the emperor's mad wickedness, without calling up some one who made it a point of conscience to believe him a vigorous and just ruler. There are polite companies at this moment in the world, in which no one could

imply a doubt of the righteousness of slavery, without being thought all that is bad. An uncivil word spoken of a certain old gentleman, in the city called by Byron the eternal, is proverbially attested to be dangerous. It would have been necessary in Newton's time to ascertain the character of every body present, before venturing to intimate a doubt of witchcraft. In our own day there are manias that carry away men, and of which it is not right to speak slightly without some similar preparation. Were one, for example, to laugh at the absurdity of buying books, not to read, but to possess, and giving large prices for them, not on account of their absolute value, but because of their having some typographical peculiarity of no real consequence, he might be vexed to find that his very next neighbour was a member of the Roxburghe, Bannatyne, Camden, Maitland, or Abbotsford Club, or of all of them, and was notorious for once having given two hundred pounds for a collection of useless old pamphlets. In like manner, the floricultural rage might be ridiculed, when it would be afterwards learned, to the inconceivable mortification of the scoffer, he being a good-natured man, that the mild old gentleman on the opposite side of the table, who had won his heart by the kind way in which he had asked him to drink wine, was a noted rearer of dahlias, accustomed to pay a guinea every other day for some Duke of Wellington, or Earl Grey, or Grand Monarque, or other great personage, in very coarse leaves and very red petals.* You might express your surprise at the existence of such a work as the *Heartsease Magazine*, and wonder how a sufficiency of rational beings could be found in the country to support a monthly periodical, in each number of which there was to be found nothing but a print of some new pansy—some *Reine de Sheba*, *Jeremy Bentham*, or *Princess Esterhazy*—with a sheet of letter-press concerning those and other new varieties—when it might chance that a principal contributor, or the editor himself, was at your very elbow. You have your own *Dalilabs* of the imagination, and, as you wish these to be respected, so must you respect the *Dalilabs* of the imaginations of other men. The like caution is necessary as to matters of unestablished science, where it is of course natural for him who is convinced to be particularly touchy to the sneers of those whose eyes have not as yet been opened. For example, it would be very unsafe to venture in a large company on a jest at the expense of homœopathy, seeing that there might be some gentleman present who was daily in the practice of curing, by means of infinitesimal doses, people whom other doctors had dismissed as incurable. It would more particularly be unsafe, if you chanced to be, as ten to one you were, totally ignorant of every thing about homœopathy, except that its votaries can carry their whole laboratory in a needle-case. It might then perhaps depend on the mercifulness of the homœopathist, that you were not shown up in the somewhat ludicrous character of one who laughed before he understood. The same policy applies to both phrenology and zoo-magnetism: it is decidedly proper to know a little of the facts of both these supposed sciences, or of what their professors describe them to be, before indulging in any thing like a jest at them, lest there should be some one present whose veneration you have been unwittingly offending, and who, having his destructiveness thereby roused, may revenge himself with a little sport at your ignorance. Upon the whole, while it is legiti-

mate to deride all these absurdities of the philosophic world, it is quite as well to know a little about them before doing so in mixed company.

The circumstances through which individuals have passed in the course of life, and the peculiarities of their present situation, form just so many points of delicacy about them, calling for very guarded allusion on the part of their friends. One must not speak of mushroom greatness before a dignitary who a few years ago was in a poor and servile condition, nor of the poor pride of reduced gentility in the company of one who lives much like the starving hidalgo in *Guzman d'Alfarache*. It often happens that a tradesman becomes wealthy enough to live in a style equal to that of gentlemen of estate, and at the same time contrives to entertain persons of that order, not only with all desirable luxuries, but in a manner which shows himself to be possessed of the feelings and tastes of a gentleman. On such an occasion, when all have been made happy by the best of viands and of wines, and every thing is sweet, pleasant, and serene, how malapropos for some gentle guardsman or lordling, charmed for the moment into the belief that he was entertained by a real gentleman, to let slip one of the established sarcasms at tradesfolk who ape their betters! Would not, in such a case, the very Madeira blush itself into Port? The blunder would be the worse if more particular. Supposing the entertainer to have been a furnisher of human apparel, it would, we apprehend, be decidedly improper to speak of *taking measures* for any end or purpose at his table. Were he a wine-merchant, it would be quite shocking to ask where he got his claret, and what he paid for it. Had he been a shopkeeper of any kind at one part of his career, the very word shop would needs be proscribed: the mention of such a thing on such an occasion would have the effect of *Harlequin's sword*, and the elegant room with all its alimentary furnishings would disappear in an instant, leaving in its stead a scene of shelves and counters, with smirking salesmen flying about in all directions, and the host sitting in his box of a counting-room with his pen behind his ear. Things of this kind are extremely awkward. We have known them make all the after part of an evening as stiff as pasteboard, and even extend their influence up into the drawing-room: the death of all hope of future invitations was but the least of the evil. When a gentleman without taint of trade goes into the halls of one in different circumstances, he would need to be well exercised in caution. Let no witchcraft of well-furnished mahogany in one room, or of silken sofas and velvet carpets in another, for a moment make him forget what his host has been, and that the honest gentleman, in all probability, would like to forget it himself.

It is at the same time a great hardship that so much conversational ground should thus be, one way and another, staked off from general use, the result being that in mixed company there is no safety out of theatrical chit-chat, or a few remarks on the last exhibition of the works of living artists—even these topics being to a certain extent endangered by the possibility that you may have a player or a painter in the party. The talk of mixed company is thus apt to be excessively insipid, so that, at the end of a whole night of it, one feels much like a man condemned to live on gruel, to whom one mouthful of solid beef-steak would appease appetite better than whole tubs of so weak an aliment. Might there not be some polite expedient adopted to leave conversation a little more free? It is obvious that the dread of coming upon dangerous ground must often exist where the ground is quite safe. One must often be prevented by the general

* Our own good nature demands that we do not leave this jibe at the floriculturists in its native prickliness. We look upon the floricultural enthusiasm as among the most innocent of the day, and in reality sympathise a good deal in it.

caution from touching matters which, as it happens, would be an offence to nobody. Such would not be the case, if there were some means of ascertaining what *are* the delicate points of the various members of the company. This might be perhaps managed by some neat and unostentatious system of signals. For example, if all of one political party were to wear a particular pattern of neckcloth or stock, a company entirely composed of that party might in an instant become aware of the fact, and be therefore at liberty to canvass state-affairs, praise all their own leaders, and tell all their own lies, without fear of mutual offence, and thus revel for a few happy hours in their own honey or their own venom, instead of being compelled, as they otherwise might have been, to touch only on commonplaces. All kinds of persons, having delicate points in their history, habits of thinking, and occupations, might adopt appropriate devices, all of which would be sure to be respected in polite society; for, as we have heard an acute friend remark, mankind are generally so forbearing towards each other's sore points, that one may almost know if any important step he has taken be wrong, by observing that no one ever speaks of it to him.

One other expedient might be suggested, that men should endeavour to be more good-humoured and easy on such matters. The hump-backed man, who was always the first to laugh at his own deformity, and thereby became a favourite with every body, affords an excellent example. Let him who has some unhappy point in his history to look back upon, resolve to think of it, and have it by chance touched upon by others, with patience. Let contending politicians only consider that their opinions are, in nine cases out of ten, the result of a mere sentimental prepossession on both sides, and they will see the absurdity of too keenly challenging each other's views. Finally, let every one be as much disposed as possible to suppose good intention and friendly feeling in his neighbours, and he will be the less irritable when they accidentally trench upon interdicted conversation.

POPULAR INFORMATION ON SCIENCE.

HOW ROCKS ARE FORMED.

SOME of the most curious philosophical experiments of the present age have consisted in imitations, on a small scale, of operations which nature carries on upon a very grand one. A popular view of some of these cannot fail to prove interesting. We shall commence with the celebrated experiments of the late Sir James Hall, respecting the formation of limestone.

Limestone is a rock found in great abundance throughout the crust of the earth. Marble, chalk, and calcareous spar, are modifications of it. Dr Black ascertained that the process, so familiar to us all, of burning limestone, and thus making the *quick-lime* used in building and for agricultural purposes, is simply a discharging, from the original stone, of carbonic acid, which goes off in a gaseous form. Limestone he therefore made out to be the *carbonate* of lime. It was, some time after, propounded by Dr Hutton, the geologist, that limestone, in its various modifications, had been formed under the influence of the heat which he assumed to exist in the interior of the earth, while a pressure of superincumbent materials prevented the carbonic acid from flying off. This was an ingenious idea, but deficient in positive proof. The object of Sir James Hall, who was a supporter of Dr Hutton's theory of the earth, was to subject it to the test of experiment.

He commenced his experiments in 1798, at his country house of Dunglass, in Berwickshire. He took a common gun-barrel, and charging it with a quantity of chalk, or pulverised limestone, filled it up with brick-dust, and closed the muzzle by welding its lips together. He then introduced the breech into a furnace, heated to twenty-five degrees of Wedgwood's pyrometer. Many barrels, thus treated, gave way, but in others, at the conclusion of the experiment, the chalk was found *agglutinated* into a stony mass, which required the smart blow of a hammer to break it, and felt under the knife like common limestone. He afterwards changed the gun-barrels for porcelain vessels prepared on purpose, and used fusible metal for ramming, instead of brick-dust. He also took many ingenious expedients for ascertaining how much carbonic acid made its escape during the operation. When an escape to the amount of twenty per cent. took place, the contents had no appearance of stony matter; but when it was about three or four per cent., the stony character was perfect. Ultimately, by al-

lowing a little aqueous vapour to remain in the barrel, in order to counteract the expansion of the fusible metal, he succeeded in reducing the proportion of escaped gas to about a quarter of a per cent. The pounded chalk was then brought into the condition of *saline marble*, accompanied with crystallisation and other marks of fusion. One specimen formed from pounded spar was so complete as to deceive one of Sir James's workmen, who remarked that, if the marble were a little whiter, the quarry from which it was taken would be very valuable. This particular specimen afterwards fell into dust, but many other pieces, the produce of the Dunglass laboratory, resisted the air and kept their polish for years; nor do we know that these are yet otherwise than in the condition of marble.

By calculations, which cannot well be explained here, Sir James concluded that a layer of the carbonate of lime, at the bottom of a sea 1700 feet deep, would, if a due degree of heat were applied, be formed into limestone; and into a complete marble, if the depth of the sea were 3000 feet; the pressure being in the one case as 52, and in the other as 86, atmospheres.

Sir James spent seven years in his experiments, which were a hundred and fifty-six in number, and he showed in them a degree of patience, care, and philosophic ingenuity, which excited universal admiration when the result was published by the Royal Society of Edinburgh in 1806. He was considered as having proved—not exactly that our beds of limestone and marble were formed by heat under a pressure confining the carbonic acid, for nature *might* have other ways of bringing about the end, but that such at least was a mode in which the effects could be brought about. The probability that such were really the circumstances under which the strata in question were formed, is so great, that practically such is the doctrine as to their formation held by the philosophical world.

Sir James Hall afterwards made some interesting experiments with a view to ascertain the circumstances under which basaltic rock is formed by nature; but, as in these he was not the first inquirer, we pass them by, in order to notice his investigations respecting the formation of sandstone. This rock is also a very abundant one throughout the crust of the earth, forming numerous beds alternating with nearly all the other aqueous rocks. Its utility in building is well known. Sandstone is easily seen to be a composition of sand, for it may readily be pounded into that form; but the wonder is, how sand has been massed into so hard a consistence. Sir James Hall performed a series of experiments, which showed at least one way in which great layers of loose sand might be agglutinated at the bottoms of seas, so as to form strata of rock.

"In the little valley of Aikengaw, at the eastern extremity of the Lammermuir Hills,* Sir James observed the gravel which occupies its bottom, agglutinated in several places into a mass of conglomerate, very solid in the centre, but becoming gradually looser on both sides, till it passed into the state of moveable gravel. He was soon satisfied, by applying chemical tests, that the agglutination was not produced, as in some cases, by calcareous matter. A few miles lower down the valley, he found a crag of sandstone, which yields much to the action of the air, and in dry weather is covered with a white efflorescence having exactly the taste of *common salt*. Combining the two facts, Sir James inferred that sea salt might be the substance which, by serving as a cement, produced the consolidation both of the sandstone rock and the conglomerate. He immediately resolved to follow out this idea by experiment, and after many trials succeeded in forming artificial sandstones of various qualities, some of which were firm enough to be dressed by the chisel, and some have resisted exposure to the elements for years.

In his first experiments he put into a large crucible a quantity of dry salt, and a quantity of loose sand; the whole being heated from below, the salt ascended in fumes through the sand, and converted it into a solid stone. The fumes of the salt seemed to act as a flux on the silicious matter of the sand, and, in fact, to serve a purpose exactly analogous to what they do in glazing potters' ware.

Sir James's object, however, was to illustrate the

Huttonian formation of rocks at the bottom of the sea; and he wished to show that the presence of a body of water above the sand, even at a moderate temperature, was not incompatible with the necessary degree of heat, nor the success of the experiment. He filled an iron crucible, eighteen inches high, to the brim with sand and strong brine, the water rising three inches above the sand. An empty gun-barrel, closed at the lower end, was sunk amidst the sand to within an inch of the bottom of the crucible, that by looking in at the upper and open end of the barrel, the temperature of the saline mass at different heights might be seen. The crucible was exposed to a strong heat, fresh brine being constantly added as it boiled off; and it was distinctly seen, by means of the gun-barrel, that while the sand at the bottom became red hot, the water at the top was merely in a state of moderate ebullition. After remaining in the fire for some hours, it was suffered to cool, and when examined, it was found that the sand at the bottom had concreted into a solid cake of most perfect sandstone, while the part above, which was still drenched with brine, remained permanently loose.

Sir James used black lead crucibles at first, but found that the action of the brine upon them impeded the success of the experiment. He found also that the process succeeded with common sea water instead of brine, only it was necessary to continue the operation for three weeks, always introducing new supplies of water as it boiled off, till a sufficient quantity of salt was accumulated. The substitution of a strong brine, containing one-third of its weight of salt, merely shortened the process without altering the result. He observed, too, that the longer the operation was continued, the more solid and durable was the sandstone produced; and hence, as nature has an indefinite command of time in her processes, we see why her products should be so much more perfect than those formed in our laboratories. The presence of the water above was so far from being inconsistent with a due degree of heat below, that by supplying fresh brine in sufficient quantity, it was found possible to keep it at a moderate temperature at the top, while the sandstone below was at a full red heat.

Common sand was the substance used in Sir James's earlier experiments, but he afterwards found that pounded quartz or gravel could be agglutinated into a solid body by the same method. For the sake of negative evidence, the process was repeated with *fresh water*, keeping every other circumstance the same; but not the slightest approach to consolidation was produced.

His theory of the process is as follows:—The first action of the heat on the sand drenched with brine is, to drive off the water from the lower portion of the mass, and to convert the salt and sand into a dry cake, which, if taken out and immersed in water, would crumble down. The application of the heat being continued, the cake becomes red hot, the salt is converted into vapour or fumes, which mix intimately with the sand, and causing a partial fusion of the contiguous particles (as in the glazing of potters' ware), produces an agglutination.

Sir James proceeded a step farther in his imitation of the processes employed by nature. Sandstones are often less or more tinged or streaked with colours, and the colouring matter is generally metallic. A little oxide of iron (in powder) was therefore mixed with the salt, and this being put into a crucible with quartzose sand, it was found that the fumes of the salt bore up the metallic oxide along with them, and the cake of sandstone produced was curiously stained with iron."

Basalt had been the subject of similar experiment so early as 1804. The general character of this rock is well known. It is one of those of igneous or volcanic origin—is generally of a blackish colour, and always of a very hard consistence, being composed mainly of two ingredients, felspar and augite, with titaniferous iron—and, finally, it is often of a columnar structure—that is, disposed in masses as of pillars closely joined together. The island of Staffa, one of the Hebrides, is a mass of rock, a mile and a half in circumference, consisting of three beds more or less horizontal, of which the central is a range of nearly upright columns of basalt, in which several caves have been formed by the action of the waves. Another notable specimen of the basaltic formation is presented in the Giants' Causeway, on the northern coast of Ireland. "This," to quote the description of a philosophical traveller,* "is a sort of promontory or jettye,

* We employ an abridgement, which appeared in the Scotsman newspaper, July 11, 1827, of a paper in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, in which Sir James detailed his experiments.

* Pictet, in his Voyage en Angleterre, &c. Geneva, 1802.

which slopes very gradually down to the sea, and terminates in a point, against which the waves dash with great violence. This jetty forms the left point of a semicircular bay, surrounded on all sides by a steep and lofty coast, which displays, in all its extent, the finest specimens of basaltic phenomena—nothing is to be seen, on every hand, but groups of columns in an upright position. The Giants' Causeway, properly so called, is itself one of these groups, but so much lower than the rest, that the tops of the pillars are seen naked a little way above the level of the sea. The uniform appearance of the upper end of these innumerable columns makes it seem at a little distance like a pavement of polygonal [many-cornered] stones. Upon a nearer approach, they are found not to be altogether on the same level; and in walking along the causeway, one is obliged to step continually up and down, as if on the steps of a stair. All the pillars are nearly in perfect contact with each other, without the interposition of any other substance. There is no great variety in their sizes; the common diameter is from twelve to fifteen inches. The number of their angles is not uniform; there are some with eight, and some with four; but the most common form is hexagonal [six-cornered]. The description is completed by the statement, that the columns are divided into blocks, or prisms, like the pillars composed of a succession of stones in ordinary masonry; but in this case each block has an angular projection at the top, fitting into a corresponding hollow in the stone next above—these projections and hollows generally occupying the whole joining surfaces, except about an inch-breadth.

These objects are the wonders of their respective countries. The country people will not believe that they have not been the work of some superior class of mortals, so like are they to human handiwork. The poet speaks of the cave of Fingal in Staffa as a temple reared by nature, to shame the miniature works of pigmy men; and even the philosopher has surveyed them in despair of ever ascertaining the mode of their construction. Yet this secret of nature has yielded in the long-run to the persevering ingenuity of her children. About 1804, Mr Gregory Watt fused seven hundred-weight of an amorphous or unshaped basalt named Rowley Rag; the fire was maintained for six hours, and the mass was then suffered to cool very gradually, so that eight days elapsed before it was removed from the furnace. The experimenter found in it spheroids, or flattish globular masses, in some cases extending to a diameter of two inches. When two of these came in contact, they did not melt into each other; they kept distinct, but pressed against each other, and formed plane sides, just as soap bubbles may be observed to do when they press together. When several spheroids met, they formed prisms, or acquired plane sides all round. Where the centres of a great number of these spheroids were at equal distances from each other, it was calculated by Mr Watt, that, in spreading out and meeting each other, they must necessarily form six-sided figures. Where the centres were at unequal distances, it was not less clear that figures of other shapes must be formed. Mr Watt further supposed that, if these spheroids were resisted below, but not above, they would extend upwards, till they met some counteracting cause, and thus form columns. The divisions or jointings of some basaltic columns is here a difficulty; but Mr Watt endeavoured to get over it, by pointing to a series of concentric fractures in the interior of his spheroids: he supposed that the division into blocks might be owing to the same law of crystallisation which produced that appearance. Thus what was once thought one of the most mysterious of all nature's operations was so far mimicked in a chemist's workshop, as to lead to a nearly certain knowledge of how the operation took place in nature's own greater laboratory. Staffa, the Giants' Causeway, and other well-known basalts, must have once been fused masses, which assumed their columnar structure as a simple consequence of the manner in which they were cooled.

More recently, crystals like those found in rocks have been formed by Bequerell and Mitcherlich, foreign mineralogists, by means of electricity acting upon a solution containing the ingredients; and Mr Crosse of Somersetshire has, by means of the same power, acting with small force, but during a considerable space of time, exactly simulated a process going on in the Quantock Hills, where water percolating through limestone forms calcareous spar. The latter gentleman has also made crystals of silver, chalcodony, and quartz, out of various solutions.*

Experiments like these are chiefly of value for the illustration they give to a very interesting and instructive truth which lies at the bottom of all philosophy, namely, the invariableness of the laws of nature, whether they act upon a large or a small scale. A sheet of rock, extending perhaps underneath some large district of country, and a quantity only sufficient to fill the breech of a gun-barrel, take their form and character under precisely identical circumstances. A few hundred-weights of basalt exemplifies in a common furnace those mighty workings which, countless ages ago, produced a Staffa and a Giants' Causeway. So also did the falling of an apple in a Lincolnshire garden suggest to the pregnant mind of Newton the secret of planetary movements. Nature has no daintiness: she forms a globe fit to sustain millions after millions

of breathing beings, and spherifies the dew-drop which only reflects a miniature of the hawthorn blossom, with the same silence and serenity. The interference of man's busy mind to direct her movements offends her not, and she makes no distinction of persons. She is as ready to obey the call of the simplest child as to act on her own majestic will. She will act in the laboratory of the nameless mechanic, as well as in the bosoms of her own magnificent oceans.

STORY OF MARTIN GUERRE.

[FROM THE CAUSES CELEBRES.]

MARTIN GUERRE, a native of Biscay, was married in the month of January 1539 to Bertrande de Rols, with whom he lived for many succeeding years at the village of Artigues, in the diocese of Rieux, in Upper Languedoc. The condition of Martin Guerre was that of a small farmer, and the property possessed by him and his wife was very considerable for people of their rank in life. Married at a very early age, they were not blessed with children until the tenth year of their union, when a son was born, to whom was given the name of Sanxi Guerre. Shortly after this event, Martin Guerre had the misfortune to quarrel with his wife's father or uncle, and in consequence took the resolution of leaving Artigues for a time. He seems to have found a wandering life agreeable to his disposition, as he never showed himself again at his home for many long years, nor were any tidings of him received all the while by his family.

This unjustifiable conduct of a husband and father led to strange consequences. Upwards of eight years after Martin Guerre's absence, a man presented himself at Artigues, declared himself to be Martin Guerre, and was at once recognised as such by the four sisters of the absentee, by his uncle, by the parents and relatives of his wife, and by the wife herself. Not the slightest suspicion of imposture was entertained by any one, as the self-named Martin Guerre was found perfectly acquainted with a thousand little matters, both domestic and otherwise, which none, it seemed, but the original actor in them could possibly have known. The marks and scars, also, which had characterised Martin Guerre's countenance and person, were all apparent in his representative. Accordingly, the latter was received with joy by the wife and all her connections, and assumed the place which he was supposed to have vacated eight years before. Bertrande de Rols (or Guerre) had in times past shown the strongest attachment to her husband, and her conduct in his absence was irreproachable. She now lived for three years in perfect concord and happiness with him who personated her husband, and bore two children to him, only one of whom survived for any length of time.

This state of tranquillity first received a shock through an accidental discovery made by Pierre Guerre, the uncle of Martin. A stranger, passing through Artigues, expressed the utmost surprise on hearing it said that Martin Guerre was living with his wife and family, and unhesitatingly declared that there must be imposture in the case, as he himself had recently seen Martin Guerre in Flanders, and had been told by him that he had a wife and child in Languedoc, but did not intend to return home till a certain relation was dead. The stranger moreover stated, that the real Martin Guerre had lost a leg at the battle of St Laurent, before Saint Quentin. The traveller's statement was heard by Pierre Guerre, and appeared to him so clear and distinct, that he began to entertain suspicions, which speedily spread from him to the relatives of Martin's wife. A number of little circumstances, all tending to strengthen the notion of imposture, were now gradually noticed by the uncle and friends, and at length they finally became so assured of the justice of their fears as to adopt the resolution of publicly punishing the villain who had so grossly deceived them. But they found very great difficulty in persuading the wife of Martin Guerre that the man with whom she had lived peacefully for three years was not her true husband. At length, however, the poor woman was brought to something like a conviction of the sad truth, and was induced to take steps for prosecuting the actor in this strange deception, who was taken into custody to wait his trial.

On a day appointed, the prisoner was brought into court, where the chief criminal judge of Rieux sat as president, and where an immense crowd of people had assembled to watch the issue of a case which had already excited the deepest interest. Numerous wit-

nesses were present to support the one or the other side. Out of nearly one hundred and fifty persons examined, between thirty and forty gave evidence in favour of the accused, deposing that they believed him to be the real Martin Guerre, and referring to many circumstantial proofs in support of their belief. On the other hand, a still greater body of witnesses declared their impression that the prisoner was not Martin Guerre. Who the pannel really was, was announced by various of these witnesses, but in particular by Carbon Barreau, who recognised the accused as his nephew, by name *Arnaud du Tilh*, a native of Sagias in Languedoc. The old man, Carbon Barreau, while acknowledging his nephew, wept for the disgrace he had brought on the family. While such testimonies were given by the witnesses for and against the prisoner, there was a third body of witnesses, more numerous than either of the others, who declared that the resemblance to Martin Guerre puzzled them so much as to render them totally unable to tell whether the accused was that individual or not.

Much weight, comparatively, was of course laid on the evidence given by the relatives of Martin Guerre. Strange to say, these relatives were as much at variance as others. His four sisters unhesitatingly and unequivocally declared their belief that the prisoner was their brother, and none else, and by this opinion they held to the last. The uncle of Martin, again, and the wife's relations, maintained the opposite side of the question. As for the wife, whether from weakness or distress of mind, her evidence was not productive of much light in the matter. What she did say weighed in the prisoner's favour, as, on his being tested afterwards, it was found that he knew all the little secrets of her wedded life as well as she herself did. He told of private occurrences of old date, that tallied in every point with her private revelations on examination. When the prisoner himself was asked to speak in his defence, he entered without the slightest embarrassment on a long narration, calculated to prove his claims to the character he had assumed. He began with ascribing avaricious motives to Pierre Guerre, as the cause of that person's animosity. He then related every particular step of his career, from his birth to his departure from home; and those who best knew Martin Guerre declared that all the incidents related had occurred to him to their certain knowledge. The prisoner described his marriage with particular minuteness, mentioning the name and even the dress of every important individual then and there present, as well as many other minute points connected with the ceremony. Notwithstanding these striking statements of the prisoner, and notwithstanding the doubts of the witnesses, the criminal judge of Rieux conceived the charge to be *proven*, and pronounced the prisoner guilty.

But this only led to new investigations. The prisoner appealed to the parliament of Toulouse, and by its orders inquiries were entered upon of a still more searching kind than formerly. To show how great were the difficulties in which this case was involved, it is only necessary to state a few of the facts that came out on both sides. Against the prisoner, it was averred that Martin Guerre was a taller man, and darker in hue; and that he had slender limbs, stooping shoulders, and a hanging under lip, whereas the prisoner had stout limbs, an upright person, and no particular mark about his lips. The shoemaker who had made shoes for the true Martin Guerre, also declared that the feet of the latter were of the twelfth size, while the accused person's were of the ninth. Martin Guerre, it was also proved, was skilled in wrestling and other sports, at which the prisoner could do nothing. Moreover, Martin Guerre, being a Biscayan, was thoroughly acquainted with the Basque tongue, of which the other knew only a word or two. These are specimens of the proofs against the prisoner. The opposite evidence seems almost equally strong, and this may be said of the personal resemblances in particular. A cicatrix above the right eye, the mark of an ulcer on the face, a drop of extravasated blood on the left eye, two peculiar teeth, a split nail on one of the fore-fingers, three warts on the right hand, and one on the little finger—all of these marks were on Martin Guerre, and all of them on the accused! Other witnesses in the prisoner's favour deposed to his having alluded to circumstances which had passed privately between them and Martin Guerre, ten, twelve, and fifteen years before. Above all, the bridesmaids of Bertrande de Rols declared that the prisoner had minutely described incidents which proved him to be no other than the man who was bridegroom on that occasion.

Such were among the difficulties surrounding this question. The confident bearing of the accused added to the general perplexity, as he on every occasion assumed the part of an injured and persecuted man. He even made a solemn public appeal to the wife of Martin Guerre, declaring that, as she believed in his identity or otherwise, he was willing to be held guilty or innocent. But the wife would not take an oath on either side, although she said that, under the circumstances, she could trust in nothing that *he* (the prisoner) could say.

Things were in this state of incertitude, when the real Martin Guerre, who had been fruitlessly sought for, appeared suddenly on the field, "as if (says Gayot de Pitaval, in the *Causes Celebres*) he had dropped from the skies." The judges ordered him into confinement before he had seen his relations or any one

* See Journal, No. 277.

who was concerned in the cause. Martin Guerre, as had been stated by the traveller, was without one of his limbs, and had a wooden substitute. When privately interrogated upon some known facts in Martin Guerre's life, he answered freely and correctly, but did not give so many proofs of his identity as the prisoner had done under the like examination. Arnaud du Tilh and the lame Martin Guerre were then confronted with one another. Each treated the other as an impostor; but the first-mentioned of the two displayed far most confidence, and scornfully declared that he would consent to be hanged if he did not prove the whole to be a machination of Pierre Guerre, and the man with the wooden leg to be but a creature of his. The latter seemed to lose his presence of mind at the sight of the other's consummate boldness and effrontery. The judges were yet quite at a loss, but they resolved upon assembling all the relations of Martin Guerre, and all the principal witnesses in the case, with the view of leaving it to their decision on beholding both parties together.

Accordingly, all the summoned parties made their appearance at an appointed day. The eldest of the four sisters so often mentioned was the first to enter the court, where the rival Martins already were, and her testimony was almost decisive. It will be remembered that she and her sisters were the most influential witnesses in favour of the impostor. Now, however, when her eye fell on the lame man, she sprang to him and embraced him with tears, exclaiming to the judges, "Behold my brother, Martin Guerre! I confess the error into which this abominable traitor," pointing to du Tilh, "has led me, and in which he has kept me for so long a time, as well as others." Martin Guerre mingled his tears with those of his sister, as he received and returned her embraces. The other sisters also recognised their brother at once, as did all the witnesses, in short, who had been most obstinate in favour of Arnaud du Tilh. As usually happens in cases of the closest resemblance of person, the confronting of the parties at once dispelled the illusion which had memory only to depend on. After other recognitions, Bertrande de Rols, the wife, was called into court. No sooner had she cast her eye timidly on the lame stranger, than the spell was at once broken in her case also. She became strongly agitated, trembling like an aspen leaf, and weeping abundantly. Then she ran to embrace her husband's feet, and besought his pardon for the fault which the artifices of a wretch had led her to commit. She entreated him to remember that his four sisters and others had been deceived also, and reminded him that her very love for him had its influence in causing her to be misled. She declared that such was her grief and shame when the impostor was discovered, that she prayed for death, and, but for the commands of God, would herself have put an end to her days. "The touching air (says Gayot de Pitaval) with which Bertrande de Rols spoke, her tears, and her beauty, which was still great, the expression of agony spread over her visage, pleaded eloquently for her." But her husband, who had appeared so sensible to the tokens of affection coming from his sisters, appeared insensible to those of his wife. He told her that she ought to have known her real husband from all others, although the whole world had been deceived; and he had the cruelty further to say to her, that he looked upon her as the cause of all the disgrace and wretchedness resulting from this affair. The judge checked Martin Guerre for this conduct to his wife, which came with an ill grace from the lips of a man who had deserted his family for so many years, and who was the true cause of all the mischief, by thus leaving them at the mercy of the designing. Moreover, had not Martin Guerre made revelations to the impostor Arnaud du Tilh, respecting his family affairs, his wife never could have been deceived as she had been. Such considerations, nevertheless, could not overcome the angry feelings of Martin Guerre, when he met his wife in court. But as we firmly believe in the wife's innocence, from an attentive consideration of all the minutiae of the case, we have pleasure in recording that the last words of the original narrative on this point are, "Time only caused Martin to change his sentiments." The court of Toulouse, also, took into consideration the question whether Bertrande de Rols was or was not an accomplice of Arnaud du Tilh, and decided unanimously in favour of her innocence.

The communications of Martin Guerre to Arnaud du Tilh have been alluded to as the chief source of the latter's ability to accomplish his imposture. Du Tilh spent two years in the other's company in the military service, and was his intimate friend and confidant. On returning from the wars alone, he was mistaken for Martin Guerre by several acquaintances of that person, and this first suggested to him the idea of establishing himself comfortably in life by personating Martin Guerre, and becoming master of his property. Before attempting this, however, he secretly made himself acquainted with every possible particular, relative to the family and history of the man whose name he was about to assume. This step over, he boldly presented himself, and the issue was as we have seen. All these things Arnaud du Tilh confessed, after being sentenced to death for his crime. Previous to execution, he was doomed to walk through the street of Artigues with his head and feet bare, a halter round his neck, and a lighted torch in his hand. As he performed this part of his sentence, having latterly become penitent, he besought pardon of Martin Guerre

and his wife, the persons whom he had most injured. In front of their house he was hanged—a retributive compliment of the law which they would most probably have been willing to dispense with. September 1560 was the date of this execution.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ENGLISH CHURCH-YARDS.

BY AN AMERICAN.

Few things have interested me more, in my rambles about the world, and especially in the old countries, than the visits I have made to churchyards. In this country, the traveller, however much his mind may be so disposed, can depend but little on such sources of enjoyment or edification. It is a sad fault of us Americans, that, for the most part, we neglect the dead. We are inclined, generally, I know, to disparage external appearances. We have a contempt for ceremonies. We are a hard, practical people, absorbed in business, surrounded by circumstances which accustom us to the livelier kinds of excitement, educated and impelled in every way to undervalue and lose sight of what may be called the graces of civilisation. These peculiarities, the evidence and influence of which are plainly perceptible throughout every department of action and sphere of life among us, are to be accounted for easily enough; no explanation need be given of them here. Nor will the reader require to be reminded of the better qualities with which, in the usual order of things, and as a matter almost of moral necessity, they are commonly connected. Still, however, the feeling in question—the want of feeling I am tempted to call it—must be set down against us as a "fault." Undeniable at least it is, that one of the most attractive and prepossessing of all the minor virtues of a community—the gentler graces I have spoken of as neglected by ourselves—is a thoughtful and tender care for the departed.

Here surely we are powerfully called on to borrow a leaf from the Old World's journal. Who that has roamed over those countries, in any thing like a leisurely way, or at all as a traveller should, whom aught animates beyond this restless, rankling, eternal thirst for business and lucre, but has a memory richly stored for the rest of his lifetime, even out of the churchyards alone—a memory, ay, and a heart too, stored with loveliest images of thought—with feelings that are a ceaseless fountain to refresh the soul—with pictures of sweet, sequestered scenes, reposing in the mind's meditations, all beautiful as in nature itself, sunny and still as the little lakes of the hills, haunting and soothing one's spirit evermore. England, most of all, is full of these resources. Every where the kind of churchyards I refer to are to be found; old, venerable, moss-mantled, in every way picturesque, yet greenly and freshly rural—the very homes of meditation. There is a hearty homeliness in the English character, with all its faults, which delights in these outward observances of affectionate respect for the dead. If the "old countrymen" are not remarkable for a quick sensibility, there is, nevertheless, a permanent and steady ardour in their temperament, which "wears well." Among no people are instances of persevering fidelity in friendship between the living more numerous; and it is the same feeling, the same substantial, homely, hearty character, which, in equal proportion, manifests itself in a thousand most touching though simple forms of association between the departed generation and those who survive through all the humblest hamlets of the land. I dwell, daily, with a pleasure which I cannot express, on the remembrances of these sacred scenes. Not of the "dim and mighty minsters of old time" alone I think, whose

very light
Streams with a colouring of heroic days
In every ray;
nor of
rich fretted roofs,
And the wrought cornals of summer leaves,
Joy and vine, and many a sculptured rose
Binding the slender columns, whose light shafts
Cluster like stems in corn sheaves;

nor of
The crimson gloom from banners thrown;

nor
Forms, in pale proud slumber carved,
Of warriors on their tombs, where jewelled crowns
On the flushed brows of conquerors have been set,
And the high anthems of old victories
Have made the dust give echoes!

These are rich indeed with an interest of their own, but they do not deeply touch the heart. Grave lessons are to be learned from them, but, as the poet adds, too frequently they are but memories and monuments of power and pride,

that long ago,
Like dim processions of a dream, have sunk
In twilight depths away.

These we behold with wondering awe, it may be with a solemn admiration; yet these very feelings but stand in the way of deeper ones. We see too much—too much of man and his observances. Crowds of merely historical associations engross the mind. The imagination and the memory are excited to the prejudice of the heart. No! give me the churchyards of the common people and the poor; the expressions of a nature which deems itself unobserved; the simplicity of a genuine feeling, obscured with whatever rudeness or ignorance. Give me the lone places,

"where there is nothing to be seen" but stones, and sods, and trees, and chequered turf,

The temple twilight of the gloom profound,
The dew-cup of the frail anemone,
The reed by every wandering whisper thrilled.

Where but in such a spot, and in a country full of such, could genius itself have ever penned the "Elegy?" Who but an English poet could have been its author?—one who had pondered from childhood in scenes like those he describes in that immortal poem, and who had laid the dust of his own mother "where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap!" From what other source than a "mountain churchyard" could spring the spirit of "Easter Day," so sublimely cheerful, so divinely true? It was the *graces* that appealed to the poetess; to them she uttered her appeal:—

And you, ye graves! upon whose turf I stand,
Girt with the slumber of the hamlet's dead,
Time, with a soft and reconciling hand,
The covering mantle of bright moss hath spread
O'er every narrow bed:
But not by time, and not by nature sown
Was the celestial seed, whence round you peace hath grown:
Christ hath arisen! Oh, not one cherished head
Hath, 'midst the flowery sods, been pillowed here
Without a hope (however the heart hath bled
In its vain yearnings o'er the unconscious bier),
A hope, upspringing clear
From those majestic tidings of the morn,
Which lit the living way to all of woman born.
Thou hast wept mournfully, Oh human love!
E'en on this greensward; night hath heard thy cry,
Heart-stricken one! thy precious soul above,
Night, and the hills, which sent forth no reply
Unto thine agony!
But He who wept like thee, thy Lord, thy guide,
Christ hath arisen, Oh love! thy tears shall all be dried.
Dark must have been the gushing of those tears,
Heavy the unsleeping phantom of the tomb,
On thine impassioned soul, in elder years,
When, burdened with the mystery of its doom,
Mortality's thick gloom
Hung o'er the sunny world, and with the breath
Of the triumphant rose came blending thoughts of death
By thee, sad Love, and by thy sister, Fear,
Then was the ideal robe of beauty wrought
To veil that haunting shadow, still too near,
Still ruling secretly the conqueror's thought,
And, where the board was fraught
With wine and myrtles in the summer bower,
Felt, e'en when disavowed, a presence and a power.
But that dark night is closed; and o'er the dead,
Here, where the gleamy primrose tufts have blown,
And where the mountain-beath a couch has spread,
And settling oft on some grey-lettered stone,
The red-breast warbles lone;
And the wild bee's deep, drowsy murmurs pass
Like a low thrill of harp-strings through the grass.
Here, 'midst the chambers of the Christian's sleep,
If e'er death's gulf may look with trusting eye,
For hope sits dove-like on the gloomy deep,
And the green hills wherein these valleys lie
Seem all one sanctuary
Of holiest thought; nor needs their fresh, bright sod,
Turf, wreath, or shrine, for tombs all dedicate to God.

I remember a spot among the Cumberland hills that might have inspired even poetry like this. It was the little church (and churchyard) of Borrowdale; the smallest building of its class in England, it is said. Mr Wordsworth, who lives in the neighbourhood, said it was "no bigger than a cottage;" and thus, indeed, it seemed, when, at the end of a long ramble, I found it so nestled away in the niche of a hill-side, so buried and wrapped in shade and solitude, that it was difficult to realise how even the narrow space within its walls should ever be filled by human worshippers. Another such picture the pedestrian may have to think of, who, sauntering along the hedge-lined byways of the lovely Isle of Wight, suddenly stays his steps, unconsciously, to gaze over into the sweet, small garden of graves, clustering all round the humble, but exquisite, church of St Lawrence; some of them, on the upper side of the mountain slope, nearly as high as the moss-grown roof of the building, over which one sees, from the road-side, a glimpse of the lonely sea, spread out at the base of the mountain. Nothing can exceed the beauty of the proportions of this ancient edifice, miniature as it is. The slope of the hill it is set on is so steep, that the road just mentioned is cut into it like a groove. On the upper side, a cliff towers up over one's head, almost perpendicularly, some hundred feet, yet every where, from the moisture of the climate, and the richness of the soil that still clings to the rocks, mantled with a soft, silky robe of the sweetest verdure the eye ever saw, brightly spotted with clusters of flowers, and small shrubs flourishing out from the crevices, and sometimes laden with vines. Below the church, the scene grows wilder. The hill-side shows, far up from the water-mark, traces of the fierce power of the element which sleeps now so quietly at its feet. Huge sea-stained points of crags peer out grimly on every side; the vegetation is withered, and disappears as we wind farther down by the dizzy footpath the egg-hunters have trodden; and now breaks out upon us, in its full volume, that terrible thunder of the surge of even these slumbering waves. But it is a thunder that comes only in mellowed music to him who saunters, as I did, through the noiseless avenues of the little sanctuary in the niche of the hill-side above. Many a time I stayed my steps to listen to this murmur, as, borne on the gusts of the "sweet sea air sweet and strange," it swelled and fell at intervals, like spirit voices whispering to those who lay beneath. No! not to them. There is the "dull, cold ear," that will not hear. To me, to all who visit this blessed temple, this sacred ground, to us, to us they speak. They tell us of the history below us, and of the destiny before.

They mind us well of the life we are living; ah! better still of that we have *not* lived, where there is no more "moaning of the sea."

It was in this churchyard I noticed a humble heap piled over the remains of one whose annals, as the modest marble at its head recorded them, touched my heart. It was a young, beautiful girl. She came to this neighbourhood, I think, from Wales, probably for the restoration of health. But, alas! nor herb, nor sea-air, nor care of relative or friend, could save her; no, not the yearning tenderness, or breaking heart of him who loved her best, and who weeps now over the untimely tale I read! To him she had been long betrothed, and trusting still in that dear deceiving hope which never leaves us, and which the poor perishing consumptive and her kindred cling to so fondly, till life's light goes quite out: in this hope the marriage day was appointed. Preparations, even, were made for it. On that day she died; and here she is buried, as in her last murmurs she asked that she might be, in her bridal dress! Peace be to her ashes! she "sleeps well" in the churchyard of St Lawrence!

Not very far, but very different from this, is the precinct of the grey old church of Chale, which stands in the immediate neighbourhood of a tremendous precipice, on the brink of the sea, called Blackgang Chine. Deep under this awful barrier, a small snug cove runs in, making what the islanders entitle Chale Bay; in itself a wild and yet pleasing and generally tranquil spot, bordered by a curved beach of shining sand, and enlivened by tiny streamlets, trickling from the verge of the huge rocks above. A man who hated his own race, but yet loved nature, would choose a nook at the base of the Chine for his dwelling. No stranger, at least, would disturb him; for if he did not pass by the edge of the cliff, in the wayside, as he probably would, without knowing it, he would shudder and start back from the sight; there is something threatening, appalling, in the lonely sublimity, and even in the intense, strange solitude of the place. But, ah! if he knew, as I do, its history! Four times, if not more, since my brief acquaintance with this charming island began, have gallant ships gone down, in storm and surge, in this fatal cove.

I learned the history of one of these hapless companies from the marbles of the churchyard of Chale. There they were buried, with the sad solemnities suited to such an occasion, and with all the tenderness needed to soothe *their* hearts who were watching now so eagerly for the return of a long-expected ship. What a picture of human life—what a passage of human history it is! "sermons," indeed, "in stones!" Six of the passengers were of one affectionate family; a gallant naval officer, coming home from a long service, with his wife, a babe, and three elder and beautiful daughters. The brother of this lady had been expecting them daily. He was one of the first on the island to be informed of their coming, and of *how* they had come, and to behold a spectacle which I will not describe!

Let us hasten from the churchyard of Chale. The name is a knell in my memory.

A glance at the burial-place of the United Brethren at Ballymahon in Ireland may be a relief to the reader. It is another of the spots one would choose for his bones to lie in—for, say what we will, there is a *choice*; and the thought of it is no indifferent matter to us while we live, however little the fact itself may concern us or others in future time. The Moravians believe so, at least they appreciate, justly too, the moral influence, the religious science, of a burial-ground. They do not deem it either decent to leave it neglected, or necessary to make it frightful. The little village, which I visited one Sabbath morning, is embosomed in trees, and surrounded with the famed emerald verdure of the country on every side; divided into a small harmonious arrangement of shaded streets, that, but for the neat rows of cottages, and regular beds of flowers on either hand, look more like natural lanes: "remote from cities," in a word; serene, peaceful, beautiful as a "thought of Paradise." I attended service in the little church, and afterwards walked through the churchyard, which lies on the table-land of a gentle green swell behind it, skirted with flourishing and flowery hedges, and spotted over, in hollow and heap, with checks of a mellow September sunshine, sifted through the branches of leaning trees. I need not describe the scene in detail. The customs of this sect in the care of their dead are known to all. How truly are they delineated in Montgomery's lines on the graves of the Patriarchs:—

A scene sequestered from the haunts of men,
The loveliest nook of all that lovely glen,
Where weary pilgrims found their last repose.
The little heaps were ranged in comely rows.
With walks between, by friends and kindred trod,
Who drest with duteous hands each hallowed sod.
No sculptured monument was taught to breathe,
His praises whom the worm devoured beneath.
The high, the low, the mighty, and the fair,
Equal in death were undistinguished there.
Yet not a hillock mouldered near that spot,
By one disowned, or by all forgot.
To some warm heart the poorest dust was near,
From some kind eye the meaneast claimed a tear.
And off the living, by affection led,
Were wont to walk in spirit with their dead,
Where no dark cypress cast a dolorous gleam,
No blighting yew shed poison o'er the tomb.
But white and red, with intermingling flowers,
The graves looked beautiful in sun and showers.
Green myrtles fenced them, and beyond that bound
Ran the clear rill, with ever murmuring sound.
'Twas not a scene for grief to nourish care,
It breathed of hope, it moved the heart to prayer.

Yes, and it fills us with hope, it moves us to prayer, even to think of such a spot. What quietness, what beauty of visible nature, what harmony of rural sounds, what soothing emblems, in a word, of precious and glorious spiritual speculations, and what stirring yet soothing monitors to Christian philosophy and to holy emotion, were mingled with all the more customary and palpable minutiae of the scene! Would that *my* dust, too, might lie at last in some such "churchyard of the patriarchs!" Oh! leave me not to the noisomeness of a burial in the city; I like not the thought. Let the birds sing over me, if they will, and the green grass spring in the sunshine, and the violet and primrose flourish and glow in its midst. I would have the place no terror, at least, to those in whose kind memory I still might live; I would have it to console and cheer; to rouse, gently, to solemn but not gloomy meditation. The poorest village in the land, with all its rude obscurity, might easily be rich enough for this—richer than countless wealth can make the more than deadly dwelling-place of him whose bones are shelved away in the dull clayey churchyards of most large cities. The poorest village may be far abler than the most opulent metropolis to give what is here desired, for nature, and the love of it, are all it needs.*

INDIAN ANECDOTES.

A CURIOUS anecdote was cited in one of our late numbers from "Forbes's Oriental Memoirs," and occasion was then taken to mention the high merits of this work, which was first published a good many years ago. A new edition appeared in 1834, under the superintendence of the author's only daughter, the Countess de Montalembert, and we take the liberty of again making an extract or two from the ample store of entertaining anecdotes which this publication contains.

In various passages of his Memoirs, Mr Forbes notices the ordeal trials, of which nine different kinds are practised by the Hindoos, and which the British authorities are compelled in some cases to sanction. The trials are often successful in detecting guilt, and that in so striking a manner, that it is only by calling to mind the slight-of-hand dexterity of the Hindoos, and the potent influence of imagination, that we can explain some of the cases of this nature. "Residing in a family in Surat (says Mr Forbes), my sister lost a gold watch, on which she set a particular value. Several modes of divination were practised to discover the thief; one was similar to that used among the ancient Chaldeans and Egyptians, and perhaps not unlike the cup of divination belonging to the viceroy of Egypt found among the shepherds of Canaan. On this occasion the name of every person in the house was placed in a separate ball of paste or wax, and thrown into a vessel of water. One only swam on the surface; the rest fell to the bottom, and there remained. On opening the floating ball, it contained the name of an unsuspected female, who immediately confessed she had stolen and secreted the watch. Supposing this to be like other Asiatic juggles, I thought little about it; but afterwards, at Baroche, I attended minutely to an ordeal in which myself, and my head gardener Harabhy, were more immediately concerned.

On removing from our country house at Baroche to Surat, we packed up most of our things, and placed them in the front verandah. An iron chest was, for greater security, deposited in an inner room, near that where the family slept: we saw it there when we retired to rest, and in the morning it was missing. The contents being valuable, and the time of our departure near, we used every means to discover so extraordinary a robbery, in which, from the weight of the chest, three or four persons must have been concerned. Promises and threatenings were of no avail; the delinquents were concealed. I suspected an individual, but not knowing how he could have accomplished the robbery, I remained silent. The public officers belonging to the court of Adawlet not being able to discover the robber, at the earnest solicitations of all our servants, Hindoos, Mahomedans, and Parsees, we had recourse to divination by balls in water, and our own names were included with the rest. On forming a circle round the vase, I observed the man I suspected to change colour and become a little agitated; no other person remarked it, until, on the balls being immersed in water, one only rose to the surface; his confusion was then evident; still more so when, on opening the ball, it contained the name of Harabhy. This person had lived with us several years as head gardener, without our having any reason to suspect his honesty; he positively *denied* the robbery, and we had no other proof than the ordeal, which, although fully satisfactory to all the Indians, was not so to us. They requested that neither Harabhy nor any other person might leave the spot until we had gone through the rice ordeal; to this we submitted, though by no means palatable to Harabhy. He reluctantly complied, and with all the rest of us put a few grains of unboiled rice into his mouth; it was previously intimated that from the mouth of the innocent, after mastication, it would come out a milky liquid, from the guilty a dry powder. We were all of the milky party except Harabhy; mingling with the saliva, it became a white fluid with

us; with him it remained a dry powder, notwithstanding a number of fruitless efforts to liquify it. He was compelled thus to spit it out; his complexion changed from a rich brown to a livid blue, his lips quivered, and his altered countenance plainly indicated guilt; he would make no confession, and on this evidence we could only put him in confinement under the court of Adawlet, until we obtained further proof. The next day a little slave boy, whom I afterwards brought to England, discovered the bent iron hasp of the plate-chest just appearing out of the steep bank of the Nerbudda, at the end of our garden, about twenty feet above the river, and as much below the summit of the cliff; there we found the chest, buried in the earth. The robbers had attempted to wrench it open, and the clasps fastened by padlocks had given way; but the lock occasioning greater difficulty, they waited for a more favourable opportunity. When the culprit found the chest had been recovered and restored to the owners, and that he had no chance of benefiting by its contents, he confessed that in concert with three other men he had carried it off in the night while our people were asleep, and was in hopes we should have departed without finding it. Profane history abounds with similar ordeals; the bitter water of chastity, and many similar trials in the sacred page, prove their prevalence among the Jews."

Ancient writers give an account of a tree of India, which grows to a marvellous size, sometimes covering a circumference of five acres, and capable of sheltering ten thousand men under its branches. This is no fable. The tree alluded to is the *banian*, one of which is in itself a grove. "They are continually increasing in size, and, contrary to most other animal and vegetable productions, seem to be exempted from decay; for every branch from the main body throws out its own roots, at first in small tender fibres, several yards from the ground, which continually grow thicker, until, by a gradual descent, they reach its surface, where, striking in, they increase to a large trunk, and become a parent tree, throwing out new branches from the top. These in time suspend their roots, and, receiving nourishment from the earth, swell into new trunks. A banian tree, with many trunks, forms the most beautiful walks, vistas, and cool recesses, that can be imagined. I have spent many delightful days, with large parties on rural excursions, under one tree supposed by some persons to be that described by Nearchus, the admiral of Alexander the Great. High floods have at various times swept away a considerable part of this extraordinary tree; but what still remains is near two thousand feet in circumference, measured round the principal stems; the overhanging branches, not yet struck down, cover a much larger space; and under it grow a number of eu-tard-apple and other fruit-trees. The large trunks of this single tree amount to three hundred and fifty, and the smaller ones exceed three thousand; each of these is constantly sending forth branches and hanging roots, to form other trunks, and become the parents of a future progeny. This magnificent pavilion affords a shelter to all travellers, particularly to the religious tribes of Hindoos, and is generally filled with a variety of birds, snakes, and monkeys; the latter have often diverted me with their antic tricks, especially in their parental affection for their young off-spring, by teaching them to select their food, and to leap from bough to bough. On a shooting party under this tree, one of my friends killed a female monkey, and carried it to his tent, which was soon surrounded by forty or fifty of the tribe, who, making a great noise, advanced to it in a menacing posture. On presenting his fowling-piece, they retreated, and appeared irresolute; but one, who, from his age and station in the van, seemed the head of the troop, stood his ground, chattering and menacing in a furious manner; nor could any efforts less cruel than firing drive him off. He at length approached the tent door, when, finding his threatenings were of no avail, he began a lamentable moaning, and, by every token of grief and supplication, seemed to beg the body of the deceased. On this, it was given to him. With tender sorrow he took it up in his arms, embraced it with conjugal affection, and carried it off with a sort of triumph to his expecting comrades. The artless behaviour of this poor animal wrought so powerfully on the sportsmen, that they resolved never more to level a gun at one of the monkey race." Under this same banian tree a great chief of the district used frequently to encamp on his excursions in a magnificent style, having a saloon, dining-room, drawing-room, bed-chambers, bath, kitchen, and other accommodations, all in separate tents, while his carriages, camels, horses, guards, and attendants, were all sheltered under its "wilderness of shade." Indeed, during the march of an army it has been known to give a covering to *seven thousand* men, without any inconvenient budding.

Mr Forbes gives many curious particulars relative to the birds and beasts of Hindostan. The secretary-bird, a large fowl about three feet high, is extremely useful in destroying snakes, which, strange to say, are usually swallowed alive by it, yet, though of a most poisonous nature, appear to be incapable of injuring the coats of the stomach with their fangs. "An English gentleman, being out on a shooting excursion, killed a secretary-bird, which he carried home with the intention of having an accurate drawing made of it. He threw it on the floor of the balcony near the house, where, after it had remained some time, and been examined and tossed about, one of the company observed the head of a large

*The above is a contribution from Mr B. B. Thatcher of Boston, editor of "the Boston Book," and author of "Indian Biography."

snake pushing open the bill, out of which it speedily crawled in perfect vigour, and free from any injury. On the supposition that others might still be in the stomach, the bird was suspended by the legs, and presently a second made its appearance, as large and as lively as the first. The bird was afterwards opened, when the stomach was found to contain seven dead snakes, with a half-digested mass of lizards, scorpions, scolopendras, centipedes, and beetles." This passage is quoted by Mr Forbes from another traveller.

"A beautiful bird of Hindostan, the *baya*, forms its nest in a very ingenious manner, by long grass woven together in the shape of a bottle, with the neck hanging downwards, and suspended by the other end to the extremity of a flexible branch, the more effectually to secure the eggs and young brood from serpents, monkeys, squirrels (their most deadly enemy), and from birds of prey. These nests contain several apartments, appropriated to different purposes; in one the hen performs the office of incubation; another, consisting of a little thatched roof, and covering a perch, without a bottom, is occupied by the male, who with his chirping cheers the female during her maternal duties. The Hindoos are very fond of these birds, which they teach to fetch and carry; and at the time when young women resort to the public fountains, their lovers instruct the *baya* to pluck the tica, or golden ornament, from the forehead of their favourite, and bring it to their expecting master."

COUNTRY LENDING LIBRARIES.

AMONG the various symptoms of improvement which are at present observable in Ireland, not the least gratifying is that of the establishment of cheap lending libraries for the industrious classes in different parts of the country. As auxiliaries to a general system of juvenile instruction, they cannot but prove of considerable benefit to society. The establishment of these libraries is simply one of the results of an improved kind of education. First comes the school, and then the library: the one is a natural sequence of the other. In this and some other respects, the course of social advancement in Ireland resembles that of Scotland; the only difference being, that that of Scotland began somewhat earlier. It is now about sixty years since book clubs, farmers' reading societies, shepherds' monthly meetings, and such like humble institutions, were established in the more advanced of our rural districts, and unquestionably with benefit to their members. We never heard of a single instance in which they were perverted from their legitimate object of a cheering and innocent means of mental recreation, and it cannot be doubted that in many instances they have created a taste for literature, productive of the best individual and public results.

Burns, it will be recollected, while still unknown as a poet, was chiefly instrumental in setting on foot a society for mental recreation at Tarbolton, in 1780, and afterwards a book club at Mauchline, which was the means of awakening a taste for reading in the district. Burns's account of the "Rise, Proceedings, and Regulations of the Bachelors' Club at Tarbolton" (see his *Life* by Currie), is exceedingly characteristic, and commences with the following preamble:—

"Of birth or blood we do not boast,
Nor gentry does our club afford;
But ploughmen and mechanics we,
In Nature's simple dress record."

"As the great end of human society is to become wiser and better, this ought therefore to be the principal view of every man in every station of life. But as experience has taught us that such studies as inform the head and mend the heart, when long continued, are apt to exhaust the faculties of the mind, it has been found proper to relieve and unbend the mind by some employment or another, that may be agreeable enough to keep its powers in exercise, but at the same time not so serious as to exhaust them. But super-added to this, by far the greater part of mankind are under the necessity of earning the sustenance of human life by the labour of their bodies, whereby not only the faculties of the mind, but the nerves and sinews of the body, are so fatigued, that it is absolutely necessary to have recourse to some amusement or diversion, to relieve the wearied man worn down with the necessary labours of life.

"As the best of things, however, have been perverted to the worst of purposes, so, under the pretence of amusement and diversion, men have plunged into all the madness of riot and dissipation; and instead of attending to the grand design of human life, they have begun with extravagance and folly, and ended with guilt and wretchedness. Impressed with these considerations, we, the following lads in the parish of Tarbolton, namely, Hugh Reid, Robert Burns, Gil-

bert Burns, Alexander Brown, Walter Mitchell, Thomas Wright, and William McGavin, resolved, for our mutual entertainment, to unite ourselves into a club or society, under such rules and regulations, that, while we should forget our cares and labours in mirth and diversion, we might not transgress the bounds of innocence and decorum; and after agreeing on these and some other regulations, we held our first meeting at Tarbolton, in the house of John Richard, upon the evening of the 11th of November 1780, commonly called Hallowe'en."

The book club at Mauchline, which, as we have said, succeeded this first attempt, was established on a wider basis, and with considerably more advantage to the district. The first work purchased for the use of the members was the *Mirror*, by Mackenzie, the separate numbers of which were at that time recently collected and published in volumes. After it, followed a number of other works, chiefly of the same nature, and among these the *Lounger*. It is far from improbable that these works of polite literature were a means of polishing the mind of Burns, and causing him to write with that exact taste which is so surprising in most of his productions.

Since the era of Burns, the number of all kinds of book clubs, itinerating libraries, and literary societies, has greatly increased in all parts of Scotland; the increase has taken place principally within the last twenty years, during which period a considerable number of libraries have been established in connection with the religious dissenting bodies for the use of the respective congregations. These, with Sunday school libraries for young people, the libraries belonging to societies of artisans in the large towns, and the ordinary circulating libraries which are to be found in all the principal seats of population, have brought the means of literary recreation within the reach of almost every one. The expense at which books may be obtained for perusal from most of these country libraries is so small, that it can afford no reasonable plea to any for abstaining from the luxury. We may give an idea of the constitution of one of these useful societies. The members or subscribers are admitted by ballot or vote; the library is the property of the entire body of subscribers, and cannot be alienated without the consent of the whole members; the subscriptions, by which alone, in most instances, the library is supported, are seldom higher than from one shilling to one shilling and sixpence a quarter; the library is kept in the house of the schoolmaster, or some other individual zealous in the cause (not in a public-house), and he is allowed a trifle annually for his trouble in taking in and giving out the books. The general management of the concern is in the hands of a committee of five or six members, with a secretary and treasurer, appointed by the subscribers at their stated meetings. The appointment of these functionaries is usually the most difficult and delicate business which is to be performed. Generally speaking, no book club can prosper unless it possess an active and intelligent secretary, for on him devolves nearly the whole trouble and responsibility. He should be a person already possessing some knowledge of books, and aware where they are to be most advantageously purchased. It is a serious error, however, to give a discretionary power either to the committee or the secretary to make choice of the books to be added. We have known flourishing institutions ruined by this fatal concession in their regulations. The best plan is to keep a blank paper book at the library, in which each member when he pleases may note down the name of any work which he thinks it desirable should be added; at the meetings of the subscribers all such entries are submitted to them, and the selection made by vote. It is only where the funds can afford it, or when the economising of time is an object, that the secretary or committee should be invested with a certain power of adding works as they are published.

Such are commonly the chief arrangements in the organisation of parish libraries and book clubs in the rural districts of Scotland. The choice of books offered for the perusal of the members is generally pretty extensive and various, the collection consisting of numerous standard, or at least respectable, works of philosophy, theology, fiction, voyages, travels, biography, and other branches of literature, including some of the best periodicals of the day. The main difficulty experienced in the conducting of these libraries has been the sustaining of a sufficient degree of interest and novelty, to keep the subscribers together. After the first two or three years, they

usually begin to complain that they have read the library out, and, consequently, the institution is apt to languish and go down. To avert this calamity, we beg to suggest that the library should be periodically thinned, by selling its less available works, and devoting the proceeds to the purchase of fresh productions. The late Mr Samuel Brown of Haddington introduced the plan of itinerating libraries, by which different districts exchanged their stocks of books with each other.* But this requires a more wide organisation and system of management than can be brought into operation in ordinary cases. The probability of parish libraries languishing from the cause we have assigned, is fortunately diminishing every day. So many of the most approved works in all departments of literature, both native and translated, are now issued in a cheap form, that a country lending library, possessing but very slender funds, may add a few novelties almost every week—certainly with the greatest ease every month. This circumstance alone will prevent many book clubs from languishing, and we should hope will likewise furnish a reason for establishing libraries in places where they have not yet been attempted. By a judicious outlay of money, nearly as many popular works may now be had for *shillings*, as could have been procured a few years ago for *pounds*.

Our chief object in the present paper has been to call the attention of persons in rural districts and country villages to the utility of small lending libraries, for there are many hundreds of parishes in the United Kingdom, where, till the present moment, nothing of the kind has been thought of. In this as in most other cases, all that is needed is one or two active and liberal-minded men to set the required establishment agoing, and to support it for a time by their countenance and advice. There are few districts where such individuals are not to be found, and we feel assured that they could not be more useful in their sphere than by taking a part in so good a work. In Ireland, as we have already mentioned, village and district libraries are commencing in various quarters, principally through the encouragement of resident gentlemen, but also because the people are now better educated than formerly, and are therefore prepared for literary recreation and improvement. For the purpose of showing what is doing in this respect in Ireland, and of inciting others to follow the example, we copy the following announcement from a public placard, which lately appeared on the walls of one of the Irish country towns:—

"**Cheap Lending Library for the Industrious Classes.**
On the 1st of —, a Lending Library will be opened in W—. The object of the library is to create a taste for useful and instructive reading, to give an impulse to the labours of the schoolroom and the workshop, and adopt every means to improve the learning, confirm the industry, and call forth the intelligence, of the working-classes.

To make this object effectual, the books will be such as will be most calculated to direct the habits and tastes of those for whose benefit and instruction the library has been formed. As it is chiefly through books that intercourse with superior minds can be enjoyed, those written by right-minded and strong-minded men, and which meet the peculiar wants, the natural thirst of the mind, and therefore awaken interest and rivet thought, will gain the preference.

The multiplication of books, and their distribution through all conditions of society, being one of the most interesting features of the times, regard will be had to the means of the working-classes, in order to render this distribution as general as possible. At the small expense of one penny a-week, a man may now possess himself of the reading of the most precious treasures of English literature, comprising history, biography, travels, and miscellaneous works on science, mechanics, &c. Books, once confined to a few by their costliness, are now accessible to the multitude; and instead of depending on rumour or vague conversation for most of their knowledge and objects of thought, the industrious classes may now learn to study and reflect alone, to determine for themselves what shall engage their minds, and to call to their aid the knowledge, original views, and reasonings of men of all countries and ages, and in this way produce a change of habits highly favourable to their own improvement. The diffusion of these silent teachers, books, through the whole community, will work greater effects than machinery or legislation. The culture which they will spread, whilst an unspeakable good to the individual as a source of amusement, a defence against intemperance, and as opening up to him subjects of thought and reflection, will also become a blessing to society.

The terms for the library are as follow:—For yearly subscribers, 4s. 4d.; half yearly subscribers, 2s. 6d.; quarterly subscribers, 1s. 6d.

Rules of the library.—1st. Subscriptions to be paid in advance at the time of subscribing, and at the commencement of every subsequent term.

2d. If a subscriber, through any cause whatever, detain a book or books beyond the time subscribed for, the subscription will continue open, and must be paid till the books are returned.

3d. If a book be written in, torn, or damaged, while in the possession of a subscriber, that book, or the set, if part of one, must be paid for at the cost price.

4th. If a subscriber lend a book to a non-subscriber,

* See Chambers's Journal, No. 17.

he forfeits his subscription; nor will a transfer of books from one subscriber to another be allowed.

5th. For the general convenience and accommodation of subscribers, every work will be accompanied by a notice, limiting a reasonable time for reading it, to which the strictest attention must be paid.

6th. If a book be not returned on the day appointed, the subscriber shall pay a fine of 1d. for every day the book shall be detained; and if not returned within fourteen days after the day fixed for its return, application shall be made to the subscriber for the same; and if it be not then returned, the subscriber shall pay the value thereof, or of the set to which it belongs.—For further information, application to be made to ———.

We wish this establishment all the success which it, like every similar institution, so eminently deserves.

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

GREEK SUPERSTITIONS.

MANKIND have in all ages been prone to the most lamentable superstitions. The enlightened nations of antiquity were no more exempted from them than the most ignorant. The Jews, as we are repeatedly informed in Scripture, could with difficulty be restrained from idolatrous and superstitious practices, and confined to the worship and service of the only true God. This remarkable tendency of the Hebrew nation was in all likelihood caused by their sojourn for the space of four hundred years among the Egyptians, whose whole system of religion was a mass of idolatrous observance. They had a number of ideal gods to whom they erected temples of prodigious size and architectural splendour; the principal of these deities were Osiris and Isis, which are thought to have been typical of the sun and moon. But they also offered worship to various animals, as the ox or bull (hence the golden calf of the Hebrews), to which they gave the name of Apis; the dog, the wolf, the hawk, the ibis or stork, the cat, and other creatures; they likewise paid adoration to the Nile, personifying it in the crocodile, to which temples were erected, and priests set apart for its service. The Egyptians, notwithstanding their learning, also believed in dreams, lucky and unlucky days, on-ens, charms, and magic. In a word, they were grossly superstitious, and seem to have had but a feeble conception, if any, of the laws which regulate the ordinary phenomena of nature.

The absurdities of Egyptian superstition formed a basis for what followed in Greece and Rome. The colonisation of the Grecian states occurred about the period that Moses led forth the Jewish host from the land of the Pharaohs (1490 years before Christ), and Egypt at that period was at the height of its civilisation and its superstition. The mythology and superstitions observances of the Greeks deserve to be particularly noticed, both as a matter of amusement and instruction. In the first place, they had no idea of an omnipresent and omnipotent God, the creator and ruler of the universe. Their notions of divinity, like those of other pagans, were grovelling and contemptible. The gods whom they adored were imagined to have been at one period rulers or heroes on earth, and still had their habitation somewhere within the Grecian territory, or at no great distance from it. It may be premised that we should have known little of this monstrous system of belief but for the numerous allusions to the gods, their character and pursuits, in the works of the Greek and Roman poets, and also the various sculptured figures and representations which have been brought to light in modern times. Of the innumerable imaginary beings who were thus held in religious reverence, Jupiter was the chief. According to the stories told of him, Jupiter was the son of Saturn, a god who had been compelled by a powerful and tyrannical brother, named Titan, to promise that he would destroy all his male children. This promise Saturn for some time fulfilled, by devouring his sons as soon as they were born; but, at last, Rhea, his wife, contrived to conceal the birth of Jupiter, Neptune, and Pluto, who thus escaped the fate of their brethren. On discovering that Saturn had male offspring alive in contravention of his engagement, Titan deposed him from his authority, and cast him into prison. But Jupiter, having grown up to manhood, overcame Titan in turn, and restored Saturn to his throne. These vicissitudes, it is to be observed, and others that befell the early divinities, were the result of the decrees of Fate; a power over which the heathen gods are represented as having had no control. Notwithstanding this filial conduct of Jupiter, he afterwards quarrelled with his father, whom he de-throned and chased into Italy, where Saturn is said to

have passed his time in a quiet and useful manner, occupied solely in teaching the rude inhabitants to cultivate and improve the soil. He was afterwards known (under the name of Chronos) as the god of Time, and was usually represented under the figure of an old man holding in one hand a scythe, and in the other a serpent with its tail in its mouth, in allusion to the destructive influence of time, and the endless succession of the seasons. The rule of Saturn in Italy was productive of so much happiness, that the period ever afterwards was called the Golden Age. After Saturn had been driven into exile, his three sons divided his dominions amongst them. Jupiter reserved to himself the sovereignty of the heavens and the earth, Neptune obtained the empire of the sea, and Pluto received as his share the sceptre of the infernal regions. Jupiter did not, however, enjoy unmolested his supreme dignity, for the offspring of Titan, a race of terrible giants, set the new deity at defiance, and by piling the mountains named Pelion and Ossa on the top of one another, endeavoured to ascend into heaven to pluck him from his throne. The gods, in great alarm, fled from their divine abode on Mount Olympus into Egypt, where they concealed their true character, by assuming the forms of various animals; but Jupiter, assisted by Hercules, at last succeeded in destroying the giants, and re-asserting his sovereign sway. Jupiter is always represented on a throne, with thunderbolts in his right hand, and an eagle by his side.

Jupiter took in marriage his sister Juno, who is described as a beautiful but ill-tempered goddess, and is usually depicted as seated in a chariot drawn by two peacocks. Neptune, the brother of Jupiter, and god of the ocean, is painted as a half-naked man, of majestic figure, with a crown on his head, and a trident or three-pronged fork in his hand, drawn in a car over the sea by water-horses. Pluto, the remaining brother of Jupiter, and god of the infernal regions, was painted by the Greeks as seated on a throne with his wife Proserpine by his side, and the three-headed dog Cerberus before him. Nine of the most important of the deities were considered as the children of Jupiter. Apollo was the god of music, poetry, painting, and medicine: he is represented as a young man, of great elegance of person, with a bow in his hand, and a quiver of arrows at his back. Mars, the god of war, is drawn as an armed man in a car, with an inferior female deity, named Bellona, by his side. Bacchus was the god of wine, and was usually represented as a young man, with a cup in one hand, and a spear called a thyrsus in the other. His name has given rise to many phrases in our language, expressive of circumstances connected with drinking. Mercury was the messenger of Jupiter, and the god of oratory, of merchandise, and of thieving. He was represented as a youth flying along the air, with wings at his cap and heels, and a peculiar wand called a caduceus in his hand. Minerva, the goddess of wisdom, was painted as a female of severe aspect, armed on the head and breast, and bearing a spear and shield, while an owl sits by her side. Venus, the goddess of beauty and love, was depicted as a handsome woman, in undress. Diana, the goddess of hunting and of chastity, appeared as a beautiful female, with bow and arrow in her hands, buskins on her limbs, and a crescent on her forehead. Hebe, the goddess of youth, took the form of a blooming young girl, and was said to bear the cup of Jupiter. Another of the children of Jupiter was Vulcan, who, being of ungainly form, and disagreeable in the eyes of his father, was cruelly thrust by him out of heaven, so that he fell on the isle of Lesbos, and, breaking a limb, was lame ever after. On earth Vulcan employed himself as an artificer in iron, and hence he has been assumed as the patron of blacksmiths. Jupiter is said to have employed him in fabricating his thunderbolts. The gay goddess Venus is represented as married to this homely deity, to whom she occasioned much uneasiness by the levity of her conduct. The workshop of Vulcan was believed to be underneath the burning mountain Ætna, in Sicily; and the term *volcano* is derived from that circumstance.

Besides the other attributes and avocations of Apollo, he was the deity of the Sun, having the task confided to him of guiding that luminary in its diurnal course through the heavens. His sister, Diana, had a similar charge over the moon. Apollo, or Phebus, as he was also named, had a son called Phaethon, who, being, like many other young people, self-confident and rash, took advantage of the indulgent disposition of his father to obtain from him the charge of the chariot of the sun for one day. But Phaethon had not travelled far on his journey up the heavens, when his fiery steeds became unmanageable, and, running away with the sun, they descended so close to the earth, that that body was set on fire. Jupiter perceived what had happened, and fearing that the whole universe would be consumed, he struck Phaethon dead with a thunderbolt; then, after a good deal of trouble, he extinguished the dangerous conflagration, and set the sun once more on its usual course. Notwithstanding Apollo's care of the sun, that luminary, on its rising, was the special charge of Aurora, who was called the goddess of the morning or dawn—hence the common flowery expression, "the beams of Aurora rising in the east, tipping the distant hills with their golden hues." None of the heathen deities is more frequently referred to than Cupid, the god of love. He was the son of Venus, and bore the aspect of a beautiful boy.

He had a pair of wings, and was furnished with a bow and a quiver of arrows, which he shot into the hearts of those whom he wished to inflame with the tender passion over which he had control. So great was his power, that he could tame the most ferocious animals, and break in pieces the thunderbolts of Jupiter himself.

There was a number of divinities of minor importance. Hymen was the god of marriage, and was represented with a crown of flowers on his head, and a lighted torch in his hand. Æolus was the god of the winds, which he kept confined in caverns, except at such times as he chose to let them loose upon the world. Pan was the god of the country. He was flat-nosed and horned, and he had legs, feet, and a tail, resembling those of a goat. His favourite haunt was the vales of Arcadia, where he attracted the shepherds around him in admiration by the sweet sounds of his rustic pipe. Ceres was the goddess of agriculture, and had a beautiful daughter, named Proserpine, who was carried off by Pluto while she was gathering flowers on the plains of Sicily, and installed as the queen of the infernal regions. Ceres, in despair at the loss of her daughter, and uncertain as to her fate, lighted a torch at Mount Ætna, and sought for her over the whole earth. In the course of her wanderings she arrived in Attica, and finding its inhabitants ignorant of husbandry, furnished them with grain, and taught them how to cultivate their fields. She at the same time instituted the secret religious ceremonies at Eleusis, which were afterwards known by the name of the *Eleusinian Mysteries*. Ceres then continued her search for her daughter, and at length obtained information of what had happened to her. She immediately ascended to heaven, and demanded redress from Jupiter, who promised to compel Pluto to restore Proserpine, provided she had eaten nothing since her descent into hell. On inquiry, it was ascertained that she had eaten some pomegranates, so that her return to the upper world was, according to the laws of the infernal regions, impracticable. But Jupiter, compassionating her disconsolate parent, ordained that Proserpine should divide her time between her mother and her husband, residing six months with each, alternately. Astræa was the goddess of justice, and during the golden age, when men were virtuous and happy, she dwelt, like many other deities, on earth; but after the world became wicked, she bade it a sorrowful farewell, and, ascending to heaven, was transformed into the sign of the zodiac which is named *Virgo*, or the Virgin. Themis was the goddess of law, and, after the departure of Astræa, she had also to sustain, as well as she was able, the character of the goddess of justice. We see in this, as in some other fables, no small degree of meaning.

Inexorable destiny, which governs all things, was personified by three sisters, called the *Fates*, who represented the Past, the Present, and the Future. They were poetically described as constantly employed in spinning the thread of human life. One held the distaff, another span, and the third cut the thread when it had reached its appointed length. To the decrees of these stern sisters even Jupiter himself was obliged to bend, and his thunders, which affrighted all the other divinities, were heard by them undisturbed. The *Furies* were also three in number, and to them belonged the task of punishing the guilty both on earth and in hell. Instead of hair, their heads were covered with serpents, and their looks were fierce and terrible. Each of the sister-furies waved a torch in one hand, while the other wielded a scourge. The latter instrument inflicted remorseless punishment on those who had incurred the anger of the gods. Wars, famine, and pestilence—the penalty of vice and crime—proceeded from these dread sisters, and *Grief*, *Terror*, and *Madness*, were painted as their inseparable followers. These avengers of guilt form a striking contrast to another sisterly trio, to whom the ancients gave the name of the *Graces*. The *Graces* were named Aglaia, Thalia, and Euphrosyne, and their aspect and attributes corresponded with the common name they bore. They were the daughters of Bacchus and Venus, and were usually represented as unattired, and linked in each other's arms. The nine *Muses* were named Thalia, Melpomene, Calliope, Clio, Erato, Euterpe, Polyhymnia, Terpsichore, and Urania. They were the patronesses of literature and the fine arts, and resided on Parnassus, a lofty mountain in the district of Phocis. Thalia presided over comedy; Melpomene over tragedy; Erato over amatory poetry; Polyhymnia over lyric poetry; Calliope over heroic or epic poetry and eloquence; Clio over history; Euterpe over music; Terpsichore over dancing; and Urania over the study of astronomy.

There was a class of demi-gods, who filled imaginary places in every corner both of earth and sea. The shady groves and flowery vales were peopled by Dryads or wood-nymphs, and Satyrs, a species of rural deities, who, like Pan, had the horns, legs, and feet of a goat. Mountains and streams possessed their guardian-gods and goddesses, and every fountain had its Naiad or water-nymph. The lively imagination of the Greeks made them consider the thunder as the voice of Jupiter; the soft breezes of summer wore to them the movement of the wing of Æolus; the echo of the forest was the voice of a goddess, and the gentle murmur of the streamlet sounded as the tones of its presiding deity. In short, whatever sound or sight in nature charmed their fancy, the Greeks ascribed the pleasure to the agency of unseen, but beautiful and

immortal, beings. Even the meanest things and offices had their presiding deities; there was a goddess of common sewers and sinks. Beyond this it would be impossible to go.

Whether the deities of the Greeks were of superior or inferior importance, they were believed to mingle invisibly in the affairs of mortals, and frequently to lend their assistance in the promotion of schemes of vice and villany. They were animated by envy, malice, and all the evil passions to which men are subject, and they did not hesitate to adopt any measures, however base, to gratify their nefarious purposes. Even Jupiter, the king of heaven, is described as having acted a very profligate part. A belief in immortality, and of a future state of rewards and punishments, formed a part of the Greek religion. Immortality was figured in their temples by a butterfly (called *Psyche*), that animal, by its transformations, being, as they thought, typical of the changes which the human being must undergo. They imagined, that, after death, the souls of men descended to the shores of a dismal and pestilential stream, called the *Styx*, where Charon, a grim-looking personage, acted as ferryman, and rowed the spirits of the dead across the melancholy river, the boundary of the dominions of Pluto. To obtain a passage in Charon's boat, it was necessary that the deceased should have been buried. Those who were drowned at sea, or who were in any other manner deprived of the customary rites of sepulture, were compelled to wander about on the banks of the *Styx* for a hundred years, before being permitted to cross it. After quitting the vessel of Charon, the trembling shades advanced to the palace of Pluto, the gate of which was guarded by a monstrous dog, named Cerberus, which had three heads, and a body covered with snakes instead of hair. They then appeared before Minos, Rhadamanthus, and Acanthus, the three judges of the infernal regions, by whom the wicked were condemned to torments, and the good rewarded with heavenly pleasures.

Tartarus, the place of punishment, was the abode of darkness and horror. There *Tantalus*, for a vile crime done in life, remained perpetually surrounded with water, which fled from his lips whenever he attempted to quench his burning thirst, while over his head hung branches laden with the most inviting fruits, which shrunk from his grasp as often as he stretched out his hand to pluck them. There also was *Ixion* bound with serpents to the rim of a wheel, which, constantly revolving, allowed no cessation of his agonies. Another variety of punishment was allotted to *Sisyphus*, who was condemned to the endless task of rolling a huge stone up the side of a steep mountain, which he had no sooner accomplished than it rolled down again to its former place. On one side criminals were writhing under the merciless lash of the avenging furies, and on another were to be seen wretches surrounded with unquenchable flames. Elysium, the abode of the blessed, was a region of surpassing loveliness and pleasure. Groves of the richest verdure, and streams of silvery clearness, were to be met with on every side. The air was pure, serene, and temperate; the birds continually warbled in the woods, and a brighter light than that of the sun was diffused throughout that happy land. No cares nor sorrow could disturb its inhabitants, who spent their time in the enjoyment of those pleasures they had loved on earth, or in admiring the wisdom and power of the gods.

The Greeks were pre-eminently an imaginative people, and, accordingly, both their mythology and their religious rites were calculated rather to amuse the fancy than to interest or improve the understanding. Their public worship was altogether ceremonial. In magnificent temples they invoked and offered sacrifices to the gods, and the solemn festivals of their religion consisted of pompous processions, public games, dramatic entertainments, feasting, and masquerading. To these were added, in the worship of Bacchus, drunkenness, indecency, uproar, and every species of licentiousness. It was no business of the priests to inculcate lessons of morality; the only doctrine taught by them was, that the gods demanded slavish adulation, and an outward show of reverence from their worshippers, who would be rewarded with the divine favour in proportion to the abundance and costliness of their offerings. Besides the public services of religion, there were certain secret rites, performed only by the initiated, in honour of particular divinities. The most remarkable of these mystical observances were the feasts celebrated at Eleusis, in Attica, in honour of the goddess Ceres. They were called, by way of eminence, the *Mysteries*; and all who were initiated in them, were bound by the most solemn oaths never to reveal them. The Athenians alone were admissible to the Eleusinian rites, and they were very careful to avail themselves of their peculiar privilege, believing that those who died without initiation would be condemned to wallow for ever in mud and filth in the infernal regions. The penalty of death was denounced against all who should divulge these mysteries, or who should witness them without being regularly initiated; but, notwithstanding the rigorous manner in which this law was enforced, sufficient disclosures have been made concerning them, to prove that they consisted principally of such mystical ceremonies, and optical delusions, as were fitted to excite the superstitious veneration and dread of the bewildered votaries. Processions, gymnastic contests, music, and dancing, constituted an indispensable part

of this religious festival, as of others, and the nocturnal orgies of the devotees were scarcely less extravagant and immoral than those of the Bacchanals.

The gods were supposed to communicate with men, and to reveal the secrets of futurity by means of oracles, several of which existed in various parts of Greece. An account of these oracles, and other parts of the Greek, as well as the Roman, superstition, will form the subject of another sketch.

A MAIL-COACH ADVENTURE OF CHARLES MATHEWS.

THE following anecdote occurs in Mrs Mathews's delightful Memoirs of her late husband, of which the second couple of volumes are just published:—"Mr Mathews, on his way homewards from the north, just after the assizes, on entering the mail was fortunate enough to find only two gentlemen, who, being seated opposite to each other, left him the fourth seat for his legs. * * * The passengers were very agreeable men; one, a Scotchman—always a wife card. At the close of the evening the latter encased his head and throat in an enormous fold of white linen, and then sank back to sleep, looking like the veiled prophet; while the other, an Englishman, was characteristically satisfied with a 'comfortable.' * * * Just as the trio had sunk into their first forgetfulness, they were awakened by the sudden stoppage of the vehicle, a light at the door of an inn, and a party of rough discordant voices, bidding, however, a cordial farewell to a large, bearded, and ominous-looking stranger, who, in a broad Yorkshire dialect, wished his companions 'a good night,' reminding them that he had paid his share of the reckoning. To the great discomfiture of our three insides, the door of the mail was opened, and the fourth passenger invited by the guard to enter without further loss of time. Since the three gentlemen had 'dropped off,' the weather had suddenly changed from frost to snow. A heavy sleet had fallen, and the man I have mentioned quitted the open air, and entered the coach with, appropriately enough, a frieze coat on, powdered all over by the snow. * * * All were disconcerted at this intrusion, and sufficiently chilled and disturbed to be in a very ill-humour with the odious fourth. They, however, seemed tacitly to agree not to speak to the new comer, but endeavour to regain their before happy unconsciousness. They had not, however, been spending a jovial evening, as he had whose 'absence' they would have 'doated upon.' He was in any thing but a sleeping mood; and after a few minutes' rustling about, in order to settle himself, treading upon my husband's toes, elbowing his neighbour, without begging pardon for his so doing, &c. (all which was received with a sullen silence), he asked, in a voice which sounded like thunder to the sleepers, while he held the pull of the window in one hand, 'Company! oop or down?' Answer made they none. Again he inquired, still dubious of what might be 'agreeable,' and desirous to prove himself a polished gentleman, 'Company! oop or down?' Still receiving no answer, a smothered oath bespoke his disgust at such uncourteous return for his polite consideration for his fellow-passengers; and, with some exasperation of tone, he repeated aloud, 'I say, Company—oop or—down?' Still not a word; and with another exclamation, he allowed 't'window' to remain down. It was clear to the half-perceptions of the drowsy travellers that he of the frieze coat had laid in enough spirit to keep him from chilliness, and they hoped the potency of his precaution would soon make him unconscious, as they were disposed to be. But, no! he continued restless and talkative. All at once, however, a

"Change came o'er the spirit of his dream;"

he, it appeared, for the first time, perceived the alteration in the weather. His excitement at the door of the little inn, where he had left his friends, had caused him totally to overlook the snow which then fell upon him; and he saw it now with a degree of stupid wonder, and exclaimed, in audible soliloquy, 'Eh!—what's this? whoigh! the whole country's covered wi' snow!—eh! it's awful. Company!—wake up and see t' snow!—eh! they're all asleep. Whoigh, it's wonderful and awful! What a night!—what a night! Eh! God preserve all poor mariners on the western coast this night!' Then roaring out once more, with increased vehemence of tone, 'Company! wake oop, I say, and see t'night!' * * * In this manner did he go on, until the patience of the English gentleman was tired out, and he at length spoke: 'I wish, sir, you'd show some feeling for us, and hold your tongue. We were all asleep when you came in, and you have done nothing but talk and disturb us ever since. You're a positive nuisance.' 'Eh!' said he of the frieze coat; 'I loike that, indeed! Aw've as much right here, I reckon, as others—aw've paid my fare, har'n't I?' said he (his voice rising as he remembered his claims to consideration). 'Aw'm a respectable man—my name's John Luckie—I owes nobody onything. I pays king's taxes—I'm a respectable mon, I say. Aw help to support church and state.' On he went, with all the senseless swagger of cup valour and self-laudation, till he of the 'comfortable' again grumbled out his anger. Again the huge drover (for such he was) thundered forth his rights and summed up his title to respect: 'Eh! whoigh! what have I done? I coom'd into t' coich loike a gentleman, didn't I? I was civil, wasn't I? I said, Company, oop or down? But none o' ye had the politeness to answer: ye were not loike gentlemen!!!' * * * At length his sense of oppression became so strong, that his independence reached its climax, and he boldly declared that he would not hold his tongue, or be quiet—no, not though Baron Hullock, or the great Mr Brougham (or, as he pronounced the name, Mr Bruffem), himself was in t' coich.' My husband, who found all tendency to sleep broken up by this obstreperous fellow, now conceived a desire to amuse himself with his fellow-passenger. Just, therefore, as John Luckie's last declaration was uttered, Mr Mathews leant forward to him, and in a half whisper said, with affected caution, 'Hush! you are not aware,

but you have been speaking all this time to Baron Hullock himself!' The drover seemed to quail under this intimation. 'Whoigh! you don't say so?' 'Fact, I assure you; and the opposite to him is Lady Hullock!' (The Scotchman in the white drapery over his head began to titter at this.) 'Whoigh! you don't tell me that! Eh! what shall I do? Art thou sure?' 'I am indeed,' said Mr Mathews; 'they are Baron and Lady Hullock, and I am Mr Brougham.' 'Eh!' roared the man in a tone of actual terror, 'let me go! let me go! (struggling to open the coach door), let me go! I'm no company for sitch gentlefolks; aw've no book-larning; I'm no but John Luckie. Let me get out—here, guard! Stop! stop! I won't roide here any longer!' The guard was insensible to this, and on went the coach, and still John Luckie struggled; and in his rough and clumsy movements a little of my husband's ventriloquy proved a useful auxiliary to urge his welcome departure; and a child suddenly cried out as if hurt. 'Eh! what, is there a bairn i' t' coich too? Eh! my Lord Baron, pray forgive me; I meant no offence. My name's John Luckie. Aw'm a respectable mon, pays king's taxes. I said, Company, oop or down? I meant to be civil. Eh! my Lady Hullock, I hope I've not hurt thy bairn.' The child's cries now increased. 'Eh! ma poor bairn, where art thee? What moost I do! Guard! stop and let me out! Eh! what a night! Guard! I'm not fit company for Baron Hullock and Mr Bruffem, I know. Let me out, I say!' At last his voice at the window reached the higher powers, and the coach stopped, and as soon out rolled this porpoise of a man, who again begging the baron and his lady to overlook his inadvertency, and asking pardon of 'Mr Bruffem,' he was with some difficulty hoisted upon the top of the mail, and off it drove. The two inside gentlemen (who had been trying to stifle their amusement) now laughed outright, and thanking Mr Mathews for his device, they all three recomposed themselves, now and then catching by the wind a broken phrase from John Luckie, as he gave vent to his feelings to the coachman and guard—'Baron Hullock'—'Respectable mon'—'Bairn'—'Oop or down'—'My Lady Hullock'—'Mr Bruffem'—'Church and State,' &c.; all which must have puzzled his listeners without, who doubtless attributed his account to the quantity of rum-toddy which they might suppose had filled his brain with such unreal mockeries."

THE MARQUESS OF WELLESLEY.

The Earl of Mornington, father of the Marquess Wellesley and of the Duke of Wellington, died several thousand pounds in debt. By virtue of a peculiar law, his property was inherited by his eldest son, the Marquess Wellesley, without being liable for the payment of his debts. The Marquess, nevertheless, from a conscientious spirit, resolved to discharge all these debts, before he should allow himself fully to enjoy the family property. He lived for a few years with rigid economy, and thus saved enough of money to pay every farthing which his father had owed. Among the creditors of the deceased earl, was one who applied for the payment of £150. The young lord, upon examination, found that it had been transferred by a poor old man, to whom it was originally due, to the present possessor, for the small sum of £50. "I will deal justly with you," said his lordship, "but I will do no more. Here are the fifty pounds you paid for the bond, and legal interest for the time it has been in your possession." The holder, knowing that he could not strictly claim a single shilling, was content with not losing any thing. But the noble lord, who thus gave an early proof of that honour and integrity which he afterwards displayed largely in offices of the highest trust, did not stop here; he sought out the original holder of the bill, and, finding him poor, paid him the whole sum, with a large arrear of interest.—*Moral Class-Book.*

VACCINATION.

The author of a paper on this subject, in the Medical Gazette, suggests that in the event of small-pox breaking out epidemically in a town or village, isolated or cut off from communication with other towns and villages by any imaginable cause, and that the disease was raging fearfully around, whilst the prophylactic (vaccine fluid) had entirely died out of use and disappeared, in such a case all that would be necessary to stay the plague would be simply to take the variolous matter (the purulent matter of the disease) from off a patient, who might even be dying of the disease, and inoculate a cow upon any of the mucous surfaces, and thenceforth obtain a plentiful supply of genuine preventive vaccine lymph.

VICE A LEVELLER.

Any one of the laws of society once trodden under foot, it is vain to think of claiming the benefit of the rest. One mesh in the net let fall, the whole unravels. Where the opinion of the world has been disdained, the world repays in kind; and he who disdained it becomes a "faria," beyond the pale of social arrangements. For him, man's respect, rank, distance, the distinctions of education, fortune, exist no longer. Oh! vice is a merciless leveller.—*Pictures of the French.*

HOW TO ENFORCE SILENCE.

The officers of the Scotch criminal courts create disturbance by calling "Silence!" to the auditory. In Cork they manage the matter better; they write "Silence" in large letters on a piece of pasteboard, stick it into the cleft end of a long white rod, and wave it in the face of any one whose voice is heard rising above a whisper. If this does not produce quiescence, the admonition is enforced by a rap on the head with the rod.—*Phrenological Journal.*

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A PEEP AT THE STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERIES.

SOME of the greatest distinctions amongst the people of this country arise from the trades and consequent habits of different districts. The weaving and cotton-spinning swains of Lancashire, the miners of Derbyshire and Cornwall, the mechanics of Sheffield and Birmingham, the carpet-weavers of Kidderminster and ribbon-weavers of Coventry, the potters of Staffordshire, the keelmen of Newcastle-on-Tyne, the colliers of that neighbourhood, the shepherds of the North and the shepherds of the South Downs, the agricultural peasantry, each and all have their own peculiar characteristics of personal aspect, language, tastes, and tone of mind, which it would be worth while to trace out and record. It would have the good effect of making the different districts better acquainted with each other, and would present features that would surprise many who imagine themselves pretty familiar with the population of their native land. We will answer for it that there are few who have any accurate or lively idea of that singular district which furnishes us with the earthenware we are daily using, from the common red flower-pot to the most superb table services of porcelain, from the child's plaything of a deer or a lamb resting under a highly verdurous crockery tree, to the richest ornaments for the mantelpiece, or chaste and beautiful copies of the Portland or Barberini vase. Who has a knowledge of this district? Who is aware that it covers with its houses and factories a tract of ten miles in length, three or four in width, and that in it a population of upwards of 70,000 persons is totally engaged in making pots, that cooks and scullions all over the world may enjoy the breaking of them? Such, however, is the reputed extent and population of the Staffordshire Potteries.

The general aspect of the Potteries is striking. The great extent of workmen's houses, street after street, all of one size and character, has a singular effect on the stranger. From the vicinity to the moorlands and to the Peak of Derbyshire, the country in which the Potteries are situated is diversified with long ridges of considerable elevation, and intervening valleys, and to those who travel through it by night, presents a remarkable appearance. The whole region appears one of mingled light and darkness. Lights are seen scattered all over a great extent in every direction—some burning steadily, others huge flitting flames, as if vomited from the numerous mouths of furnaces or pits on fire. Some are far below you, some glare aloft as in mountainous holds. The darkness exaggerates the apparent heights and depths at which these flames appear, and you imagine yourself in a much more rugged and wild region than you really are. Daylight undeceives you in this respect, but yet reveals scenery that to the greater number of passengers is strange and new. They see a country which in its natural features is pleasing, bold to a certain degree, and picturesque to a still greater. There is the infant Trent, a small stream winding down from its source in the moorlands towards the lovely grounds of Trentham, the seat of the Duke of Sutherland, through a fine expanded and winding valley, beyond which rises the heathy heads of moorland hills towards Leek. Among and between the pottery towns are scattered well-cultivated fields, and the houses of the wealthy potters, in sweet situations, and enveloped in noble trees; but the towns themselves are strange enough. As you overlook them from some height, they appear huge stretches of conglomerated brick houses, chiefly of one size and kind, interspersed with, here and there, a much larger one, with great square manufactories; with tall engine chimnies vomiting black volumes of

smoke, and with tall conical erections, much like those of glass manufactories, which are the pot-hovels in which they bake their wares in ovens or furnaces. As you advance, new characteristics present themselves at every step. Except just in the centre of each town—for, to use the lofty language of an historian of the Potteries, they are a *catenation* of several towns, though the dwellings of one reach pretty near to those of the other, as Lane-End, Lane-Delph, Stoke, Shelton, Hanley, Burslem, Tunstall, &c.—you see no good shops, or houses which indicate a middle class, such as, in fact, the majority of common towns are composed of. There are, generally speaking, but two classes of houses as of people—the thousands of those of the working order, and the fine massy and palace-like abodes of the wealthy employers. In the outskirts, and particularly about Lane-End, you find an odd jumble of houses, gardens, yards, heaps of cinders and scoria from the works, clay-pits, clay-heaps, roads made of broken pots, blacking and soda-water bottles that perished prematurely, not being able to bear "the furnace of affliction," and so are cast out "to be trodden under foot of man;" garden walls partly raised of banks of black earth crumbling down again, partly an attempt at a post-and-rail, with some dead gorse thrust under it; but more especially by piles of seggars, that is, a yellowish-looking sort of stone pot, having much the aspect of a bushel measure, in which they bake their pottery ware. Many of these seggars are piled up also into walls of sheds and pig-sties. The prospects which you get as you march along, particularly between one town and another, consist chiefly of coal-pits, and huge steam-engines to clear them of water, clay-pits, brick yards, ironstone mines, and new roads making and hollows levelling with the inexhaustible material of the place, fragments of stoneware.

As you proceed, you find, in the dirtiest places, troops of dirty children, and, if it be during working hours, you will see few people besides. You pass large factory after factory, which are generally built round a quadrangle with a great archway of approach for people and waggons. There you see a chaos of crates and casks in the quadrangle; and in the windows of the factory next the street, earthenware of all sorts piled up, cups, saucers, mugs, jugs, teapots, mustard-pots, inkstands, pyramids, and basins, painted dishes and beautifully enamelled china dishes and covers, and, ever and anon, a giant jug, filling half a window with its bulk, and fit only to hold the beer of a Brobdingnag monarch. In smaller factories, and house-windows, you see similar displays of wares of a common stamp; copper-lustre jugs, and tea-things, as they call them, of tawdry colouring and coarse quality, and heaps of figures of dogs, cats, mice, men, sheep, goats, horses, cows, &c., &c., all painted in glaring tints laid plentifully on; painted pot marbles, and drinking-mugs for Anne, and Charlotte, and William, with their names upon them in letters of pink or purple, or, where the mugs are of porcelain, in letters of gold.

While you are thus advancing, and making your observations, you will generally find your feet on a good footpath, paved with the flat sides of a darkish sort of brick; but, ever and anon, you will also find your soles crunching and grinding on others, composed of the fragments of cockspsurs, stilt, and triangles, or, in other words, of little white sticks of pot, which they put between their wares in the furnace, to prevent them from running together. You pass the large and handsome mansions of the master-potters, standing amid the ocean of dwellings of their workmen. You meet huge barrels on wheels, white with the overflow-

ing of their contents, which is slip, or the material for earthenware in a liquid state as it comes from the mills where it is ground; and at the hour of leaving the factories for meals, or for the night, out pour and swarm about you men in long white aprons, all whitened themselves as if they had been working amongst pipe-clay, young women in troops, and boys without number. All this time imagine yourself marching beneath great clouds of smoke, and breathing various vapours of arsenic, muriatic acid, sulphur, and spirits of tar, and you will have some *taste* and *smell*, as well as view, of the Potteries; and, notwithstanding all which, they are as healthy as any manufacturing district whatever.

Such is a tolerable picture of the external aspect of the Potteries, but it would be very imperfect still, if we did not point out all the large chapels that are scattered throughout the whole region, and the plastering of huge placard on placard on almost every blank wall, and at every street corner, giving you notice of—plays, and horse riders, and raffles! No: but of sermons upon sermons; sermons here, sermons there, sermons every where! There are sermons for the opening of schools and chapels, sermons for aiding the infirmity, for Sunday schools and infant schools, announcements of missionary meetings and temperance meetings, and, perhaps, for political meetings also, for it is difficult to say whether the spirit of religion or politics flourishes most in the district.

The Potteries are, in fact, one of the strongholds of dissent and democracy. Nine-tenths of the population are dissenters. The towns have sprung up rapidly, and, comparatively, in a few years, and the inhabitants naturally associate themselves with popular opinions both in government and religion. They do not belong to the ancient times, nor therefore to the ancient order of things. They seem to have as little natural alliance with aristocratic interests and establishments of religion as America itself. This people, indeed, are a busy swarm, that seem to have sprung out of the ground on which they tread, and claim as much right to mould their own opinions as to mould their own pottery. The men have always been noted for the freedom of their opinions, as well as for the roughness of their manners. But in this latter respect they are daily improving. Nearly twenty years ago, we have seen some things there which made us stare. We have seen a whole mob, men, women, and children, collect round a couple of young Quaker ladies, and follow them along the streets in perfect wonder at their costume; and we have seen a great potter walk straight through a group of ladies, on the footpath, in his white apron and dusty clothes, instead of stepping off the path; and all that with the most perfect air of innocent simplicity, as if it were the most proper and polite thing in the world. We also remarked at that time that scarcely a dog was kept by the workmen but it was a bull-dog; a pretty clear indication of their prevailing tastes. But their chapels and schools, temperance societies, and literary societies, and mechanics' institutions, have produced their natural effects, and there is no reason to believe that the population of the Potteries is behind the population of other manufacturing districts in manners or morals. Were it otherwise, indeed, a world of social and religious exertion would have been made in vain. It is not to be supposed that such men as the Wedgwoods, the Spodes, the Ridgways, the Meighs, &c. &c., men who not only have acquired princely fortunes there, but have laboured to diffuse the influence of their intelligence and good taste around them with indefatigable activity, should have worked to no purpose. Nay, the air of growing cleanliness

and comfort, the increase of more elegant shops, of banks, and covered markets, are of themselves evidence of increased refinement, and therefore of knowledge. One proof of the growth of knowledge we could not help smiling at the other day. We had noticed some years ago that a public-house with the sign of a leopard was always called the Spotted Cat; nobody knew it by any other name; but now, such is the advance of natural history, that, as if to eradicate the name of spotted cat for ever, the figure of the beast is dashed out by the painter's brush, and the words, The Leopard, painted in large letters, in its stead.

As in most populous districts, the Methodists have here done much to improve and reform the mass. John Wesley planted his church here, and his disciples, under the various names of Wesleyans, New and Primitive Methodists, are numerous. The New Methodists have in Shelton one of the largest chapels they have in the kingdom. The very Christian names abounding here seem to imply that there has long been in the people a great veneration for the Scriptures. In no part of the country do the names of the Old Testament so much prevail. We verily believe that a complete catalogue of the population would present a majority of such names. Every other name that you meet is Moses, or Aaron, Elisha, Daniel, or Job. This peculiarity may be seen in the names of almost all the potters of eminence. It is Josiah and Aaron Wedgwood, Josiah Spode, Enoch Wood and Aaron Wood, Jacob Warburton, Elijah Mayer, Ephraim Chatterley, Joshua Heath, Enoch Booth, Ephraim Hobson, Job Meigh, &c. &c. Fenton the poet, who was from Fenton in the Potteries, was *Elijah Fenton*.

But if the potters have been fond of ancient and patriarchal names, they have been equally fond of modern improvements and discoveries in their art; and when we recollect that little more than a century ago the Potteries were mere villages, their wares rude, their names almost unknown in the country, and now behold the beauty and variety of their articles, which they send to every part of the world, not excepting China itself; when we see the vast population here employed and maintained in comfort, the wealth which has been accumulated, and the noble warehouses full of earthenware of every description, we must feel that there is no part of England in which the spirit and enterprise of the nation have been more conspicuous.

THE TWIN CHIEFS—A TALE OF THE SABINE.*

THE river Sabine is the boundary between the United States and Texas. It empties itself into the Sabine Bay, which opens into the Gulf of Mexico, and is surrounded by low marshy lands, which form an extensive uninhabitable district, the haunt of innumerable flocks of swans, wild geese, ducks, pelicans, cranes, and every species of water fowl. At the mouth of the bay, as the traveller enters from the gulf, the sides of the river have their bottom covered with mud several feet deep, rendering it dangerous to attempt to land, although it is the only part where any bluff offers a landing-place; it may be accomplished, however, at high water, in small flat-bottomed skiffs. Here you have an extensive view of swamp, covered with coarse grass and rushes, unbroken by woodland of any description. The tide flows over it, and it would require a coat of mail to venture on an investigation of its peculiarities, for the mosquitos are insufferable; and after in vain attempting to battle them off from your face and hands, you return to your boat covered as thickly as if a swarm of bees had settled on you, nor will you find common cloth garments a sufficient protection against them.

About a hundred miles up the river, there is a small Indian village, where the remnants of a large tribe have settled. They date the commencement of their fall from the first arrival of the white man, and will tell you that their race have become degenerate in every respect since that period. They have diminished in their size, as well as numbers. They were strong as the hard oak, erect as the cypress, as numerous as the leaves of the forest; now they are weak as women, bent like old age, and few as the stars at summer's twilight. They were a race of warriors, who set even the Camanches at defiance, and whose ancestors slept in their graves unmolested; they are no longer fit for

war, and the crow follows the white man's ploughshare, croaking with delight as it devours the worms that have fattened on the dead bodies of their forefathers.

Dilka, the chief's wife, had twin sons, who were so equal in their skill, and so equally beloved, that at their father's death it was difficult to determine which should succeed him; nor were they willing to submit to the decision of their tribe, but each declined in favour of his brother. It was therefore decided that they should act together with equal authority—an arrangement which was rendered highly advantageous from the great number of their people—both in war and peace. Their hunting-grounds extended from the sea coast to the Rocky Mountains, and the feasts of Dilka's sons were whispered by their foes with dread—were sung by the friendly tribes with praise. They were seldom seen apart, unless their duty required it, nor was an angry word ever known to have passed between them; when they practised with the bow together, none would express more delight or warmer eulogies than the defeated brother.

It would be useless for me to make any comment on the perfect symmetry of the form in which nature had moulded these sons of the forest. But it was a sight truly beautiful to see them standing alone beneath some lofty pine, offering up their thoughts to the great spirit. One day, when they had descended with a party to fish at the lower part of the river, where the lake was visible, they saw a white object afloat upon its bosom, and long they stood gazing as it increased in size. It was unlike a bird, or any thing they had seen before. The blast of surprise was given from the horn of the buffalo, and party after party came hurrying down the river in their canoes, gathering around their chiefs with the spear, the war-club, tomahawk, and bow. A thrilling anxiety filled the bosoms of all, as their attention was drawn to the object. Not a word was spoken; and as the vessel approached, for it was a schooner, they prepared for an attack, readily perceiving that, although the thing was not alive, there were living beings on it. Overtures of peace were offered by the strangers, who came with glittering presents in their hands. The gaudy display of red and yellow cloth, of blankets, beads, and gilded ornaments, attracted the notice of the less wary, who, with uncontrollable delight, disguised their well-proportioned limbs in useless trumpery, strutting with vain conceit. Hitherto the deer-skin, prepared by themselves, and much better calculated for their pursuits, much more durable too, had sufficed. Their friendly visitors brought them the luxuries of their own country, but they also at the same time brought their vices. The chiefs became friendly with the captain, returned his presents a hundred-fold, visited his wigwam of the big waters, displayed their own exploits, and saw with wonder the sailors spring from rope to rope; lost their natural courage at the sound of the fusée, and felt the condescension in one to them possessing the power of a god becoming familiar with them. They tasted their different preparations of food, and cooked for them the buffalo and venison, which they do in a peculiar manner. They likewise tasted the sweet wines and ardent spirits. At first, like children, they refused the draught, but soon they yielded to persuasion and example. They tasted, and their love of it increased with what they took. Next came drunkenness, and all the wild insanity of the maniac. Then followed, as the fatal draught was more eagerly consumed, strange nausea, desperate confusion, and an unmanly cry as the earth seemed receding, whirling, sinking beneath them. At length nature relieved the stomach of its unwholesome burthen, and sound senseless sleep came on. How could the wary Indian now protect himself against a foe? The morning came, and with it, as they awoke, a parching thirst, a nervous dread, a cowardice they never yet had felt, a dejected spirit, and a downcast look—a combination, too, of such miseries as make the very heart shudder within the breast—such as no single one, nor all the natural diseases, if combined, ever could produce. The captain, well accustomed to such feelings, soon gave them relief, by inducing them to take fresh stimulants; thus establishing, as a habit, what perhaps would never have of itself returned, a constant desire for intoxicating drinks. In such times as these, the brothers would begin to feel a jealousy if the captain did not bestow his favours and attention equally on them. It was then that selfishness overcame the nobler feelings of the heart. They were

induced, not with any ill intent, but to amuse their friends, to try their strength against each other, and a severe trial it was. Two such athletic forms, so equally matched in strength and skill, could not well contend without great danger. A fist-fight between two boys is not likely to prove of a very serious nature, while one blow from the puglist will readily terminate the life of his opponent; and in this instance both were severely hurt, without any decision being possible as to their superiority. Formerly, the regret of each would have been that he had hurt the other; now, this feeling was reversed. They struggled against each other as if they had been struggling against a deadly foe. And when, at length exhausted, they joined their friends; the glass went round again and again, until the same mad feeling rendered their passions ungovernable. Each boasted of his superiority over the other, and many attempts they made to get together, but were separated by the captain, who tried to reconcile them in vain, until they became helpless from excess.

The vessel left them, having previously disposed of all the wine and spirits they could spare, or rather were willing to part with, together with a fusée, some ammunition, and several trifling things. The greater number of the Indians had been sent up to their head quarters with the different presents as they were made to them, and the chieftains, after parting with the white men reluctantly, commenced the indulgence of their dissipation. One soon fell from his seat senseless, from taking larger draughts, now that they were alone, and without the restraint imposed by the presence of strangers. The other became by degrees more furious as he drank. He called up every point of their previous contention, declared that the tribe should have but one chief as they had but one gun, that he was stronger and braver than his brother, that he could beat him; and in this manner working himself into a frenzy, at last fell upon his brother as he lay helpless, and murdered him, lacerating his throat dreadfully with a knife which he had received from the captain. This was effected before any interference could be offered by those around, who fled instantly from fear on seeing it accomplished, and runners started to communicate the fact to the elders. The rapidity with which they travel, and the distance they can go at one journey, are almost incredible. After the perpetration of his crime, the chieftain rose and drank deeply from a jug of pure rum that stood near him. Then observing that all the Indians had left him, he tried to blow his horn; this he found himself unable to do; he shouted, he tried to raise the warwhoop, but the echo from the opposite bank mocked his vain attempt. Taking his gun and as much spirits with him as he could carry, he wandered he knew not where.

The elders of the tribe were appalled at such dreadful tidings, for the prophet, an ingenious man, as all the Indian prophets are, seeing the strong attachment between the brothers, prophesied that their tribe should never be overcome until the twin chiefs quarrelled. A council was immediately called, and set off to the place where the murder was committed. They found the body, but the murderer was nowhere to be seen; and while some were sent in search of him, others set themselves to decide upon his punishment. They had laws for almost every offence, but they always considered twins as sacred; and for any one to have killed a twin, the most severe punishment they could invent was inflicted. But this was a still greater crime, and of a more revolting nature, besides betraying his tribe to the enemy, for they looked upon the prophecy as certain. After two days the council broke up; the criminal had been discovered and brought in.

He was found sitting amongst the rushes with a haggard countenance, his eyes bloodshot and swollen; the mud and water covered his legs, the gun and vessel of spirits lay beside him. He was singing, shouting, and throwing his arms about in a wild distracted manner; the blood of his victim had dried upon his breast and shoulder. As they approached him, he pointed the gun at them; it had been too long in the water, and would not go off; he threw it down, and erecting himself with difficulty, commenced giving his orders in a tone of authority. Seeing no one inclined to obey him, he stooped down, took up the vessel, and was in the act of finishing its contents, when he was in a moment surrounded and secured. They dragged him to the spot where his murdered brother lay, but he had become by this time insensible; the sentence of the council was nevertheless put into immediate exe-

* This tale has been prepared for our columns by an individual familiar with the country and people described in it.—Ed.

caution. The trunk of a large tree was fixed deep in the earth, on the very spot where the murder was committed; to this he was fastened naked, with the dead body of his victim bound to his side; his arm around its waist, its hand upon his heart, their heads secured cheek to cheek; and thus, for four-and-twenty days, he was condemned to be kept. Not a single thing was allowed to be removed from the place, nor any alterations more than were necessary to put the trunk in the ground. Two sentinels were placed to watch him, in such a position that he could not see them, and these were twice in the day to give him water. For many hours he remained unconscious of his situation; nor was it until, from the burning sunbeams falling on his head, his fever increased, and the salivary glands, exhausted by the poisonous liquor, which caused the stomach to require an extra quantity in its own defence, refused to yield one single drop to moisten his parched tongue and throat, that he opened his eyes in search of water, asking for it at the same time; finding himself confined, he struggled to be set at liberty, and called on his brother to assist him. The water was held to his lips; and, as it refreshed him, while looking down, his eye fell upon the ghastly wound that rested on his shoulder. The truth with all its horrors burst upon him. The violent struggle that he made against his bonds forced the blood from his nostrils; no cry of terror could escape his lips, and the next moment he fainted. When he recovered, the effects of intoxication had completely ceased, and he sent forth loud cries for assistance; shout after shout rang through the air, until his voice became feeble and hoarse; he could not move his eye from the horrid spectacle, but kept it involuntarily fixed on it, like one who watches the movements of a foe while standing face to face with him. The turkey buzzards now hovered over them, attracted by the smell of the dead body; and, oh! how he welcomed their appearance! They, like all other carrion birds, commence with the eye, and it would indeed be a blessing for him to lose his sight. Just as the welcome bird was venturing near, an invidious arrow pierced its body, and it fell near enough to them to be a warning to others. The lake that brought the cause of all this tragic scene, lay smooth and wide before him: what heavy curses fell from his lips against the white man! Had the captain been chained there instead of his brother, he could have borne it with delight. Again his eye fell on his victim, and another loud, long, piercing, straining scream was followed by the wild laugh of an idiot; then came tears and fiendish execrations, convulsive shudders, and spasmodic gasps for breath, mixed with hysterical sobs, as he struggled in vain; the body moving as he moved, the hand pressing more closely on his heart the more he strove to liberate himself, while the wound, as the body decayed, became distended more and more from his violent efforts.

Three days had he remained in this situation, when the sentinels, who had already tasted the pernicious beverage, were unable longer to withstand the temptation, for every thing had been left as it was when the murder was committed. The war-cry had gone through the land, and the remainder of the tribe had left the spot; the sentinels, to whose integrity the whole nation might have been entrusted, had been tainted by the vices, subsequent to the abuse of the luxuries of life; they broached the spirits, and soon became intoxicated; in this state they liberated the criminal, and fell immediately beneath his hand.

In the following year, about the same season, when the sky was beautifully clear, the weather mild, the surface of the lake but gently ruffled by the golden ripple that came dancing from the west, the white sails of the schooner were seen gracefully spread, reflecting from their concave form the red rays of the evening sun as she approached her former moorings. This is strange, thought the captain, as they drew near; very strange. He had been watching for the smoke from their fires, which had directed him on a former occasion, but now no smoke was visible. We surely were expected, he muttered to himself.

He was expected.

When the vessel was brought to anchor, seeing no canoes come out to welcome him, he conceived the Indians to have changed their fishing ground to some other spot, and determined to go on shore to ascertain if any traces of them might be left. He took two men and the mate with him in the boat, and, landing at the accustomed place, proceeded to the camp. He saw, to his astonishment, every thing as he had left it, but the trunk of the dead tree in the centre. As he approached nearer, he discovered a skeleton fastened to it so as to be swinging to and fro in the breeze; two other skeletons lay upon the ground, beside which sat a tall grey-headed Indian. In his hand he held part of a raw fish, which he was devouring, without apparently noticing their approach. His eye was glassy and wild. When the captain spoke, he made no answer, nor even turned his gaze away from some object on which it seemed fixed. But when the captain approached within a couple of yards, at one bound the Indian sprang upon him with the cry of a hyæna, and fixing his teeth and fingers firm in his throat, forced him to the ground. In vain the men tried to remove his hold; it was the iron grasp of death. When they did succeed in tearing them apart, both were dead, and the men discovered in the features of the grey-headed Indian their once friendly chief, who seemed to have prolonged a miserable life, merely sustained by an Indian's revenge.

Other traders soon contrived to visit the village of the tribe in the interior, and to introduce, with other luxuries of civilisation, the use of ardent spirits. The ancient and virtuous habits of the Indians were now depraved; they were unable to compete with their enemies, returned from their hunting expeditions in disgrace, and, as their feeble remnant now tell you, THEIR NATION IS NO MORE.

ANIMAL COTTON.

In an age when fine loaves of bread are manufactured from sawdust, and superior wine from rhubarb and turnips, it is surprising that but little advantage has been taken of the natural production of an insect very common and much dreaded in the West Indies, the Capada worm or insect fly-carrier. It is a deadly enemy to the indigo and capada plantations, sometimes destroying whole fields in a night; a circumstance which gave rise to a saying once current in the western hemisphere, that the planters of indigo go to bed rich, and rise in the morning beggars. Attention has been turned more to the most efficient methods of destroying the animal, than to turning it to some useful purpose. Yet this might easily be done, for in a certain state it produces a substance which appears to be equal, if not superior, to the finest silk or cotton. It is of the most dazzling whiteness and the greatest purity, answering the purpose of lint in the hospitals of the negroes, when silk and vegetable cotton serve only to inflame wounds, by the asperities of their filaments. We abridge an account of it from Burt's "Observations on the Curiosities of Nature," a very bad title for an ingenious book.

The capada worm, or insect fly-carrier, is produced, like the silk-worm, from the eggs which its mother scatters every where, after she has undergone her metamorphosis into a white butterfly. It begins to live at the end of July, and at its birth is arrayed in a robe of the most brilliant and variegated colours. When on the point of undergoing its metamorphosis in August, it throws off this superb livery, and puts on another of an admirable sea-green hue. This fundamental colour reflects all its various shades, according to the different undulations of the animal, and the different accidents of light; but this new decoration announces the approach of a period when it is doomed to undergo great tortures. It is immediately assailed by a swarm of ichneumon flies, one of which inserts itself into each of the pores of its body, not an opening being left unoccupied. All its struggles to get free of its tormentors are in vain. These flies, which are so small that they can only be studied by the microscope, drive their stings into the skin of their victim, over the whole extent of its back and sides. Afterwards, and all at the same moment, they slip their eggs into the bottom of the wounds which they have inflicted. No sooner is this operation performed, than the ichneumon flies disappear, and the patient remains for an hour in a drowsy and even motionless state, out of which it awakens to feed with its former voracity. It then appears much larger, and its size increases every day. Its green colour assumes a deeper hue, and the tints produced by the reflection of the light are more strongly marked. About a fortnight after the worm has been encumbered with this factitious pregnancy, the prospect of a numerous progeny begins to be apparent. By the aid of a microscope the eggs may be seen hatching in the body of the animal; and as they are all produced at the same instant, a single glance reveals the capada worm covered with a living robe of ichneumon flies. They issue from every pore, all the body being covered with them, only the top of the head appearing bare. Its colour then changes to dirty white, and the little worms assume a black appearance to the eye, although their true colour is a deep brown. This operation lasts about an hour, and it is followed by another, which is not much more protracted, but still more singular.

Immediately that the ichneumon worms are hatched, without quitting the spot where they separate themselves from the eggs, they yield a liquid gum, which becomes solid on exposure to the air. At the same time, and by a simultaneous motion, they elevate themselves on their lower extremities, shake their heads and one half of their bodies, and swing themselves in every direction. And now they commence a very curious operation. Each of these animalcules works himself a small and almost imperceptible cocoon in the shape of an egg, in which he wraps himself up. The formation of these cocoons occupies only about two hours, and myriads of them being crowded close together, form a white robe, with which the capada worm appears elegantly and comfortably clothed; but while they are thus busily arraying him in his new attire, he remains apparently unconscious of their assiduousness—he is then in a state of insect paralysis. As soon as this covering has been completed, and the little artists who wove it have retired to their cells, the worm endeavours to rid himself of his officious guests, and of the robe which contains them, but he does not succeed in the attempt without the greatest efforts. At length he contrives to get rid of the encumbrance; but instead of his former fat and shining appearance, he presents all the decrepitude of extreme old age. He is flaccid and dull; his skin is

wrinkled and dirty; and, in short, symptoms of approaching dissolution begin to show themselves. He still makes a desperate attempt to gnaw a few leaves, but he no longer devours them with that voracity which indicates a vigorous constitution. Shortly afterwards he passes into the state of a chrysalis, and in giving life to thousands of eggs, he relinquishes his own. The cotton produced in this remarkable manner may be used without any preparatory process, as soon as the flies have quitted the cocoons, which is generally eight or ten days after their seclusion. Indeed, there is no need for the precautions which the silk-worm requires, the robe which covers the fly-carrier being worked every where so perfectly well, and in such abundance, that in less than two hours the quantity of one hundred punts has been collected. This highly interesting animal certainly deserves some attention, for we are not aware that any has been given to it, except in so far as its destruction was concerned. We know not that experiments have been made to weave this silky substance into a wearable tissue, but if the description which we have given above be correct (and there is no reason to doubt but it is), there seems no obstacle to its being used for this purpose.

We may here notice a singular fact, established by Dr Mitchell of New York, that vegetable fungi grow on the bodies of living insects. He states that these vegetable productions are not peculiar to one insect, but are to be found on the bodies of the wasp, sphynx, and others; that the bodies of insects nourish more than one species of vegetable fungi; that some of these parasitical plants begin their work of annoyance, like the larvæ of the ichneumon, in the body of the living insect, and continue it till the animal is killed by its destructive operations; that these mixed associations of vegetable with animal life are not prone to rapid putrefaction, but remain long enough to be collected by naturalists, and become the objects of scientific investigation. Dr Mitchell seems to be of opinion that vegetable fungi, in attaching to the insect class of animals, perform an important purpose in the economy of nature, by preventing the inordinate increase of such animals.

REPORT OF BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS IN ENGLAND.

THE First Annual Report of the Registrar-General of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, recently published, contains a mass of statistical information of the most valuable kind, and which is destined to become more valuable by comparison with similar statistics relating to subsequent years, which the Registrar-General will be enabled henceforth to furnish annually. As this Report, in its present shape, is not likely to come within the reach of many of the readers of the Journal, we beg leave to string together a few extracts from it.

It appears that the total number of marriages solemnised in England, according to the rites of the established church, during the year ending June 30, 1838, is 107,201; and the number solemnised during the same period, not according to the rites of the established church, is 4280; making the total number of marriages which have taken place in England, during the year, to be 111,481. Out of this number there were 5575 males and 16,563 females married below the age of twenty-one years.

The number of births registered in England and Wales during the year ending June 30, 1838, is 399,712, namely, 204,863 males, and 194,849 females. The number of deaths registered, during the same period, is 335,956, namely, 170,965 males, and 164,991 females.

The following Table shows the proportion out of 1000 registered deaths which have occurred at various ages during the year in England and Wales:—

Ages.	Males.	Females.	Total.
Under 1 year	234.66	193.72	214.64
1 and 2	127.17	128.85	128
3 — 4	47.57	49.47	48.51
5 — 9	45.89	46.27	46.07
10 — 14	24.57	27.3	25.91
15 — 19	30.96	37.48	34.16
20 — 24	39.02	43.5	41.22
25 — 29	35	39.97	37.44
30 — 34	33.05	37.42	35.2
35 — 39	32.38	34.25	33.3
40 — 44	32.91	32.69	32.8
45 — 49	32.6	30.65	31.64
50 — 54	32.12	30.8	31.47
55 — 59	33.54	31.42	32.5
60 — 64	40.51	40.64	40.57
65 — 69	41.05	41.83	41.43
70 — 74	42.95	44.95	43.93
75 — 80	40.3	43.46	41.85
80 — 84	30.48	34.89	32.63
85 — 90	16.97	20.86	18.88
90 and upwards	6.26	9.51	7.86

In allusion to the value of this table, the Registrar-General says, "In the abstract of deaths (the registration of which even for this first year has been effected with signal success) I have entered into more minute

details exhibiting enumerations of the deaths of persons of each sex at every successive year of age. Such details are of acknowledged value, as data for determining the laws of mortality, as bases for calculations materially affecting the interests of millions. Tables exhibiting the proportion of deaths at every successive year of age are among the most important materials from which are deduced the true principles on which should be founded the systems of life-annuities and of life-insurance, and the rules of friendly societies established for the use of the poorer classes."

Besides the above abstract of deaths for the whole of England and Wales, the Registrar-General has contrived, by dividing the kingdom into twenty-five divisions, to exhibit the difference which prevails in the proportions in different parts of the kingdom, and to compare town with country—agricultural districts with manufacturing and mining districts—the hilly with the low and level—the maritime with the inland—the eastern and northern with the western and southern parts. "Nor (says he) are these divisions matters of merely curious speculation, but may be made the source of important benefits, especially to the poorer classes. It was stated in evidence before the Committee on Parochial Registration in 1833, by the Actuary of the National Debt Office, that the extent of difference which then existed was utterly unknown; that tables for the use of the poor, in reference to sickness and mortality, and in reference to the regulation of their friendly societies, could not then be constructed for two districts differing in character, from the want of such information as an improved system would afford; and that if two societies of poor men residing in districts of a totally different character were, at the same time, to apply for tables to guide them in preserving their societies solvent, he 'should be under the necessity of giving the same tables to both, though knowing perfectly that the rates which were adequate in one case were inadequate in the other.'" All this information, however valuable and important as it unquestionably is, is but a subordinate result of the national system of registering births, marriages, and deaths, lately come into operation in England—the great and primary object of that system being henceforward to collect information as to the date and every other circumstance connected with the birth, marriage, and death of every individual in England and Wales, and to deposit and preserve such information, in a systematic manner, in one central office in London, where, at all times, and under proper regulations, it will be easily accessible to all classes of the people.

We shall, in conclusion, briefly describe to our readers the method adopted by the Registrar-General for registering births, marriages, and deaths. He has divided the kingdom into districts, to each of which he has assigned a superintendent-registrar, and one or more registrars. Under the Poor-Law Amendment Act, the whole of England and Wales has now nearly been formed into distinct unions for the administration of relief to the poor; and these divisions of the country for parochial purposes have generally been found convenient for the purpose of registration likewise. Generally speaking, the clerks of those poor-law unions, who are for the most part solicitors and men of respectability, have been appointed to the office of superintendent-registrar of births, marriages, and deaths, for their respective unions, as have also the relieving officers of those unions been appointed the registrars, who act under the direction of the superintendent-registrars. These local registrars are required to inform themselves carefully of every birth and death which shall happen within their respective districts. It is left to their discretion to employ such lawful means of procuring this information as may to them appear best. Having received intelligence of a birth or death, the registrar proceeds to the house where it has occurred, and enters it in a register-book kept for that purpose. Every registrar is required, quarterly, to make and deliver to the superintendent-registrar of his district a true copy of all the entries of births and deaths registered by him in the register-book of births and of deaths, upon blank forms furnished to him for that purpose, which copies, after having been examined and compared by the superintendent-registrar with the register-books, and certified by him, are transmitted by post to the Registrar-General in London. The process which these certified copies undergo in London is thus described by the Registrar-General: "The duties performed under my more immediate direction upon the receipt of the certified copies, after the termination of each quarter, at the general registrar-office, are, 1st, the examination; 2d, the arrangement; 3d, the formation of alphabetical indices; and, 4th, the compilation of abstracts (to which last we have already alluded)."

1. After such preliminary arrangement as shall prevent the confusion and intermixture of papers, each leaf of the certified copies, and each entry thereon, is subjected to a strict examination. If any erasure, interpolation, informality, omission, or error, or defect of any kind, is thereby detected in any entry, it is immediately noted, with a reference to the entry, in a form furnished for that purpose; and all such defects as require explanation, or may at any future time cast doubt on any matter recorded in the register, are made the subjects of immediate inquiry: a letter is addressed to the person who registered the defective entry, and his explanatory reply is preserved in the office, ready to be referred to in the event of

explanation being deemed requisite at any future period.

2. After the examination of the certified copies of a quarter of a year, the leaves are arranged, pagged, and bound in volumes, for preservation and reference, regard being had in such arrangement to locality, so that entries registered in the same district shall never be far apart, and those which belong to the same county shall, with few exceptions, be found in the same volume. * * * The certified copies so arranged and bound are kept deposited in fire-proof cases.

3. A separate alphabetical index is made for reference to the births of each quarter, another for the marriages, another for the deaths, being twelve separate indices for reference to the births, marriages, and deaths of the whole year, containing for the first year of registration, ending June 30th, 1838, 958,630 entries. The alphabetical arrangement is that of surnames, and it is carried out even to the last letter of each word; and where the surname recurs often, the alphabetical arrangement has been extended to the name also. * * *

I need not enlarge upon the advantages derivable from the facilities afforded by such indices. Obviously desirable as it is that important records like the certified copies of registers of births, marriages, and deaths, should be placed in one central public repository, the advantage of such accumulation would be comparatively slight, if easy reference to any of the millions of entries which will be collected in a few years were not afforded by a systematic arrangement, and a complete method of alphabetical indexing. The immense saving of time, labour, and expense, which is thereby effected, cannot be appreciated by a mere comparison with those cases in which (the place of the register of baptism, burial, or marriage, under the old system, being known and accessible) little trouble was incurred in obtaining a copy of the entry required. But it must be remembered, that cases have occurred where the register of a baptism, burial, or marriage, being required for legal purposes, no person living has been able to state in which of all the parishes in the kingdom the baptism, burial, or marriage, had been registered, or whether it had been registered at all. * * * In such a case, with no indication but the surname sought, and the probable period of the birth, marriage, or death, the search, which previously was a hopeless task, may, with respect to entries in the new registers, be accomplished in a few minutes."

The old parochial system of registration in England was in many respects exceedingly defective. In the first place, the registers kept by the parochial clergy were registers of baptisms and burials only, and furnished no evidence whatever of the precise time of the birth or death of an individual. They were also, for the most part, kept in a careless manner, and in numberless instances they were found materially obliterated or destroyed. Mr Matthews, a barrister, in his evidence on this subject before the Parochial Registration Committee in 1833, said, at the last York assizes he happened to be present upon the trial of the cause of "Doe and Hungate," a case of considerable notoriety in that county, where a large estate was at stake; and upon Mr Sergeant Jones stating that an obliteration appeared in a register which was produced, Mr Justice Alderson, who tried the cause, observed, "Are you surprised at that, brother Jones? I am not at all surprised. I have had much experience, and I never saw a parish registry book in my life that was not falsified in one way or other; and I do not believe there is one that is not."

The expense and delay, too, consequent upon procuring the certificate of a birth, marriage, or death, in cases where the parish where the event occurred was not known, were enormous, and formed not the least of the evils of the old system. In such cases a search has frequently been abandoned as fruitless, after having been made in half the parishes of England.

All these objections, however, will now, for the future at least, be completely removed by the operation of the new system of registration.

In concluding this notice, we would wish to impress upon the English readers of the Journal the necessity and propriety of their affording every facility in their power to the local registrars in the work of registration, for we are aware that some degree of prejudice towards the measure exists in England, and that some persons have carried this feeling to so great an extent as to refuse the necessary information when called upon by the registrar; an offence which the law has made a misdemeanour, punishable with a pecuniary fine. There cannot be the slightest doubt that it is the interest of all classes, more or less, that such important events as the births, marriages, and deaths of the population, should be correctly registered and preserved; and we are wholly at a loss to conceive on what grounds any individual can refuse to comply with the provisions of a law which has in view objects of such national benefit and importance, more especially as he can fulfil those provisions at no expense, and at the most trifling amount of trouble possible. We indeed regard the English people as highly favoured by the establishment of such an efficient system of registration amongst them. Scotland has nothing of the kind. Nobody can tell how many children are born, how many persons are married, or how many die, annually in Scotland. There are, of course, parish books, but these are on a most imperfect scale. Of births no note is taken, and only such persons as please, register baptisms. There is a

register of proclamations of regular marriages, but no corresponding record of the solemnisation of these marriages, except at the pleasure of the parties. Of irregular marriages, no note whatever is taken. We verily believe that not above one in ten of the marriages which take place in Scotland could be legally proved, except by litigation before a supreme court, in which collateral evidence might possibly be produced. A register of burials is kept at every burying ground, but no register of deaths. Thus, in Scotland, the whole matter of registration may be considered as on the worst possible footing

THE TWO PICTURES.

[This simple little piece is from the pen of our esteemed friend Mrs Anna Maria Hall, and is contributed by her to the ART-UNION, in which she appears to be a regular writer. The Art-Union is perhaps not so well known in Scotland as it should be. It is a monthly paper, in the form of the Literary Gazette or Athenæum, but devoted exclusively to subjects connected with the fine arts, including notices of exhibitions of pictures, lives of artists, hints on taste, criticisms on elegant engravings, and enriched, as we have said, with light agreeable articles from Mrs Hall, whose accomplished husband is, we believe, its conductor.]

It is impossible to avoid loving Mistress Janet MacAvoy—when you know her; I do not mean when you merely see her. But those who delight in things aged—in old furniture, in tapestry, in books with dim bindings, very ancient, very moth-eaten, very imperfect, and if they were perfect, not particularly full of value—any one delighting in "such like," not exactly for the sake of what they are, but what they were, or obtained credit for being, would "take" immediately to Mistress Janet MacAvoy.

As a well-preserved specimen of what Scottish ladies—far removed from Edinburgh—were some sixty years ago, Mistress Janet is perfection—as such, your antiquary would woo her at once. The blue satin brocade she displayed to us, last Thursday evening, when she came to see my "two pictures," as she called them, would have stood alone, if the little, pale, formal gentlewoman to whom it gave a local habitation, had crumbled from beneath its folds into dust; her black silk mittens were drawn up so as to meet the deep point lace ruffles, which certainly tempt one to "covet and desire;" the little foot was encased in a high-heeled shoe; the apron was of India muslin, flounced with embroidery; a white folded kerchief showed "pigeon crew fashion" beneath the distinct folds of a black mode cloak, garnished with such lace!—but the head—it was as fine a study as an artist could desire of the antique: Mistress Janet MacAvoy's pure white hair was drawn up from her high narrow forehead over a something—I really do not know what to call it—a roller, I suppose; and this was surmounted by a cap—point lace again—and lappets; so that the dear little lady's head, taken from the chin to the top bow on the top of the muslin monument, measured fairly, would certainly be about half the length of her natural figure. Her eyes are keen, blue, and severe, with a dropping of the lid—a cautious dropping, such as I have seldom noted except in the Scottish countenance; yet theirs is the severity which a virtuous action would disarm, and a vicious one sharpen into living arrows. Her nose is little and pointed; it could impale a foe and defend a friend; the lines about the mouth are hard when the mouth is shut, but when she speaks to, or of, those she likes, the hardness melts altogether away, and her smile is such an outbreak of sunshine, that the winter of her face is completely forgotten. I delight in her smile—it is apart from her other features—they do not answer it, and yet it hallows them; not even an old bachelor in a fit of the gout, who, I take it, must be the most unhappy and unmanageable of the whole animal creation, could withstand the sweet influence of that dear old lady's smile. And then, though she is sarcastic enough at times, there is something sure to come out that tells you her heart has the humanities all alive about it. She does not parade her charities; but the prayers of many a widow and many an orphan have borne her over the billows of a troubled life, when others would have been overwhelmed. She says she hates children; and yet you frequently find her surrounded by them in the back parlour of her pretty house, cutting great pieces of a large plum-cake, which seems endowed with a perpetual existence in her corner-cupboard. If she hears a tale of woe, her little eyes go wink, wink, and the tears that follow would pursue a proper course, did not the high cheek-bones send them any way rather than the ordinary one; but whenever her tears flow, her money follows; nor does she, as coarse-minded people sometimes do, think that money only can raise the bruised reed; she enriches gold by the delicacy with which it is presented. She seems, and I do believe is, ashamed

that people she considers better than herself should want assistance; and after the performance of a very benevolent action, she is as mysterious and as shy as a young leveret, and shuts herself up for a day or two, as if to exclude observation. I need not add, that Mistress Janet MacAvoy has never had what a French lady would call "the necessary appendage" of a husband. Some people hint, that in early life she was "disappointed in love;" but as this, I believe, is generally the case with those who love in "early life" (by which interesting term young ladies mean from fourteen to seventeen), I do not think there is any thing in the circumstance worth recording.

Mistress Janet MacAvoy never speaks of the tender passion; but certainly the only class of men she appears to dislike in reality are old bachelors; her nose grows as pointed as a fine Whitechapel sharp at the mention of an old bachelor. Once an old bachelor offered his arm to take her down to dinner—she gave him such a look! and sailed off in her brocade with no other assistance than that which her slender limbs afforded.

She came to London to take charge of the domestic arrangements of a nephew who had lost his wife, and was left with five young children; there was no probability of his marrying again, for he was poor and in ill health; however, it was enough for Mistress Janet that he was in distress, and the son of her sister, and so she quitted the very neighbourhood, immortalised by having given birth to Robert Burns. She came, never having breathed air that did not approach her with perfume over the "heath-clad hills," to the thick, murky neighbourhood of Fleet Street—in what may be called her old age did she come to endure the turmoil and bustle of a poor citizen's house, who had no claim of personal affection upon her, and from whom she had never heard till he was in trouble—still, was he not of her blood? was he not her sister's child? was he not poor? did he not want "some ane mair canny than himsel'?" to look after his "hame and his bairns!" and was it na a blessin' frae the Almighty for an auld woman to be usefu'?

Mistress Janet has been more than useful: her purse is open, her heart benevolent, her judgment clear; and notwithstanding her peculiarities, her grand nieces and nephews love and venerate the source of their many comforts: this is extraordinary, for oddities are seldom valued as their virtues deserve. Still Mistress Janet is sometimes glad to escape from the living cataract of Fleet Street—to our "Rosery," and come out to us at Old Brompton—as she always says, to breathe fresh air and gather flowers. I like to see her moving methodically along our gravel walks, noticing every new addition to our flower-beds, and saluting all her old favourites with a word of recognition. She sits under the great mulberry tree, as if she were one of those dames of the olden time—whom Mr Nash has of late so happily portrayed—and looks something like the ancient shepherdess of my grandmother's embroidery, for she wears gay colours, and has a *penchant* for roses under her bonnet. But Mistress Janet's chief delight is in our engravings; she will wander over a picture, if the story be pathetically told; that is, the tears will course each other down her cheeks, though she makes no moan. But I never saw her so sensibly affected as by the sight of the "two pictures," as she calls them—when she saw Allan's portraits of SCOTT and BURNS; she fixed her eyes for a length of time on that of the "PEASANT POET." I saw the tears were coming. She had known him—had taken him by the hand—had talked with his "Jean"—possessed, too, a scrap of his handwriting, and has repeated to me ballad after ballad from his immortal pen in the "simmer gloamin'," and in that low, soft, Scottish accent which, to my thinking, adds music to the verse; and yet she turned away without a word—looked out of the window—stooped to pat my little hound, and then, when abundant time had elapsed to forget an ordinary subject, she exclaimed—"It's himsel'—his vera sel'—as I have heard he sat in his father's cottage, composing that wonderfu' and holy poem, 'The Cotter's Saturday Night!' I canna say I ever saw him so i' the clouds like, wi' his pen in his hand, and that weight o' holy thought aboon his brow; he was aye glad o' company, an' I was a braw lassie in thae days, and it was mair natural that he was ready wi' his clavers than his poetry. Weel!" she continued, putting on her spectacles to enable her the better to peruse the details of the picture, which are so beautifully made out that I never saw a Scottish person look upon them without delight; there is the Bible—the pride of the cottage—a few books, not too many, for they might have interrupted the poet's study of the glorious volume of nature, from which came both his knowledge and his inspiration—his broad tartan bonnet, the hilt of his old gran'sire's claymore, the empty luggie and wooden bowl, marking the frugal fare of him who deserved

"The glorious privilege of being independent!"

"Weel," she said, "it is Robert Burns, looking, as he did, mair like a gentleman's gamekeeper than a common farmer—like ane who somehow had conversed wi' beauty and goodness; it wasna weel done tho', o' Maister Allan, to mak Robbie turn his back on the family Bible, for though, puir laddie, he often forgot,

he ne'er disrespected, its words. And there is his dog—his ain dog Luath, his

'Gash and faithfu' tyke,'

at his foot, and weel he looks—but ah, dear me! a painter can only paint the face wi' ae meanin' on it! but his *natur*, his rale *natur*, ye maun gae to his poetry for *that*—there's nae pure *natur* without poetry—it's jist the voice o' *natur*—poetry is the voice o' *natur*, the same as the sang o' yon throistle is its voice—baith hae the same teacher," and she commenced singing, as if to herself, the tender ballad of "My Nannie O!"—giving me, as I glanced from one to the other of these national pictures, time to think on the fate of the two greatest of the many great men Scotland has produced, and to calculate which of the two would live the longest in our nation's memory. I do not think I am able to decide—inclining sometimes to one, sometimes to the other; just now, my feelings are with Burns; his warm and genuine poetry is graven on my heart; and so, indeed, are these stories of the "Northern Wizard," those Scottish stories—especially the "Heart of Mid-Lothian"—so noble in virtue, that if there were nothing else preserved of his composing, it is an all-sufficient monument; but Burns depicted in a song what filled Scott's volume; in many cases their object was the same; but the novelist diffused what the poet concentrated—blessings on them both! for greatly do they contribute to our happiness, though their two pictures make me sad. Burns, whose whole nature was as the essence of immortality—who can read, as I have done, only this morning, his appeal for *five pounds* to one of his oldest friends, and not feel a thrill of horror, that within a month of his death poverty should have so gnashed its bitter teeth and fastened them on his heart. Then there is Scott in his splendid library, surrounded by the tokens of his taste and genius—the vase on the table, Lord Byron's gift—the keys of the Old Tolbooth of Edinburgh hanging by the window—the ancient border bogle—the sporan or purse of Rob Roy—the bust of Shakespeare—the pistol of Claverhouse—a brace of pistols that had been grasped by the hand of Napoleon—the Celtic shield and broadsword—the stately Maids, who contrasts well with Burns's "faithfu' tyke." And yet how sad it is to think that, well born—rich—powerful in fortune and in genius—he died worse than broken-hearted! Must such of necessity be the fate of those who are gifted above others with the distinctive power of genius? Must the vase be broken, the perfume spilled? Must the heart be crushed—the spirit bowed? Alas! such are sad questions—to which fearful answers must be often given.

Yes, I dearly love those two prints; they are among the most cherished of my household gods; they are painted and engraved by Scottish artists; the honoured names of Allan and Burnett are upon them; and how happily the one has been seconded by the other! If the engraver had refined away the strong and striking character the painter has given to both, if he had laboured, as some do, to sacrifice force to delicacy, he would have committed an outrage upon the memory of his country's truest patriots. Shall I not speak for thousands when I thank him for the bold and manly style in which his admirable engravings have been executed? And may I not express a hope that no Scottish house—that few homes where Scott is loved and Burns is worshipped—are without these admirable aids to a true relish and comprehension of the men and of their works?

But I am forgetting my honoured friend.

"Ye are lookin' at Sir Walter," said Mistress Janet, peering into the picture. "I thought myself the greatest woman in Scotland for three whole days, after I had the honour to shake hands wi' him; his kindness went right to the heart, and I couldna mak up my mind which I lo'd best, himsel' or his books, until I read his life."

"And what then, Mistress Janet?"

"What then—why, I thanked God that mine wad never be worth the writin'," she replied, taking a pinch of snuff. "And yet I'll no be sure but the first fault was, that, not content wi' being the greatest man in the world, he wanted to be the greatest nobleman. Ah! it is a great pity he was no content wi' God's whole treasury."

I could not but echo his countrywoman's regret, and felt more strongly than ever, that, for all his want of five pounds, Robert Burns enjoyed more than Sir Walter Scott—

"The glorious privilege of being independent."

These two pictures, commemorating in so striking a manner the relative positions of their subjects, are of all-powerful eloquence—to men of letters their lesson is stern and true—the over-grasping of the one, the thoughtlessness of the other, were both fatal. We think upon these gifted men before the commencement of their real trials—the mighty applause of thousands rings in our ears. The whole civilised world bowed at the shrine of Abbotsford. Every lip in the three kingdoms has uttered the songs of Burns; and yet the one, in his shackled magnificence, the other, in his cottage poverty—with the trumpet of fame still blasting, as if in mockery, at their distress—both died—broken-hearted. It surely cannot be that genius, like beauty, is a "dangerous" gift; that the mind, soaring, even in the swathings of mortality, nearer and nearer heaven, must be plunged back into the

mire of earth. I cannot think that God would give the eagle its pinion only to exercise His power in crushing it to atoms; it is man's improper ambition or perverse wilfulness that soils his greatness, and causes fools to exclaim against the destiny of genius.

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

GREEK SUPERSTITIONS CONTINUED—ORACLES, SACRIFICES, OMENS.

THE Greeks believed in the possibility of foretelling future events. The wisest among them were in this respect not more advanced in intelligence than those ignorant beings in the present day who put faith in fortune-tellers. The practice of divining what would be the result of important enterprises, was connected with the religion of the country, and therefore countenanced and supported by the state. In all matters of importance, the desired knowledge of futurity was sought for from certain oracles, or, as we should now call them, fortune-telling establishments. By far the most celebrated of the Grecian oracles was that of Apollo at Delphi, a city built on the slopes of Mount Parnassus, in Phocia. At a very remote period it had been discovered, that, from a deep cavern in the side of that mountain, an intoxicating vapour issued, the effect of which was so powerful as to throw into convulsions both men and cattle. The rude inhabitants of the surrounding district, unable to account for this phenomenon, conceived that it must be produced by supernatural agency, and regarded the incoherent ravings of those who had inhaled the noxious vapour as prophecies uttered under the inspiration of some god. As the stupefying exhalation ascended out of the ground, it was at first conjectured that the newly discovered oracle must be that of the very ancient goddess, *Earth*, but Neptune was afterwards associated with this divinity, as an auxiliary agent in the mystery. Finally, the whole credit of the oracle was transferred to Apollo. A temple was soon built on the hallowed spot, and a priestess, named the *Pythones*, was appointed, whose office it was to inhale, at stated intervals, the prophetic vapour. To enable her to do so without the risk of falling into the cavern, as several persons had previously done, a seat, called a tripod, from its having three feet, was erected for her accommodation, directly over the mouth of the chasm. Still, however, the *Pythones* held an office which was neither safe nor agreeable. The convulsions into which she was thrown by the unwholesome vapours of the cavern, were in some instances so violent as to cause immediate death, and were at all times so painful that force was often necessary to bring the official to the prophetic seat. The unconnected words which the *Pythones* screamed out in her madness, were arranged into sentences by the attendant priests, who could easily place them in such an order, and fill up the breaks in such a way, as to make them express whatever was most suitable to the interests of the *shrine*, which was the main object. Lest the oracle should be brought into discredit, care was, in general, taken to couch the response in language so obscure and enigmatical, that, whatever course events should take, the prediction might not be falsified, or rather might appear to be verified. It may be observed that, in the course of time, the plan of simulating convulsions was most probably adopted by the chief agent in these impositions.

The fame of the Delphic oracle soon became very extensive, and no enterprise of importance was undertaken in any part of Greece, or of its numerous colonies in the islands and along the coasts of the *Ægean* and *Mediterranean* seas, without a consultation of the *Pythones*. The presents received from those who resorted to it for counsel, not a few of whom were princes or influential and wealthy leaders, formed a source of great and permanent revenue to the institution, and not only afforded the officiating priests a comfortable maintenance, but furnished also the means of erecting a splendid temple instead of the rude edifice which had been originally constructed. The high veneration in which the Delphic oracle was held, gave its directors a large share of influence in public affairs; an influence which they sometimes exerted in a most commendable manner, in sanctioning and furthering the schemes of the statesmen, legislators, and warriors, who undertook to improve the political systems, reform the laws and manners, or defend the liberties, of Greece. Like the Olympian Festival, it also formed a bond of union among the numerous independent communities of Greece, and, by lending the authority of the gods to measures of general utility, often repressed petty jealousies and quarrels, and excited all to study the common welfare. Even when the rest of Greece was vexed by civil war, the chosen territory of Apollo was undisturbed by the din of arms; and the security which it enjoyed, on account of its sacred character, caused Delphi to become a place of deposit for much of the wealth of the states.

It is understood that the Greeks derived their superstitious belief in oracles, as they did many of their arts, from the Egyptians. In the deserts of Lybia, in a direction west from Lower Egypt, was situated the temple of Jupiter-Ammon, one of the most magnificent structures in the world, and celebrated for the oracular responses of its imaginary deity. Alexander, on the occasion of his conquest of Egypt, paid a visit of ceremony to this famed oracle, and consulted it respecting the fortunes of his family. Romans, as well as Greeks, revered this distant

fortune-telling establishment. After the battle of Pharsalia, Labrenus besought Cato to consult so celebrated an oracle, but that great man, who seems to have possessed sentiments of more exalted piety than his countrymen, made the following memorable reply:—"On what account, Labrenus, would you have me consult Jupiter? Shall I ask him whether it be better to lose life than liberty? Whether life be a real good? We have within us, Labrenus, an oracle that can answer all these questions. Nothing happens but by the order of God. Let us not require of Him to repeat to us what he has sufficiently engraved on our hearts. Truth has not withdrawn into these deserts; it is not engraven on the sands of Lybia. The abode of God is in heaven, in the earth, in the sea, and in virtuous hearts. God speaks to us by all that we see, by all that surrounds us. Let the inconstant, and those that are subject to waver according to events, have recourse to oracles. For my part, I find in nature every thing that can inspire the most constant resolution. The coward, as well as the brave, cannot escape death. Jupiter can tell us no more."

The oracles of Greece, like those every where else, in time fell into disrepute; their predictions were laughed at, and exposed as either equivocal or false; and, finally, as the light of Christianity spread over the Roman provinces, they became altogether dumb.

While the oracles continued to act the part of public and accredited prophets, there were various other means of looking into futurity, and procuring tokens of good or bad fortune. Of these, the most remarkable were certain signs or marks in the intestines of victims, slain as sacrifices at the altars. The mode of sacrificing is worthy of explanation. Bulls, goats, sheep, pigeons, cocks, and other creatures, were immolated to the gods of the country. Sometimes there was a hecatomb or sacrifice of a hundred animals at a time, to appease the manes or restless spirits of the deceased. A notion prevailed that the animals to be sacrificed would show signs of satisfaction on being brought to the altars, if the gods to whom they were offered felt pleased with the oblation. On bringing forward a bull or goat, the officiating priest drew a knife from the forehead to the tail, at which, if the victim struggled, it was rejected as not acceptable to the gods; but if it stood quietly at the altar, then they thought the gods were pleased with it; yet a bare non-resistance was not thought sufficient, unless it gave its assent, by a gracious nod; or to try if it would nod, they poured water or barley into its ear. We should imagine that these tests seldom failed in making the animal plunge with its head. Being satisfied with the sign, the priest proceeded to pour wine, and sometimes fruits or frankincense, between the horns of the victim, and afterwards struck it down and bled it to death. Great dexterity was requisite in striking down and bleeding a victim, for if it did not fall at once upon the ground, or stamped or kicked, or struggled to be loose, or did not bleed freely, or seemed to die with pain, it was thought unacceptable to the gods; all these being unlucky omens. To the celestial gods, sacrifices were made in the morning about sunrise; but to the deities of the lower regions, who were supposed to hate the light of day, they were made at midnight. It was customary on some occasions to dance round the altars whilst they sang the sacred hymns, which consisted of three stanzas or parts. The first of these parts, called *strophe*, was sung in turning from east to west; the other, named *antistrophe*, in returning from west to east; then they stood before the altar, and sang the *epode*, which was the last part of the song.

The sacrifice being ended, the priest had his share, and another portion was given as a due to the magistrates; the remainder was usually carried home by the offering party, for the sake of good luck and the preservation of health. Sometimes portions were sent as presents to absent friends. Important ceremonies of this kind were terminated with feasts, and these were concluded by the whole party adjourning to the temple of Jupiter or some other god, and there pouring out a libation of wine at the altar.

Besides the sacrifices, there were also other sorts of presents offered by the Greeks to their gods, either to pacify them when angry, or to obtain some future benefit, or as a grateful acknowledgment of some past favour. These consisted of crowns and garlands, garments, cups of gold, or any other thing that conduced to the ornament or the enriching of the temples. When any person changed his employment or way of life, it was customary to dedicate the instruments belonging to it, as a grateful commemoration of the divine favour and protection. Thus, a fisherman dedicated his nets to the nymphs of the sea; shepherds hung up pipes to Pan or some other of the country deities; and a lady, decayed with age, dedicated her mirror to Venus.

Divination by inspection of the intestines of the animals slain as sacrifices, was a business of a very grave kind, calling for the most earnest attention on the part of its professors. If there were any appearance of disease or injury, or any discoloration in the entrails, if the liver was dry, or if the heart palpitated, or was shrivelled, the sacrifice was unpropitious, and bad luck was to attend the proposed enterprise; if the gall was large and ready to burst, there were to be bloody wars or fights. The death of Alexander was foretold because his victim's liver had no lobes. On the day that Pyrrhus was slain at Argos, his death was prognosticated by the heads of

the sacrifices, which, being cut off, lay licking their own blood. It was also a very unlucky omen when the fire applied to the victim did not ascend calmly and in a straight line, or when the smoke curled and spread abroad. There was also a mode of divination by dreaming. Its professors threw themselves at will into a trance, during which, it was pretended, they visited in spirit the celestial regions, whence they returned with supernatural knowledge. In Athens a professed dreamer was kept at the public expense.

Divination by watching the motions and cries of birds was a superstition of great antiquity. It was observed that certain kinds of these animals disappeared in flights at particular seasons, and again returned, in a manner equally mysterious and incomprehensible, to their wonted haunts. In the present day, we know that such migrations take place from quite a natural cause—the instinctive desire of the animals to seek a climate conformable to their wants. But it was no part of the Greek, or, we may add, the Roman, philosophy, to attribute any event whatever to proximate natural causes; the meaning of every thing was sought for in the supernatural. The periodical flight and temporary absence of birds was therefore a phenomenon which served to invest these creatures with something like a supernatural character. When the birds left the land towards the approach of winter, to seek warmer skies, they were believed to retire from our earthly sphere, and to visit the heavenly regions, there to enter into communication with the gods, and receive from them a knowledge of future events. As birds could not disclose their information by language, it was customary to watch their flight, and also to kill them, for the sake of omens. If an eagle wheeled in its flight, or flew upwards, or perched on the ground, or if a flock of smaller birds settled on a temple, or was seen flying in a particular manner or direction, *something*, either good or evil, was betokened. There were also lucky and unlucky birds. Both Aristotle and Pliny, two great men of antiquity, reckoned vultures to be very unlucky, because they were generally seen before any great slaughter. Owls were, for the most part, looked upon as unlucky birds, but at Athens were omens of victory and success, being sacred to Minerva, the peculiar tutelary goddess of that city. The dove was thought to be lucky; so also was the swan, especially to mariners, being an omen of fair weather. Ravens were believed to receive a power of portending future events from Apollo. When they appeared about an army, it was a bad omen; if they came croaking upon the right hand, it was a tolerably good omen; if on the left, a very bad one; the appearance and chattering of magpies were unlucky omens. When Alexander entered Babylon, and Cicero fled from Anthony, their deaths were foretold by the noise of ravens. Pliny affirms that the worst omens were given by these birds when they made a harsh sort of noise, rattling in their throats, as if they were choked. Cocks were also accounted prophetic, especially in matters of war, for they were sacred to Mars, and were usually sacrificed to him, and pictured with him. The crowing of cocks was an auspicious omen, and presaged the victory of Themistocles over the Persians; in memory whereof, he instituted an annual feast, which was celebrated with exhibitions of fighting-cocks in the theatre. It was thought to be a token of a dreadful judgment, if a hen was heard to crow.

The superstitious beliefs of the Greeks and Romans were without number. Bees, ants, and various reptiles and beasts, were imagined to have the power of giving omens of good or bad fortune. Before Pompey's defeat, a swarm of bees settled upon the altar. This was a dreadful omen. Yet bees were not unlucky in all circumstances. When Plato was an infant in the cradle, bees are said to have come and sat upon his lips, whereupon the augurs foretold that he should be famous for sweetness of language and delightful eloquence. The death of Cimón, a Greek warrior, was presaged by a swarm of ants, which, on the occasion of a sacrifice, crept in a cluster round his great toe. Toads were accounted lucky omens. Snakes were likewise ominous, as appears by the serpent mentioned in Homer's *Iliad*, which devoured a brood of nine sparrows, and was interpreted to signify that the siege of Troy should continue nine whole years. To meet a boar was reckoned very unlucky. When a hare appeared to an army in time of war, it signified defeat and running away; the flight of Xerxes's army was predicted by a hare.

The phenomena of the atmosphere and planetary bodies were likewise a fertile source of superstitious delusions. The appearance of comets, and also eclipses, were ominous of great public disasters, it being the general belief that they were special signs made by the gods to warn mankind of approaching troubles. Nicias, the Athenian general, being surrounded on every side by his enemies, was struck with such consternation by an eclipse of the moon, that he commanded his soldiers to lay down their arms, and so with a numerous army tamely yielded himself up to slaughter. Lightning and thunder were lucky or unlucky according to the point from which they proceeded. If seen or heard on the right hand, they were believed to be good omens, and if on the left, the reverse. Both lightning and its accompanying thunder were supposed to proceed from Jupiter, and were the most awful tokens of his pleasure or displeasure. It was a common belief that danger from lightning might be averted by hissing or whistling to it. When a thunder-storm commenced, all

Athens fell to whistling. At Rome, places struck by lightning were held sacred, and enclosed from ordinary use. Not a wind could blow, but it was attributed to Æolus; not a meteor could appear in the sky, but was imagined to be ominous of some approaching event or good or evil. When two meteors appeared together, they were supposed to be torches held out by Castor and Polux to light the mariner to port, and to forebode good weather; but if a third meteor happened to appear, it was declared to be Helena with a fiery dart chasing away Castor and Polux, and portended storms, shipwrecks, and disasters. Among a people so superstitious as the Greeks and Romans, it will readily be conceived that earthquakes were ominous of signal national evils. These agitations of the ground, now traced to simple natural causes, were attributed to Neptune, and to avert his fury, sacrifices were made at his altars, and he was sung to in loud and fulsome psalms. When the ground was rent and laid open by earthquakes, the fears of the people, of the highest as well as the lowest rank, exceeded all bounds, and the subterranean deity was believed to be so wrathful, that nothing short of the most valuable offerings thrown into the gap would appease his anger. Thus, Midas, king of Phrygia, on one occasion cast valuable jewels, and also his own son, into a gap caused by an earthquake; and when a gulf opened from a similar cause in Rome, Curtius leaped into it on horseback, as a voluntary sacrifice to Neptune, who was supposed to be gratified with the offering, for the gulf immediately closed upon and swallowed its heroic victim. In these superstitious beliefs and observances we see a lamentable proof of the follies to which even a refined people may be exposed, if ignorant of the laws of nature.

THE GOVERNMENT CLERK.

[From "Heads of the French," now publishing.]

In France there are as many varieties of Clerks as naturalists ascribe to the *Lepidoptera*; but notwithstanding the thousand shades of difference, there are amongst them, to the keen and careful observer, great points of resemblance and striking analogies; in whatever grade of administrative department they may be engaged, they have all in view one single object, one fixed idea, one common destiny.

Let us explain in a few words the routine of the Clerk's life. At thirty, having a salary of eighteen hundred francs a-year, he marries an heiress with an income of six or eight hundred more; he takes a lodging, which must not cost him more than four hundred francs, at the farther extremity of the Marais, or in one of the suburbs of Paris. He walks every day five miles to go to his office, and there fill up registers, copy letters, sort and arrange heaps of papers, deliver game-licences, passports, receipts, and warrants—or, again, to register those who arrive and those who depart; to make out the conscription-lists; to plan a bridge for this town, a school for the other, and a cavalry-barrack for a third; to circulate the thoughts and stories originating in Paris over France and Europe; from his leather arm-chair, to keep a vigilant watch on the motions of such a gambler or such a criminal, or the progress of such a conspiracy, and what not besides. Others must have an eye on the thirty-eight thousand French boroughs, to ascertain and provide for their wants, their wishes, their opinions, or all that relates to politics, trade, the public good, religion, morals, the preservation of health, and a thousand other things. Such are the Clerk's multifarious duties six hours of six days of the week. Sunday comes, on which day he does not rise till ten, and shaves much later than usual. Towards three he quits his dull suburb, and starts with his wife for Paris, where they walk two hours for an appetite, and dine for two francs at Richefeu's, on *perdreux aux choux*, a *salade de homard*, a *sole au gratin*, with a *meringue à la crème* for a dessert. After dinner they go in summer to the Champs Elysées, and in winter to Musard's Concert. At half-past ten they walk home, where they scarcely arrive before midnight—the poor wife almost dead with fatigue—and thus ends the day.

The class of unmarried Clerks is much more numerous than that of the married. "What is the use of marrying?" say they: "if we marry for love, what misery not to be able to offer to the woman of our choice the thousand amusements, the charming nothings, the jewels, ribbons, and flowers, which go for so much to constitute female happiness! If, on the contrary, we marry, like too many others, merely for convenience, why thrust ourselves, without any compensation whatever, into the homest nest of nurses, doctors, and dress-makers' and milliners' bills? Let us try if it be not possible to live otherwise." Thus, alas! it is from poverty that the greater number doom themselves to celibacy, and, perhaps, are thus even more unhappy than those of their brethren who have ventured on matrimony. It is true that the single Clerk is free, and proud of his liberty till he is forty. He dines at the table-d'hôte at thirty-two sous, frequents the public walks, concerts, theatres, *balles champêtres*, and otherwise, and is occasionally animated by the fleeting excitement of an adventurous existence. But gradually the scene changes; his hair turns grey, he numbers forty-five winters, and the age of illusions passes away, never to return. Concerts, balls, and plays, amuse him no longer. What is to be done? To what innocent passion can he devote himself? How must he fill up his long summer mornings, his interminable winter evenings? Important questions these! Dining at table-d'hôte is moreover become insufferable to him. He can no longer endure to meet each day new faces, which he may never see again. Then, if he compare the flavourless soup, and

the harmless liquids in which swim the meats at his table d'hôte, with the delicious dishes and sauces so exquisitely prepared in private families, what a difference suggests itself to his mind! From this time a great change takes place in the single Clerk's life; he renounces the world, its amusements, its brilliant assemblies, to study a science, or devote himself to some quiet mania. He takes either to ornithology or numismatics, collects minerals, classes butterflies or shells, stuffs to the best of his abilities all his neighbours' dead canary birds, and subscribes to five or six illustrated editions. He ends by engaging a housekeeper, takes his meals at home, and settles down for life as comfortably as he can.

There are shades in the varieties of Clerks, which to dwell upon would be useless, their designation being a sufficient description. Such are the idler, who contrives to work only an hour a-day; the plodder, who is scrupulous of losing an instant; the *mulâtre imaginaire*, who for thirty years fancies himself threatened with serious illness, expecting which he solicits frequent leaves of absence, and is bled and takes medicine regularly every fortnight; the joker, who is always propounding riddles and playing tricks; the flatterer, who is sometimes nicknamed by his fellow-clerks "the Spy," &c. &c. The Pluralist demands a sketch to himself.

The hours of business in a public office are usually from ten to four o'clock. As long as the Clerk remains unmarried, he sleeps or otherwise idles away the eighteen hours' leisure afforded him by government; but when he marries, and children bring poverty, he tries to make the best possible use of his spare time. Then, indeed, his life is the most laborious and varied imaginable. It is hardly six o'clock, when he is already up and copying deeds and abstracts for solicitors; he colours prints, gives lessons in drawing, or on the French horn, or perhaps writes articles for the pictorial magazines, or scribbles novels or compilations at fifty francs a volume, according to his intelligence or inclination. From ten till four he is at his office. His dinner over, at six he betakes himself to some theatre on the Boulevard, to play the bassoon; or, if he is no musician, he employs his evening in keeping the books of some tailor, grocer, or any other shopkeeper in his neighbourhood. Such is his daily existence till eleven o'clock. Poor victim to marriage!—what industry!—what self-denial! Setting these aside—thanks to his unremitting exertion for seventeen hours per diem—the pluralist Clerk succeeds in providing food and clothing for his wife and children, and adds eight or nine hundred francs to his Government salary of fifteen hundred.

[The Government Clerk at length retires from the desk.] He has served thirty years: the period for his retirement has arrived; but, alas! here again are new grievances and fresh disappointment. In his youth, the Clerk is ever pining for the day when he shall retire, break his chain, recover his liberty, his independence, his freedom of speech, &c. When the time really arrives, his language is no longer the same. He resembles the Woodman in the presence of Death, in the fable. "What, already!" cries he. "What tyrannical injustice! I have scarcely begun to reap the fruit of my labour, and now I am dismissed; and with the stroke of a pen goes the one-half of my income! I who took so much pleasure in framing reports, auditing accounts, writing dispatches, &c. What is to become of me?" The Clerk then invariably forgets that there was a time when he was indignant that the old should bar the road to the young. However, retire he must, willingly or unwillingly, in spite of all appeal; and if his children are all provided for, and there is nothing to keep him in Paris, he usually retires to some small town in its immediate vicinity, and not unfrequently lives till he is eighty—happy when his savings have enabled him to purchase an acre of land, and subscribe, conjointly with the mayor of the place, to the oldest of the opposition newspapers.

There are some sad exceptions to this resignation and longevity. "Have you heard the news?" says sometimes one of the clerks, as he mends his pen, to his comrades in the office. "Have you heard the news of old A—, our pensioned head clerk?"

"No. What of him?"

"You know that he retired to the environs of Chantilly, at the entrance of a charming village, surrounded by magnificent vegetation; but it was the verdure of his papers, not that of the fields, that he cared for, poor man! As soon as he had ceased to see them about him, his health began to decline; he lingered six months; he who used to be so contented and happy in his office! His spirits entirely forsook him; a slow disease gradually undermined his health, and wore his body to a shadow."

"And how is he now?"

"Very well: he died yesterday!"

VAN DIEMEN'S LAND.

WE gather the following scraps of information respecting the condition of Van Diemen's Land, from an official return drawn up by the colonial secretary to the government, for the years 1836-7-8, and published in the Hobart Town Courier, May 31, 1839.

From No. 1 in the return, it appears that the fixed revenue of the colony has increased from L.91,320 in 1835, to L.98,081 in 1838, although in the interval there has been a decrease of L.18,000 on the annual revenue from spirit duties. "The reduction of the price of labour, and the improvement in the moral and civilised habits of the lower classes, have induced the use of the more cheap and wholesome beverage of beer, which of course must also have displaced the use of spirits." The number of licences to publicans and wholesale dealers in spirits has been considerably diminished.

The annual expenditure of the colony has correspondingly increased from L.103,027 in 1835, to L.138,681 in 1838; much of this increase, however, is caused by the colony now bearing the cost for the

police establishment, formerly paid by the home government.

"From No. 4 it will be seen that the number of vessels entered inwards, and cleared outwards, in 1835, was inwards, vessels 229, tonnage 56,833; outwards, vessels 225, tonnage 53,560; whereas, in 1838, they had increased respectively, to inwards, vessels 370, tonnage 64,454; outwards 369, tonnage 63,392; being an increase of 61 per cent. on the vessels inwards, and 64 per cent. on those outwards.

No. 5 shows that the imports for the three years have increased 20 per cent., and the very pleasing fact, that the exports for the same period have increased at the astonishing rate of 81 per cent., or from L.320,679 in 1835, to L.581,475 in 1838. The imports are more than L.15 for every individual on the island. This great increase in our trade is no doubt in some measure attributable to the establishment of the two new colonies of Southern Australia and Port Philip, which has given a fresh stimulus to commerce."

The exports have likewise greatly increased. Of wool, "the exports have increased from 8000 bales in 1835, value L.142,921, to nearly 11,000 bales in 1838, value L.171,599. The oil has likewise increased from 2154 tons, value L.51,398, to 4801 tons, value L.121,270, or more than double, and the whalebone from 132 tons, value L.10,698, to 187 tons, value L.15,807.

From No. 6 your excellency will perceive that the increase in the number of vessels and tonnage belonging to the colony has even more than kept pace with the great advancement of our commerce. The vessels have increased 42 per cent. in the three years, the tonnage 90 per cent., from which it is evident that more distant trade is now undertaken by our merchants than formerly.

Return No. 7 shows that ship-building is likely to prove another source of colonial industry. The number of vessels built in 1835 was 5, with a tonnage of 382, while in 1838, 10 vessels were built, tonnage 1267; a very great and rapid increase.

No. 8 gives a return of the number of grants of land, and of the number of acres granted, for the three years. From No. 9, which your excellency will observe contains the number of acres of crown land sold during the three years, and the average price per acre, it will be perceived that the average has been 8s. 5½d. per acre, the highest average being that of 1836, when it was 9s. 9½d. per acre, having annually decreased since that period.

From Nos. 10 and 11 it appears that the number of acres in crop has increased from 87,283 to 108,000, or nearly 24 per cent. The number of horses has increased at the rate of 49 per cent., and that of sheep from 824,256 in 1835, to 1,214,455.

Return No. 17 is a comparative account of the population, showing that it has increased from 40,283 in 1835, to 45,846 in 1838, or nearly 14 per cent.; and it is satisfactory to see, that while the male population has increased only about 13 per cent., the number of females has increased nearly 21 per cent., and that of free females more than 25 per cent.

The next returns show the number of inquests held on persons who have died, directly or indirectly, from drunkenness, from the year 1830 to the end of March 1838, and your excellency will be gratified on observing, that the year 1837 exhibits a marked decrease when compared with that of 1836; and if we may judge of the year 1838 from the returns of the first quarter, the decrease is still greater, and is yet more remarkable among the bond than the free.

From return No. 19, which gives a comparative account of the rates of wages, it will be perceived that the wages have fallen, though slightly, during the three years, at the average rate of above sixpence per diem.

The next return, that of manufactories and trades, shows a progressive increase in almost every branch, some of which I would more especially particularise. In 1835, the number of mills driven by water and wind was 47; it is now 51: and in place of one driven by steam, we have now three. The number of breweries, cooperages, candle manufactories, engineers, sail-makers, and shipwrights, has also greatly increased. This increase is in a great measure accounted for by return 21*, which shows that the number of miles of metalled roads in the colony has, during the three years, been very nearly doubled. Prior to 1836, there were only 68 miles so metalled; there are now more than 110: of these 110 miles, 97 are on McAdam's plan, and 13 on that of Telford. The number of bridges erected during the above period is 9; and that of culverts 274,893,000 cubic yards of excavation, and 757,000 cubic yards of embankment, have also been formed. The cross roads have also been improved, and better lines adopted."

The post-office system has been considerably extended. In Hobart Town there are now three deliveries in the day by the twopenny post, and the number of letters has increased, during the four years in question, from 9689 to 16,095. The number of places of public worship in the colony has increased from 18 to 32, and of sittings from 8369 to 14,000, and this does not include temporary buildings, or those which contain less than 100 sittings.

The number of actions at law is decreasing annually. Crimes against person and property have likewise decreased. During the three years ending in December 1835, there were 37 executions; during the three years ending December 1838, the number of executions was only 15. In 1838 there had been only three. "I need not here enlarge (concludes the writer

of the return), yet I would mention that the morals of the convicts have improved, the number sent up for good behaviour in 1835 being 286; whereas, in 1838, it was 439, or 1 in 2 nearly. The number of deaths has decreased from 1 in 34 to 1 in 58. The general health of the settlement is also much better."

LOCOMOTIVE POWER APPLIED TO CANAL TRANSIT.

It is, we suppose, generally known that the principal obstacle to the use of steam-engines on board canal-boats, is the injury done to the banks by the action of the water from the motion of the paddles. This, it appears, cannot be overcome, and consequently canal-boats are still dragged by horses on the old plan. An attempt, however, has lately been made in Scotland to introduce the use of steam-power for inland navigation, by means of a railway and locomotive tug along the line of the Forth and Clyde Canal. The following accounts of the experiments are from the Edinburgh newspapers:—

FIRST EXPERIMENT.—"This, which was of a novel nature, was conducted by Mr John Macneil, civil engineer, and consulting engineer to the Canal Company. It is well known that the haulage of boats on this canal has hitherto been performed by horses; the rates of speed being, for the heavy sloops, brigs, &c., in the London, Dundee, and other trades, about 1½ to 2 miles per hour, when drawn by two or five horses, according to the state of the weather; and for the swift or passenger boats between 8 and 9 miles per hour, on an average, when drawn by two horses. The object of the experiment was to ascertain the possibility of using locomotive steam power to draw the boats, instead of horses. Accordingly, a single line of rails, upon blocks, like an ordinary railway, was laid down for a considerable space along the canal banks, near Lock 16; and a locomotive engine and tender, built by Mr William Dodds, having been brought down the canal and set on the rails on the morning of the 21st, Mr Macneil, Mr Johnston, the canal director, and several engineers and gentlemen, being present, the experiment commenced by attaching to the engine the towing-line of the first passenger-boat that made its appearance, and which contained upwards of ninety passengers, with their luggage. There was a trifling delay in disengaging the horses, and tying the line to the engine, but this was amply compensated when the 'Victoria' briskly set off, and almost immediately gained a speed of 17½ miles per hour, which she kept up round two curves, and until the termination of the rails made it necessary to stop, amid the cheers of the delighted passengers. This experiment was repeated, during the course of the day, with each passenger-boat as it came on the railed space, and with equal success each time. On one occasion a towing-rope, which was much decayed, got foul of a curb-stone and broke, but without causing the slightest inconvenience, except about one minute's delay. The engine employed being intended only for a slow trade, was not calculated to go at greater speed than eighteen miles per hour; but it was the opinion of all present, that, with proper passenger locomotives, a speed might be obtained equal to that upon the best railways, few of the latter possessing the advantage secured by the canal bank of a perfect level throughout. The nature of the motion was highly gratifying to all the passengers, being more uniform, steady, and smooth, than when the boats were drawn by horses. Several of the heavy (masted) were also taken in tow during the two days of trial, at the rates of 3, 3½, 4, and 5 miles per hour; and, on one occasion, two loaded sloops, and a large waggon-boat, were together attached to the engine, and hauled with ease at the rate of 2½ miles per hour, whilst only one-fourth of the steam was allowed to pass the throttle valve. The foregoing statements render palpably apparent the immense advantages which might be gained by this new adaptation of steam-power—a great economy of haulage expenses, as one engine might draw at least six sloops, which now would require from 18 to 24 horses, and, if necessary, at double the present speed; and a proportional increase of the present traffic on the canal, which might be reasonably expected. Passengers would increase in a great proportion, when attracted by economy and speed of transport. The Union Canal from Edinburgh to Falkirk might be traversed in 2 hours, and the Forth and Clyde Canal from Falkirk to Glasgow in 1½ instead of 4 hours and 3½, as at present, and this by only assuming 16 miles per hour, though more might easily be performed, as the experiments have shown."

SUBSEQUENT EXPERIMENT.—"The locomotive employed on this occasion was the 'Victoria,' the same engine that had been employed in the former trial. By her were towed both the passenger boats, and the larger vessels of the Canal trade, under a variety of conditions. Some of the most remarkable results were as follow:—

With a passenger boat laden with passengers (an average load), a rate of twenty miles per hour was attained, and it was evident that the only limit to the speed was that of the power of the engine. The following eight trading vessels were arranged in a line, attached to each other, and the first to the locomotive:—

	Tons	Actual Load.	Draught of Water.
Register.	Tons.	Fect.	Inches.
Thetis, Grangemouth	66	35	8 0
Alert, Leith	41	67	8 9
Union, Kirkcaldy	48	65	8 6
Thistle, Alloa	51	18	6 0
Dainty Davy	30	47	7 10
London Packet	81	70	8 10
Star (Scow)	0	40	4 0
Prince (luggage boat)	0	22	4 6
	317	364	

For the haulage of this amount of tonnage, at the usual rate of 14 mile per hour, about twenty horses are employed, under the most favourable circumstances. The Victoria towed it, with about one-fourth only of her steam-power, at a rate of 2½ miles per hour. The case

with which she did this justified the opinion of several spectators, qualified to judge, that double this amount of tonnage might have been mastered by her with very little or any diminution of her speed.

The wave produced by the motion of the large vessels at the rate they were towed, was of the ordinary size and character; that of the rapid boats, though large, was by no means so formidable as to create any fear that it would be an obstacle to the adoption of this mode of conveyance. In one of the latter experiments, four passenger-boats were towed in a line, and the volume of the waves was evidently broken up into numberless smaller waves, spreading over the whole surface of the canal, and resembling a great ripple. The reverse of this occurred when two passenger-boats were lashed together abreast as a twin-boat; the wave then extended in a fine regular glassy swell from the boats to the shores. These effects point out the fact, that the form, magnitude, position, &c., of the wave, are all susceptible of modification. As little is to be apprehended from curves, of whatever character. In the railway upon which the engine travelled, there was a curve of double flexure, the radius of part of which was less than a third of a mile. No sensible retardation in her speed was produced by it, nor was any disposition observed, even in the most rapid transits, to run off the rails. To prevent the latter effect occurring from the resistance of the vessels towed, the outer rail was laid a little lower in level than the inner one, so as to give the engine a slight tendency to descend towards the outward rail. This also prevents, in a certain degree, the over-turning of the engine by a strong pull.

During the whole of the several series of experiments, not a single fact occurred to check the expectation that this union of the railway and the canal will, wherever practicable, take the precedence of every other, in point of combined convenience, safety, rapidity, and economy."

RECOLLECTIONS OF CALCUTTA, BY AN OFFICER.

THE Fort of Calcutta is one of the most splendid and convenient military establishments to be found in any quarter of the globe. It is very spacious, and, like the Tower of London, resembles a small town rather than a mere citadel, consisting of various streets and squares adapted for different purposes. On all sides it is guarded by a high and strongly built rampart, which is surrounded by a broad fosse, over which are placed drawbridges, leading to the principal gateways. On our first arrival here, after due admiration of the noble fortress itself, I was particularly amused by observing a tribe of extraordinary looking birds of the crane species, called Adjutants, which are quite domestic, but of a strange unsightly appearance, and which stand erect, like the penguin, in military fashion, rank and file, remaining as silent, motionless, and orderly, as a regiment drawn up on parade. These curious creatures are so well drilled, and so well practised in soldierly habits, that they never move the body, nor even the head, to the left or right as you pass by them, but seem fixed as statues, and are generally to be seen surrounding the green square enclosure in front of the barracks, where they remain in a state of ruminative apathy under the full blaze of the mid-day sun, until the soldier's dinner-drum begins to beat. Then are they all in motion in an instant, scampering off in double-quick time to the men's barracks, where a scene of great drollery usually ensues. They are most ravenous creatures, and provided with an enormously long and formidable bill, as well as with a large capacious bag, which hangs down from their throat to their long lanky legs. These curious birds, after all, though by no means an ornament to the fort, are as useful as they are amusing, being literally and truly its scavengers. They carry off all the offal and refuse thrown out about its precincts, and to them, and a host of assistant crows, who also frequent the locality, the inmates are indebted for the admirable cleanliness, and consequently much of the healthiness, of the place. These crows live on good terms, for the most part, with the adjutants; but sometimes one of the latter species is provoked out of its apathy by some mischievous encroachment on the part of the lesser birds, and gulps down the offending crow in an instant, feathers, bones, beak, claws, and all. This is a feat which the adjutant can execute with the greatest ease.

The fort is often the scene of animated festivity, from the presence of native jugglers, renowned for their surprising skill and dexterity. The performances of these people have been so often described, that I shall only advert to one piece of jugglery which was practised upon myself, and which is curious from bearing a strong resemblance to the feats recorded in sacred history as having been performed by the Egyptian magicians. Indeed, as it is well known that the Hindoo tricks have been handed down from the most distant ages, from father to son, there is little wonder that such a similarity should exist. The particular trick alluded to consisted in the apparent conversion of a small brass coin into a snake. The juggler gave me the coin to hold, and then seated himself, about five yards from me, on a small rug, from which he never attempted to move during the whole performance. I showed the coin to several persons who were close beside me on a form in front of the juggler. At a sign from him, I not only grasped the coin firmly in my right hand, but, covering that hand with equal tightness with my left, I enclosed

them both as firmly as I could between my knees. Of course I was positively certain that the small coin was within my fists. The juggler then began a sort of incantation, accompanied by a monotonous and discordant kind of recitative, and repeating the words "Ram Sammee" during some minutes. He then suddenly stopped, and, still keeping his seat, made a quick motion with his right hand, as if throwing something at me, and giving at the same time a puff with his mouth. At that instant I felt my hands suddenly distend, and become partly open, while I experienced a sensation as if a cold ball of dough, or some such soft substance, was now between my palms. I started to my feet in astonishment, and also to the astonishment of others, and unclenching my fists, found there no coin, but, to my horror, a young living make—a cobra-di-capello—folded roundly up. I threw it instantly to the ground, as if already bit by the deadly reptile, which began immediately to crawl along the ground, to the amazement and alarm of all present. But the juggler now got up, caught hold of the snake, and displayed its length, which was nearly two feet. He then took it cautiously by the tail, and, opening his own mouth to its utmost width, let the head of the snake drop into it, and commenced deliberately to swallow the animal, till the end of the tail only was visible; then, making a sudden gulp, the whole of the snake was apparently swallowed. After this the juggler came up to the spectators, and opening his mouth wide, permitted us to look into his throat; but no snake or snake-tail was to be seen. It was seemingly down his throat altogether.

During the remainder of the performances, we never saw this snake again, nor did the juggler profess his ability to make it re-appear. But he performed another snake-trick which surprised us much. He took from a bag another living cobra-di-capello, and walking into the centre of the room, enclosed it in his hands, in a folded state. He waved or shook them for some time in this condition, and then opened his fists, when, behold! the large cobra was gone, and in its place were several small ones, which fell on the floor, and began to move about.

ANTI-BACCHANALIAN SONGS.

No. I.

PLEASURE IN SOBRIETY.

Man little thinks
That while he drinks,
And quaffs the flowing bowl,
He breeds dull care,
Creates despair
In future for his soul.
Man little knows,
When thus he throws
His sorrow to the wind,
He sows a seed,
Will only breed
More deep in memory's mind.
Then leave your wine,
Though 'tis divine,
Enjoy a sober smile;
It has no smart,
But cheers the heart,
And lasts a longer while.

LITTLE CHILDREN.

[BY MARY HOWITT.]

Sporting through the forest wide;
Playing by the water side;
Wandering o'er the heathed fells;
Down within the woodland dells;
All among the mountains wild;
Dwelleth many a little child!
In the baron's hall of pride;
By the poor man's dull fireside;
'Mid the mighty, 'mid the mean;
Little children may be seen!
Like the flowers that spring up fair,
Bright and countless every where!
In the fair isles of the main;
In the desert's lone domain;
In the savage mountain glen;
Among the tribes of swarthy men;
Wheresoever a foot hath gone;
Wheresoever the sun hath shone
On a league of peopled ground;
Little children may be found!
Blessings on them! They, in me,
Move a kindly sympathy!
With their wishes, hopes, and fears;
With their laughter and their tears;
With their wonder so intense,
And their small experience!
Little children, not alone
On the wide earth are ye known;
'Mid its labours and its cares;
'Mid its sufferings and its snarcs.
Free from sorrow, free from strife,
In the world of love and life,
Where no sinful thing hath trod
In the presence of our God!
Spotless, blameless, glorified,
Little children, ye abide!

A HARD CASE.

An American paper contains the following brief but serious complaint:—

"One of our subscribers has stopped his paper, because we refused to insert an obituary, two columns in length, of a child of his which died at the age of two months. We should have had no objection to have published a short obituary of the infant, but what would our other readers have said to two mortal columns?"

It was, doubtless, a most unreasonable thing to request the insertion of so voluminous an obituary of a child, which only reached the innocent age of a couple of months; and the fact of the father stopping his paper, because it was refused, only shows with what queer customers our Yankee brethren of the press have to deal. We are sorry, however, after all, that our friend of the broad sheet, on the other side of the Atlantic, did not, as a matter of curiosity, publish this two-column obituary; and we beg to give the father of the infant deceased due notice, should this meet his eye, that if he only send the obituary to us, we shall take care that it graces the columns of some of our metropolitan journals. What we are curious to know is, where or how this exemplary parent possessed himself of materials respecting his infant, out of which he could spin two newspaper columns. We had thought the first two months of infancy were not particularly prolific of epochs or vicissitudes, from which an obituary might be manufactured. It is pretty clear, one would think, that at that tender age, the babe, though free from the vices of after-life, could not have been overstocked with the positive virtues. What then, in the name of wonder, could this Yankee parent have had to say about his "little cherub," that would have filled two columns. It may have been a "dear babe," as all babes are; and it may moreover have been devotedly attached to "nurse" and to "papa;" but then these are such commonplace affairs in the annals of babyship, that we cannot conceive on what ground this affectionate father thought them worthy of particular mention in the case of his child. We wish we had not seen the above paragraph: it has inspired in us a consuming curiosity to see the two columns of infantine biography. The best memoir ever written of any philosopher, statesman, or warrior, would not, to our minds, prove half so attractive. —*Grant's Walks and Wanderings.*

WORKING COLLIER.

We could almost wish that fate had destined us to be "working colliers." In that case we should have had some hopes of eventually attaining to wealth, if not to fame. As poor magazine editors, we have not the most slender prospect of either. The individual referred to in the following paragraph, may bless his stars that he was made a working collier, instead of the editor of a journal. Had he filled the latter situation, he never could have had the good luck which is in reserve for him; for no one ever yet heard of an editor establishing his claim to property of "immense annual value;" nor of triennial or septennial value either. But let the paragraph alluded to tell its own story:—

"A working collier, hitherto in very distressed circumstances, has recently established his claim as heir to property of immense annual value, near Ashby, in Leicestershire."

This is the eleventh or twelfth "working collier," who, if the papers may be credited, has had similar good fortune within the last six months. In all the other instances, if we remember rightly, there was a peerage or some great title associated with the "immense property." We are surprised to miss this pleasant-sounding appendage in the present instance. Probably it may be the next thing to which this "working collier" may establish his claim. What lucky rascals these underground gentry are! It is right, however, to add, that however clearly they establish their claims to immense property, distinguished titles, &c., in the columns of public journals, they do not succeed, in one case out of a thousand, in establishing their claims in a court of law. It is the latter consideration alone that prevents us from throwing ourselves into a coal-mine at once.—*Grant's Walks and Wanderings.*

AN EXECUTIONER'S LETTER.

THE following letter will be deemed a great curiosity. It is a true copy of a letter addressed not long ago to the under-sheriff of a northern Irish county, by a man who acts as executioner in several Ulster counties, but whose trade, it appears, has suffered greatly of late, in consequence of the greater obedience to law in the sister isle, or the greater leniency of those entrusted with its execution:—

O— Goal.

Dear Mr W— Sir Excuse my freedom Sir iye am sorry that I have to Explain to your honour that traid and harvest and slaughter of every Degree has Left me but still Lives in hopes of a Change for the better Sir if traid had been Good with me this time back my Clothing would not have been so bad but still Lives in hopes Sir as iye am at Present Cut Down to the Lowest Ebb for want of business if you have any old wairing Aperel Past you iye hope you will not forget me and also with a little Change to Cary me on as iye main to leave the Prison this Evening or to morow morning Master David Sir iye hope we will have it in our Power yett to draw up thes Bad times for if you show me the object never fear iye will show you traid Sir iye most humbly hope you will Conider me at the Present and the first harvest I will make a return What ever your Honour thinks of Doing with me have the Goodness to Explain it to mr Crowford and he will Deliver it to me.

Sir iye Conclude with my Concear wishes for your seasty and welfair yours truly to command

E. K. O. J— B—
Addressed Mr David W— Esqur Sheriff for t— o—.

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LITERARY FORMULAS.

IF a barbarian of good natural understanding were introduced into this country, and put through an extensive course of reading in its modern miscellaneous literature, he would probably be not a little surprised at some of the features of that literature, which we daily pass over as matters of course. For example, it would appear to him very strange that almost every novel should contain some two or three persons of excessively wicked character, and about an equal number who are nearly faultless; while, to make the wonder still greater, the virtues and the vices invariably go in association with certain peculiarities of personal appearance, professional occupation, and even relationship. Thus the best looking young lady and young gentleman are always paragons of moral goodness—dull a little, perhaps, but always very good. There is always an ill-looking (perhaps deformed) fellow, who entertains the most atrocious designs against some one, in which, however, he is entirely baulked. If this gentleman be uncle to any body, he is sure to be the worse for it; and this must appear the more wonderful, as the consideration is apt to arise that, if he be uncle to some one, he may be, or have been, nephew to some body else, who ought to have brought him up. Fathers generally are very harsh, and mammas very absurd and designing; that is to say, when they are mammas of some standing, for if they be young mammas, they are the most delightful creatures in the world, being then angels of maternal tenderness. Men are always sad wretches, unless they be old and grey, in which case they are sometimes amiable and interesting. A baron, especially if his castle be in a forest, is sure to be a detestable monster; but a young nobleman who hunts, is generally a very tolerable person. If there be any person about a family mansion who is dependent, an orphan, and of the feminine gender, mark that person—she must be all that is amiable. The eldest son will be extremely apt to fall in love with her, and then she will be persecuted by all except the old housekeeper. In the long-run she is sure to triumph. P.S. A young orphan lady in such a dependent situation is invariably pretty: hence all the mischief. These things, we say, would astonish an acute barbarian, who, even in his limited intercourse with the world, would probably have remarked that goodness and wickedness are not limited to human beings of any denomination, or relation in life, or place in the social scale. The mystery would be in some degree explained to him, when he was informed that these were mere fashions or formulas observed by writers of fiction.

If our barbarian were to spend a few years in the country, and nevertheless maintain all the original simplicity of his mind, he would also be surprised, as he went on reading, to observe how the literary republic is always finding out something that is excessively wrong, and excessively to be sympathised with, and very much to be declaimed about—that is to say, for a certain time, but which by and bye falls entirely out of notice, as if the thing had either ceased to be, or been completely corrected—neither of which events, however, ever takes place. Thus, for example, we have had many ingenious persons tormenting themselves for some years past, respecting the condition of the poor in the English workhouses, which they have convinced themselves is the most wretched imaginable, though, if they would only be at the trouble to step into any one workhouse, they would find the inmates in the enjoyment of rather more than the amount of food which the best physiologists deem necessary for health, and that of a nutritious kind, prepared with all due care. Workhouses are to be found scattered

thickly enough over England, and there is no objection any where to their being inspected. Yet, instead of going into them, or into any one of them, to ascertain the real state of the case, these gentlemen go on year after year bemoaning the supposed hard fate of the poor, and launching forth their indignation at those persons who are actually doing all they can to make that fate tolerable. We would have our barbarian friend not to be surprised if he were to find that these clamorous philanthropists never give themselves the least personal concern about any poor person, and systematically practise a breeches-pocket-buttoning policy against the whole generation of mendicants. There would be nothing to wonder at in that, for their declamations about workhouses are merely a matter of fashion, in which there is no real feeling concerned. They have only got hold of an idea, of which they think that something can be made. The public has a vague impression that there is something very horrible about a workhouse, and that the guardians and overseers of all workhouses must be tyrants. This is the way in which they are always represented in fiction, just as German barons living in forests are always villains. In such an industrious nation, few can inquire for themselves, so as to correct these vague notions originally impressed by fiction. The clamorous philanthropist, therefore, finds the miseries of the workhouse a good subject, and determines to improve it to the utmost. It is brought forward in all shapes and forms—that of the truth alone excepted. Sometimes we have the pining woes of starved and stunted childhood, and sometimes the tearless hardships of withered old age. The young are innocent and interesting, the old are excellent people, who have seen better days, and practised every virtue. Such they are by a sort of prescriptive right vested in the very relation they hold towards the rest of society. The whole picture is affecting in the extreme, and every body wonders that such things should be allowed to exist. Here we have the touchstone of the matter. How should such things be in a civilised land? Quite so. It would be very wonderful if they were so. But the simple fact is, that such things are not, and therefore do not need to be tolerated. They exist only in the imagination of a set of sentimentalists, real or affected, who find they can have something to say which will obtain attention, if they write upon this subject in the particular way described, and who would write in any way upon any subject, if only sure of an audience. The only remedy ever found for such awful tyrannies and lamentable miseries, is when the public begins to be tired of the subject, or some other thing equally awful and lamentable can be got up to take its place. The instantaneousness of the reforms thus apparently achieved is beyond all admiration.

The condition of the people who work in factories is another subject on which our supposed barbarian would find a strange difference between the reality and the favourite kind of description. Were he to inspect an ordinary cotton-mill in Manchester, he would find a great number of people of both sexes, all neatly dressed, engaged in a work so light as to seem a kind of amusement, enjoying the advantage of being in a well-ventilated and moderately warm room, and not in general working for a greater length of time every day than is consistent with good health. He would see as neat-looking young women as any village maidens in the country, and learn from their masters that they are in general not less careful about their behaviour. He would find boys and girls engaged in work, and thus doing a good deal to promote the comfort of their parents. The whole scene would be pleasing for its very regularity. In many such works

he would find the persons employed to be decidedly better off than the generality of working-people. He might also ascertain from statistical returns, patent to every one, and forming an evidence perfectly incontrovertible, that there is less crime in manufacturing than in rural districts. But when he turned from the actual scene, or from the scarcely less faithful portraiture of statistics, to the pages of the class of writers already pointed out, how very different a view would be presented! In the very first place, the younger workers would be represented as stunted—not half the size that children ought to be, though it happens to have been ascertained by fair experiment that "factory children," as they are called, are just about the same weight and stature with other children. Our philanthropist never peruses statistics, and in all probability detests them. The working-rooms would be represented as the scene of constant faintings from exhaustion and starvation, though perhaps that incident is in reality a rare one, and chiefly takes place amongst women in certain predisposing circumstances. The workers would be represented at meal-hours as creeping slowly and dully to food which they had lost all appetite for, though in fact there are few more jocund or lively scenes than that of a factory dismissing for a meal. Then, somehow, when young people begin their attendance at mills, it is sure to be an excessively dark, cold, drizzly morning in the month of January. The wind howls, and the bitter sleet dashes against the window pane. "The child rises, and, with its scanty covering pulled about it, descends shivering to the street. Poor little wench! her blood is frozen under her very finger-nails [the most likely place for it to freeze, we should think]. Her foot, too (for her shoes have been patched past further patching, and yawn in half a dozen places), is galled with a nasty chilblain, and she limps most painfully. Her father, bound to the same factory, lifts her upon his back, and, checking an oath, groans from between his teeth. The girl is nine years old; and half-clad, in a desolating January morning, is carried—through cold and darkness carried—to work!" This is actually the description given, by a very clever man, in a recent work, of a child's first going to a factory. Another dexterous writer for amusement has thought it worth while to spin the fiction into a long book, designed apparently for the amiable purpose of holding up the class of manufacturers to the ridicule and execration of their fellow-countrymen, and thus truly making our community a house divided against itself, these same manufacturers being, in fact, speaking generally, an ingenious, industrious, and humane class of men, elevated in many instances by their own merit from a humble origin, and whose wealth-creating powers are acknowledged to have been the chief means of keeping Britain afloat under a pressure of difficulties which must have otherwise made her the prey of a foreign spoiler. But the whole is only a similar delusion to that which prepares us to expect a creditor in fiction to be hard-hearted, and a debtor a worthy but unfortunate fellow. The manufacturer is looked on as necessarily a severe task-master, the workman as a poor servile drudge, whom the master uses in any way he pleases; the one as a grasping money-maker, the other as a poor wretch who asks only bread. Whereas the real state of the case is, that the two parties make a fair bargain according to the market rate of labour; that the workman is as independent as the master, and has as keen a sense of his own interests; and that, so far from being indifferent about the welfare of his labourers if he only can squeeze the desired work out of them, the master has every where sought for and adopted expedients for rendering the business healthy, and promoting the

moral and physical weal of those employed by him. The writers adverted to never take the least pains to ascertain such things. They do not need to care for truth. Their whole object is to write for a certain formula of popular belief which they think will "pay." The class whom they address live in drawing-rooms, and personally know nothing of factories; they therefore run no risk of detection there.* But it would be amusing to see a Birmingham workman, who often has green peas before his master, reading a work in which he was described as a poor stunted forlorn wretch, who never, from morn to eve of life, knew a single comfort—or a stout Dundee lass hearing herself described as a poor shred of humanity, doomed to linger out a miserable and degraded life, when she knows that her nine shillings a-week place her in food, clothes, and even independence, above most of her labouring compeers in that or any other district.

A sharp eye may detect a few other formulas of sentimentalism rising at present in the literary world, but among a class of writers whose ideas are generally of a philosophical cast, and whose aims, at least, are manifestly good. By these writers the commercial spirit is condemned as one altogether selfish, and to this are traced many evils supposed to be afflicting the commonwealth. All is struggle and scramble; the old social ties are no more. A general uneasiness pervades the mercantile classes: hard necessity pushes them on behind: at the same time, the ambition of high living draws them on before, and there is a general extravagance, or living above income. Now, the fact is, though the commercial spirit has reference to personal advantages, that those who entertain it are benevolent as any other class of the community, and perhaps more so than most, their anxiety for their own provision not necessarily precluding a regard to the claims of their fellow-creatures. The general effect of commerce upon the mind of a people, instead of being unfavourable, has always been remarked to be the reverse: wherever commerce prevails, there is generally to be found liberality of mind in proportion. It may be that many mercantile persons apply too industriously, and injure their health; but this error is apart from the evil pointed out. As to all being a struggle and a scramble, it may in like manner be pointed out that, where competition seems to run highest, great amity prevails among individuals. It is only in narrow scenes, where there is little business, that the feeling of competition becomes a bitter one. The feeling of uneasiness said to prevail among the mercantile classes is probably only that sense of uncertainty as to prospects, inseparable from all except an absolutely independent condition, and which is unquestionably useful, in as far as it gives a constant motive to exertion. The notion of a general extravagance we believe to be not less visionary. No doubt, we occasionally find individuals, who, from over-hasty ambition, have exceeded their means; but this is just the occasional exception of evil from a thing upon the whole good. Were there not a general wish to attain a higher point in the social scale, we should see nothing but stagnation and inactivity, where now we see the reverse. The wish or ambition is not only excusable, but laudable; and to it in a great measure are we indebted for the superiority which our country now exhibits over the regions where habits and classes are in eternal fixity. The notion of a general system of living above means is obviously absurd, for the thing is as impossible in nature, as for more rain to fall from the sky than the sun has raised from the sea. These are also, then, as we take it, literary formulas, though probably not set forward with any intention of deceiving.

And how long, inquires our sensible barbarian, may we expect to see this difference kept up between the

realities of obvious things, and the way they are spoken of and described in literature? "As long, good sir, as it is easier to write than to inquire, easier to lament supposed woes than to relieve real ones, and as long as the article truth shall not be in particular request amongst the bulk of readers."

WALKS OUT OF TOWN.

BY HUGH MILLAR,

AUTHOR OF THE TRADITIONAL HISTORY OF CROMARTY.

No. III.

I HAD passed the three first milestones after leaving Forres, when the clouds began to lour on every side of me, as if earth and sky were coming together, and the rain to descend in torrents. The great forest of Darnaway looked shaggy and brown through the haze, as if greeting the heavens with a scowl as angry as their own; and a low, long wreath of vapour went creeping over the higher lands to the left, like a huge snake. On the right, the *locule* of Shakspeare's witch scene, half moor, half bog, with the old ruinous castle of Inshoch standing sentry over it, seemed ever and anon to lessen its area as the heavily laden clouds broke over its farther edge like waves of the sea; and the intervening morass—black and dismal at all times—grew still blacker and more dismal with every fitful thickening of the haze and the rain. And then, how the furze waved to the wind, and the few scattered trees groaned and creaked! The thunder and the witches were alone wanting.

I passed on, and the storm gradually sank. The evening, however, was dark and damp, and more melancholy than even the day, and I was thoroughly wet, and somewhat fatigued to boot. I could not, however, help turning a little out of my way to pause for a few minutes amid the ruins of the old farm-house of Minitarf, just as I had paused in the middle of the storm to fill my mind with the sublimities of the Har-moor, and do homage to the genius of Shakspeare. But why at Minitarf? Who is not acquainted with the legend of the "Heath near Forres"—who knows any thing of the history of the Farm-House? Both stories, however, are characteristic of the very different ages to which they belong; and the moral of the humbler story is at once the more general in its application, and the more obvious of the two.

Isabel Rose, the gudewife of Minitarf, was a native of Easter-Ross, and having lost both her parents in infancy, she had passed the first eighteen years of her life with a married sister on the hill of Nigg. She had been famed for her beauty, and for being the toast of three parishes; and of all her lovers, and few could reckon on more, she had been lucky enough to lose her heart to one of the best—a piece of good fortune nearly as rare as the first prize in a showman's raffle. The favoured suitor was a handsome young farmer of the province of Moray—a person somewhat less shrewd, perhaps, than many of his countrymen, but inflexibly honest, and perseveringly industrious; and as he was a namesake of her own, she became his wife and the mistress of Minitarf, and remained Isabel Rose as before. The wife became a mother—the mother of two boys. Years passed by; the little drama of her life, like one of the dramas of antiquity, had scarce any change of circumstance, and no shifting of scenes; and her two sons grew up to maturity, as unlike one another in character as if they had not been born to the same parents, nor brought up under the same roof.

John, the elder son, was cautious and sensible, and of great kindness of disposition. There was nothing bright or striking about him, but he united to his father's integrity and firmness of purpose much more than his father's shrewdness, and there was a homely massiveness in the character that procured him respect. He was of a mechanical turn; and making choice of the profession of a house-carpenter—for he was as little ambitious as may be—he removed to Glasgow, where his steadiness and skill recommended him to the various contractors of the place, until in the course of years he became, a good deal to his own surprise, a contractor himself. Sandy, the younger son, was volatile and unsettled, and impatient of labour and restraint, and yet no piece of good fortune could have surprised Sandy. He had somehow come to the conclusion that he was born to be a gentleman, and took rank accordingly, by being as little useful and dressing as showily as he could. His principles were of a more conventional cast than those of his brother, and his heart less warm; still, however, there was no positive vice in the character; and as he was decidedly cleverer and a

great deal more genteel, his mother could not help sharing with him in the hope that he was born to be the gentleman of the family; a hope which, of course, was not lessened when she saw him bound apprentice in his seventeenth year to a draper in a neighbouring town.

Sandy's master was what is termed a clever man of business; one of those smart fellows who want only honesty, and that soundness of judgment which seems its natural accompaniment, to make headway in the world. He had already threaded his way through the difficulties of three highly respectable failures; he had thrice paid his debts at the rate of fifteen shillings per pound, and had thus realised on each occasion a profit of twenty-five per cent. on the whole. And yet, from some inexplicable cause, he was not making more money than traders much less fertile in expedient than himself. His ordinary gains were perhaps the less considerable, from the circumstance, that men came to deal with him as completely on their guard as if they had come to fight with him, and though a match for any single individual, he was somehow no match for every body, even though, after the manner of Captain Bobadil's opponents, they came only one at a time. His scheme, too, of occasionally suspending his payments had this disadvantage, that the oftener it was resorted to, the risk became greater and the gain less.

The shop of such a person could not be other than a rare school of ingenuity—a place of shifts and expedients, and where, according to the favourite phrase of its master, things were done in a business-like manner; and Sandy Rose was no very backward pupil. There are ingenious young men who are a great deal too apt to confound the idea of talent itself with the knavish exercise of it, and who, seeing nothing very knowing in simple honesty, exert their ingenuity in the opposite tract, rather out of a desire of doing clever things than from any very decided bias to knavery; and Sandy Rose was unfortunately one of the number. It is undoubtedly an ingenious thing to get the possession of a neighbour's money without running the risk of stealing it, and there can be no question that it requires more of talent to overreach another than to be overreached oneself. The three years of Sandy's apprenticeship came to their close, and with the assistance of his father, who in a long course of patient industry had succeeded in saving a few hundred pounds, he opened shop for himself in one of the principal streets of the town.

Sandy's shop, or warehouse, as he had termed it, for the latter name was deemed the more respectable of the two, was decidedly the most showy in the street. He dealt largely in fancy goods, and no other kind in the "soft way" show equally well in a window. True, the risk was greater, for among the ordinary chances of loss he had to reckon on the continual changes of fashion; but then, from the same cause, the profits were greater too, and Sandy had a decided turn for the more adventurous walks of his profession. Nothing so respectable as a large stock in trade; the profits of a thousand pounds are necessarily greater than the profits of five hundred. And so, what between the ready money advanced to him by his father, and the degree of credit which the money procured him, Sandy succeeded in rendering his stock a large one. He had omitted only two circumstances in his calculation—the proportion which one's stock should bear to one's capital, and the proportion which it should bear to the trade of the place in which one has settled. When once fairly behind his counter, however, no shop-keeper could be more attentive to his customers, or the appearance of his shop; and all allowed that Sandy Rose was a clever man of business. He wrote and figured with such amazing facility, and made such dashes at the end of every word! He was so indefatigable in his assertions, too, that he made it a rule in every case to assert under prime cost! He was, besides, so amazingly active—a squirrel in its cage was but a type of Sandy! He was, withal, so beautifully genteel! His finest cloths did not look half so well on his shelves as they did on his dapper little person; and it was clear, from his every-day appearance, that he was one of his own best customers.

Sandy's first half year of business convinced him that a large stock in trade may resemble a showy equipage in more points than one: it may look as respectable in its way, but then it may cost as much. Bills were now falling due almost every week, and after paying away the money saved during the earlier months, the every-day custom of the shop proved too little to meet the every-day demand. Fortunately, however, there were banks in the country—"more banks than one;" and his old master was

* The ignorance of one class respecting the condition of another in this country, is very remarkable. A friend of ours once heard a district of Manchester, which is chiefly occupied by the working men, described by ladies and gentlemen in that town as extremely wretched, and not even safe for a stranger to pass through. He had the courage to go and use his own eyes, when he found that the dwellings were generally comfortable, and the people to all appearance decent. He went and went again to that district, at various hours of the day, and always found every thing quiet. Notions in the same degree erroneous probably exist in every large city respecting the occupants of certain districts. Popular notions, in general, are apt long to survive any basis of fact which they originally had. There is a disagreeable disease, supposed by the lower orders in England to be particularly prevalent in Scotland: what prevalence it may have had ages ago, we cannot tell; but it is a curious fact that, though we have spent all the years of our life in Scotland, we never once saw a person known to be afflicted with that disease.

content to lend him the use of his name, simply on the condition of being accommodated with Sandy's name in turn. Bill, therefore, was met by bill, and the paper of one bank pitted against the paper of another; and as Sandy was known to have started in trade with a few hundreds, there was no demur for the first twelvemonth or so on the part of the bankers. They then, however, began to demand indorsements, and to hint that the farmer, his father, was a highly respectable man. Sandy expressed his astonishment that any such security should be deemed necessary; his old master expressed his astonishment too; nothing could be more unbusiness-like, he said; but the bankers, who were quite accustomed to the astonishment of all their more doubtful customers, were inflexible notwithstanding, and the old man's name was procured. The indorsement was quite a matter of course, he was told; a thing "neither here nor there;" but necessary just for form's sake; and from that day forward all the accommodation bills of Sandy and his master bore the name of the simple-minded old man.

I have said that Sandy was one of the most indefatigable of shopkeepers. It was but for the first few months, however, when all was smooth water and easy sailing; in a few months more, when the tide had begun to set in against him, he became much less attentive. Some of his fancy goods were becoming old-fashioned, and in consequence unsaleable, and his stock, large at first, was continuing large still. What between the price of stamps, too, the rate of discount, and the expense of travelling to the several banks in which he did business, he found that the profits of his trade were more than balanced by the expenditure. Sandy's heart, therefore, began to fail him; and, setting himself to seek amusement elsewhere than behind his counter, he got a smart young lad to take charge of the shop in his absence; and as it could not add very materially to the inevitable expense, he provided himself with a horse. He was now every day on the road doing business as his own traveller. He rode twenty miles at a time to secure a five shilling order, or crave payment of a five shilling debt. He attended every horse-race and fox-hunt in the country, and paid the king's duty for a half-starved greyhound: Sandy was happy outside his shop, and his lad was thriving within. Matters went on in this train for so long as two years, and the hapless shopkeeper began to perceive that the few hundreds advanced him by his father had totally disappeared in the time, and to wonder what had become of them. Still, however, his stock in trade, though somewhat less showy than at first, was nearly equal in value to one-third his liabilities; the other two-thirds were debts incurred by his old master; and at worst there lay no other obstacle between him and a highly respectable settlement with his creditors than the unlucky indorsements of his father. He rose, however, one morning to learn that his master had absconded during the night, leaving the shop key under the door sill; in a few days after, Sandy had absconded too; and his poor father, who had paid all his debts till now, and had taken a pride in paying them, found that his unfortunate indorsements had involved him in irretrievable ruin. Bankruptcy was a very different matter to the rigidly honest old man from what it was to either Sandy or his master.

For the first few days after the shock, he went wandering about his fields, muttering ceaselessly to himself, and wringing his hands. His whole faculties seemed locked up in a feeling of bewilderment and terror, and every packet of letters which the postman brought him—letters urging the claims of angry creditors, or intimating the dishonour of bills—added to his distress. His son was in hiding no one knew where; and though it was perhaps well that he should have kept out of the way at such a time, poor Isabel could not help feeling that it was unkind. He might surely be able to do something, she thought, to lighten the distress of which he had been so entirely the cause, were it but to tell them what course yet remained for them to pursue. It was in vain that, almost broken-hearted herself, she strove by soothing the old man to restore him to himself: he remained melancholy and abstracted as at first, as if the suddenness of his ruin had deprived him of his faculties. He hardly ever spoke, took scarce any food during the day, and scarce any sleep during the night; and, finally, taking to his bed, he died after a few days' illness—died literally of mental anguish. On the evening after the interment, his son John Rose, the carpenter, arrived from Glasgow, and found his mother sitting alone in the farmhouse, wholly overwhelmed with grief for the loss of her husband, and the utter ruin which she saw closing around her.

Their meeting was a sad one; but after the widow's first burst of sorrow was over, her son strove to comfort her, and in part succeeded. She might yet look forward, he said, to better days. He was in rather easy circumstances, employing about half a dozen workmen, and at times finding occasion for more. And though he could not well be absent from them, he would remain with her until he saw how far it was possible to wind up his father's affairs, and she would then go with him, and find what he trusted she should deem a comfortable home in Glasgow. Isabel was soothed by his kindness; but it did not escape the anxious eye of the mother, that her son, at one time so robust and strong, had grown thin, and pale, and hollow-eyed, like a person in the latter stages of consumption, and that, though he seemed anxious to ap-

pear otherwise, he was evidently much exhausted by his journey. He rallied, however, on the following day. The sale of his father's effects was coming on in about a week; and as the farm-house at such a time could be no comfortable home for the widow, he brought her with him across the firth to her sister's in Nigg, and then returned to Minitarf.

Rather more than a week passed, and Isabel's nephew, a person not very unlike her elder son, who managed the farm for his mother, was seated beside his aunt, striving as he best could to dissipate the melancholy which he saw prey on her spirits, when a young man, bespattered with travel, and apparently much fatigued, entered the apartment. Isabel started from her seat, and clasping her hands with a fearful presentiment of some overwhelming calamity, tumultuously inquired of him what had happened at Minitarf! He stood speechless for a few seconds as if overcome by some fearful emotion, and then bursting into tears, "Your son John," he said, "died this morning." The poor woman fainted away.

"For the two last days of the sale," said the messenger, "there was a marked alteration in John's manner and appearance. There was a something so fixed-like in his expression, and so mournful in his way of looking at things; and then his face was deadly pale, and he took scarce any food. It was evident that the misfortunes of his family preyed deeply on his mind. Yester evening," continued the lad, "he complained for the first time of being unwell, and retired to bed before the usual hour. The two servant-maids rose early in the morning to prepare for leaving the place, and were surprised, on entering the 'ha,' to find him sitting in the great arm-chair fronting the fire. His countenance had changed during the night; he looked much older, and very like his father; and he was so weak that he could hardly sit up in the chair. The girls would have called for assistance, but he forbade them. 'My watch,' he said, 'hangs over my pillow; go tell me what o'clock it is.' It was just twenty minutes past four. 'Well,' said he, when they had told him, 'it is the last hour to me! there is a crook in my lot; but it is the doing of God, not of man.' And, leaning back in the chair, he never spoke more." The messenger had seen the corpse laid on the bed, and wrapped up in a winding-sheet, before setting out on his melancholy journey. Need I say aught of the feelings of Isabel! The farmer and his mother strove to persuade her to remain with them till at least after the funeral, but she would not; she would go and take one last look of her son, she said; of her only son—for the other was a murderer. Early, therefore, on the following morning, the farmer hired a small yawl to bring her across the firth, and, taking his place in the stern beside her, the boatmen bent them to their oars, and the bill of Nigg soon lessened behind them.

After clearing the bay, however, their progress was much impeded by adverse currents; there came on a chill drizzling rain, and the wind, which was evidently rising, began, after veering about oftener than once, to blow right ahead, and to raise a short tumbling sea. Grief of itself is cold and comfortless, and the widow, wrapped up in her cloak, sat shivering in the bottom of the yawl, drenched by the rain and the spray. But she thought of only her son and her husband. The boatmen toiled incessantly till evening; and when night came on, dark and boisterous, they were still two long miles from their landing-place—the effluence of the Nairn. Directly across the mouth of the river there runs a low dangerous bar, and as they approached, they could hear the roaring of the breakers above all the hoarse sighings of the wind, and the dash of the lesser waves that were bursting around them. "There," said the farmer, as his eye caught a few faint lights that seemed twinkling along the beach; "there is the town of Nairn right abreast of us; but has not the tide fallen too low for our attempting the bar?" The boatmen replied in the negative, and in a minute after they were among the breakers. For a single instant the skiff seemed riding on the crest of an immense wave, which came rolling from the open sea, and which, as it folded over and burst into foam, dashed her forward like an arrow from the string. She sank, however, as it receded, till her keel grated against the bar beneath. Another huge wave came rolling behind, and, curling its white head like the former, rushed over her stern, filling her at once to the gunwale, and at the same instant propelling her into the deep water within. The farmer sprang from his seat, and raising his aunt to the hinder thwart, and charging her to hold fast, he shouted to the boatmen to turn the boat's head to the shore. In a few minutes after, they had landed.

Poor Isabel, well nigh insensible—for grief and terror, added to cold and fatigue, had prostrated all her energies, bodily and mental—was carried to the town, and lodged in the house of an acquaintance. When morning came, she was unable to leave her bed. The farmer, therefore, had to set out for Minitarf alone; on his return, he found her in the delirium of a fever, from which she never recovered. Her younger son was seen in the West Indies ten years after, a miserable slave-driver, with a broken constitution and an unquiet mind. And there he died—no one caring where or how. I am not fond of melancholy stories; but "to purge the heart by pity and terror" is the true end of tragedy—an end which the gorgeous creations of the poets are not better suited

to accomplish than the domestic tragedies which we see every day acting around us. It is well, too, to note how immensely the folly and knavery of mankind add to the amount of human suffering, and how, according to the wise saying of the Preacher, "One sinner destroyeth much good."

SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SONNET WRITERS.

Scorn not the sonnet; critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honours; with this key
Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasos sound;
With it Camdens soothed an exile's grief;
The sonnet glittered, a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp
It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

WORDSWORTH.

We have here, in the language of its great modern master, at once a beautiful specimen of the little poem called the sonnet, and some outline of its history. It may be described as a form of poetical composition, limited to fourteen ten-syllable lines, containing in the best models from four to six rhymes, and marked by great closeness of thought and diction. Practised originally by Dante, Petrarch, and others of those who revived letters in southern Europe, it found its way to England in the sixteenth century, when the works of the Italian poets first became popular amongst us.

The first writer of English sonnets was the Earl of Surrey, a graceful anatomy poet of the reign of Henry VIII., whose works, after a long interval of obscurity, have of late years again been brought a good deal under notice. His compositions of this kind, and indeed most of what he ever wrote, were the breathings of an ardent but apparently unrequited affection, which he bore for a lady named by him Geraldine, supposed to have been Lady Elizabeth Fitzgerald, daughter of the Earl of Kildare, and second cousin of the Princesses Mary and Elizabeth, with whom she was educated at Hunsdon House. Our first example of the sonnet shall be his lordship's account of this lady:—

From Tuscan came my lady's worthy race;
Fair Florence was, sometime, her ancient seat;
The western isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat.
Foster'd she was with milk of Irish breast;
Her sire an earl; her dame of princes' blood;
From tender years, in Britain she doth rest,
With king's child, where she tasteth costly food.
Honsdon did first present her to mine eye;
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight;
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine,
And Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight!
Her beauty of kind; her virtues from above;
Happy is he that can obtain her love.

The compositions of this noble poet are all in that style of affected distress, under the pains of love and disdain, which has been long abandoned by English poets; yet there is something about it which, if not poetry in the best sense of the word, is at least very elegant, and very remote from vulgar associations. We give another specimen:—

The sweet season, that bud and bloom forth brings,
With green hath clad the hill and eke the vale;
The nightingale, with feathers new, she sings;
The turtle, too, her mate hath told her tale;
Summer is come, for every spray forth springs;
The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
The buck in brake his winter coat he flings;
The fishes fit with new repaired scale;
The adder all her slough away she flings;
The swift swallow pursueth the flies small,
The busy bee her honey now she brings;
Winter is worn, that was the flowers' vale,
And thus I sit among these pleasant things,
Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs.

There is more poetry in some parts of Surrey's life than in most of his verse. He proceeded upon the tour of Europe, in chivalric guise, every where proclaiming the unparalleled charms of his mistress Geraldine; and challenging any knight to depreciate or deny them. Passing some time at the court of the Emperor of Germany, he became acquainted with the magician Cornelius Agrippa, who showed him, in a mirror of glass, a living image of Geraldine, reclining on a couch, sick, and reading one of his sonnets by a waxen taper. His imagination was heated anew by the sight, and he hastened to Florence, the original seat of the ancestors of the lady. On his arrival there he published a defiance against any person who should presume to dispute the superiority of her beauty. A challenger appeared; the Duke of Tuscany permitted a combat to take place; and Surrey came off victor. When he returned to England, he was universally admitted to be the most polite lover, the most learned nobleman, and the most accomplished gentleman of his age. Yet all this did not save him from the jealousy of his sovereign, who caused him to be beheaded on Tower-hill, January 19, 1546-7.

Wyatt, a contemporary of Surrey, also cultivated the sonnet, and it was adopted as a form of composition by the accomplished Sir Philip Sydney, who, both in his mind and in his history, a good deal resembled the chivalric lover of Geraldine. From him we quote a sonnet to the Moon, the first, as far as we are aware, of the many poems which have been addressed by English bards to that planet:—

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies,
How silently and with how woe a face!

What! may it be, that, even in heavenly place,
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks: thy languished grace,
To me that feel the like, thy state describes.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me—
Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be loved, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

Spenser appears to have delighted in this form of poetry, if we are to judge by the many specimens of it—no fewer than eighty-eight—which he has sent down to us. These things he well calls his *Amoretti*: they are all of them expressions of his love for his mistress, and almost all characterised by the same peculiarities which mark the similar productions of Surrey. The eternal complaints of these old rhymers as to the iciness and cruelty of their innamoratas are incomprehensible, for we never hear of any such things from modern poets. Is human nature thus far changed, or is there only a change in the fashion of the poet's thoughts? It is only, we suspect, a literary formula. Spenser's sonnets are full of these complaints; yet their rich poetical diction reconciles us to all drawbacks. We give one of the pieces most free from affected feeling, and most remarkable for beautiful language, being, however, only a version of a well-known thought of Horace:—

Fresh Spring, the herald of love's mighty king,
In whose coat armour richly are displayed
All sorts of flowers which on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously arrayed;
Go to my love, where she is careless laid,
Yet in her winter's bower not well awake,
Tell her the joyous time will not be stayed,
Unless she do him by the forelock take:
Bid her, therefore, herself soon ready make,
To wait on Love, amid his lovely crew,
Where every one that misseth then her mark
Shall be by him amerced in penance due.
Make haste, therefore, sweet love! whilst it is prime,
For none can call again the passed time.

Wordsworth has spoken of the sonnet in our motto as "the key with which Shakspeare unlocked his heart." He alludes to what has been made clearly out within the last few years, that, in his long series of sonnets, the wondrous bard of Avon gave a revelation of his inmost feelings, first, respecting some unhappy passion, and secondly, respecting his position in society, as a despised player and furnisher of dramatic pieces for his own stage. Shakspeare's sonnets are the moanings of a most noble nature, at issue with fortune and the common run of the world's feelings.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gord mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worse essays prov'd thee my best love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A God in love, to whom I am confin'd.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven's best,
E'en to thy pure and most most loving breast.
No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it: for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps am compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay:
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.
Oh, lest the world should task you to recite
What merit liv'd in me, that you should love
After my death, dear love, forget me quite,
For you in me can nothing worthy prove;
Unless you would devise some virtuous lie,
To do more for me than mine own desert,
And hang more praise upon deceased I,
Than niggard truth would willingly impart:
Oh, lest your true love may seem false in this,
That you for love speak well of me untrue,
My name be buried where my body lies,
And live no more to shame nor me nor you.
For I am 'sham'd by that which I bring forth,
And so should you, to love things nothing worth.
That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Be ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sun-set fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

One more beautiful specimen, less composed of personal feeling:—

Oh, how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The cæker-blooms have full as deep a dye
As the perfum'd tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses:
But for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;

* Match, or lover.

Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distills your truth.

William Drummond, the Scottish contemporary and friend of Shakspeare, has left us many sonnets, conceived in a style of refined sentiment, and constructed in the most approved form of this kind of composition. With two specimens we complete the present section of our paper:—

Sleep, silence, child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince whose approach peace to all mortals brings,
Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings,
Sole comforter of minds which are oppress;
Lo, by thy charming rod all breathing things
Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possess;
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsy wings
Thou spar'st (alas!) who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to show,
With fain'd solace ease a true-felt woe;
Or if, deaf god, thou do deny that grace,
Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt bequeath:
I long to kiss the image of my death.

DRUMMOND TO HIS LUTE.

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When melodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ravages did on thee bestow.
Since that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which went in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is left from earth to tune the spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear,
For which he silent as in woods before:
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

GREEK SUPERSTITIONS CONCLUDED—HOUSEHOLD GODS • —ÆSCULAPIAN MYSTERIES—THE SORTES.

It will have been observed from the preceding sketches, that neither the Greeks nor Romans, two of the most refined nations of antiquity, had any just idea of the operations or works of nature, as arising from a train of immutable laws established and supported by an all-wise Providence for the government of the universe. In this respect they stood exactly on a parallel with those uneducated persons of the present day who believe that the winds can be raised by incantation, and that bodily illnesses are an effect of the evil eye. The Greeks and Romans, however, excelled the ignorant of modern times in their delusions, for they had formed a regular code of superstition, which was applicable to every circumstance, event, or condition, either in nature or art. Never, perhaps, was there such a laboured and complex mass of superstition, never such a complete bewilderment of the human faculties, as that which latterly existed in Rome, and all to account for what could be explained by an appeal to the most simple laws of nature.

In those days of mental hallucination, occupying many centuries of the world's history, the human being was handed over from deity to deity from the moment he came into life, and before he had seen the light, till he was at last consigned to the grave or the funeral pile. According to the improved and extended mythology of the Romans, Deverra presided over his destiny before birth, Janus and Ops helped him into the world, Egeria took care of the mother while in labour, Lucina watched over his cradle, Vegetanus had the charge of him when he cried, Rumina was his guardian when he suckled, Edura presided over his food, and Stelinus instructed him in walking. As he grew in stature, he came successively under the charge of gods and goddesses who watched over his youth and manhood. When he married, both he and his bride became the peculiar charge of five different deities. And when he died, his funeral was duly presided over by Libitina, the deity of burial ceremonies. Besides all this, every meal in the day, every kind of apparel, every transaction of business or amusement, every distinct part of the body had its tutelary deity, on whom the blame fell if any thing was amiss. The enormity of the superstition is overpowering; yet all that we have related as respects the belief in ideal gods, oracles, dreamers, sacrifices, omens from birds and entrails of beasts, also omens from natural phenomena, formed scarcely a moiety of the superstitious delusions of this ancient people.

Their belief in omens and divination of future events seems to have been absolutely boundless. Any perturbation of mind was supposed to be ominous of evil, but the evil was greatly aggravated if a number of persons at the same time felt an unaccountable emotion of dread. When such was the case, the fears were ascribed to the wicked influence of the god Pan, and hence the common phrase *panic*, or *panic fears*. A dread of approaching evil was also felt if the left eyelid quivered, or the left ear rang; the quivering of the right eyelid, or ringing of the right ear, portended good. The latter is a superstition which has come down to our own day. Moles or other marks on the person meant something of importance, and were carefully noted. All kinds of internal pains or emotions were likewise the subject of superstitious dread, and a book was written to explain the precise extent of evil of which they were the premonitory warnings. No sudden involuntary motion in body or mind was so much the object of remark as sneezing.

* Warbling, from *Ramage*, French.

Both Greeks and Romans of the highest rank paid extraordinary attention to sneezing. A sneeze was accounted fortunate or unfortunate, according to the manner or period in which it occurred. When Xenophon was persuading his soldiers to encounter the enemy, some one sneezed, and it was accounted so dangerous an omen, that public prayers were appointed to expiate it. To sneeze between midnight and the following noon was lucky, but to sneeze between noon and midnight was unlucky. Aristotle talks very gravely on the difference between sneezing during these two periods of the day. If, in undertaking any business, two or four sneezes happened, it was a lucky omen, and gave encouragement to proceed; if more than four, the omen was neither good nor bad; if one or three, it was unlucky. If two persons were deliberating about any business, and both of them chanced to sneeze together, the omen was prosperous.*

The falling of any object in the temples, the slamming of doors, the cracking of furniture, unexpected gusts of wind or deluges, a black dog coming into a house, the appearing of a snake on the house top, the spilling of salt, water, honey, or wine, a sudden silence, the putting on of the left side of the garment first, were all unlucky omens. Augustus Cæsar one day put on his left shoe first, and a mutiny of his soldiers immediately after broke out; of course the mutiny was foretold by the omen, or was a consequence of it. To use certain words by accident was ominous. It was lucky to begin undertakings and speeches with the name of Jupiter, or some other god. Xenophon recommends this practice. There were also lucky and unlucky days, and some days were lucky for one kind of business, but not for another. Augustus Cæsar, who is usually called the greatest of the Roman emperors, and in whose time learning was at its climax, would not perform certain duties on particular days, in this respect not being more intelligent than the most ignorant peasant of the present age. It was no uncommon thing to postpone an important public meeting because a weasel or a mouse was seen to cross the path. Thus, the fisherman in our own day, who will not put to sea because he has met a woman with a pair of particularly broad thumbs, is not more justly a subject of ridicule than the grave legislators of Athens eighteen hundred years ago.

All bodily ailments, as will naturally be supposed, were ascribed by the Greeks to the malignity of some of the presiding deities; the idea of an illness being caused by physical derangement was totally out of the question. Being in this manner made ill by a god, it was presumed they could get well only by appealing to another god, who would beat the enemy from his position. Æsculapius was generally esteemed the god of healing, or of medicine, and was appealed to on most occasions of illness. According to the Greek writers, Æsculapius was the son of Apollo, and studied medicine under a supernatural instructor in the form of a centaur; being very successful in his cures, Pluto became alarmed for the diminution of his customers in the nether regions, and complaining to Jupiter, the doctor was killed by a thunderbolt. Such is the fable told by the Greeks of Æsculapius and his genealogy. The true source of the Æsculapian superstition was in Egypt, where a symbol, consisting of the figure of a man, with a dog's head, carrying a pole with serpents twisted round it, was periodically exhibited to mark the recession of the Nile. This symbol of preservation was called *Æscalph*, from *Æsh* signifying man, and *calph* dog, and hence the sonorous Greek term *Æsculapius*. The Æsculapius of the Grecian mythology was ministered to by a numerous body of priests, who offered sacrifices to him in his temples, and communicated his prescriptions for medicines and modes of cure to the attending worshippers. These priests, according to all accounts, were a set of worthless impostors. They pretended that Æsculapius only made known his prescriptions through the medium of dreams, or visions, and that to enjoy these oracular communications, it was necessary to pass the night, or even several nights and days at a time, in perfect darkness, in one of the chambers of the temple. Those who were disinclined to perform this trying ceremony, employed the priests to dream and receive responses for them, and paid them accordingly for their trouble. Crowds of sick persons repaired to the great temple of Æsculapius at Epidaurus, and to another at Cos, to seek relief in these ridiculous mummeries; and as the priests were able to work successfully on their imaginations, or to prescribe the use of some suitable kind of medicine for their ailments, the number of cures performed at both places was very great. With the hope of bespeaking the favour of the oracle, the afflicted brought votive offerings of great value, which were hung on the walls round the altar, and there remained a certain length of time before they became the perquisite of the officiating priests. The pillars, likewise, were inscribed with narrations of the wonderful cures which had been already performed, accompanied with the oracularly delivered prescriptions of the god. A few of these votive tablets, discovered amidst the ruins of fallen edifices, have come down to the present day. We copy the four following from the work of an intelligent author:†

1. "In these latter days, a certain blind man, by name Caius, had this oracle vouchsafed to him—'that

* Potter's *Archæologia Græca*, to which we are indebted for a number of particulars in these articles.

† Thaumaturgia, or Elucidations of the Marvellous; by an Oxonian. London, Churton, 1835.

he should draw near to the altar after the manner of one who could see; then walk from right to left, lay the five fingers of his right hand on the altar, then raise up his hand and place it on his eyes.' And behold! the multitude saw the blind man open his eyes, and they rejoiced that such splendid miracles should signalise the reign of our Emperor Antoninus."

2. "To Lucius, who was so wasted away by pains in his side, that all doubted of his recovery, the god gave this response:—'Approach thou the altar; take ashes from it, mix them up with wine, and then lay thyself on thy sore side.' And the man recovered, and openly returned thanks to the god, amidst the congratulations of the people."

3. "To Julian, who spitted blood, and was given over by every one, the god granted this response:—'Draw near, take pine-apples from off the altar, and eat them with wine for three days.' And the man got well, and came and gave thanks in the presence of the people."

4. "A blind soldier, Valerius Asper by name, received this answer from the god:—that he should mix the blood of a white cock with milk, make an eye ointment therewith, and rub his eyes with it for three days.' And lo! the blind recovered his sight, and came, and publicly gave thanks to the god."

The magistrates of Greece and Rome sanctioned and applauded these absurdities. We do not read of a single philosopher, or man of learning, condemning them. Socrates, who was unquestionably the most enlightened moralist of his time, requested at his death that a cock should be sacrificed to Æsculapius. When we find so great a man sanctioning by his express orders such a gross superstition, we can easily conceive how widely the delusion was spread among the people.

A belief in the magical powers of amulets formed a superstition nearly allied to that of the Æsculapian mysteries, and had been imported into Greece from Egypt and Persia, two countries fertile in occult science. Certain herbs were supposed to possess the power of charms, and were hung round the neck or concealed in some ornament about the person, for the purpose of repelling contagion, or curing malignant maladies. Small pieces of bone, made into rings and other articles, were believed to have a similar magical effect. This delusive reverence for amulets or talismans, will, however, form the subject of a separate article, and we therefore pass on to the consideration of a superstition fully more peculiar to the Greeks and Romans, namely, that of divination by *sortes*, or lots. The practice of casting lots, to determine intricate questions, was of remote antiquity, having been in use in the oldest eastern nations before it made its appearance in Greece. The divination was performed in many different ways. One consisted in erecting two sticks on the ground, and determining the question by the direction, left or right, in which they fell. This ancient practice, which resembled our tossing of a halfpenny, was resorted to by the Israelites, who, for it, and other follies, were justly reproved: "My people ask counsel of their stocks, and their staff declareth unto them."—Hosea, iv. 12. Among both the Greeks and Romans, lots were cast by dice or by inscribed pebbles, but more commonly by verses, which were drawn from a jug, or by the chance opening of a poem. Appeals to Homer, or the *Sortes Homerice*, formed the more respectable mode of divination by lot. The Iliad was opened, and the first lines to which the eye was directed, told the fortune or answered the desire of the questioner. Virgil was the accredited Roman oracle for this kind of divination. Sometimes single letters or words were written, and put into an urn; after being well shaken, they were poured out on the ground, and any sentences that could be made from the promiscuous heap, were believed to be oracular or prophetic; this was called the *Sortes Prenestinae*. Another kind of *sortes* consisted in rushing along the street with a handful of verses on small tablets, and bidding the first boy that was met with to draw one; if the tablet or scrap so drawn contained words agreeing with the previous conception half formed in the mind, it was taken as an infallible advice or prophecy, and followed accordingly. The early Christians were not exempted from these vain delusions. In matters of difficulty and doubt, they dipped their hand into the sacred books, or into the Psalter, and sought for direction and assistance according to the principle pursued in the *Sortes Virgilianæ*. St Augustine, in his epistle to Januarius, sanctions the practice, if performed for spiritual ends. The superstition survived the middle ages, and was in some degree fashionable and in force in the seventeenth century, when all other appeals of a magical nature had been given up as unwarrantable. The occasional truthfulness of the responses helped to sustain the credit of the superstition. A striking instance of random truth in one of these prophetic sorts occurred to Charles I. Having in the course of his troubles retired to Oxford, he was taken one day by Lord Falkland to see the public library, and was there shown among other books a Virgil finely printed and exquisitely bound. Lord Falkland, to amuse the king, proposed that he should make trial of his fortune by the *Sortes Virgilianæ*. Charles consented, and opening the book, the passage that struck his eye was that part of Dido's imprecation against Æneas:—

"Oppress'd with numbers in the unequal field,
His men discouraged, and himself expell'd;
Let him for succour sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects and his son's embrace."

The king being somewhat concerned at this untoward prophecy, his companion, to relieve his mind, and hoping to fall on some passage bearing no allusion to either his own or his master's condition, opened the book, and the following passage was disclosed:—

"O Pallas! thou hast fail'd thy plighted word.
To fight with caution, not to tempt the sword,
I warn'd thee, but in vain: for well I knew
What perils youthful ardour would pursue;
That boiling blood would carry thee too far,
Young as thou wert in dangers, and to war.
O cursed essay of arms, disastrous doom,
Prelude of bloody fields, and fights to come!"

This unfortunate attempt at fortune-telling disconcerted both Charles and his attendant, and was remembered afterwards, when Falkland fell at the battle of Newberry, and the king had perished on the scaffold. Had the fate of both been otherwise, we should, of course, never have heard of the prophecy.

Prying into futurity by either the *Sortes Virgilianæ* or *Sortes Biblicæ*, is now, we believe, unknown. The superstition is extinct. We have, it is true, seen the Bible opened for the profane purpose of telling a fortune, but with no serious dependence on the result; and the practice being now utterly exploded, is not likely ever again to come into vogue.

WOMEN IN AMERICA.

In the North American states, women occupy a position in society very different from that which females of any class are accustomed to in this country. Among us, women are treated with delicacy and consideration, but always as if they were rational beings; they are neither depressed to the condition of inferiors, nor exalted to that of goddesses: besides, for the attentions and general respect shown towards them, it is expected that they will act with considerate politeness in return, so that by their affability and agreeableness of manners they may command the esteem as well as the admiration of all who approach them.

In America, the position of women, as we say, is entirely different. There, they seem to be viewed as a kind of superior beings—something more than mortal. All their caprices must be listened to with deference, all their whims satisfied, even though among strangers, and for all the attentions shown towards them, it is not expected that they should offer any thanks or show any condescension in return. American women are, in fact, spoiled children; they can do as they like, and the men are their slaves. This remarkable condition of things is noticed by almost every traveller. Mr Grund, in his late work, "Aristocracy in America," thus speaks of it.

"American ladies occupy, from mere courtesy, a rank in society which is not only opposed to that which they hold in private life and in their own families, but which is actually incompatible with the exercise of discretion on the part of the gentlemen. 'The ladies must be waited upon;' 'the ladies must be helped;' 'the ladies must be put into the carriage;' 'the ladies must be taken out of the carriage;' 'the ladies must have their shoe-strings tied;' 'the ladies must have their India-rubber shoes put on;' 'the ladies must be wrapped up in shawls;' 'the ladies must be led up stairs and down stairs;' 'the ladies must have their candles lit for them when they go to bed.' On every occasion they are treated as poor helpless creatures, who rather excite the pity than the admiration of men; and as the services they require are numerous, just in proportion to the scarcity of hired servants, the gentlemen are obliged to officiate in their stead."

"The American gentlemen," he continues, "approach women with the most indubitable consciousness of their own inferiority, and, either from modesty or prudence, seldom open their lips except to affirm what has been said by the ladies. One is always reminded of poor Candide's honest prayer, '*Hélas! madame: je répondrai comme vous voudrez*' [Alas, madam, I will answer just as you wish]. I have seen one of the most distinguished old gentlemen in the United States, one who held the highest rank in the gift of the American people, and whose learning and knowledge on most subjects rendered him a most pleasing and entertaining companion of men, betray as little self-possession in the presence of women as if he had been making his *début* in society, and this too in the house of one of his most intimate friends."

This excessive awkwardness in the men, to which even the most distinguished of the race make no exception, must be owing to something radically wrong in the composition of American society, which places men as well as women in a false position. The conviction of this fact must force itself on the mind of every impartial observer who has had an opportunity of making himself familiar with the customs and manners of the higher classes. There appears to be a singular mixture of respect and want of sincerity on the part of the men with regard to the women, produced, I believe, by the unnatural position which the latter hold wherever they are brought into contact with the former."

Miss Sedgwick notices this remarkable trait in the position and manners of her countrywomen. In one of her late productions, "Means and Ends," she makes the following observations:—"The most striking and prevailing defect in the manners of Americans is, I believe, a want of courtesy. This has probably arisen from the general equality of rights, condition, and education. And it arises in part from that *mauvaise honte*, or shyness, characteristic of our English ancestors, from whom we inherit it. A little reflection and moral cul-

tivation would soon remedy this defect. What do I mean by *courtesy*, and how is the want of it shown, do you ask? A few winters since, a well-bred young foreigner came to the interior, and took lodgings at a village inn, for the purpose of learning the English language. To facilitate its acquisition, he generally preferred remaining in the receiving-room of the tavern, where travellers were passing in and out. His writing-table was placed before the fire. When the women came shivering in from a long, dreary drive in the stage-coach, he moved his table to the coldest corner of the room, mended the fire, drew chairs near it, and, if they brought in foot-stoves or blocks, he found the best place to heat them. He then returned to his own uncomfortable seat, and pursued his writing or reading."

The women profited by his civilities, without appearing to notice them. During the whole winter he never received one word of acknowledgment—not one 'Thank you, sir,' or, 'You are very kind, sir,' or, what would have seemed inevitable, 'Pray, don't take that cold seat, sir.' What was the polished stranger's inference? Certainly, that the Americans were a most discourteous, if not a cold-hearted people."

Cold-hearted we are not. These women were probably generally impressed with the young man's attentions—one of them, I know, in relating her travelling experience at her own fire-side at night, said, she 'never should forget a young man at the tavern in S—. She thought she should have died with the cold before she got there; and when she went in, he moved away from the fire, and gave her the rocking-chair—hung her cloak over the back of another, and warmed her block for her, and did everything just as if he had been her own son!' And yet this good woman had not indicated in her manners to the young man that she even saw him. Here there was no expression of the real feeling, no *courtesy*.

I have often seen men in steam-boats, in stage-coaches, in churches, and other public meetings, rise and give their seats to women, and the women seat themselves quietly, without a look or word of acknowledgment. And so with a thousand other attentions which are rendered, and are received without any return. Avoid such discourtesy, my young friends—it is not only displeasing, but unjust. We actually owe some return for such civilities, and a courteous acceptance is, in most cases, the only one that can be made. These little chance courtesies are smiles on the face of manners, and smiles are like sunshine—we can scarcely have too much of either."

STAGE-COACH JOURNEY TO THE TOURNAMENT.

[The following is from a lively account of the Eglington tournament, in the November number of Tait's Magazine. It seems to us creditable to this work, considering the well-known severity of its politics, that it should take a pleasant view of the late beautiful and most interesting spectacle presented in Ayrshire, when so many other very wise journalists have seen fit to treat it with ridicule.]

* * * We left our home, with a merry friend, one fine morning, a few days previous to that fixed for the commencement of the tournament, in order to take our departure by the coach. Arriving at the office in Prince's Street a little before the hour at which it should have started, we were astonished at the immense pile of luggage which we saw heaped on the street, in order to be packed upon the carriage. When Mr Croal, the coach proprietor, came up, he was so much appalled by the sight, that, apologising for the delay which he must inevitably occasion, he informed us that he must send back the coach to the yard, and get out a stronger one, that might be more certainly able to bear such a load without risk of breaking down. When this more potent vehicle arrived, any impatience that might have been excited in us by the delay, was subdued by the interest which we could not help taking in the ingenuity which the coachman and his assistants displayed in packing and piling the various articles in and upon it; till I, and my companion, and two officers of our acquaintance, who had all of us placed ourselves comfortably on the hinder seats, could no longer see those in front, even when we stood up to try to do so. We felt some comfort in thinking that the superior construction of coaches, now-a-days, admits of this being done with more safety than was formerly the case. Besides all the ordinary kinds of trunks, portmanteaus, band-boxes, and carpet-bags, which are usually attendant upon a coach full of passengers inside and outside, there were innumerable white deal boxes of all manner of shapes and sizes. Most of these were ingeniously suspended like sausages, on strings all around the carriage; and, to crown all, on the very top was perched a wicker cage, containing a great, long-legged, large-bodied, awkward-looking pair of Chittagong fowls, belonging to a curried Indian, who had a seat in the interior. The cock not only seemed to know that he was going to the tournament, as well as other people, but to think that he was to be triumphant there; for, much to the amusement of all who beheld him, and especially to the great entertainment of the idlers who were looking on in the street, he crowed away so loudly that he brought some of the sleepy citizens of Prince's Street, in their nightcaps, from their beds to their windows, to wonder at so unwonted a summons. Such was the appearance of the coach after its packing was completed, that no one could have well guessed that it really was any such four-wheeled vehicle, if he had seen it creeping along the road thus burdened and smothered up."

At length we found ourselves in motion, and we began to beguile the way with chat and cigars. Our facetious

friend, who had lately lost two valuable silk umbrellas, by their having been stolen from him one after the other, had been just boasting to us of a brand new cotton one which he had bought, on the principle that no one would think any thing so common worth the purloining. This umbrella he had laid down on the uppermost box of a string of those that hung behind the back seat, and were thus most marvellously built downwards, till they nearly touched the road. As we were journeying on, one of the officers began to sniff up his nose, and to wonder where the smell of burning and of smoke was proceeding from. We all became immediately sensible of it. The alarm spread among us, when, suddenly, the other officer, who sat with his face to the rear, roared out to our friend, "Good heavens, sir, your umbrella is on fire!" and there, to be sure, it was, blazing up like a volcano, not only to the manifest peril of the box on which it lay, and on which the fire had already caught hold, but of all the boxes of the string, yea, even to the risk of the coach itself. The confusion and the bustle amongst us of the rearward of the coach, to get the fire extinguished, was indescribable. One gentleman, who we believe to have been a bailie of a town, or in some way connected with the police, began to vociferate for the fire-engines; whilst another, who, we have reason to think, was a reporter, took out his pen, paper, and ink-horn, and began, with the philosophy of a stoic, to note down the circumstances attending the progress of the conflagration, altogether forgetful that, if it went on, he and his record must perish together. The fowls, who looked down upon us, fluttered and screamed, and more than one of us shouted; but the intervening pile of luggage on the roof, which left us as "*Britannos toto orbe divisos*," together with the noise of the coach, shut out both the scene and the cries from those who were sitting in front, unconscious of our danger. At last, after various ineffectual attempts to extinguish the flames, our friend bethought himself of rubbing the blazing umbrella against the wet wheel; and he thus most fortunately succeeded in subduing the conflagration, but not until the deal box on which the umbrella had lain had been nearly burned through, nor until each section of the parapluie itself displayed a huge square window between the whalebone spars, that gave it the most ludicrous effect. After thanking our stars that we had not been all consumed, and thinking how much surprise the coachman, and those with him, would have manifested on arriving at the next stage, if they had found that the tail of the coach, and all upon it, had been burned off, we began to inquire into the cause, and found that the accident must have been owing to a stray piece of ignited German tinder having found its way into the folds of the umbrella. The adventure, then, furnished us with much merriment at the expense of our friend's parapluie; and when an occasional shower compelled him to hoist the uncouth-looking instrument, it furnished no less entertainment to the population of the different villages we passed through, where every one had turned out to look at the various coaches and carriages that were, even thus long before the day fixed, passing through, laden with guests bound to the tournament.

We had no sooner got fairly into Ayrshire, than we became much interested in the many pretty young persons whom we found anxiously waiting by the wayside for the coming up of the coach. We do not mean those nice-looking servant-girls who are generally pretty numerously planted at the different hedge inns and half-way houses, who come out, conscious of the power of their own charms, with what we call in Scotland—and our Scottish poet, Allan Ramsay, too, calls—"a *thieveless errand*," that is, *Anglicè*, a pretended errand, to inquire for some parcel, which "the mistress," either truly or falsely, did or did not expect; and all this for the purpose of having a leer or a joke with the coachman, or with any pleasant fellow of an outside who may be disposed to enjoy a fractional part of half a minute's small flirtation with her. No! We mean something very different from all this: we mean handsome, well-dressed young ladies, married and spinsters, who, *all along of the tournament*, were found by the wayside—some on foot, and others in carriages—some attended by husbands, some by fathers, and some by brothers—and who were anxiously waiting at the lodge or gate of every gentleman's seat we passed, and at the embouchures of many of the bye-roads which led to gentlemen's seats, and who all of them opened in succession, as the coach drove up towards them, in eager and clamorous inquiries after their boxes.

"Oh, coachman! coachman! have you a box from Mr Blackwood's for me?" cried one.

"Coachman! coachman! my box from Madame Meyer!" cried another.

"Haven't you a box from Madame Devy for me?" modestly vociferated a third.

"You've got a box from Maclellan and Sproat, have you not?" shouted another.

"Mademoiselle Cercletron's box, addressed to me, coachman," authoritatively demanded another.

"A box from Miss Witherspoon for the two Misses —? I'm sure you have it, coachman," lisped out two sisters at once, each with a great emphasis on the word *sure*; whilst the brother, a manifest dandy, twirled a pair of mustachios, and said, "I say, coachee, have the goodness to hand down my box from the Albion Cloth Company—it is of the last importance."

"No sitch boxes here!" replied coachee.

The exclamations of the two ladies and the gentleman being in soprano, contre-alto, and a sort of a kind of bass, made what musicians would call a splendid crash. It is beyond the power of mere types, without the aid of musical notes, to give any idea of it. But before we could well catch the tune, coachee was off. The coach appeared to us to be a sort of lottery-wheel, so far as these good people were concerned; some were sent home from it filled with wretched disappointment and despair, and we imagined the dreadful night they were doomed to spend; whilst others, who had all the luck, were rendered supremely blessed by the arrival of their boxes, and could so little contain their joy, that they clapped their hands, and danced upon the very road; and we

thought that we saw among them some, whose impatience seemed to be so great, that we doubted not they would stop, ere they were half way up the avenue, to open the precious box, that they might have one peep, *en passant*, at the splendid fancy dress which it contained.

PROCESS OF EARTHENWARE MANUFACTURE.*

CURIOUS and attractive as are many of our manual arts, there is none that has delighted us more than this. Without stopping to consider the various steps and discoveries by which potting has arrived at its present degree of excellence, let us take a hasty view of the manner in which a lump of clay becomes an elegant and a valuable piece of porcelain. Chemistry has done much: unwearied activity, untiring ambition, unsleeping desire of gain, unquenchable thirst of discovery, and love of art, have done more; lucky accident has had its share of co-operation; experience, enterprise, accumulating capital, have added their force; and skilful division of employment has crowned all, and made the creation of even a tea-saucer a process of beauty and a work of social pleasure. The walk through a china-factory is like the walk through a well-organised school. In every room is going on the peculiar task of that room; and all, as under the surveillance of one presiding mind, are co-operating harmoniously to one end. There is nothing which pleases us so much in this manufacture as its cleanliness, and apparent healthiness. Deleterious articles, unquestionably, are extensively employed; but, judging from the appearance of the workmen, they do not seem, in the mode in which they are applied, to produce much harmful consequence. The very men who work in the clay in its most early stages seem merely smeared with a little flour, and all the stages thenceforward are comparatively clean. There is an air of ease and comfort in the whole process, and a freshness of atmosphere so different from that of a cotton factory, that make it very agreeable to notice. It is cheering, too, to see so many boys and young women employed, especially the latter, for whom suitable occupation is, in general, so great a need. But from these general advantages let us pass to one particular object.

To witness the very beginning of the process of potting, we should go to the flint-mills and rooms for preparing the clays. Here the principal materials for the body or paste of which the earthenware is made, are calcined and broken down as may be required, and ground in water into the finest creamy smoothness; the whole is made to pass through the finest wire, lawn, and silk sieves, and the required ingredients and proportions are then mixed by the potter according to his taste or skill. In the knowledge and manipulation of these prime ingredients, of course, exists the relative success of the potter. We need not particularise these ingredients; the principal of them are flint, and a fine kind of clay, as well as cawk (sulphate of barytes), a heavy stone found in the Derbyshire hills, bones, gritstone, felspar, &c. These are, more or less, used according to the particular kind of ware required; and it is a singular fact, that with the exception of grit and some clays, scarcely one of the principal substances is found in this district. The chief clays come from Dorsetshire, Cornwall, and Devon, flints from the southern counties, &c. The grand requisites which appear to have fixed the manufacture to this district, are the abundance of coal, and the marl of which the saggars, or cases, are made. This marl is a dirty-looking substance, which you see dug up and lying about, to expose it to the weather, from which it derives great advantage; and without these saggars, or safeguards, there could be no good potting, for their office is so far to resist the action of the fire, and the action of the chemical agents which they have to contain, as to prevent the fracture and the fusion of the pottery.

The composition for the paste or body of the earthenware being then prepared in a liquid state, it is put into the slip-kiln, and boiled down to the proper consistency. Formerly this was done in the open air, in what were called sun-kilns, a sort of open reservoir lined with flags, in which the clay was well agitated, or *blunged*, as the potters called it, with water put through a sieve, and suffered to run into a kind of vat, where it was gradually evaporated by the sun to the proper consistency. Some of these sun-kilns may yet be seen in potteries of coarse earthenware; but the slip-kilns now in general use are a sort of oblong troughs with fire-tile bottoms, under which a flue passes, and its flame rapidly evaporates the mixture, which, being carefully stirred, is soon reduced to the consistency of dough. This dough, like the dough for bread, is then made to pass through a certain fermentation. This is effected by laying it in lumps for some months in a damp cellar, when it is taken out and kneaded, pulled, or passed through a machine to reduce it to the closest and most perfect consistency. It is trodden down by naked feet, and finally sloped, slabbed, and slapped. It is sloped, because it is cut with a wire into slopes or wedges, which are banged one on another; it is slabbed, because it is banged down upon a slab; and it is slapped, because a great part of the operation consists in slapping with the open hand.

* A sequel to the article on "the Potteries" in last number.

Here, then, you see men and boys, each with a great lump of clay, which he lifts up and bangs down with great force on a slab, generally of plaster. He then, with a wire, cuts it in two, and lifting up one part, throws it down fiercely on the other; he then slaps it all over with his hands, takes up the whole again, and dashes it down again; cuts it, slaps, and so torments it, for a long time, ever and anon scooping a little out of it with his finger-end to see if it will do. This sloping, slapping, or slabbing, is to render the dough thoroughly compact; for if any little bubbles of air remained in it, the ware would in the furnace blister and be ruined.

When these lumps of dough are thoroughly slabbed, they are ready for the *thrower*, and are cut into pieces proportioned to the size of the articles he is about to make. He takes one of these pieces, and dabs it down upon what is called the wheel-block, being a block of wood fastened on the top of a perpendicular spindle, which being turned by means of a band and a large wheel, much in the way, no doubt, of the potter's wheel mentioned in the Bible, the lump of clay spins round. The man seats himself astride of a bench close beside it, and moulding the ductile clay with his hands, which he now and then dips in water near him, it resolves itself, as by magic, into the shape required—a plate, a cup, a saucer, or a jug. It is evident that the article thus produced can only be round and plain. If it is to be of an oval or a varied shape, it cannot be made on the wheel; it must be made in a mould. The *thrower* cuts off the vessel from the block with a fine hop wire, and it is carried away to the drying stove. Here it is dried till it acquires what the potters term the *green state*, a state of particular toughness; and then it is taken to the *turner*. Enter the next room. There are the *turners* working away in a row at their lathes. The lathe resembles the thrower's machine to the general eye; it has the vertical block on which to fix the vessel, and the wheel. Boys, or women, turn the wheels, and the turners, fixing the vessels to the blocks by means of a little of the liquid called *slip*, turn them with iron tools, just as turners turn articles of wood or iron. But these vessels have got neither spouts, handles, nor knobs, on their lids. To get these, they are sent into another room to the *stonkers*, or *furnishers*, persons who furnish handles by forcing the clay paste by a sort of press through a hole, from which it descends in a long soft stick. This stick is cut into lengths, and bent into handles, or pressed in moulds to the required shape. Spouts, knobs, raised ornaments, &c., are similarly made, and stuck upon the vessels with slip, smoothing the joints with a wet sponge. These *stonkers*, or *furnishers*, having dismissed the articles in a completed state, they are carried to the stove-room, where they are dried to the degree necessary before going into the kiln.

But before we proceed to the kiln, we must have a look at the *pressers*, the *casters*, and the *stilt-makers*. We have seen that all articles of oblong and varied forms, such as dishes, jugs of particular patterns, cups of fancy shapes, ornaments, &c., cannot be thrown and turned; they must be made in moulds. These moulds are made of plaster of Paris. These moulds are in two parts. To make a dish, a piece of paste is rolled out as a cook would roll out *her* paste for a pie-crust. It is laid upon one half of the mould, which is to form the concave side or face of the dish, and the other half, which forms the back of the dish, is pressed upon it. The upper half of the mould being then removed, the work is smoothed with a wet sponge, and the other half of the mould removed also; and the face being likewise smoothed with the sponge, the dish is carried to the drying stove. Some dishes, however, are formed by laying the rolled-out paste on the half of the mould for the front, and working down the back of the dish with a piece of wood, cut to the proper shape, and called a profile. Handles, spouts, knobs, and ornaments, are also formed by moulds; though the latter are more commonly, as well as many vessels altogether, formed by *casting*, that is, by pouring the slip into plaster moulds, which absorb the moisture from a certain quantity of the slip, thereby converting it into a paste of sufficient thickness for the vessel required; the mould is then opened, and the article removed, to be put together by the finishers.

When all these articles are ready for the furnace, they are carefully placed in the saggars. But here it is necessary to have certain little pieces of baked sticks of pottery, called *cockspurs*, stils, and triangles, to place between the articles, to prevent them all adhering together in the furnace, or kiln. These are all prepared ready. As you have gone through the rooms, you have seen women and boys, at a sort of tables, rolling out the clay paste, cutting it with knives into long strips of less than half an inch square, and cutting them again transversely into lengths of a few inches. Some of these they mould in their fingers into triangular sticks with a cocked-up point; others into figures pretty much of the shape of the letter Y; others in cubes; others, again, into triangular lumps, with three downward points, and one upright central one. These are called stils, triangles, and the last description cockspurs. All these are used to place in the saggars between the different kinds of articles as they are burnt in the kiln. The marks of the cockspurs may be readily seen by any one on the margin of plates and dishes.

Seeing little boys very nimbly mending these cockspurs, I had the curiosity to inquire what they were paid for making them, and was answered, a halfpenny

a gross! that is, twelve dozens for a halfpenny; at which they would earn sixpence a-day, or three shillings a-week; or, in other words, 1728 for sixpence, 10,368 in the week for three shillings! I remarked that these boys would not build fine houses and factories out of their profits, when a wealthy manufacturer assured me that he was once such a boy, and made cockspurs for still less wages.

The ware being placed in the saggars, the saggars are then piled in the furnace, one on the other, in tall columns, and the joints between the top and bottom of each sagger are daubed up with clay, to keep out any smoke. These furnaces are built under the tall conical sheds called howells, or more commonly hovels; the use of which is to keep off winds and irregular draughts, which would occasion the heat of the furnace to differ on different sides, and so spoil the ware. It is the business of the *fircmen* to attend to the baking. The ware when it comes out is as white as snow, and in that state is called *biscuit ware*. This has next to be sorted, the perfect from the imperfect; and another class of operatives, generally young women, with a sort of chisel knock off all roughnesses, bits of adhering stilt, and the marks of the points of the cockspurs. It is then handed over to the printers. The process of printing the earthenware is a very neat and interesting one. The designs are engraven on copper plates. On one of these plates, made hot, the printer spreads his colours, mixed with a strong oil varnish; removes all but what fills the engraved lines with his pallet-knife; cleans his plate as in other copper-plate printing; and lays upon it a kind of tissue-paper, dipped in soap-water. He passes it through his press, takes off the paper, and hands it to a woman. She cuts the paper with scissors, and applies it on the biscuit ware, as the pattern requires, and rubs it down firmly with the end of a roll of flannel. The plate, or other article printed, is, after a certain interval, dipped in water; the paper is removed with a sponge, and the impression wanted remains on the ware. The oily matter from the paint being evaporated, the article is handed over to the dipper, who dips it into a liquid glaze; and it is finally returned to the furnace once more, and comes out with the glaze liquified, and bright and hard as glass.

This, as it regards earthenware, and a great deal of porcelain, is the main process; but the fine specimens of porcelain, after receiving one glaze, pass to the enamellers. These are chiefly young women, whom you find in numbers sitting in their rooms, painting and gilding in all the patterns we see on china. Their colours are metallic oxides mixed with fusible materials, and rendered sufficiently dilute with spirits of turpentine and spirits of tar; and, after passing through the furnace, come out fixed into the body of the glaze, but their substance is easily to be felt in passing the finger over them. They have yet to pass through the hands of the *burnishers*, another set of young women, who, with pieces of hema-tile, or, as more commonly termed, bloodstone, rub over all the gold till it is perfectly bright.

Such are the great and leading processes in the production of our earthenware and china. There are other minute proceedings which tend to its perfection, but which cannot be detailed in a paper of this kind, such as colouring stoneware by the blowing-pot and worming-pot; the tracing of prints upon the glaze instead of under it, and the mode of applying the lustres. It may also be stated that machinery is applied to the preparation of flints and clays; in some factories to the working of the lathes, and in a few instances to the transferring of the prints; but it will be seen that the greater portion of the processes are entirely manual, much to the advantage of this numerous body of operatives. Indeed, for extent of space and population, and for the immense quantity of goods made, there is nothing like the Staffordshire Potteries in Europe; nor, except it may be in China, in the world.

A LESSON IN GOOD HUMOUR.

IN a number of the New York Mirror for January last, we are presented with a rather clever sketch of a character in real life, Jeremiah Cary by name, who in all his fortunes and misfortunes exhibited the picture of a happy and contented man.

Jerry's countenance was plainness to the fullest extent. "Never mind," said Jerry, "I shall not be troubled by the petticoats. My face is my regis." In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, such a conclusion would have been correct, but Jerry was fated to stumble over the solitary exception; inasmuch as a young and rather handsome heiress, forgetting his defects of phiz, and seeing only his contented disposition and intellectual worth, fell in love with him one day, and he, very good-naturedly reciprocating the compliment, married her.

Proceeding home in a carriage from the church where the union had just been performed, the vehicle upset, spilled the bride and bride's-maid, and broke a leg of the bridegroom.

It was, especially, Jerry *apropos*—to break a limb upon such an occasion, and Jerry had as much reason to repine at the accident as any one, similarly situated, could have, but he bore it with his usual good nature.

"Ah!" said he, one day in the last quarter of his damaged honeymoon, in answer to an expression of regret, endearment, and sympathy, which had escaped his interesting spouse, "tis all for the best, Susy! I desired a little in-door life. Besides, but for this accident, my love, business would not have allowed me so much of

your company. So, ha! ha! upon my word I look upon it as one of the most fortunate events of my life. I do indeed!"

Susan's first child was, unfortunately, born blind. "Not so very unfortunate, after all!" said Jerry. "It might have been worse. Let us thank an omniscient Providence that the dear little fellow is not club-footed. Surgery may perhaps remedy his sight; and if it can't, why—why, after all, the faculty of seeing is so often abused—so often a curse to its possessor! It changed Lot's wife to a lump of salt, you know!"

Such is Jeremiah's philosophy; and for all trials, great or small, he makes it applicable.

His wife broke a pitcher—a costly one.

"Dear me! what a pity!" said she, provoked at her own carelessness.

"Not a whit!" responded Jerry. "I never liked that pitcher. Such an awkward handle! I'll get another."

His chimney-pots were contrary. There are few who can keep their patience in smoky rooms; Jeremiah, however, after fully ascertaining that with his house the nuisance was incurable, forthwith began to extol the virtues of smoke, and it was not until after he had sold his bacon-making residence, and purchased an abode more conducive to comfort, that he would allow that smoke was not an indispensable necessary to civilised life.

His little blind boy withered and died, like a sunless rose, ere he could lisp "father!" Susan had been a second time a mother, but her love for her first-born burned brightest, for to the pure flame of maternal love was added interest for the darkness which shrouded his vision like a continual night. Even so was the poor boy endeared to the heart of his father. Sad indeed, then, was the ceremony with which the little sufferer was consigned to the grave, where all are blind alike.

They returned to their dwelling. The prattle of the sightless one no longer greeted their foot-fall—all seemed cheerless and desolate to Susan, and sitting down, she hid her face in her hands and wept. The heart of Jeremiah was sad, but not to abandonment, like that of his wife. He opened the Bible given him by his mother on her death-bed, and, drawing his chair near to Susan, read aloud that beautiful chapter wherein our Saviour asks for little children to be brought unto him, "for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

When he had concluded, he closed the book, and clasped the hand of his wife affectionately within his own.

"Susan," said he, and his voice sounded like gentle music in her ears, "let us not murmur. God is just—is merciful. If he had lived, it would only have been to grope through the world. Now he is in heaven, where to all, all is light. Let us deserve to meet him there."

Only a few years afterwards Jeremiah was reduced to comparative poverty. The bulk of his property had been invested in the stock of the bank, which failed, unable to pay a shilling on a dollar. Thus compelled to dispose of his expensive establishment, change his style of living altogether, and, with his wife and four children, take to "short commons," his spirits did not desert him.

Said Jerry, "Never mind!" two words which he never failed to throw at the teeth of every mishap which he encountered; "never mind! I like variety. I'm tired of riding in a carriage. I once broke my leg in one. Walking is an exercise that I need very much. Come, come, this is not so bad an affair after all—it will test the value of my friends. Besides, now, I can *earn* the bread we eat. Ah! it will be a labour of love, and that enriches the soul! I can almost say that I am glad this accident has happened. I can, indeed!"

Let no one think that our patient friend's philosophy is the apathy of the *stoic*. It arises from no lack of sensitive and acute feelings, but from a benevolent determination to make the best of every thing. This is the secret of his contentment under a load of mishaps and reverses. Ever striving to render all around him happy, he is a sterling friend; never repining at the decrees of Providence, he is a true Christian.

SCENE IN THE MANAGER'S ROOM.

"(A knock at the door:—) 'Come in; what is it?' cried the manager. 'Can you see Mr Fatton?' 'What Mr Fatton?' 'The master of the supernumeraries.' 'Send him in. Now, Fatton, what is the matter? Make haste, for I am busy.' 'Sir, there is a strike with the children in the theatre.' 'So there ought to be, Mr Fatton, if you did your duty properly, and kept a birch rod.' 'Yes, sir; but all their fathers and mothers come on me and threaten to punch my head; now, you know it is not my fault.' 'Well, what is the strike, as you call it?' 'The girls who are to fly in the new ballet won't have the wires affixed to them, unless they are raised to eighteenth-pence a-night: their mothers won't let them endanger their lives under that sum! Now, sir, we should be in a great scrape at night, if this were to happen; worse than we were in at the other house, with the boys in the storm.' 'What was that, Fatton?' 'Didn't you hear that, sir? Oh, there were sixty boys, who stood on the stage under a very large canvass, painted to represent the sea. Now, these boys were placed alternately, and were to rise and fall, first gradually, and then violently, to represent the motion of the waves in a storm; and in the first three nights of the piece it had a powerful effect; but after that, the manager reduced the water-rate, that is to say, he lowered the salary of each wavo to sixpence per night. The boys took their places under the canvass sea; and when the prompter gave the signal for the storm, the water was stagnant; instead of the ship striking, it was the waves that struck. The sub-manager, in a fury, inquired the cause, when the principal billow said, 'We won't move a peg unless you pay us a shilling a-night, for it wears out our corduroys so.' 'Well, Fatton, promise the girls the eighteenth-pence; but I will be even with them; I will keep them dangling in the sky-borders in a thorough draught all the night. Tell them so.'—(Exit Fatton.)—*Heads of the People.*

STATE OF THE EGYPTIAN PEOPLE.

WE lately presented a playful and pleasing account of Mehemet Ali, the wondrous viceroy of Egypt, from Dr Bowring's "Minor Morals." We need not say how many such notices of Mehemet Ali have appeared of late years in the works of British travellers. If we are to believe a new journal, entitled "The European," of which we have seen an able first number (being a more universal kind of Literary Gazette or Athenæum, at the price of sixpence), the picture has a different side, which British observers are not apt to see, but which, if generally known, would forbid the utterance of another soft or respectful word respecting this extraordinary ruler. The writer in the European, whose immediate object is to notice some late papers by Prince Pückler Muskau, respecting Egypt, represents himself as one who has seen what he speaks of; and if such be the case, and he be at all a faithful observer, we must say that his statements form one of the most striking portraits of widespread misery as a result of despotic government, which have ever met our eyes. We extract some portions of it:—

"Egypt was never more miserable than at the present moment. . . . Mehemet Ali would give up his game for lost, if his subjects had once a good coat to their backs, a shilling in their pockets, and enough to eat for dinner. He knows how difficult it is for a ruler to press the inhabitants of such a fertile tract as the valley of the Nile, down to the level of the poverty required by a Turkish government, and to keep them from ever emerging from it; and he holds that it is impossible for the most refined and ingenious tax-gatherer to plunder them thoroughly. To a certain extent he is right. Such is the exemplary patience and long sufferance of the Fellahs (the native Egyptians), that even whilst smarting from blows, and languishing, naked and hungry, in a land of fertility and abundance, they will be heard to exclaim, with an expression of hope and confidence, 'Leave us for three years master of the Nile, and we will pay the Miri, and soon be rich again.' Mehemet has an extraordinary source of plunder which is not easily exhausted. Under his predecessors, the Mamelukes, the people, notwithstanding their capricious and unceasing oppression, contrived to amass considerable sums of money, which, according to an old custom, were consigned to the ground, and often not dug up, until, at the death of the possessor, they were dragged to light, divided, and instantly reinterred; on occasion of a sudden catastrophe, they were not unfrequently altogether lost sight of. The discovery of these treasures, whether lost, or still owned by some of the Fellahs, is one of the principal cares of the present governor of Egypt. He has agents in every village, whose eyes, ears, and hands, are all active in tracing out the secret savings of his subjects, which, when discovered, are instantly officially denounced to the government. It not unfrequently happens that a Fellah who has been plundered, betrays out of envy his neighbour, who has hitherto been so fortunate as to elude research. The aid of the *bastinado* is then called in to render the discovery complete, and every thing that is found is of course confiscated for the benefit of the government and its worthy agents. It happened not very long ago, that the authorities were erroneously informed that two Fellahs had dug up in their field a pitcher full of gold, which they had divided between them. The accused denied the fact, and for this impertinence each of them received in the court of the palace five hundred blows on the soles of his feet, so severe that the nails came off, and that their toes were reduced to mangled shreds. After this the poor creatures were carried before the priest, in whose presence they had to swear, according to the ritual of their church, that they had found no money on their land. . . . In the valley of the Nile, under his [Mehemet's] paternal government, the population has decreased a million! It has been calculated that in France one in thirty of the inhabitants lives on the budget; but in Egypt not less than one-sixth of the population are employed in the administration, and live on the sweat of the rest. It is the grand aim of these respectable individuals to push the fertility of the country as rapidly as possible to a point, where it can be made available by their rapacity, and to work the peasant to the utmost stretch of his powers. The ground which the Nile every year renews cannot be exhausted, but its tiller, taxed beyond the capabilities of nature, must at length faint and perish. The absence of all pity, of every feeling of humanity, of every natural tie between sovereign and subject, is the proper character of the Turkish government of Egypt. Of course, Mehemet Ali has to pay well his confederates in his tyrannical career. Let me describe the kind of life they must be suffered to lead to ensure the continuance of the system. As an example, may be taken Sherif Pacha, who was formerly minister of the interior, and governor of Upper Egypt. In the first capacity, he drew annually from the public treasury, like all his colleagues, more than a million of francs. For his governorship he had 150,000 more. This was his regular income; but he managed, *per fas et nefas* [by foul and fair means], to extract as much again as this from the pockets of his subjects. He passed, nevertheless, in comparison with his predecessor, and with many other high officials, for a very moderate and reasonable man. His court at Siut was royal; his harem was especially rich in beauties, both black and white; there was no end to his feasts and festivals; and his slaves and servants were innumerable. The whole province, with the lives and fortunes of all its inhabitants, was unreservedly placed at his disposal. He ruled by his nod the army of officials under him, and all their servants and servants' servants; of his stewardship he had no account to render, if he only sent recruits, gold, and provisions to Cairo, the instant he received the order. As he was accountable only to his sovereign, so his subordinate officials were accountable only to him, and each Egyptian official in his little sphere, be it only a

miserable village, is as uncontrolled a despot as the lord of the entire province. They all steal and squander; all squeeze, torment, beat, and plunder the unprotected peasantry, in order to live as dissolutely as possible amongst low villains and female slaves, and at the same time to hoard up something for the future.

But has the mass of the people supported this state of things without murmuring, and with unceasing patience? Far from it. During the first twelve years of Mehemet Ali's government, revolts were continually breaking out, as, in different parts of the country, the bitterness of oppression goaded the people to madness. The hirelings by whose aid the pacha overthrew the Mamelukes, remained under arms throughout Egypt, to complete the conquest for their master. The banks of the Nile are infested with these vagrant military bands, who pass the whole year under tents, and have always some of their horses saddled, in order in an instant to be able to suppress every attempt at opposition. Who can tell the crowds of Fellahs who have fallen in the last thirty years in partial insurrections? Though some of the statements current in the country may be exaggerated, still there is no doubt that the population of entire parishes has been exterminated, that in the Nile villages not a weapon is now to be met with, and that the possibility of combating oppression no longer exists. Egypt is like a country held by a foreign army, and every single village may be said to be in a state of permanent siege. Flight is the only resource left to the miserable inhabitants.

But where to fly from the tyranny of Mehemet Ali? Egypt is only a long oasis in an interminable waste of sand. As long as Palestine was free, the peasants of the Delta, like the children of Israel of old, had at least one prospect of escape, and in a short time not less than 10,000 fugitive Fellahs colonised a portion of Galilee. It was these deserts in which the late misunderstandings between Egypt and Turkey originated. Now the valley of the Nile is completely closed like the cavern of Polyphemos, and fate seems to have leagued itself with the oppressor against the pent-up race of Fellahs, unless the present oriental crisis terminate in their relief. 'When will the Inglis (English), when will the Frenki (French), come to put an end to our insupportable sufferings?' is a question which the European must repeatedly hear on the journey between Cairo and Wadi-halfa. The Egyptians know that the Christians, though they are not of the faithful, still do not envy the peasant his coarse food and scanty raiment. Prince Pückler, it is true, had no time to attend to such questions; he was always seated by the side of his princely patron, smoking out of the same pipe, and feasting on the fat of the land. In Monfalut, the very palace where the prince is quite sentimental in his feelings of respect and affection towards the pacha, because the latter 'turned round and took him so graciously, seductively, and irresistibly by the arm,' the writer of this article was but a few years ago the witness of a scene, which caused in him very different feelings to those here produced by the pressure of a satrap's hand. From seven villages in the neighbourhood, the inhabitants had all fled in the night into the Lybian desert, because they could no longer bear up against labour, hunger, exaction, and despair, combined. Their draught-cattle, ploughs, and other agricultural instruments, had already been taken from them to satisfy the demands of the tax-gatherer. Clothes, furniture, and provisions, they had already none, and still without these they were expected to till their ground, and pour fresh sums into the exchequer. Although the Egyptian peasants know that the large and frequented oases to the east are under the power of Mehemet Ali, they still hope to find somewhere in the expanse of sand, an island with wells and palm-trees as yet unreached by their oppressor, where they may find refuge from his persecution. Only a short time, however, elapsed before the fugitives were pursued and overtaken by a band of the vagrant military above alluded to. I myself saw several divisions of them driven into the court-yard of the house of the Nasir of Monfalut. They were all bare-foot; the women only had a few rags round the waist; the men and boys were quite naked; some few only had a small linen cap pressed close to the head. But who shall depict the misery expressed on the countenances of these unfortunate beings? After having been fed with bread, and locked up in the yard all night like cattle, they were whipped back again the next morning to their deserted huts, to recommence their daily tasks, which were now as a punishment made heavier than before. If any observation is made by a foreigner on these tortures and hardships, the reply is, that it is true the people have much to endure, and much to pay; but that such treatment is quite good enough for a race so ignoble and so inferior to their conquerors as that of the Fellahs. Has the German Prince ever seen how canals are dug or cleaned in Egypt? Men, women, and children, when wanted for this purpose, are driven together from the neighbouring villages, or perhaps from out the entire district, and are made to work by the whip, from morning till evening, without tools, food, or pay. The work is not done as in the west, slowly and regularly, but in violent haste. In palm-baskets or rags the poor wretches carry away the earth as it is thrown up, and are kept in a perpetual run by the sticks of their task-masters; for the Turk never thinks that enough is being done, and a Fellah, he says, can never have too many blows. The panting women and the little children run to and fro in silence, with the palm-branches on their shoulders, and with the fear of the whip before their eyes, which, however, drivers, placed at certain intervals, regularly apply to their backs with mechanical indifference, whether they lag behind or not. To such an extent are carried, especially in Upper Egypt, the cruelty of the tyrant and the patience of the slave, that Fellahs, unprovided with even the coarsest food, are sometimes seen to perish from hunger, fatigue, and ill treatment, under the walls of a magazine well stored with provisions. The idea never occurs to a corpulent Turk, that a Fellah can be in want of nourishment. It is very probable that the pacha does not himself order

these atrocities to be committed; but he does nothing to prevent them, which is all the same for the people. There is no reason to doubt the accuracy of an assertion commonly made in Egypt, that two-thirds of the deaths which occur annually in the valley of the Nile, have their origin either in hunger or ill usage.

Who believes that on such elements as exist in Egypt a permanent empire can be founded? The spirit of the age will no longer tolerate a dominion exercised by slave-drivers. Even the long-suffering people of the east are tired, and their doctrine of fatality has lost its power of reconciling them to oppression. The worst lot that can be reserved to Egypt is the continuance of the tyranny of Mehemet Ali—a tyranny which scorches and destroys, like the sirocco of the African desert."

RAILROAD versus STAGE-COACH TRAVELLING.

THERE is no country in the world where stage-coaches are so well "appointed" as they are in Great Britain, in the matters of speed, safety, regularity, and comfort; but these merits are growing old-fashioned, and steam-carriages are the popular wonder, as well they may be. Without, therefore, intending disrespect to the old vehicles, which have carried us so long, so fast, and so far, it may be useful to point out some of the more obvious circumstances of advantage pertaining to the road steamers, as at present managed. In the first place, on going to the booking-office in connection with the coach, after weathering a dousing rain, we are sometimes greeted with the very unpleasant response, "no room inside, ma'am;" or gentlemen, after panting a mile in the middle of one of the dog-days, learn that "every outside place is taken." This never happens at the railway station—there is always room—be the passengers ten, fifty, or five hundred, it matters not—all are booked—all get the best places! In starting the railroad trains, there are none of those terrific piles of luggage which often render many of the coaches so frightfully and dangerously top-heavy. A passenger, who must often be reasonably alarmed at the loading of a coach, sees or hears packages of almost any number, weight, or bulk, placed on the rail-road carriage, without the slightest apprehension; and then, in taking your places, there is no competition for the "box seat," or the "front seat," no clambering over dirty wheels, exhorting your shins on sharp irons, until, wedged amidst piles of luggage, your seat is taken on the lofty unsheltered platform, round which numerous legs hang dangling like a dozen brace of black and white grouse. To be sure, the roof of a coach is sometimes pleasant enough on a fine summer's day, with a fine country on either hand, and a good road below; and even when it rains, if you happen to have an umbrella, and if your neighbour, being without, should happen to be good-natured enough to endure the drip upon his neck, all may be tolerable, though any thing but comfortable; but in the rail-road carriage there are no outside places; every passenger is sheltered, whether the poor woman that pays sixpence to ride six miles, or the rich man that pays one pound to ride an hundred. And then, what a mechanical miracle is railway speed! How the train, whatever its length, does bowl along! what a "hish" on passing a bridge, or another set of carriages. How the objects on each side flit by—how the colts, calves, and sheep, scamper off in surprise—how the cottagers come to their doors, and the husbandmen pause in their work, to gaze and wonder! And yet, amidst all this astounding speed, there is no plying of the whip, no tugging at the reins, no cruelty to horses. And who, possessed of any sensibility, can witness the turgid reins, the lathering skin, and the frothing mouth of the generous steeds, without some misgiving as to man's right so to use—or rather abuse God's creatures? The locomotive steam-engine, indeed, as if it were a thing of life, does sometimes pant and snort in grand style; but animal sensibility is not present—the bones here are iron and brass—the circulating fluids are water and vapour—the tireless tendons are rods of steel. Here no hair-brained passenger is allowed to urge the driver on to hazard the lives or limbs of his companions; the engineer is the sole judge of fast or slow—he never for a moment either listens to bad advice, or lends the rein to an amateur driver. But it will be said a wheel may fly off or break. What then? It is true the leaping out of a linch-pin, or the smashing of a fellow, must lead to the upsetting of a coach—but a railroad carriage can afford to lose one or two wheels, and nothing serious be the matter. At any rate, the boiler may burst, and then terrible would be the consequences! But who ever heard of a railroad boiler bursting? No one: the fact is, the boiler cannot burst. As any person may presently satisfy himself, from an inspection of the construction of one—it will be found to be formed in the middle of a series of tubes, any of which bursting would cause a pretty buzz in the casing—but nothing more. But assuredly sometimes, after all, terrific accidents occur. So they do: but under what circumstances? Why, in nearly all instances, from the negligence of individuals who ought to have kept out of danger. If a person chooses to place himself in the way of a passing train, he will be as certainly run down by a train of steam-carriages as by a stage-coach, plus the velocity and numbers of the former. But bating cases of this kind, nothing is more remarkable in the history of steam travelling, than the small amount of injury to life or limb which has been sustained: the instances of fatality arising solely not from any cause peculiar to the steam-machinery as such, are few indeed, or rather none at all—for it is very remarkable, that, as yet, not one person has been killed by any accident arising from the nature of this kind of locomotion exclusively. In the last place, may be mentioned the comfort arising from the regulation, that no fees are given to servants. To commercial travellers, indeed, who have been wont to "rule the roast" on stage-coaches, pretty much as they rule it in the inn kitchen, and many of whom, from the scale of their allowed expenses, can afford, and from the attention they often exact should be expected, to pay for extra service, the fees in question were commonly

little thought of; but it was far otherwise with casual travellers, especially females. By such persons, therefore, forming as they now do by railroad trains the bulk of the ordinary complement of passengers, the sensible and equitable arrangement which places all who have paid the same fare on the same footing, as to attention and comfort, is hailed with admiration and gratitude.—*Sheffield Mercury.*

A WEDDING AT SEA.

A CORRESPONDENT of the New England Review gives the following sketch of an interesting scene which occurred on board the ship in which he sailed from America:—"A novel circumstance took place, while on our passage, which I must relate. There was a Mr H. on board, who was formerly a merchant in Massachusetts, since in Connecticut, and late of New York. He was a kind, open-hearted fellow, full of fun, and withal very intelligent as well as handsome. His age was twenty-seven. He came on board an entire stranger to us all, but as we made it a point to have but one family on board, and as we soon discovered his amiable qualities, he very soon made a welcome member. On our sixth day he came to me, and inquired the name and circumstances of an elderly gentleman passenger, who was accompanied by his daughter, with whom Mr H. seemed deeply smitten. For my own part, I could see nothing exceedingly attractive about Miss J., save that she was very agreeable in her manners, and highly intelligent. I informed him, and, at his request, gave him a formal introduction, which terminated in the following manner:—Soon after the introduction, it became evident that a mutual liking and affection existed between Mr H. and Miss J., who, from their open expressions of fondness, began to attract the attention of all, and the admiration of many of the passengers. They were frequently observed in their close conversations, and a game of whist was scarcely ever played in which they were not partners. On the second Sunday of our passage, we solicited the Rev. Mr G., who was on his way to Italy, to preach a sermon. By the politeness of the captain, a large awning was spread over us, seats were prepared, and a congregation of 76 persons, including the steerage passengers and sailors, was collected to participate in the religious exercises. A small desk was formed into a pulpit, and a choir was formed by 'going into a committee of the whole.' The text was read and the sermon delivered, of which I need not speak. At the conclusion of the sermon, our minister rose and read the following card, which lay on the desk:—William Benet H., Esq., of New York, intends marriage with Miss Maria Louisa J. We were more surprised at the novelty of the thing than the fact itself, and, indeed, such was the feeling created by the sudden and unexpected announcement made, that we all forgot the serious impressions made on our minds by the minister, in our hearty and vociferous congratulations of the happy pair. But it did not end here. A proposition was made to the parties to have the affair consummated that evening, which was cheerfully acceded to by them, to the great pleasure of all on board. Accordingly, things were arranged in order, the best state-room was given up to them, and every one felt gay and happy as the hour approached which should witness the consummation of their nuptial vows. The evening was calm and delightful; not a sail fluttered in the breeze, not a voice was heard, not the least stir or bustle about the deck, and the moon looked down in loveliness on that tranquil scene. At noon, every soul gathered to the temple which had been erected for religious worship, and in less than fifteen minutes the marriage ceremony was performed by our worthy minister, who made a few remarks, and closed with prayer. The scene was truly as sublime as romantic. The fair bride came out, dressed in a robe of pure white satin, leaning on the arm of her lover, bound to the altar, and heard her marriage vow pronounced where, only an hour or two before, she had uttered her vows to God. Many a tear of joy stole down the cheeks of those who looked on, and not a care cast the shadow of its wing across that scene of triumph, love, and bliss. The novelty of this affair had thrown us all into an excitement, and nothing was to be talked of but weddings, wedding parties, marriages at sea, love, honeymoon, &c., &c., and I was at times half tempted to make a similar proposition myself to the queen-like Miss C., if for nothing else but the purpose of having the joke pass round."

CURE OF DRUNKENNESS.

A man in Maryland, notoriously addicted to this vice, hearing an uproar in his kitchen one evening, had the curiosity to step without noise to the door, to know what was the matter, when he beheld his servants indulging in the most unbounded roar of laughter at a couple of his negro boys, who were mimicking himself in his drunken fits; showing how he reeled and staggered, how he looked and nodded, and hiccupped and tumbled. The picture which these children of nature drew of him, and which had filled the rest with so much merriment, struck him so forcibly, that he became a perfectly sober man, to the unspeakable joy of his wife and children.—*Anatomy of Drunkenness.*

REASON FOR MENTAL CULTIVATION.

It was said, with truth, by Charles the Twelfth, of Sweden, that he who was ignorant of the arithmetical art was but half a man. With how much greater force may a similar expression be applied to him who carries to his grave the neglected and unprofitable seeds of faculties, which it depended on himself to have reared to maturity, and of which the fruits bring accessions to human happiness—more precious than all the gratifications which power or wealth can command.—*Dugald Stewart.*

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SINGLE SISTERS.

BY MARY HOWITT.

I AM very fond of fairy tales, and I like none better than that old-fashioned one of Cinderella. Even children, who never read the moral of fables, whether in prose or verse, feel the moral of this; the good providence which, in the guise of the fairy-godmother, sent forth the pumpkin coach and the six harnessed mice to convey the despised and maltreated weak one to enjoy pleasures which her persecutors had forbidden her. There is a deep moral in it; hope to the hopeless, joy to the joyless; the white healing wings of a good angel hovering over us when our hearts are shorn to the very quick by unkindness or neglect. The gist of every fairy tale is the triumph of the weak over the strong; an overruling principle of justice and mercy, which will in the end set all things right, and so far they are full of truth. But there is another peculiarity of this delightful old literature, which is cruelly unjust. Take the beginning of any one of them, and you have it on the very threshold of the story—"There was, once upon a time, a woman, and she had three daughters; the elder was crooked and ugly, and proud and envious;" so was also the second, but in a less degree; upon the youngest, on the contrary, is lavished every virtue, and every endowment of person and mind; she is beautiful as the lily of June; humble, and patient, and gentle. She is subjected to every conceivable ignominy; she is the servant of her ill-favoured seniors; she washes in water, while they wash in wine; she wears hempen garments, while they are clothed as princesses; she is made to perform the most menial household work, while they career about in coaches covered with gold and silver. Such is the established distribution of virtues and vices in every fairy-tale family. In real life, the reverse of this is often much nearer the truth. Elder sisters, and especially those who remain single, are oftener concentrations of the virtues; and herein is it that our dear old fairy tales are so grievously in error.

I remember, when a child, revelling in that nursery literature, bound up in thin square tomes gilded on the outside, and decorated with compartments of embossed orange and purple and vermillion, as bright as the very gems of Aladdin's palace, types and symbols of the fairy tale within—I remember even then being conscious how false this allotment of virtues and vices was, for our own fireside gave the lie to it. Who was it that read with an untiring patience evening after evening, and morning after morning, the very fairy tales which all commemorated a cross, ungentle, elder sister? Who was it that laid aside her own book or work to dress the doll, or draw the picture, or cut the paper figures, or play at fox and goose, but that same gentle and patient and loving elder sister? And it was ever so. The younger ones grew up taller and fairer, and with divers endowments of grace and beauty; each with his or her peculiar talent or characteristic; this one was musical, that was a genius in painting; that was metaphysical, and this was a wit. All were self-engrossed, and each was more or less selfish, inasmuch as each was seeking for admiration even at the expense of the others; but Letitia, or Letty, as she was always called, darker complexioned, shorter of person, with no one master-faculty of mind, with no showy accomplishment, was the same indefatigable, loving, helping being that she had ever been. She was as the axle of the wheel; all centred in her; but, individually, all diverged farther and farther apart from each other.

Letty was predestined to be an old maid; to be the single sister of the family. "Miss —," every body said, "never will be married; she is an old maid alto-

gether; she is unlike the rest of the family; she might not belong to them!" And so it was. Letty was decidedly plain; the family had improved in good looks as it increased in numbers. It often is so in large families. Many causes conspire to make the early lot and life of the eldest child frequently less happy, less favoured, than those of its successors. Perhaps the parents are in less prosperous circumstances, and its early childhood has experienced privations which the others never knew; perhaps, entrusted to a young nurse, whose only recommendation was the serving for small wages, the little creature gets a fall, which distorts the spine or dislocates the hip, or, perhaps, left for five minutes by the mother, while she performed some needful household duty, sets fire to its pinafore, and carries to womanhood, and thence to the grave, a frightful token of suffering and agony, which almost checks the sympathy it ought to excite. Perhaps the parents, as is not unfrequently the case, indulged certain crotchets of infantine education; like John Wesley's parents, perhaps, they taught the new-born pilgrim of life to cry softly, and to dread the rod even before it knew its mother's face; perhaps it was put under a stated and unnatural regimen; perhaps, like a little Indian, strapped to a board; perhaps hardly swaddled at all; for it is incredible what experiments of training are tried upon first children, especially by parents who reckon themselves philosophical. God help all first children! They may be decked out in laboriously embroidered garments, for every young mother is prodigal of needlework for her first born; but what avails this to the little victim of fantastic systems or of ignorant mismanagement! Parents often themselves look back with astonishment, if not with remorse, upon their first essays in infant training, and may trace many an infirmity of temper in their first born, many a physical weakness or lasting deformity, to their own absurd notions or mere want of experience.

Whether our parents had philosophised or experimentalised upon our eldest sister, I know not; but certain it is, she was dissimilar to the rest of the family in many respects; much plainer in person, as I have said, and gifted with no showy faculties, but eminent in patience and disinterested affection. This part of the system, if system indeed there had been in Letty's early education, had proved decidedly successful.

Letty, however, was one of those destined by common consent to live and die in a state of single blessedness. With a heart capable of the most entire devotion, she was destined only to see one after another of her more attractively endowed sisters wooed and wedded. First one, and then another, went off, and all the gossips of the little town averred that Mr —'s daughters were marrying exceedingly well; still Letty remained to rejoice in the joy of others, rather than to anticipate joy for herself. How was it that no amiable man, requiring chiefly in his wife every virtue which could grace a woman, never sought the hand of sister Letty! Many a plainer woman had married, and many a less intellectual one; and every day dozens without one tithe of her goodness of heart had been selected to become the angel of some sweet home. But Letty was still passed over! The truth is soon told: Letty was destined to live and die a single sister.

But let it not be said that such as she are useless members of society. From the days of my earliest remembrance, when she read us the pleasant fairy tale, giving in her homely practice the delightful proof that elder sisters might be the very kindest and most self-forgetting of human beings, spite of all that was written to the contrary; from the very Saturday night, when she undertook to wash the younger ones with

her own soft hands, that we might not be flayed with the nursery-maid's flannel, nor be blinded with soap rubbed into our eyes, and which, spite of company, or books, or summer-evening walks, she performed till we had all outgrown Saturday-night lavations; from the time when she called her young school-going brothers to her pillow each morning, and went through declension and conjugation, and all the perplexities of multiplication table, clearing away difficulties, and seeming to give to each bewildered brain the faculties of retention and comprehension; from those days forward, when she helped to dress her younger and more aspiring sisters for the parties in which they, not she, were to figure; when she helped to make the bridal garments, as each successively married off; and then as she assumed the new character of aunt, and spent many a guinea on the cap and frock and dainty little bonnet for each new-comer, for which there was still a warm nook in her warm capacious heart; from all those days, and their duties, to the time when she became mistress in her father's house, and was, as it were, eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame, reading for hours to the old man, not boots of her choice but of his, and walking out, with slow, gentle steps, literally supporting his, whenever the sunshine was warm enough to tempt him abroad: through all these years of duties, nobly performed, and of self-renunciation, could it be said that Letty, though a single sister, was an useless member of society? No such thing. Letty has done more to make virtue lovely, to diffuse happiness, and to decrease suffering and sorrow, than many wise or rich men, or even than many wives and mothers.

It is among the most vulgar of errors to consider women useless because they are single. Only look round your acquaintance—who is the one universally useful, the one applied to in every time of difficulty and trial? The single sister of the family.

Again, let us take our own Letty as an example. Say nothing of her virtues as a neighbour to the poor—her quiet, unostentatious benevolence—her weekly pensioners among the old, and her protégés among the young—but let us see what place of comparative usefulness she holds among those of her own family. John and his wife would take a trip up the Rhine; the season is propitious; it is determined upon as soon as thought of—for Letty will come and take charge of the children. Mary's two eldest children have had the whooping-cough, and change of air is needed for them. "Oh, send them to aunt Letty," is the immediate resource; "she will take care of them!" "Aunt Letty is coming down for the christening," say Tom's seven children to one of their nursery-maids; "and she will bring me a top," exclaims one; "and me a ringing omnibus," says another. "She will bring me a great doll," says one little damsel, "and will cut us apple-swans and little pippin-mice! We shall have such fun when aunt Letty comes!" Again, George's wife is thought to be consumptive, and a winter in Devonshire is recommended. George cannot accompany her for the whole time, but Letty can. To be sure, Letty is at every body's service; no one thinks of consulting whether she would like it; they are as sure as that to-morrow will come that Letty will not fail them whether she likes it or not.

But now let us suppose, for such things will happen sometimes, that, after all, sister Letty herself has an offer; an offer every way unexceptionable; one that promises her the happiness she abundantly deserves. How does the news of it affect all that kindred which she has so faithfully and devotedly served all her life long? We may readily know, for common human nature only grows more selfish as it is more indulged.

"Only think!" says Mrs John to her husband, "how ridiculous of Letty thinking of being married at her time of life. There's an end to our trip up the Rhine!"

"I think, after living single so many years, she might have chosen a more convenient time for marrying than just now, when my poor children have the whooping-cough," says Mary; "but that's just the way with old maids: they always do something or other foolish at last!"

"I don't know what I shall do with all my seven children," says Mrs Tom, "if Letty really marries; for you know it is such a convenience to have an unmarried female in the family, because their time is of no value. Then there was in fact no occasion for Letty to marry, so comfortable as she was, always with some one or other of us. As for ourselves, it was quite an amusement for her to be here, where there were so many children, for really Letty managed so delightfully with children; but these old maids, you know, have nothing to try their tempers—it's so different with married women! I am sure it is a thousand pities that Letty ever thought of marrying!"

"She does not care what becomes of me!" says Mrs George, raising herself in her easy chair, after she had read the letter that announced sister Letty's intended marriage, and forgetting how Letty had given up her own last winter in London, to pass three months at Brighton with this same indulged and peevish invalid; "but really people are so selfish; or one might have expected she would have postponed her marriage to the spring, had it only been out of consideration to me."

Poor sister Letty, she had been too useful by half! Of those four married women who had so long availed themselves of her unwearying self-forgetfulness, and who looked with envious eyes on the prospect of happiness opening before her, not one had been so actively and widely useful, so meekly benevolent, as Letty, though she had lived for nearly fifty years a despised single sister.

ASCENT OF THE PIC DU MIDI.

[The following letter is the composition of an English gentleman residing at Bagneres de Bigorre, in the south of France. The adventure which it describes took place last July.]

* * It has occurred to me that you might wish to hear of my adventurous journey to the Pic du Midi, one of the highest mountains of the Pyrenean range. The party consisted of the Countess of C—, the Count de V—, and myself. We left Bagneres at eight o'clock in the evening, and reached the village of Gripe at eleven. The windows of the small inn command an interesting view of the valley of the Adour, and the mountains overhanging it, and which we had made a previous excursion to visit. At midnight we mounted our horses to commence the ascent of the celebrated Pic du Midi, which is between eleven and twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea. There was not a cloud in the heavens, and the stars shone so brilliantly in this pure atmosphere, that we had sufficient light to guide us over the narrow and precipitous path, though not more than to enable us to distinguish the outlines of the mountains which surrounded us. I am not sure, however, if this uncertain light, aided by the dashing of the three cataracts, did not rather enhance the effect of the scene, by leaving so much to the imagination. The waterfalls are formed by the river Adour, which rises in the Pic du Midi, and after passing through Bagneres, Jarbes, and Pau, empties itself into the sea at Bayonne. The sound of these immense masses of water was very imposing in the stillness of the night. After a rapid ascent of an hour, we reached a small plain, on which were scattered a few miserable shepherd's huts, which they dignify by the name of the village of Tremesaigne. On leaving this we entered upon a gorge, through which the ascent was so steep, and the path so rugged, that we were compelled to dismount, and scramble up as well as we could; and this was difficult enough, as the mountains on each side cast their shadows over the path, and prevented our seeing where we were about to place our feet—water, rolling stones, and boggy ground, alternately receiving them. This difficulty surmounted, we again took to the saddle, and in half an hour reached another plain, on which there was one solitary hut. This place rejoices in the name of Areze, so called from a giant said once to have inhabited these regions. The sound of our horses' feet attracted the attention of the shepherd's dogs, who, fourteen in number, saluted us with their deep-toned mouths, which, with the noise of the cascades falling in every direction, and the hollow sounding bells round the necks of the cattle, disturbed the silence of the night, and broke in upon the solitude of the place in an impressive manner. These dogs, the faithful guardians of their masters and their masters' property, are of immense size, and perfectly white; the manner in which they extract the sheep from the snow is quite marvellous. The barking of the dogs soon brought out one of the shepherds, who, knowing our errand, presented us with poles with iron points, so indispensable upon these expeditions as to merit the name of a *third leg*. Having taken the bridles off our horses, and turned them loose on the plain, we collected our forces, which consisted of two guides and Madame de C— and servant, and set forth at two o'clock in the morning on our hazardous ascent. Our reasons for setting out in the middle of the night were, to avoid the heat of the day, and to see the sun rise. This, however, we soon found

impossible, as Madame de C— was obliged to stop every two or three minutes, in consequence of the steepness of the path. Seeing that our great object was likely to be defeated by the slowness of her progress, she begged us to leave her with the guides, and to go forward. I was most unwilling in the first place to leave her, and also I did not relish the idea of going without a guide. My companion, however, laughed at the idea of danger, and the guides said we could not miss the way; and so on we went. The young are apt to think the old fools, whilst the old know the young to be so. Accordingly, we had not proceeded very far before we had to choose between two paths, one along the glaciers, which we had now fairly reached, and the other between two mountains, which had evidently been torn asunder by some sudden effort of nature. The intermediate space was this dubious way, so precipitous, and difficult to ascend, that I was relieved when our guides answered our call from beneath, by saying "All right," though the alternative was a glacier. The light of the stars now yielded to that of the moon, which, though shorn of its fair proportions, rose majestically above the tops of the hills we had left. Its light was most acceptable. No sooner had we surmounted the difficulty of this glacier (and how small and insignificant does it now appear when compared with those we afterwards encountered), than a choice of roads was again offered us, and our voices could now no longer reach the guides.

We differed about these roads. I was for continuing along the glacier; my friend, with the activity of the chamois which inhabit these mountains, was disposed to climb the ravine. His reasons appeared good, and we chose the latter, which proved wrong, though the mistake did not involve us in any natural difficulty beyond unnecessary additional fatigue. We now reached a plain of three or four hundred yards square, and found the level ground a great relief to those muscles which had been kept so long on the stretch by the rapidity of the ascent. This plain was covered with snow, whereon we saw the recent foot-marks of a bear. It was here where Plantade perished, surrounded by his philosophical instruments, with which he had been making observations. At half past three we began to perceive the approach of day. The effect of the gradual increase of light was interesting; the lofty summits of the mountains first receiving its influence, threw the valleys into still deeper shade. On this plain I perceived blocks of granite and gneiss: whence they came I cannot tell, as the mountain, as far as I could judge, is entirely composed of schiste. Their angles were rounded by attrition, so that the adjoining mountains, which, from their pointed summits, seemed granitic, may have once owned them. The side of the glacier being laid bare, proved to me the immense depth of the snow over which we had been walking; it was at least thirty feet in thickness! We now began to look out with anxiety for the lake Ouchet, which is only two thousand five hundred feet below the Pic. In a few minutes we perceived it, entirely frozen over, though the snow upon it was partially melted. The basin in which it is situated is circular, its circumference about a quarter of a mile, and it has all the appearance of the crater of an extinct volcano. From hence, the mountain rises so abruptly, that our hearts almost failed us, and we now felt the difficulty of our position, and the folly we had committed in undertaking such an ascent without a guide. We were now nine thousand feet above the level of the sea, and the keen air began to penetrate through our thin clothes; but you know well the exhilarating effects of mountain air, particularly at high elevations. We now commenced the ascent of the cone, and, though we saw the summit illuminated by the rays of the sun, we were sorely embarrassed to know which direction to take. We first attempted to ascend in a straight line to the top, but were soon obliged to abandon this for a zig-zig. An opening in the valley gave us a view of the sun, which shed its purple light over the whole range of the mountains; we saluted it with all the enthusiasm of its ancient adorers. Nothing, in fact, could exceed the grandeur and sublimity of the scene. After gazing for a few minutes upon this glorious sight, we resumed our dangerous journey over the glaciers, between which and the lake there was not a projecting rock, not an obstacle in the way of the unfortunate man who should make a false step, so difficult to avoid on the frozen snow. Now, indeed, we felt the danger of our situation, when to retreat were as dangerous as to advance; in short, the very act of turning round might have proved fatal. My head began to fail me, and I no longer dared to look down to the lake beneath; it was not, however, till afterwards, that I was aware of the full extent of our danger. We had, unfortunately, no crampsons, or spiked shoes; and as we traversed the side of the glaciers, inclined like the roof of a house, we had to make a hole in the snow with our sticks before we could advance. Luckily, this side of the mountain being exposed to the south, there were considerable intervals from which the snow had disappeared; here the danger was less, but still so great, that at every step, after seeing where to put my foot, I closed my eyes, and laid hold of the rocks, for the precipice of a thousand feet was too appalling for an unaccustomed eye to look upon without emotion. My companion was considerably above me on the face of the hill, and, ignorant or regardless of danger, was singing with all the gaiety of a French heart, when his attention was attracted

by a voice (and no one who has not heard it, can tell how striking is the sound of the human voice in such solitudes): the voice was that of a guide who had nearly gained the summit, warning M. de V— of his danger, and telling him to pass below the glacier. He prudently listened to the voice of experience, and joining me, we passed the last of the glaciers in safety. We had now a most painful though not dangerous ascent to gain the summit. The path lay over a bed of schiste, which, being reduced to small fragments by the operation of those causes always in activity at such a height, gave way so under our feet as to double the fatigue, and to render the ascent as tedious as it is over the cinders of Vesuvius.

My chamois-footed companion was up before me, and had taken my Macintosh, of which I had now great need; for although in the most profuse perspiration, the piercing wind of these elevated regions appeared to go through me. I seemed as if I could now lay hold of the Pic itself; but how fallacious are distances in this rare atmosphere! I soon, however, touched the goal I had so long in sight. It was now five o'clock. I will not add to this already too long letter by giving a description of the view from the Pic du Midi: suffice it to say, that the whole chain of the Pyrenees, from east to west, was visible under the most favourable circumstances; the course of the Garonne as far as Toulouse, and the Adour as far as the sea. Such scenes fill the mind with a thousand agitating and overwhelming feelings: the omnipotence of the hand that formed, and the insignificance of the creature that contemplated, these magnificent works of the creation, were painfully brought to the mind. Placing our backs against a rock to shelter us from the wind, and with the sun full upon us, we gazed for nearly an hour upon all the wonders by which we were surrounded.

An incident happened, which proved the courage and insensibility to danger of these intrepid mountaineers. M. de V— let fall his drinking-cup, which rolled down the glacier out of sight, and as we thought into some unfathomable abyss. The guide, however, starting up, said he would soon fetch it. We did all we could to dissuade him, by pointing out the great risk, and the utter insignificance of the thing lost; but he hesitated not a moment, and was soon suspended from the rocks on the side of the glacier. I closed my eyes, not daring to look upon what I deemed inevitable destruction. He disappeared; was absent about five minutes, during which we imagined all sorts of horrors, but at length returned with the cup in his hand. Whilst seated on the summit, four vultures came close to us, continuing to fly for a while over our heads, increasing the circle at each revolution, and ascending still higher, till they were apparently the size of swallows. M. de V— discharged a pocket-pistol for the sake of the echo, but it was but very faintly answered, and that at an interval of several seconds, probably by some higher Pic. We now thought of returning, but a ceremony, deemed indispensable upon such occasions, was first to be performed, namely, that of engraving our names upon the rock. We found a considerable variety of flowers on the very top, and the blue iris amongst the number. The summit is entirely composed of talcose schiste, and bears evident marks of having been struck by lightning. Having inscribed our names (as monuments of our folly perhaps), we began to descend, preceded by the guide, who reached the bottom of the schistous path before described almost at a bound. We descended with more measured steps, but faster than was agreeable. Each person detaching fragments of rock, which, collecting others in their course, and acquiring fresh impetus as they descended, produced a singular effect, and as they tumbled into the ravine, sounded like distant thunder. We now reached the first glacier, where an accident happened to one of the party, which must have proved fatal but for the intrepidity and presence of mind of the guide, who had first descended to the foot of the glacier. I went down next, and by forcing my heels into the snow, arrived safely, though I had acquired such an impetus, that had not the guide arrested my progress, I never could have stopped myself. Next came one of the strangers, who, contrary to the advice of the guide, seated himself on the snow, and in this manner began to slide down the smooth surface of the glacier. He had not, however, proceeded far, before he had acquired such a velocity that he became terrified; his head took the place of his heels, and he came towards us with an appalling rapidity, uttering the most piercing cries of "I am lost!" "I am lost!" Nothing can ever efface from my remembrance this awful sight. At this moment, between him and the lake, two thousand feet below, there was nothing but fragments of rocks to arrest his progress. The guide, with a promptitude and courage beyond all praise, ran from the spot where he was standing, to place himself between a fellow-creature and inevitable death, and this at the imminent peril of his own life, for the impetus the man had gained in falling through a space of three or four hundred yards, was likely enough to hurry them into the abyss beneath. Regardless, however, of himself, he rushed to the spot, placed his staff firmly in the ground, held it with his left hand, and was prepared to receive the terrified man with the right. Fortunately for both, at the bottom of the glacier there was a large stone, which broke the fall against the guide, though it covered the poor fellow with wounds and blood. For a second I thought the guide had lost his balance; it was one of the most painful moments I ever remember to have passed. The poor man bled from several parts of his body; his hands were cut, his nose and eyes dreadfully swelled, but fortunately no bone was broken, and he was enabled to continue his descent. This event impressed us all with the greatest alarm, particularly M. de V— and myself, as this was the very glacier we had crossed

in our way up. The guide was in a state of great agitation, and his trembling hand as he took hold of my arm by no means gave firmness to my feet. However, we reached the lake once more. To our great surprise we found Madame de C—; but great, indeed, was our astonishment on hearing that she had gained another of the summits of the mountain. The keenness of the air, however, caused her to spit blood. After taking a hasty view of the scene, she descended to a more genial atmosphere.

After sitting some time contemplating this dreary scene, and listening to the personal adventures of the guides, in whom the *ars narrandi* had not suffered by their libations of brandy, we thought it time to continue our descent. One of the guides mentioned a singular position in which he was once placed on the summit of the mountain, with a bright sun over head, and a storm of thunder and lightning raging below. The gentle shepherd was at once transformed into a Jupiter, and the Pic du Midi into an Olympus. The effect must, however, have been singular. We here saw a chamois, which had much the appearance of a roe-buck. Nothing material occurred in our descent, excepting my falling on a glacier, and going from the top to the bottom with such a velocity that I lost my breath; I, however, preserved my presence of mind so far as to guide myself with my hands, and to keep my feet foremost. The only damage done was to my nails, which were broken by my rapid motion over the snow. We reached the peasant's hut at nine, the ascent and descent having each occupied three hours. Madame de C—, whose courage I never saw equalled in any woman, was a good deal exhausted after a walk on glaciers of seven hours. We left the kind-hearted shepherds, thirty of whom inhabit the same small hut, and, mounting our horses, reached Grippe at half past eleven, and Bagueres at one, under the most scorching sun possible.

THE RIVAL COUSINS,

A STORY.

ABOUT two miles from the large commercial town of G—, there lived, some years ago, an old couple whose family consisted of two daughters, both uncommonly pretty girls, yet very unlike each other in disposition and appearance. The dark lustrous eyes of Margaret told of feelings, tender, deep, and strong; while the bright coquettish blue eye of Jane said, as plainly as eye could say, "I like you very well, but I like myself better." Mr Langley, the father of the beauties, was in respectable circumstances; he had begun life a poor man, carrying a pack from fair to fair, until his profits enabled him to take a shop wherein to display his lawns and muslins, and a wife to adorn the back of his counter, and make his house comfortable when the toils of the day were over.

While the girls were children, they had been accustomed to play with Willie Lindsay, the son of their next-door neighbour, a baker, with a thriving business and a large family. An attachment was formed between Margaret Langley and Willie, which pleased and amused the parents of both parties for some years; but at the period when my story opens, Mr and Mrs Langley had retired from business, a very wealthy couple, and had begun to think their pretty Margaret would be quite thrown away on William Lindsay, especially as richer and grander men were anxious to wed her. They began by looking coldly on William whenever he came to the house; but it was some time before the fond lover could allow himself to believe he was less welcome to the old people than formerly. His eyes were opened to the truth, however, when he saw the marked encouragement given to a Mr Foster, a wealthy manufacturer, who was deeply smitten by Margaret's charms. Poor Willie! wretched and restless he passed a sleepless night; one moment fearing Margaret might change as well as her parents, and the next blaming himself for daring to doubt her truth and love. He arose from his sleepless couch, determined to fathom the depths of Margaret's heart, and if he found her wavering, to leave Scotland for ever, forswear the love of woman, and seek for glory or death fighting in a foreign land. The lovers met, and the lovers parted happy in the consciousness of each other's affection, and pledged to each other for weal or woe.

It boots not to tell how for two long years Mr and Mrs Langley opposed the marriage by every means in their power. Mr Foster, at length convinced that Margaret would never be persuaded to have him, transferred his affections to her sister Jane, and she, rather vain of having won Margaret's rich lover, was nothing loath. The marriage was celebrated with great splendour, and Jane was placed at the head of a handsome establishment in the town of G—. A few months after, the old people, hopeless of changing Margaret's determination, yielded a reluctant consent, and she became the wife of William Lindsay, who had now, with his father's assistance, commenced business as a corn merchant. Years elapsed, during which, old Mr Langley, tired of doing nothing, had speculated in steam-boats, and other things, and lost considerable sums of money; his wife died, and he drooped daily, till at length he sank into the grave, leaving only four or five thousand pounds, instead of twenty or thirty. Mr Foster grumbled excessively, and hinted to his wife that his marriage was a complete take in; while William Lindsay drew his weeping Margaret closer to his bosom, saying, "What care I for this world's wealth, when I have such a treasure in you!"

The communication between the sisters after they were married, had gradually become less and less frequent. The style in which they lived was very

different; and both Margaret and William felt the inferiority of the entertainments they gave in return for Foster's splendid dinners, more than they liked to allow to themselves. At first they tried to cope with them, but their rooms were small, and their servants awkward. They found it would not do; and sorry am I to say, they retired from the absurd contest with more bitterness of feeling than one would have anticipated from hearts so warm and affectionate.

The two sisters had several children, but my story chiefly concerns the eldest boy of each. Robert Foster was sent to school when six years old. Spoiled and petted by his father at home, he was an unruly cub at school, and being a bold strong-built little fellow, he lorded it over all his companions. None could match him, with the exception of Willie Lindsay, who, though not so strong, was more active and agile, and had a thorough command of temper, of which Robert Foster was altogether deficient. I fear it was in consequence of incautious language overheard at home, that these cousins from the very first seemed to regard each other as natural enemies.

No boy could be the friend of both. The fault, however, lay chiefly with Foster, who would associate with no one that was on amicable terms with Lindsay, while the latter took it as a thing of course that Foster's friends should be his enemies, but without feeling any particular ill will to them on that account. At the age of eight, the two boys went to the grammar school. Foster was accompanied by a lad of the name of Crawford, who had been sent from the West Indies to his father's care; and the elder Crawford being a man of wealth and influence, Mr Foster kept the young gentleman under his own roof, and paid him every attention. The lad was delicate and peevish; young Foster and he agreed but indifferently; but Jamie Crawford soon found he could put Robert into good humour by playing all sorts of mischievous tricks on Willie Lindsay. He scattered ink on his clothes and his books, he abstracted his marbles, and he once tripped him up when running, but only once, as he got in return such a severe thrashing that he feared to do it again.

It happened one day that Willie was about to join a party who were playing at ball, when Jamie Crawford called out, "We don't want any bakers' sons here; we are all gentlemen's sons." "Pelt him with your balls, boys," cried Robert Foster, "and take the flour out of his jacket." Willie, burning with indignation, caught the ringleader, but the other boys defended him from the summary punishment intended; and feeling he was safe, Crawford continued his abuse, spitting in his face, and saying, "There's the price of a penny roll for you." "You—you—rascal," said Willie, "you shall not escape me; I'll break every bone in your skin yet." "When you catch me, you may beat me to dough, Willie," Crawford shouted after the retreating boy.

It might be about an hour after, that one of Willie's companions came to him and said, "You've got your revenge now; Crawford has scrambled to the top of that new house that's building, and some of the scaffolding has given way, so that he cannot get down, and there he sits, perched like an owl, and howling like one too. Do come and see him!" Lindsay willingly accompanied his friend, and sure enough he saw Crawford in a very dangerous predicament. He stood on a piece of the broken scaffolding, about thirty feet from the ground; he clung to the wall, crying, "Oh, I shall be killed, I shall be killed, I am getting so giddy!" It seemed but the work of a moment, and Willie stood beside him. The boy was a first-rate climber. "Could you not manage to come down after me," he said, "and I'll show you where to place your feet?" "No, no," said Crawford, "I'm so giddy; I'm falling now," and he began to totter. About ten feet under them, part of the scaffold stood firm; and just as Jamie was falling, Willie caught him in his arms, and kept down on it. It was easy to get down from this spot, but Willie had twisted his ankle, and could not move. By this time a number of people had assembled, and amid the hurrahs of his companions the lame boy was carried home. It was some weeks before he was able to return to school; and long before that, Crawford, wretched, penitent, and overflowing with gratitude, had become his sworn friend; and his friendship was put to the proof. Robert Foster hated him for being Lindsay's friend, and hated Lindsay more than ever, for every boy spoke loudly of his noble generosity.

Foster was left in the minority. Neither of the boys had previously been very diligent scholars; but Foster, determined to get ahead in some things, studied hard, and was soon at the top of his class. Lindsay, with equal talent, had less bodily vigour; and from this moment a contest began, which sapped Lindsay's strength. The two boys soon outstripped all other competitors; the parents of both entered keenly into the competition. When Lindsay gained the prize, his father and mother felt they had gained a victory far beyond the paltry one of having given a finer dinner; but when Foster was successful, then old defeats seemed doubly disagreeable.

The classes were examined every six weeks, and parents might be present if they chose; it rarely happened, therefore, that the Lindsays or Fosters were absent. This was an additional spur to both the boys—to Foster, because his father's allowance of pocket-money was proportioned to the degree in which he was superior or inferior to his cousin; and to Wil-

liam Lindsay, because no delight was equal to the maternal love and pride which he saw beaming from the dark eyes of his mother. He was a happy boy when, on the evening of those days in which he had excelled Foster, she would, when saying "good night," press him to her bosom and whisper, "Bless you, my darling; you'll be a greater man yet than ever Bob Foster will be, though they think themselves so much grander than we are." It was thus that the purest and holiest of earthly affections, the love of a son towards his mother, was poisoned by a mixture of envy, hatred, and uncharitableness. The Greek and Latin authors which the boy studied had rather a tendency to nourish these feelings within him, by assisting him in giving them other names; envy, he fancied was but noble emulation; hatred, self-respect in repelling insult; and uncharitableness, a virtuous contempt and abhorrence for those who affected to look down upon his beloved parents. He gloried in outstripping all other boys; but to outstrip his hated cousin, conveyed to his mind an exultation almost fiendish; and they who should have watched over these baleful feelings, and crushed them in the bud, encouraged them, and nourished them in the generous soil of the noble boy's heart, where some of the fairest flowers would otherwise have flourished luxuriantly. Feelings such as these carry their punishment along with them; happiness and hatred, peace and envy, cannot exist in the same bosom, and the withering effects of over-exertion were increased by the tumultuous war of evil passion within.

For some months Lindsay had kept the superiority, and Foster's pocket-money was at a low ebb, when two prizes were to be given; one for the boy who committed the greatest number of lines from Horace to memory, and the other to him who translated the largest portion of Virgil. For some time previous to giving the prizes, the boys repeated their tasks weekly, and Foster and Lindsay redoubled their efforts, but for a time they were nearly equal.

As the period drew on, Foster began to get ahead. The pale care-worn countenance of Lindsay told of hard work by day and night. Not a moment was now devoted to play; Virgil and Horace were his constant companions, while his devoted friend Crawford sat beside him on the playground, anxiously watching his pale cheek, and wishing it were possible for him to do a share of the work. "Do come, Willie, and have one game at ball," said he to him a few days before the prizes were to be given; "you'll kill yourself, man, if you study so hard; you're getting as thin as my greyhound did, when Foster starved him when I was from home." "I must beat him," said Lindsay, "though I die for it; and yet, were it only myself, I would give in, for my head aches constantly now, and I cannot eat for thinking about it." "Do, dear Lindsay, give up the contest," said James; "why should you make yourself ill for a paltry prize, when every body knows already you are the cleverer fellow of the two, and able to beat him whenever you like." "Ay," said Willie; "but his father and mother don't know that; and if he beats me, they'll exult over poor mamma with their saucy looks, all the time pretending to condole with her on my defeat. No!" he cried, getting into a state of great agitation; "there are three days and three nights yet, and I'll work like a horse, and I'll drink green tea to keep me from being sleepy, and I'll beat him yet, cost what it may." The boy kept his unholly resolution: he gained both prizes; but the exultation of his parents failed to convey to his mind the happiness it was wont to do. Exhausted and worn out, he laid his head on his mother's bosom, and burst into a passion of tears. "Put me to bed, dearest mother," he said; "my head aches dreadfully, and I am really ill." A dangerous fever was the consequence; he recovered, however, and a few months in the country served to recruit his wasted strength, and in winter he was pursuing at college the same system.

The prizes gained at the end of the first session by William and Robert were nearly equal; the latter, however, was in full bodily vigour, while William began to complain of pain in his side, which became very troublesome after long study. A summer spent at the sea-coast again restored him to his usual health, and he returned to town, determined to get in advance of his cousin, if possible. At first he sat up one night in the week, then two, and as the session drew to a close, he never slept above four hours at a time. His fellow-students looked up to him as a prodigy; the professors held him out as an example to others; his parents gloried in their son; and his friend James Crawford was the only one who seemed to have any fear for the result.

One day, towards the end of March, he said to his friend, "I wish, Willie, you would take a walk with me in the country, now and then. You have got a nasty short cough, and I see you often put your hand to your side as if in pain." "Oh! it's nothing," said William; "I got a little cold some time since when my fire went out one frosty night, and I was so busy with a problem, I never thought of it till I had done, and then I was so stiff with cold, I could hardly undress; that is the cause of my cough, but it will soon go away." James looked his fears, but he did not give them utterance; and Willie laughed at his long face, and told him he was sure he had pounced upon him for a patient, ever since he had decided on being a doctor.

A second summer at the coast recruited him a little;

and it is possible he might have been saved, had his parents been sufficiently watchful. It was no want of love on the part of his parents, for they actually doated on him; but the desire of seeing him excel all others, especially his cousin, had blinded them to every thing else; and the certainty they felt of his yet becoming a great man, shut out from their view the possibility of his being taken from them.

During the Christmas holidays, a hard frost having come on, the river was frozen sufficiently to admit of skating. William and James were looking on, while Foster, who skated admirably, was exhibiting to a crowd of students. "Take care," cried one; "the ice is not safe in that quarter." Hardly were the words uttered, when the ice gave way, and half a dozen fell in. They were quickly extricated, however, with the exception of Foster. Lindsay and Crawford had been active in assisting; and when Foster was missed, Lindsay instantly had a rope fastened round his waist, and saying, "He shall not be lost if I can save him," dived under the ice, and shortly reappeared with his cousin, who was quite insensible. It was some little time before it was ascertained he still lived, and William stood in his wet clothes anxiously watching. As soon as he opened his eyes, however, he left him in Crawford's care, and ran home to change his freezing garments. This adventure accelerated his doom. A severe cold was the consequence, which ended in rapid consumption.

The first meeting between the cousins was deeply affecting. Robert wept like an infant; the hatred and rivalry of years had vanished for ever, to give place to unbounded gratitude and brotherly love. The tender attentions of Foster and Crawford were only exceeded by a mother's care, during the few months Lindsay lingered. They were his constant attendants day and night. They vied with each other in contriving how to interest and amuse him. A total change of feeling seemed to have taken place in both families. Mr and Mrs Foster knew they owed the life of their son to William Lindsay, and they would have given all they possessed to restore him to health. The anguish of the Lindsays at their son's danger, was mingled with a proud consciousness of his noble conduct, and their really kind and affectionate natures were soothed and gratified by the unity of feeling now subsisting between the families. A few days before Lindsay died, he thus expressed himself:—"How different are my feelings now from what they once were! I fancied I was happy when I gained victories over you, Robert; but I thought so, because I did not know what true happiness was. Oh, what a blessed thing it is to be at peace with all, to love all, and to be loved by all! Do not weep for me; I am going to that happy land, where there will be no rivalries, no emulations, for love will reign triumphant. My beloved friends, strive to meet me there!" "We will," said Robert, "we will; and by following your example, of overcoming evil with good."

THE CHESS-PLAYER.

[From "Pictures of the French, drawn by Themselves."]

LIKE an universal alphabet, the chess-board is known to all nations. The Bonze plays at chess in the pagoda of Juggernaut; the palanquin-bearing slave reflects how he may best checkmate a pebble king, on a chess-board traced on the sands of the Ganges; the Icelandic bishop wiles away the tedious gloom of a polar night, with his long-calculated moves on the chess-board, commencing with that which has become identified with the name of Captain Evans: in short, from pole to pole, the sixty-four squares of the noble game have solaced the sorrows of the lords of the creation.

In the middle ages, the chess-player travelled the world like a knight-errant, challenging emperors, kings, and mitred prelates, and acquiring wealth and honours by his victories. Boy, the Syracusan, was the most celebrated of these pacific warriors. He fought, rook in hand, with the Emperor Charles V., and conquered; *hand to hand* he fought with Don Juan of Austria; and that prince conceived so extraordinary a liking for both player and game, that he constructed in an apartment of his palace an immense chess-board with sixty-four squares of black and white marble, the men being of real flesh and blood, and moving at the command of the two chiefs. At the battle of Lepanto, Boy played a game of chess with Don Juan, and conquered the conqueror of the Ottomans.

At the present day, chess has lost none of its high merit, though he who sways the sceptre of the ivory kingdom may no longer enter the lists with sovereigns and popes. In Paris, in London, Vienna, Berlin, and St Petersburg, the most ambitious chess-players are content with the admiration of their friends, and are often unknown beyond the precincts of their clubs. Two great men alone have crossed the seas, and their names are known even to the Indian, thus conferring additional glory on the French chess-board. The clubs of England, and the circles of Germany, furnish no rival to M. Deschappelles and M. de Labourdonnais. It has been M. Deschappelles's good fortune, in his military life, to revive, in some sort, the exploits of Boy, the Syracusan. After the battle of Jena, he entered Berlin with the victorious army of France, repaired to the amateur chess-players' circle, and challenged the most skilful member, offering his opponent the advantage of the pawn and two moves. At this supplementary battle of Jena, the circle of Berlin was beaten singly and collectively, and M. Deschappelles ended by offering the rook. The reflective gravity which the Germans ascribe to their exact and

mathematical organisation, was conquered by the prompt and spontaneous calculation of the Parisian amateur.

Fifteen years have now elapsed since M. Deschappelles, the most intricate player of his day, retired from the lists. At the time we write, M. de Labourdonnais sways the sceptre, and reigns absolute monarch. He is about forty-five years of age; every thing about him indicates superiority. The development of his forehead is extraordinary; his eyes, overhung by immense protuberances, seem constantly closed to all outward things, and in incessant communion with the mind within. Grandson to the illustrious governor of India, immortalised by Bernardin de St Pierre, endowed with superior intellect and incredible application, he has never been ambitious of higher title than that of the first chess-player in the world; and this he has achieved. All Europe knows that M. de Labourdonnais resides in Paris, at No. 1, Rue de Ménars, the splendid hotel of the Chess Club, and that he there receives challenges and gives lessons. Strangers every day arrive from all parts of France and of Europe; some, fired with the noble ambition of encountering De Labourdonnais with equal arms; others, with the humility of acknowledged inferiors, submitting to receive an advantage; all happy to make the acquaintance of, and to cross pawns with, the renowned master. The monarch refuses no duel, no proposition: he is ready at all times, and for all opponents. At noon, fierce encounters begin in the vast saloon of the Hotel de Ménars, heated to a comfortable degree in the winter, and cool as a grotto in the summer. There may be seen the staff of M. de Labourdonnais, composed of the elite of amateurs, who, unassisted by their master, can beat all the players of the Westminster Club. As soon as M. de Labourdonnais sits down to play a game with an unknown visitor from London, St Petersburg, Vienna, or La Haye, every other game is suspended; all present flock to head-quarters; the monarch and his antagonist are hemmed in; and all eyes are fixed on the unerring finger and thumb that move the victorious pawn or man. The interest attached to the amusing scenes is intense and inexhaustible; and although the profane cannot well understand such emotion, it is enough, in order to justify this interest in the eyes of those who are not organised to comprehend it, to say, that the greatest of men have made it their favourite passion.

More successful than Napoleon, M. de Labourdonnais effected a descent in England, and conquered the Island. More fortunate in another respect, he had not to complain of his adversaries' harsh treatment, the English chess-board having no square of injustice. At the period of De Labourdonnais's visit, much was said in France of Mr Macdonald, whose play was, by some, supposed to surpass that of the great French master. All the nabobs from Pondicherry and Calcutta, all the envoys of Lord William Bentinck, all the explorers of the Indian peninsula, all the English from the East and West Indies, protested that Macdonald, of Edinburgh, was a more skilful player than the Brahmin Fla-hi, of Juggernaut, and that he would easily beat M. Deschappelles, or M. de Labourdonnais. One day, the latter quickly crossed the Channel, and repaired to London; and no sooner was his arrival at Jaunay's hotel known at the Westminster Club, than a courteous invitation was dispatched to his address, and it was not long ere a sharp contest commenced between the friendly adversaries. M. de Labourdonnais found, on this occasion, an antagonist worthy of him; the English had not boasted without reason of their champion's skill. The struggle that ensued was more warm and spirited than London will probably ever witness again. Victory, however, fell to the share of the Frenchman, being clearly established by a series of brilliant and decisive moves. To the honour of England, be it said that the members of the Westminster Club bore this memorable defeat with magnanimity. They gave M. de Labourdonnais a splendid dinner at Blackwall; the toasts, in compliment to the guest, being drunk exclusively in claret and champagne.

Macdonald's death, a few years since, left the British chess-board in a remarkable state of inferiority. The last national game, played by correspondence between the Clubs of London and Paris, was marked, on the English side, by deplorable errors. In 1838, an article in the *Talisman*, commented upon by Bell's Life, wounded the susceptibility of the nation that reckons a Chancellor of the Exchequer among its high dignitaries. That paper noticed M. Deschappelles's supplement to the battle of Jena. The noise of the levy of bucklers raised in Westminster, induced M. Deschappelles to emerge from his retreat, and throw down his glove in defiance of all England. Protocols were issued previously to the actual outbreak of hostilities. Deputies from the Britannic Club arrived at the Hotel de Ménars, and were received with an urbanity quite chivalrous: it was agreed that diplomatic notes should be exchanged after a grand dinner at Grignon's. All the elite of Paris chess-playing society were invited to the restaurant of the Passage Vivienne; the assemblage was composed of artists, bankers, peers, deputies, literary men, magistrates, generals, capitalists, physicians, lawyers, and the leading members of the Club Ménars. M. de Jouy taking the chair. The entertainment was a perfectly convivial one; the English drank toasts to France, and the French to England; and when the dessert made its appearance, the guests began to grow serious, and the cartel was produced as a crowning dish. The discussion that ensued to determine the principles of the war between the two nations, was prolonged till two o'clock in the morning, the fineness of the cabinet of St James's being conspicuous on the occasion. At day-break, the question was not advanced a stage; and it having been found impossible to come to an agreement, the treaty was broken off. M. Deschappelles, who was preparing to make his descent in England, returned to his tent; and the only result of the discussion was the reminiscence of an excellent dinner at Grignon's.

The evenings at the Club Ménars have latterly been very animated, and have moreover created a prodigious

sensation beyond the precincts of the club-house, on account of the marvellous games played by M. de Labourdonnais, with his back turned towards the chess-board. Philidor, the renowned musician and chess-player, was the originator of these incredible feats, and no one since his time thought of reviving them. M. de Labourdonnais had long pondered on the tradition, and this laurel of Philidor's frequently disturbed the monarch's sleep. One day, he attempted one of these intuitive combinations, and with complete success: the next day he played two more games on the same plan, playing out and winning both. The report of these games spread like lightning, and caused a great sensation in the chess-playing world. The doors of the Ménars Club were thrown open to amateurs and the curious, and M. de Labourdonnais twice again repeated his experiment in public. The two games were played in the billiard-room. M. de Labourdonnais seated himself in a corner, with his back towards the two chess-boards, his face turned to the wall, and hidden by his hands. An amateur stood by to proclaim aloud the move made by the antagonist. M. de Labourdonnais then played in his turn, naming the piece he required to be moved, as if the chess-board had been before him. As the game drew to a close, and as the board became cleared of taken pieces, the increasing intricacy of the position brought about by anterior moves, so difficult to be remembered by the blindfolded player, excited the imagination of the spectators to such a degree, that they deemed a happy termination of the game next to impossible. Let the reader, knowing the wonderful complication of the game, add to this the confused hum of voices from all parts of the saloon, the stifled murmurs of the bystanders making remarks and expressing their astonishment, the opening and shutting of doors, the dull tramp of feet, the reiterated noise of coughing (it was in the depth of winter), the loud and joyful exclamations of parties newly entering in ignorance of what was going forward—in a word, all the innumerable trifling incidents, any one of which is usually sufficient to distract attention, and imagination becomes almost inadequate to conceive an idea of the mental prodigy. Psychological analysis of such a labour is impossible: the mind turns from it bewildered. The fact can only be stated, without explanation or comment.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

PERQUISITES OF SERVANTS.

WE congratulate ourselves in this age upon the abolition of the practice of giving vails to servants, without considering that another custom as vicious still prevails amongst us with reference to this part of the community. The necessity under which tradesmen lie, or suppose themselves to lie, of giving allowances to servants on all the monies paid by their masters or mistresses for goods purchased, is as grievous a tyranny as the custom of vails was in former days, and not less worthy a vigorous effort to get it abrogated. Many employers of servants are not perhaps aware of the mischievous effects of this custom. It is nearly universal, we believe, in all our large towns, or at least may be said to hold with regard to all servants who are entrusted with any direct transactions with tradesmen. The cook expects an allowance from the butcher, baker, and vegetable merchant; the butler looks for a douceur from the wine-merchant and goldsmith; and the housekeeper requires a per-centage on every pound spent on groceries. Perhaps five per cent. may be the average profit realised by servants on the goods purchased by their employers—a profit realised without outlay of capital, without industrious exertion, without any sort of merit on their part whatsoever, while the profits of the tradesman himself, with all his industry, outlay of capital, risk of loss, and skill in business, is not in many instances quite so much, and in few instances much more. Many masters may be under an impression that this allowance is something abstracted or deducted from the tradesman's profits, and therefore is no concern of theirs. But this is a delusion. The necessity of giving such allowances must upon the whole have the effect of raising the prices of goods, for it must take its place amongst the circumstances which determine prices. Thus the master is in the long-run the loser. He is not so, perhaps, to the full amount of the allowances given to his servants, for as some customers do not exact the servant-allowance, and yet pay the same prices as the rest, the loss will of course be apportioned over the whole; but it cannot, we should suppose, be any consolation to a set of honourable men or women, that the whole mischief resulting from an error of theirs, is not concentrated upon themselves, but shared by innocent parties. This, indeed, should only be an additional and most powerful reason for the effort which is required to put an end to the practice. It is with masters alone, we believe, that the power of extinguishing the custom resides. The tradesmen can no more do it than can a few of the subjects of an oriental despotism resist the powers placed over them. If any one on any occasion refuses to give the customary allowance, the servant is in general at no loss to take away his master's custom. Suppose the case of an oil-merchant: the servant has only to mix a little water with the oil to prevent it from burning clearly, in order to make the master give orders for trying another shop. And so on with other articles of domestic consumption. Nor is this the only means of bringing the refractory "to reason." There are many modes of annoyance which servants have it in their power to practise against tradesmen. For example,

* Exchequer (*Echiquier*) means in French a chess-board.—Ed.

in the case of plate borrowed from the goldsmith, it is easy for a butler to return it in a state so far from its original cleanness, as to make the tradesman fully worse off than he would have been by granting even a liberal allowance. In fact, this custom is simply a tyranny which one portion of the community exercises over another, and, like all tyrannies, it is as demoralising for the active as for the suffering party. It may not be easy at once to put an end to it; but all conscientious masters and mistresses are bound to use every effort in their power for that purpose. They should, in the first place, make such arrangements as to wages with servants, as to leave no pretence for the expectation of perquisites. It should be an agreed point, that no such thing is to be in any case exacted. They should see that this is understood by their tradesmen, whom, on the other hand, they should bind not to give allowances. Finally, they should be guarded against complaints brought by servants against these tradesmen, and in every case inquire for themselves into the alleged cause of dissatisfaction. By such means, under a vigorously sustained effort, the system might be brought to an end, and with no higher advantage to any, we are convinced, than to servants themselves, with whom it is at present only a source of corruption, tending to impair that respectability which, as a large and useful portion of the community, they are entitled to enjoy.

ODD LONDON CHARACTERS OF FORMER TIMES.

SAMUEL BOYSE.

FIELDING, in the introductory chapter to the seventh book of *Tom Jones*, after citing the well-known passage from Shakspeare, "Life's a poor player," &c. says, "For which hackneyed quotation I will make the reader amends by a very noble one, which few, I believe, have read. It is taken from a poem called *THE DEITY*, published about nine years ago, and long since buried in oblivion—a proof that good books, no more than good men, do always survive the bad:—

From Thee all human actions take their springs,
The rise of empire and the fall of kings!
See the vast theatre of Time displayed;
While o'er the scene succeeding heroes tread;
With pomp the shining images succeed;
What leaders triumph and what monarchs bleed;
Perform the parts thy providence designed;
Their pride, their passions to thy ends inclined!
A while they glitter in the face of day,
Then at thy nod the phantoms pass away;
No traces left of all the busy scene,
But that Remembrance says—*THE THINGS HAVE BEEN!*"

These are sounding lines, and if the whole poem were presented, the reader would probably say that it contains many other passages equally good, and is altogether a most respectable production for its time. Pope himself acknowledged that there was much of it which he would not have been ashamed of as his own; and the pious Hervey recommended it as "truly evangelical, admirably fitted to delight and comfort the heart, alarm and improve the reader." The author of this poem was Samuel Boyse, a man at the very time of its composition living something worse than even that wretched life ascribed by Johnson to Savage, and perhaps the most striking association of good intellect with low and dissipated habits which our literary history presents.

He was the son of an eminent dissenting minister in Dublin, where he seems to have been born in the year 1698. His father, probably intending him for his own profession, sent him at eighteen to prosecute his studies at the University of Glasgow, where, however, he had not been for two whole seasons, when, unsettled in life, without immediate means of his own, his professional education even unfinished, he married. With his wife, who was the daughter of a tradesman named Aitchison, he was soon obliged by want to go to Dublin, and throw himself upon his father. As if to make the burden as great as possible, he took his wife's sister along with him. The old man, who seems to have been a person of simple and amiable character, treated his three dependents with kindness, trusting that his son would soon exert his abilities to some purpose. But Samuel, instead of diligently applying himself to any course of productive industry, spent his time in trifling pursuits and in expensive frivolities, so that in a short time he exhausted the resources of his father, who, running into debt, was forced to sell a small patrimonial estate in Yorkshire to relieve himself from embarrassment, but nevertheless died in such penurious circumstances, that he was buried at the expense of his congregation.

Boyse had meanwhile become a poet. The death of his father leaving him and his wife destitute, he returned to Scotland, possibly in some hopes of assistance from her relations. How a poor Irishman of poetical tendencies should have thought of settling in Edinburgh—at that time not a literary mart—we cannot divine; but he appears to have betaken himself to the Scottish capital about the year 1730, and to have there published his first volume of poems in the ensuing year. His talents had secured some respectful attention and pecuniary encouragement from Susanna Countess of Eglintoun, noted for her beauty and her patronage of literary men; and to this lady, Boyse dedicated his volume. On the death of the Viscountess Stormont, who was also a lady of taste, Boyse wrote an elegy, entitled "The Tears of the Muses," which so pleasingly affected her surviving

husband, that he ordered his agent, an Edinburgh writer, to present the author with a certain sum of money. It has been stated that some difficulty was experienced in getting the money conveyed to the poet. He lived so obscurely, and associated with such mean people, that no respectable person was found who could tell where he lived. An advertisement in the newspapers was the means resorted to for the purpose of bringing him to receive Lord Stormont's bounty. He afterwards obtained the patronage of the Duchess of Gordon, who exerted herself to obtain for him a permanent means of subsistence. This lady had actually succeeded in getting him the promise of a place in the Custom-house; Boyse being with her, at her country house, a few miles from Edinburgh, she gave him a letter which he was to take with this view to one of the Commissioners of Customs. The day was rainy, the poet was indolent. He did not go at the proper time with his letter, and the commissioner, disappointed, gave the office to another. In time he exhausted the benevolence and patience of all these patrons, and, falling deeply in debt, found it necessary to leave Edinburgh, and try his fortune in London.

He carried with him recommendatory letters from the Duchess of Gordon to the first English poet of the age, and to the Lord Chancellor King. When he called at the house of the former at Twickenham, Mr Pope was not at home: he never called again, and thus lost all the benefit which might have been expected from the friendship of that illustrious person. He used to speak of the favourable reception he met with from the chancellor, and of once or twice dining with him; but his friends never could believe the tale, for Boyse had no power of conversing on equal terms with gentlemen, and "was of such an abject disposition, that he never could look any man in the face whose appearance was better than his own." Lord Stormont had given him a letter to his brother, the Solicitor-General (afterwards Earl of Mansfield), but of the fate of that letter no notice has been taken by his biographers. The personal aspect of Boyse was not prepossessing; no one could have guessed from his conversation that he possessed superior intellect. What was worst of all, he had no esteem for himself. He felt no right in his own nature to the least respect from his fellow-creatures, much less any title to be considered as superior to most. He was content with the meanest friendships, and was willing to send the fruits of his talents into the world through the humblest channels. This want of spirit made him submit to distresses which he easily might have avoided or remedied. It reconciled him to supply a temporary want by a mendicant letter, when a little well-regulated exertion might have made him independent of all such wretched expedients. He was also voluptuous, without the least taste for elegance. "Can it be believed that often when he had received half a guinea, in consequence of a supplicating letter, he would go into a tavern, order a supper to be prepared, drink of the richest wines, and spend all the money that had just been given him in charity, without having any one to participate the regale with him, and while his wife and child were starving at home! This is an instance of base selfishness for which no name is as yet invented, and except by another poet [Savage], with some variation of circumstances, was perhaps never practised by the most sensual epicure." This was the man who could occasionally write in the following strain:—

"Hence, distant far, ye sons of earth profane,
The loose, ambitious, covetous, or vain;
Ye worms of power! ye minioned slaves of state,
The wanton vulgar, and the sordid great!
But come, ye purer souls, from dross refined,
The blanchest heart and uncorrupted mind!
Let your chaste hands the holy altars raise,
Fresh incense bring, and light the glowing blaze;
Your grateful voices aid the muse to sing
The spotless justice of the Almighty king!" &c.

It appears that many eminent dissenters assisted Boyse with small sums of money, out of respect for the memory of his father; but at length he exhausted the patience of these friends, who saw that it was in vain to aid one who could not aid himself, and who never was permanently the better of their generosity. About this time (1740), according to the writer just quoted, "Boyse had not a shirt, a coat, or any kind of apparel to put on; the sheets in which he lay were carried to the pawnbroker's, and he was obliged to be confined to bed, with no other covering than a blanket. He had little support but what he got by writing letters to his friends in the most abject style. He was perhaps ashamed to let this instance of distress be known, which might be the occasion of his remaining six weeks in that situation. During this time he had some employment in writing verses for the magazines; and whoever had seen him in his study must have thought the object singular enough. He sat up in bed, with the blanket wrapt about him, through which he had cut a hole large enough to admit his arm, and, placing the paper upon his knee, scribbled in the best manner he could the verses he was obliged to make: whatever he got by these, or any of his begging letters, was but just sufficient for the preservation of life. And perhaps he would have remained much longer in that distressful state, had not a compassionate gentleman, upon hearing this circumstance related, ordered his clothes out of pawn, and enabled him to appear again abroad.

"This six weeks' penance," continues our authority,

"one would imagine sufficient to deter him for the future from suffering himself to be exposed to such distresses; but by a long habit of want it grew familiar to him, and as he had less delicacy than other men, he was perhaps less afflicted with his exterior meanness. For the future, whenever his distresses so pressed as to induce him to dispose of his shirt, he fell upon an artificial method of supplying one. He cut some white paper in slips, which he tied round his wrists, and in the same manner supplied his neck. In this plight he frequently appeared abroad.

He fell upon many strange schemes of raising trifling sums. He sometimes ordered his wife to inform people that he was just expiring, and by this artifice work upon their compassion; and many of his friends were frequently surprised to meet the man in the street to-day, to whom they had yesterday sent relief, as to a person on the verge of death. At other times he would propose subscriptions for poems, of which only the beginning and conclusion were written; and by this expedient would relieve some present necessity. But as he seldom was able to put any of his poems to the press, his veracity in this particular suffered a diminution; and, indeed, in almost every other particular he might justly be suspected, for if he could but gratify an immediate appetite, he cared not at what expense, whether of the reputation or purse of another."

Boyse was a contributor of poetry to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, and thus became acquainted with Samuel Johnson, then also a struggling man of letters, but one who never lost sight of rectitude. Johnson informed Mr Nichols that he once raised a sum of money to redeem Boyse's clothes, which had been pawned, and which, in two days after, were pawned again. Mr Nichols relates, from the same respectable authority, that Boyse translated well from the French; but if any one employed him, by the time one sheet of the work was done, for which a sum could be obtained, he pawned the original. If the employer redeemed it, a second sheet would be completed, and the book again be pawned; and this perpetually. He wrote various poems, of considerable merit, including the one which we have quoted, and which was his best; but they came before the world through the hands of booksellers from whom nothing good was expected, and thus fell unobserved from the press. In 1742, he was brought to a sponging-house in Grocer's Alley in the Poultry, from which he wrote a strange letter of entreaty to Mr Cave, the publisher of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. It began in rhymed Latin verse, describing himself as "without bread, without money, and famishing of hunger," yet in a strain of humour which makes us for the moment regret a resolution to admit as little as possible besides English into these pages. "I am every moment," he adds, in prose, "threatened to be turned out here, because I have not got money to pay for my bed two nights past, which is usually paid beforehand; and I am loath to go into the Compter, till I see if my affairs can possibly be made up. I hope, therefore, you will have the humanity to send me half a guinea for support, till I finish my papers in your hands. I humbly entreat your answer, having not tasted any thing since Tuesday evening I came here; and my coat will be taken off my back for the charge of the bed; so that I must go into prison naked, which is too shocking for me to think of." Johnson used to write to Cave for little sums, adding to the signature of his name *Impransus* [Undined]; but his distresses were nothing to those of Boyse.

About the year 1745, the wife of this wretched man died. He was then living at Reading, engaged in the compilation of a large work of modern history, for which he was paid a salary of half a guinea a week. He had an affection of appearing very fond of a little lapdog, which he always carried about with him in his arms, imagining that it gave him the air of a man of taste. Being too poor to afford black clothes for himself, he bought half a yard of black ribbon, which he tied round this little creature's neck, by way of mourning for the loss of its mistress. This apparently was not in mockery of the deceased, but from a mere spurt of that light and inconsiderate nature which was the cause of all his woes. The work upon which he was engaged at Reading included a history of the Rebellion of 1745-6, which we have read, and consider as well executed for the time.

After his return from Reading, some improvement was remarked in his conduct. Early impressions of piety returned to him, and he formed a resolution to live a better life. But this moral improvement seems to have been the mere result of a decay of the powers of life, which was now taking place, probably in consequence of literary toil and deficient aliment. He now married again, his second spouse being a decent widow, who served him as a faithful nurse during the remainder of his days. He survived the second marriage only nine months, dying in an obscure lodging near Shoe Lane, in May 1749. Mr Francis Stewart, son of a bookseller in Edinburgh, and an amanuensis of Dr Johnson, has given us the last melancholy chapter of his biography. "After his death," says this person, "I endeavoured all I could to get him decently buried, by soliciting those dissenters who were friends of him and his father, to no purpose; for only Dr Grosvenor, in Hoxton-Square, a dissenting teacher, offered to join towards it. He had quite tired out those friends in his lifetime; and the general answer that I received was, 'That such a contribution was of no service to

him, for it was a matter of no importance how or where he was buried.' As I found nothing could be done, our last resource was an application to the parish; nor was it without some difficulty, occasioned by the malice of his landlady, that we at last got him interred on the Saturday after he died. Three more of Dr Johnson's amanuenses, and myself, attended the corpse to the grave. Such was the miserable end of poor Sam, who was obliged to be buried in the same charitable manner as his first wife; a burial of which he had often mentioned his abhorrence." Another friend of Boyse says, "The remains of this son of the muses were, with very little ceremony, hurried away by the parish officers, and thrown amongst common beggars; though with this distinction, that the service of the church was performed over his corpse. Never was an exit more shocking, nor a life spent with less grace, than those of Mr Boyse, and never were such distinguished abilities given to less purpose. His genius was not confined to poetry only: he had a taste for painting and music, and was well acquainted with heraldry. His poetical pieces, if collected, would make six moderate volumes. Many of them are scattered in the Gentleman's Magazine, marked with the letter Y and Alcaeus. Two volumes were published in London; but as they never had any great sale, it would be difficult to find them." It may be added, that a selection of the writings of this miserable man is usually included in the collected editions of the English Poets.

The character of Samuel Boyse appears to us eminently illustrative of some propositions hazarded in a late article on mental ability. We clearly see in him thinking powers superior to those of most men, brilliant imagination, and elegant powers of expression. He can also simulate or affect the finest feelings on moral subjects. But he has not in himself any active moral feelings. He has no desire to provide for himself and those dependent on him; he clings first to relations, and then as readily to strangers, for the means of supporting his necessities. No humiliation shocks him so far as to make him wish to avoid such for the future. He has not the least sense of the decencies of the social world. Besides, he is selfish, and will gratify himself with luxuries while his wife and child are in want of the simplest necessities. What are we to say of such a mind? Are we to consider it as a great or high mind, with certain failings? This, in our opinion, is not the philosophical course. We rather regard it as an extremely ill constituted mind, some faculties being in large endowment, and others nearly altogether wanting. We may pity it as something monstrous, but cannot give it the least admiration.

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

MAGIC—AMULETS—TALISMANS.

MANY of the superstitious observances and ideas common among the Greeks and Romans, and some of which survived till later times, were, as has been mentioned in the preceding sketches, originally derived from Egypt and Persia. These countries, with Chaldea in Arabia, appear to have formed a fountain of knowledge to mankind, either truthful or consistent with nature, or altogether vain and delusive. At a period fully two thousand years before Christ, Persia and the adjacent regions of Babylonia and Chaldea were inhabited by a comparatively learned people. Persia, in particular, was distinguished for its wise men or magi, whose knowledge of geometry, astronomy, and other branches of science, became the wonder of surrounding nations, and (perhaps with their own concurrence) procured them the reputation of dealing with beings of a supernatural order. Thus, from the general appellation of *magi*, the term *magician* took its rise, and was deemed equivalent to that of conjuror, or a possessor of supernatural gifts.

The pretended art of conjuration which the magi, or their imitators, affected to cultivate, appears to have been, in its chief departments, nothing else than a species of jugglery, resembling that which is now practised in India, and also in modern Egypt. Common sense, independently of all inquiry, proves that it possessed no higher character. The belief attempted to be inculcated, was, that its professors enjoyed the mysterious power of calling up the spirits of persons deceased, and of compelling an ideal order of demons or genii to perform certain services for which human agents were not competent. But no such powers, it is clear, existed, and the apparently wonderful performances which for centuries imposed upon the vulgar, could have been easily explained by a reference to sleight of hand, collusion of confederates, secret information of facts, and ventriloquism. That the last was practised for purposes of deception, there can be no manner of doubt. The priests of the Egyptian, as well as the Grecian, oracles, were well acquainted with acoustics, or the science of sound, and how a small voice could be made to proceed, in appearance, from the mouth of one of their marble or brazen deities. It was common for them, also, to lead a multitude of

worshippers into the recesses of a grove, to hear a tree deliver an oracular response to some important inquiry which was put to it. In the present day we can account in a natural manner for these mysterious manifestations, but at the time that such sleights of skill were practised, they were invariably ascribed by the uninitiated to supernatural causes.

The cultivation of magic, as a kind of science—in reality the science of self-delusion and imposture—was in some respect dignified by its alliance with astronomy, and the other branches of learning which were known or in vogue. All pretended magicians in ancient times boasted of a kindred knowledge of the stars, by which, as they alleged, they could foretell future events in the destiny of nations and individuals. In perusing the pages of Scripture, we are struck with the repeated allusions to the abominations of idolatry, conjuration, and other vain arts, of which the Israelites were guilty, and which they learned from the Egyptians and Babylonians, both their near neighbours. If Josephus is to be credited, Solomon, who flourished a thousand years before Christ, and was one of the most enlightened men of his time, was an adept in magical arts. "He had (he observes) the skill to expel demons, which is a science useful and sensitive to men. He composed such incantations, also, by which distempers are alleviated. And he left behind him the manner of using exorcisms, by which they drive away demons, so that they never return, and this method of cure is of great force unto this day; for I have seen a certain man of my own country, whose name was Elcazar, releasing people that were demoniacal in the presence of Vespasian, and his sons, and his captains, and the whole multitude of his soldiers. The manner of the cure was this:—He put a ring that had a root of one of those sorts mentioned by Solomon to the nostrils of the demoniac, after which he drew out the demon through his nostrils; and when the man fell down immediately, he adjured him to return to him no more, making still mention of Solomon, and reciting the incantations which he composed. And when Elcazar would persuade and demonstrate to the spectators that he had such a power, he set a little way off a cup or basin full of water, and commanded the demon, as he went out of the man, to overturn it, and thereby to let the spectators know that he had left the man; and when this was done, the skill and wisdom of Solomon was shown very manifestly: for which reason it is, that all men may know the vastness of Solomon's abilities, and how he was beloved of God, and that the extraordinary virtues of every kind with which this king was endowed, may not be unknown to any people under the sun; for this reason, I say, it is that we have proceeded to speak so largely of these matters."

Josephus wrote upwards of a thousand years after Solomon, and we may be excused for believing that at that distance of time the wisdom of that great man had been so misrepresented by tradition, as to appear magical or supernatural. It will also be well to recollect, that on the return of the Israelites from their captivity in Babylon, they brought with them the arts of conjuration or jugglery, so that the Jewish magi, as they were called, at about the commencement of the Christian era, and till the final destruction of Jerusalem by Titus (A.D. 70), rivalled in their sorceries, or frauds, the early and accomplished magi of Persia. Among these Jewish professors of the neeromantic art, and of whose performances Josephus was a witness, the Cabala or legendary lore (properly, unwritten belief) of the Hebrew nation, was held in great esteem. With much that was historical and excellent, it contained a mass of artificial and mystic science, referring to the potency of certain charms, words, figures, and numbers. Among these, the name of Solomon, when pronounced in a particular manner, and accompanied with certain looks and gestures, was believed to possess extraordinary virtue. There was, in truth, no species of jugglery which was not occasionally sanctioned by the use of that wonderful name; and such was its supposed efficacy, that, until the present day, it is used by the pretended magicians of Arabia, Persia, and other oriental countries. Josephus, in the story we have quoted, alludes to the root of a magical herb concealed in a ring, which, he says, had been mentioned by Solomon; a description is elsewhere given by the historian of a wonderful vegetable production of this nature,† and we extract it as a curiosity. He is describing a place in Judea called Macherus:—

"In that valley which encompasses the city on the north side, there is a certain place called Baaras, which produces a root of the same name with itself; its colour is like to that of flame, and towards the evening

it sends out a certain ray like lightning; it is not easily taken by such as would do it, but recedes from their hands, nor will it yield itself to be taken quietly;

* * * * * may, it is certain death to those that touch it, unless any one take and hang the root itself down from his hand, and so carry it away. It may be taken another way, without danger, which is this: they dig a trench quite round about it, till the hidden part of the root be very small; they then tie a dog to it, and when the dog tries hard to follow him that tied him, this root is easily plucked up, but the dog dies immediately, as if it were instead of the man that would take the plant away; nor after this need any one be afraid of taking it into his hands. Yet, after all this pains in getting, it is only valuable on account of one virtue it hath, that if it be only brought to sick persons, it quickly drives away those called demons, which are no other than the spirits of the wicked, that enter into men that are alive, and kill them, unless they can obtain some help against them." How lamentable is it to find a respectable writer giving credit to such a silly fable!

From legends equally illusive, the practice of using magical or sacred charms in the form of talismans and amulets, as preventives of disease, specifics for the cure of maladies, or as shields for averting the malign influence of demons, was common among the ancient Babylonians, Jews, Egyptians, Greeks, and Romans. All were tainted with the same delusive superstition, though each practised it in a different way. The charms, by whatever name they were called, were usually composed of scraps of herbs, bones, stones, or metals, shaped in a particular manner, and hung round the neck, or fixed in a ring on the finger. There is reason to believe that the fashion of wearing rings had its origin in this kind of superstitious observance, or at least was greatly promoted by it. Talismans of metal, covered with astrological and literary jargon, were of great antiquity, especially among the Arabian and Persian tribes. The charms of the Egyptians were more commonly in the form of small earthenware or stone figures, symbolical of some of the gods of the country, and were worn privately about the person. Many thousands of these talismanic figures have been found in the linen swathings of the mummies, and are exposed to the inspection of the curious in every repository of antiquities; hundreds of them are to be seen in the British Museum in London.

The phylacteries of the Jews were a species of talismans or amulets, though ostensibly used for the pious purpose of reminding the wearer of his duty. They consisted of fillets, on which were inscribed passages of the divine law, and were bound on the wrist, on the forehead, or some other part of the person. The practice of using these sacred charms appears to have originated in the desire to act literally on the injunctions of Scripture, to ponder diligently on the commandments, and also the sacred offices of religion; as, for example, "And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thine hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes."—Deut. vi. 8. "Bind them about thy neck, write them on the table of thine heart."—Proverbs, iii. 3. Phylacteries are still used by all the more scrupulous, indeed, we believe, by all real Jews, in whatever country or situation of life they may be placed.

Of the various jargon of words inscribed on the talismans of the ancient Syrians, no term was supposed to possess such mystic influence, nor was so frequently used, as the name of one of their gods or tutelary genii. This very notable and strange-sounding word was ABRACADABRA. The name of Solomon was not a greater spell among the degenerate Jews than Abracadabra among the Syriac race. To be of any value, however, as a charm, it was indispensable that it was written on a tablet in a very peculiar tapering manner, and hung by a linen thread about the neck. The word was written thus:—

ABRACADABRA
ABRACADABR
ABRACADAB
ABRACADA
ABRACAD
ABRACA
ABRAC
ABRA
ABR
AB
A

What are we to think of the intellect that could for an instant imagine there was any virtue in such a piece of nonsense?

For several centuries, the early apostles of Christianity endeavoured to abolish these superstitious, or at least formal observances, but the bulk of mankind were at the time in a state of intellectual darkness, and prepossessed in favour of the old superstitions, and were unwilling to abandon, even on becoming Christians, their ancient delusive customs. Judging from the denunciations of St Chrysostom, and other early fathers, the practice of using amulets was common among the Roman and Grecian converts to Christianity; and thus, by an easy process of transition, sundry superstitious observances of the heathen worship and belief were unfortunately attached to the pure and exalted faith which succeeded them. Whether from this or any other cause, it is certain that some of the ancient superstitions continued in popular use, notwithstanding the edicts of the later Roman emperors, and also the anathemas of the church. In the reign of Caracalla there was a law passed to inflict a severe punishment on those who should continue to

* Antiq. Book viii. Chap. II.

† Wars of the Jews, Book vii. Chap. vi.

wear amulets. As appears from the following incident, magic continued to be practised as a profession in the reign of Valens, in the fourth century. A party desiring to ascertain who should be the emperor's successor, had recourse to one Jamblicus, a professed magician, for the required information. The sorcerer adopted a mode of divination as follows. Having written the letters of the Greek alphabet in the dust, and laid a grain of wheat upon every one of them, a cock, magically prepared, was let loose amongst them, and those letters out of which he picked the corns being joined together, were to form the name of the fortunate successor to the reigning monarch. The cock, however, as bad fortune would have it, picked up only four grains, namely, those upon the letters *th e o d*,* making the half word *Theod*, and therefore left it uncertain whether Theodorus, Theodotus, Theodorus, or Theodates, was the person designed by the fates to be emperor. Worse than all, Valens heard of the magical rite, was enraged at it, and put to death several persons for no other reason than that their names began with *Theod*; he also caused a diligent search to be made for poor Jamblicus, who, to avoid a cruel death, ended his life by poison.†

We cannot conclude the present article on amulets and charms more appropriately, than by quoting the following account of a remarkable talisman of great antiquity, still preserved at Lee, a gentleman's house in Lanarkshire, and popularly known as the *Lee Penny*. We use the narrative given in the *Picture of Scotland*, by R. Chambers.

"Simon Locard of Lee accompanied the good Sir James Douglas to Palestine [in the fourteenth century], bearing the heart of King Robert Bruce enclosed in a locked case, on which account his name was changed to Lockhart, and he obtained for his armorial bearings a heart attached to a lock. Engaging in the wars of the Holy Sepulchre, this hero, who, at the death of Douglas in Spain, became the leader of the mission, had the good fortune to make a Saracen of rank his prisoner. The lady of the warrior came to pay his ransom, and was counting out the money, when she happened to drop from her purse a small jewel, which she immediately hastened to pick up with an air of careful solicitude. Lockhart eagerly inquired the nature of the jewel, and learning that it was a mediatory talisman, refused to deliver up his captive, unless it were added to the sum previously stipulated. The lady was obliged to comply, and Simon brought it home to Scotland, where it has ever since continued in the possession of his descendants, perhaps the only existing memorial of the crusades in this country. It is called *THE LEE PENNY*, on account of its being set in the centre of an old English silver coin. Triangular in shape, it measures about the third of an inch each way, and is of a dark red colour, but perfectly transparent. The nature of the stone cannot be determined by lapidaries, being apparently different in all respects from any known in this quarter of the world. To the edge of the coin a small silver chain has been attached, and the whole is deposited in a gold box which the Empress Maria Theresa presented to the father of the late Count Lockhart.

The *Lee Penny* did not lose its talismanic property on being transferred to a country of Christians. On the contrary, it has been all along, even till the present day, remarkable for medical virtue. It is especially sovereign in the diseases of horned cattle. The mode of administering it is this:—Holding it by the chain, it is three times plumped down into a quantity of water, and once drawn round—*three dips and a swirl*, as the country people express it—and, the cattle or others affected drinking this water, the cure is speedy and effectual. Even at this day, rife as the gospel is now said or supposed to be, people sometimes come from great distances with vessels, which they fill with water charmed in the manner described, and which they take home in order to administer it to their bestial. In the reign of Charles I., the people of Newcastle being afflicted with the plague, sent for and obtained a loan of the *Lee Penny*, leaving the sum of £6000 sterling in its place as a pledge. They found it so effectual, or were impressed with so high an opinion of its virtues, that they proposed to keep it, and forfeit the money; but the Laird of Lee would not consent to part with so venerable and so gifted an heirloom. The laird of that time was a high Cavalier, and one of the charges brought against him by the party whom he had to oppose, was, that he effected cures by means of necromancy. One other remarkable instance of its efficacy is recorded. About the beginning of the last century, Lady Baird of Saughtonhall having been bit by a mad dog, and exhibited all the symptoms of hydrophobia, her husband obtained a loan of the talisman; and she, having drunk and bathed in water which it had sanctified, got completely better. That this transaction really took place, seems indubitable, for an ancient female member of the Lee family, who died lately, remembered hearing the laird who lent the Penny to Lady Baird, describe how he and his dame had been invited to Saughtonhall, and splendidly entertained, in gratitude for the use of the talisman.‡

Being now visited by an incredible number of persons, whose curiosity has been excited respecting it, Sir Charles McDonald Lockhart, the present proprietor, has adopted the idea of keeping an album, in which their names are recorded. We have all seen the use made of it by the Author of *Waverley*, in his fine chivalric tale, 'the Talisman.'

THE LONDON AND BIRMINGHAM RAILWAY.

AN uninterrupted double line of railway now extends in a diagonal direction across England, from London to Liverpool, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, and is daily travelled by passengers in the space of ten hours. The line, unfortunately for the perfect comfort of the public, is not one concern throughout, but belongs to three different companies; and in making the entire journey, a change of carriages takes place at Birmingham, which is rather more than half way between the two extremities. One company owns the line from London to Birmingham, another owns the Grand Junction, as it is called, which extends from that town to a point upon the Liverpool and Manchester railway, and this last is the property of the third company. A fourth company has lately opened a line in connection with the preceding to Preston, and shortly another extension will take place to Lancaster. Any line farther north than Lancaster is, we believe, still a matter of speculation.

The London and Birmingham line, which we propose in the present paper to describe, was fully opened in September 1838: it extends 112½ miles from the entrance at Euston Square in the northern part of London, to a spot in the northern environs of Birmingham. It passes through six counties, within one mile of the city of Coventry, and of numerous towns, as Rugby, Tring, Stratford, Leighton Buzzard, Berkhamstead, Walford, and Harrow, &c. &c. Between Camden Town and Euston Square the trains are worked by a stationary engine, by means of a rope 100,000 feet in length, and eight inches in circumference.

The fine Doric portico in Euston Square reminds us of the propylee of the Greek cities, with centre and two lodges upon each side. Its proportions are elegant; the columns are eight feet and a half in diameter, forty-two feet in height, and the full height of this noble edifice, to the apex of the pediment, is seventy-two feet. The cost of the front alone, with the wings, exceeded £35,000. The entire offices are upon an admirable plan for convenience and respective communication; and we find all the arrangements simple, comprehensive, and exact. With regard to the station of the carriages, and the passing of the trains, the simple regulation of adhering to the old practice of keeping the left side, has wonderful effect in facilitating the general business, while it obviates all danger of accident, or collision by the trains. Passing through a handsome suite of offices, where tickets are given, we enter a capacious yard covered overhead, with a roof supported by iron columns. Proceeding from this great starting point, the train carries us speedily through a wide cutting twenty feet deep, with iron balustrades at the top, and which terminates at about a mile's distance at Camden Town. To this place four lines of railway may be observed, but afterwards there are only two, except at depôts and sidings. At Camden Town station the locomotive engine is attached to the train, and in an instant we are swiftly carried forward on our journey, the vehicles almost immediately passing through a tunnel of 1100 yards in length beneath Primrose Hill. On emerging into open day at the farther extremity, we have a pleasant open landscape of hill and dale before us; the hills of Hampstead, Highgate, and Kelburn, greet the eye, spotted with villas and church-spires; and not far from us the quiet secluded neighbourhood (Kingsbury), where Goldsmith withdrew from the town wits and clubs to compose his *History of Animated Nature* and his *Vicar of Wakefield*. A little farther on we pass the Kelburn tunnel, 420 yards, and the Brent valley embankment, rising in parts thirty-five feet, and affording wide and diversified views. Harrow is seen crowning the highest point of vision, and the river Brent flowing beneath through a picturesque bridge, with arches which rise nearly forty-five feet above the level of the stream.

Soon after entering the Colne valley, the line passes over the London road by a viaduct of five arches of forty-three feet span each, composed of ellipses, with vausoirs at the intrados, the centre arch being oblique, to adapt itself to the course of the road. The Walford tunnel is a singular work, formed by sinking six shafts, and then by excavating the earth horizontally in what is called by miners a drift—a small aperture, only wide enough to admit one man at a time. The use of this is to obtain greater certainty in setting out the line, a communication being formed to the several working-shafts, with a free ventilation of air to facilitate the labour of the works. A wide opening is still observed; and this, it would appear, was rendered necessary, by a serious accident; the whole of the soil surrounding one of the shafts giving way, and overwhelming ten men who were at work below. Not one had time to save himself; and a poor bricklayer was taken out three weeks afterwards, standing perfectly upright, with his trowel advanced in his hand. It took a whole month to remove the entire mass of soil, when the opening was found so extensive that it was at once decided to

turn it into a large ventilating shaft. The excavation was carried to between fifty and sixty feet in depth. We next traverse an embankment three miles long and nearly forty feet high, which contains an elegant iron bridge, passing obliquely over the Grand Junction Canal.

Passing the village of King's Langley, we enter a cutting of two miles, reached the Box-moor station on an embankment commanding a view of a cultivated and extensive valley, running parallel to and crossing the London road, by a bridge of one arch, at an angle of 32 degrees. It is a finely executed specimen of the oblique arch, especially in the spiral courses of the bricks. Next we come to the Berkhamstead station, built in the Gothic style, where the line approaches so nearly the Grand Junction Canal as to require a very extensive reclaiming wall, 650 feet in length, which has all the appearance of a long viaduct. Some excavations still mark the spot where stood the ancient castle of Berkhamstead, erected by the Saxons, and at which William the Conqueror met the English confederates, and swore to the observance of the established laws. Many traditions relative to the ancient church and its neighbourhood are found in Stowe and Hollinshed; nor is Berkhamstead less remarkable as being the birth-place of the poet Cowper. The North Church tunnel, the Tring station, the Leighton tunnel, Cheddington, where the Aylesbury branch line commences, Linslade tunnel, Denbigh Hall bridge, Wolverton station, where large works are still in progress, and Stoney Stratford, are the next portions of the line we traverse. The viaduct over the Ouse is a noble piece of architecture, in the execution of which great difficulties were encountered. At the central station of Wolverton, the extent of the works for the railway is such as to excite the admiration of every beholder. It is a little artificer's world within itself; engine-manufactories, machinery, a grand depot, dwellings for the workmen, the whole establishment laid out on an excellent plan, the sight of which, as the model of a perfect work-town, would have delighted Peter the Great. A number of converging roads and canals render it an appropriate site for communication, and small hamlets and various establishments near it upon the line are fast rising into importance. The locomotive-engine station is a noble work, erected from the designs of Mr Aitcheson, who has the appointment of architect to the stations. No trade but has here its appropriate and perfect exercise. A large wharf and store-houses render this grand establishment, with its fine architectural structures, combining elegance and beauty with utility, and every accommodation and luxury a traveller can desire, more like the fabled mansions of German gold-hunters and dwarfs, than the work of a single English company. Leaving this peaceful emporium of the useful arts, we next cross the Grand Junction Canal by a neat iron bridge, the railing over the entire length of which gives it a light and pleasing appearance; and we thence reach the great Wolverton embankment, and see the trains pass in fine style across the valley of the Ouse—the most extensive along the line. The village of Castlethorpe, Hanslope, its ancient church, and the tower of the church at Grafton—a place possessing many interesting traditions—are among the next objects we notice. Near the last spot we leave the county of Buckingham, and enter that of Northampton, pass over a lofty embankment which divides the village of Ashton, and arrive at the Roade station, where coaches meet the trains to convey passengers to and from the adjacent towns, Northampton, Leicester, Nottingham, as well as from the towns of Lincolnshire and Bedford. Thus Roade, from a petty village, has assumed the importance of a large posting town.

The Blisworth cutting is the next great work, in depth fifty-five feet, not less than one million cubic yards of earth having been removed from it. It is a curious fact also, that in the completion of the embankment at Ashton, owing to the unsound state of the valley at the base, the materials disappeared as fast as they were deposited, and the surrounding surface outside the railway actually burst in consequence of the enormous pressure, and a culvert near the spot was completely destroyed. The power of a culvert to sustain an embankment fifty feet in height, may be supposed to be great; and its construction upon a soft foundation is a task upon which no engineer, however cautious and skilful, can calculate with any certainty. Nearly £100,000 beyond the original estimate was expended on this work; a wonderful evidence of the extent of engineering science in this country.

An inclined plane succeeds this cutting, from either side of which are seen extensive prospects over the country—villages, picturesque seats, and spires, and the tower of Blisworth church in the distance. Soon we come to a lofty bridge of one arch, which spans the high-road between the towns of Twycroft and Northampton. A covered staircase leads from the railway to the Blisworth station; and near Gayton wharf, the Grand Junction Canal is crossed by a bridge running parallel with the line for several miles. We next reach the Stowe Hill tunnel, 480 yards long, pass under the Holyhead road, and from the summit of the hill above the tunnel catch extensive views of the hills round Weidon and Daventry, the pleasant village of Stowe, &c., surrounded with delightful scenery.

Again crossing the Holyhead road over an oblique iron bridge, we pass under the ancient Watling Street, and pursue our course through a wood be-

* To make but one letter in the Greek alphabet.

† Potter's *Archæologia Græca*.

‡ It is almost unnecessary to mention, that the supposed influence of the penny was an entire delusion, and that if the cures were performed, as stated, something else than the charm of the alman must have been the cause. In this, as in all similar traditions, the testimony is defective, every circumstance unfavourable to the superstition being suppressed.

longing to the Brock Hall Park estate. Thence we come to an iron suspension-bridge—a stupendous work, braced together by cast-iron frames, and forming an arch of seventy feet span, on which the platform is hung. Leaving Buckby to the right, we arrive at the Crick station, and thence to the grand tunnel through the Kelsay ridge, considered one of the most extraordinary works of the present day. It is 2428 yards in length, 18 inches thick in the brick-work, and the whole is built in either Roman or metallic cement.

After leaving the tunnel, we gain a fine open view, diversified with every variety of scenery, through which the majestic trains sweep along the fine level with tremendous velocity. At the eightieth mile from London we leave Northampton county, and enter that of Warwick; the line crosses the Oxford Canal, and to the west we see the village of Hill Morton, its church and parsonage, and are told that a bridge of communication has been formed between them and the railway. We pass another embankment, and a cutting spanned by a bridge of three arches, and reach the Rugby embankment. Clifton and Brown-sour are seen to the eastward; and farther on, a sharp turn to the west shows us the viaduct of the Midland Counties railway, which joins the line at this place, as does the Birmingham and Derby, now completed, farther on.

We are next delighted with a magnificent view over the Avon valley; the river winding along the eastern side, Newbold with its spires seen rising in the same direction. We pass the Brandon embankment, two and a half miles in length, across the Avon valley, reaching the Roman Fosseway by a bridge, and the river by a grand viaduct of nine arches. Through this the distant landscape appears to peculiar advantage. The Brandon intermediate station is situated at this point.

Approaching Coventry, we come to a bridge of one arch, built at an acute angle, and forming an angle with the railway of 28 degrees. Here, as elsewhere, we observe policemen, each having his duties well defined, some provided with signal-flags, and with revolving signal-flags during the night. When near Coventry, we obtain an indistinct view of Combe Abbey, built on the site of the first Cistercian monastery founded in Warwickshire, and belonging to the Earl of Craven. We pass through some very interesting scenery as we approach the Castle of Warwick by a handsome stone bridge, from which a view of this time-honoured and magnificent structure is obtained. At length, after traversing a succession of important and highly finished works, we reach the last grand embankment, terminating in the grand viaduct over Lawley Street and the river Rea, unrivalled, perhaps, by any to be seen.

Another embankment brings us to a massive stone bridge, sufficiently expansive to admit the passage of the Junction railway, and it was for this reason executed at the joint expense of the two companies. The Birmingham depot is just 112½ miles from London; the station is one of the finest in the world. The entrance is by a handsome portico with Ionic columns; the receptacle for the trains has six instead of four lines, as at Euston Square; it is 217 feet in length; the roof is of wrought iron, in two spans of fifty-six feet six inches each. The engine-house is capable of holding sixteen engines and tenders, and under each engine is a pit three feet deep, which enables the engine-men to get underneath to examine and repair it. In front of the engine-house are store-rooms, offices, workshops, over which is a tank holding 170 tons of water, with provision for a steam-engine to work a pump from a well below, in case the regular supply should fail. In the locomotive department, preparations are made to ensure the safe and economical working of the railway. Each engine carries a box of tools; the various out-stations are fitted up with forges, work-benches, &c., enabling the engineers to execute necessary repairs.

Wolverton, however, is the grand central station, where preparations for every thing have been made upon a vast scale, equal to any want that can possibly arise. It is a curious fact, showing the amount of the general consumption of materials required, that in an average trip to London the engine will exhaust 2000 gallons of water and twenty-four hundred-weight of coke; and the tender carries a ton of coke, and upwards of 700 gallons of water.

For the accommodation of travellers going the entire distance, the trains which arrive from London run into the Grand Junction line at Birmingham, where there are excellent refreshment-rooms. In the same way, the trains from Manchester and Liverpool run into the London and Birmingham station, whence they are forwarded after a brief interval.

This magnificent work, which has carried the previous inventions of men of genius to a degree of public usefulness never anticipated, has now, it appears from the reports before us, already begun to make returns of interest exceedingly promising for the future. The outlay being upwards of six millions, it will require, to pay 10 per cent., that the road should produce £600,000 annually, besides a large addition to defray the various expenses of maintaining so vast an establishment. It is, at the same time, far removed from all fears of its proving a mere speculation; hosts of travellers, both for business and pleasure, will render its returns certain and ample; the receipts have been steadily advancing, from the hour of its partial opening to its complete operation, and its half-yearly reports conti-

nue to be more and more satisfactory. As a proof of this gratifying fact, it will be sufficient to mention that the receipts for the first six months of 1839, namely, from the 1st of January to the 30th of June, reached as high a sum as £270,000; which sum, added to the same for the other six months, will give for a total annual receipt the handsome income of £540,000 a-year. But if we estimate the annual receipts by the returns of a single month (July last), they would realise the immense sum of £720,000 per annum. During some weeks the receipts were as high as from £15,000 to £20,000, or upwards of £60,000 per month; an immense increase upon the previous year, months, and weeks, preceding it. This increasing ratio is in part to be attributed to the immense numbers flocking out of town for the season.

The recent opening of the Derby and Birmingham railway, of the branches of the north and midland counties, the Aylesbury and Birmingham, will all, like tributary streams falling into a vast river, bring a rapid increase of business, besides adding to the prosperity of the rural districts, and forming an important epoch in the annals of civilisation and of science. Thus, in whatever point of view contemplated, whether in its magnitude, in its triumphs of skill and labour over incredible difficulties, in its national utility or social results, this head and centre of British railway lines will remain an enduring monument of the enterprising spirit, genius, wealth, industry, and indomitable perseverance of a British proprietary.

THE EVERLASTING ROSE.

[BY JOHN ANSTER, ESQ.]

Hail to thy hues! thou lovely flower:
Still shed around thy soft perfume,
Still smile amid the wintry hour,
And boast, ev'n now, a spring-tide bloom.

Thine is, methinks, a pleasing dream,
Lone ling'ring in the icy vale,
Of smiles that hail'd the morning beam,
And sighs more sweet for evening's gale!

Still are thy green leaves whispering
Low sounds to Fancy's ear, that tell
Of mornings, when the wild bee's wing
Shook dewdrops from thy sparkling cell!

In April's bowers thy sweets are breath'd,
And June beholds thy blossoms fair;
In Autumn's chapel thou art wreath'd,
And round December's forehead bare.

With thee the graceful lily vied,
As summer breezes waved her head,
And now the snowdrop at thy side
Mockly contrasts thy cheerful red.

'Tis thine to hear each varying voice,
That marks the seasons sad or gay;
The summer thrush bids thee rejoice,
And wintry robin's dearer lay.

Sweet flower! how happy dost thou seem
'Mid parching heat, 'mid nipping frost:
While gath'ring beauty from each beam,
No hue, no grace of thine is lost!

Thus Hope, 'mid life's severest days,
Still smiles, still triumphs o'er despair:
Alike she lives in Pleasure's rays,
And cold Affliction's winter air.

Charmers alike in lordly bower,
And in the hermit's cell she glows;
The Poet's and the Lover's flower,
The bosom's Everlasting Rose!

—Poetical Scrap-Book.

SCOTCH DROVERS AT BARNET FAIR.

A FAIR is held annually at Barnet, on the great north road, in the vicinity of London, for the sale of cattle and horses collected in the north of England and in Scotland in the early part of the season. The fair for 1839 was well attended by purchasers, upwards of 45,000 head of cattle and 10,000 horses having changed owners. Since the introduction of steam-vessels to the northern parts of Scotland, especially in the Moray Firth, the transit of cattle to the metropolis has become a matter of easy accomplishment, but it will be a long period before journeys by land be superseded. It is a question if the old system be ever totally done away with, as the following description of the route and method of accomplishing it will show—besides, many of the cattle are purchased at markets in the interior of the country, and the easy progress of the animals in their journey southward improves their condition previous to their being submitted at the London market. The majority of the dealers who attend Barnet Fair, the great metropolitan market, generally reside in some of the rich and fertile counties on the borders of England and Scotland, and when the opening spring and genial April showers revive nature in all its beauteous forms, supplying with ample store of provision the sweet-smelling cows and their numerous progeny, these enterprising men proceed northwards, in some instances as far as the Kyle of Sutherland, before they commence operations. In their progress southward they visit the Muir of Ord, and collect as they proceed through the eastern parts of Inverness-shire and Nairn, Moray, Banff, and Aberdeen shires, the beautiful small Highland breed of cattle that had been purchased the previous season by the ever-active agriculturists of these districts. The markets are so excellently arranged throughout Scotland, that by the period of the dealers meeting at Falkirk Tryst they have generally collected a very large stock. The cattle are then formed into lots of about 1000 each, and entrusted to a number of Scottish drovers, and the dealer sees no more of them until he meets the whole at Barnet. The commencement of the journey is usually calculated from Keith, in Banffshire, that spot

being in a manner a key to the Highlands of the north of Scotland and the fertile plains of Morayshire. The journey from Keith to Barnet occupies thirty-four days, the average number of miles travelled each day being sixteen. The pay of a drover is two shillings per day and the expense of his bed. When he crosses the Tweed, he is allowed "night wages," to the amount of one shilling extra from the owner, and one shilling from the grazier who supplies food for the cattle. The amount realised by a drover for the whole journey is about £8, and from ten to fifteen shillings for return-money. The majority of the drovers return by land, in parties of twenty, and accomplish the distance in thirteen days, at an average expense of one shilling per day, including food and lodging. And yet one of these men, whose whole wardrobe would not fetch fourpence in Rosemary-lane, is entrusted with from £700 to £800 to pay the expenses of the food required by the cattle, and the tolls to be passed during their journey. The number of Scottish drovers who visit Barnet fair annually is about 1500. Last year about 300 thimble-riggers were present, and, by sleight of hand, succeeded in winning a large sum from them. This would have been a sad tale to tell their wives and friends in the north, and but a poor excuse for the loss of their hard won earnings; they therefore watched the motions of the pea and thimble gentry, and being convinced that cheating was the order of the day, on a given signal they surrounded the thimble-riggers, and compelled them to return them all their money. A gentleman residing in the neighbourhood, who was present on the occasion, was so well pleased with the thrashing the gamblers got, that he gave the Scotsmen three sovereigns to purchase beer.—*Correspondent of the Inverness Herald.*

A "DIET."

While at Presburg, I attended two sittings of the assembled diet, and had to ask myself whether it was really a meeting of deputies entrusted with important duties, or merely a comedy. At all events, it was a chaotic scene, in which every one spoke at the top of his voice, and used his elbows lustily, but in which a very small minority knew either what they were doing or what they were about to do. It was performed in a large hall, in the middle of which was a table covered with green baize; on this were strewn the hats, sticks, and papers of the honourable members. At one end was a sort of stage as in a theatre; here sat the president and secretaries, surrounded by folios containing the laws of the country, and behind them, or by their side, sat a number of deputies, generally speaking, those who do not belong to the opposition. The others sat at long tables in the body of the room, where they are surrounded by a crowd of reporters, who assist them on occasion in shouting; these are young men who are studying the law, or preparing themselves for the service of the state; they all wear the Hungarian national dress, and each has a sabre hanging by his side. They are of noble families, and their throats when they exert them have considerable weight in discussion. At the entrance of the hall the space is occupied by as many spectators as can crowd in: there is also a gallery for the public. Sometimes there is such a mob of spectators at the entrance, that the deputies cannot get in, and have to remain standing outside the door. They can make no effectual complaint, for it is first come first served, and those who are the earliest in getting into the chamber, whether they be deputies or not, keep their places the whole day if they please. Thus it is impossible to say of a Hungarian member of parliament that he was in his place, inasmuch as place he has none, and he never sits down at all. When the hall is filled, there is a murmur like that in a bee-hive. Then the president shouts *hajuk!* (hear!), which is echoed by all present; but the noise continues equally loud until some member of the opposition commences a bitter attack on some particular law, or makes a general charge against the government; this is the signal for profound silence, which is now and then interrupted by a menacing *hajuk!* or by a thundering *eljen!* (vivat!) When an unpopular deputy rises to reply, one expects from the fierce expression with which he is universally regarded, and from the huge mustachios and altogether military appearance of the crowds opposed to him, that he will either have to make a sudden exit at one of the windows, or that, if his arguments should be particularly cutting, sabres will be drawn to meet them. But nothing of the kind occurs; the assembly separates peaceably after the necessary quantity of parliamentary demonstration has been performed by both parties; and they whose patriotic excitement has been roused to an extraordinary pitch by the discussion, adjourn to a tavern in order to vent it.—*The European, No. 11.*

A NEW LIGHT.

An interesting experiment was made at Bordeaux a short time ago, in the presence of the mayor, on the husks of grapes, when pressed, and the lees of wine, in order to show their use for the purpose of lighting. A pound of the dried husks put into a red-hot retort gave in seven minutes two hundred litres of carburetted hydrogen gas, free from smell, and which burnt with an intense light, and free from smoke. A second experiment with the dried lees was equally satisfactory.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

ARTIFICIAL IVORY.

Certain parties in Sheffield lately obtained a patent for the making of a substance so nearly resembling ivory, and so applicable to all the purposes of that valuable material, that it is almost impossible to detect the difference. In one instance, a working cutler had a quantity of scales given out to him, consisting partly of the fictitious compound and partly of ivory, and he used them in hasting his knives, and returned his work without discovering the difference. We understand, also, that an imitation of tortoise-shell is prepared and in use, which for some purposes is little inferior to some varieties of the real article.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

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CONNECTION OF DISTANT AGES BY THE LIVES OF INDIVIDUALS.*

EVENTS which we are now accustomed to regard as remote, are brought strangely before us—into our very presence, as it were—when we hear of persons still living, or but just dead, who were connected with them, or whose fathers were. There is a feeling respecting time and its events which is curiously pleased when a connection is thus established between ourselves living in the present young world, and those who acted in some of the older and more romantic, or it may be ruder worlds, which seem to us to have long passed away. We behold a surviving denizen of those elder ages with a kind of awe, as considering him a being not exactly like ourselves; and we cannot even read of the death of such a person in the newspapers, without feeling that a very different kind of event is there recorded from what we find in the adjacent columns.

When M. Talleyrand came a few years ago as ambassador to England, he unavoidably became an object of curiosity on account of his connection with events long become matter of history. On his appearing on a state occasion in the House of Lords, crowds rushed to see the yet living and breathing man who sat with Mirabeau and Bailly in the States-General, in 1789. The books now appear old in which the youth of Britain read of the early career of the ex-Bishop of Autun; yet here was the man still in public life, with his eye as black and bright as ever. Even more interesting it must have been for an English or American visitor of Paris, three or four years ago, to see LAFAYETTE—not only the same Lafayette who, as commander of the National Guard, kissed the hand of Marie Antoinette on the balcony of Versailles, on the terrific 6th of October, and thereby saved her and her family from an enraged populace, but the companion in arms of Washington and Rochambeau many years before that event. The French Revolution is now a tale half a century old, and most of those who figured in it perished amidst its tremendous violences; yet a few of the main actors still survive. A visitor of the city of Brussels may yet, we believe, see BARRERE—the associate of Robespierre and St Just, in the most sanguinary transactions of the period, and author of all the reports drawn up in name of the atrocious committee of safety, and laid before the Convention. He will see this man, and be at the same time informed that he has been employing his time latterly in writing a work *against capital punishments*! The mother of Bonaparte died so lately as February 1836—a lady who had mingled in and suffered from the wars of the Corsicans with the Genoese not long after the middle of the last century, and who was then for some months a fugitive amongst the mountains of her native land, when about to bring into the world the being destined to do every thing but subdue it.

Amongst old historical people still living in our own country, the Earl of Leicester is one of the most remarkable. As Mr Coke of Holkham, he represented the county of Norfolk in parliament in the year 1776. He has since then been constantly in parliament, and, as a peer, still is so. He may therefore be said to have been a member of the legislature for sixty-three years—a space of time which constitutes the extent of many lives, without their being looked upon as very short. Mr Adam, the Lord Chief Commissioner of the Scottish Jury Court, who died in February last, had been in parliament two years before Mr Coke—namely, in 1774. He survived his first entrance

into the House of Commons sixty-five years. These two men take us back to the days of Chatham. It was two years after Mr Coke, and four after Mr Adam, had entered the House of Commons, that the illustrious rival of Walpole made his celebrated *last appearance* in the House of Peers, to speak and vote against an address for the recognition of American independence—on which occasion "he entered the house in a rich suit of black velvet, a full wig, and wrapped in flannel to the knees"—"supported by his son William Pitt and his son-in-law Lord Mahon"—"looking emaciated"—but yet able to stand, with his hands resting on his crutches, and to deliver an address marked with his usual power, and which concluded in these impressive words: "My lords, I rejoice that the grave has not closed upon me, that I am still alive to lift up my voice against the dismemberment of this ancient and most noble monarchy;" soon after which he fell back in a fit, and was carried out of the house, to die thirty-four days after. How different were the ideas and maxims which ruled state affairs when Mr Coke began his parliamentary career, from what he must now see in operation! And how completely changed must the *personnel* of the political world be! He will scarcely now see around him, in Westminster, a single person who held any office or exercised any political function on the same spot sixty-three years ago. The recently deceased Earl of Lauderdale was another of these links between remote political eras. He and the present Mr Miller of Glenlee, who is still an acting judge in the Court of Session, were both in parliament in 1780. The Earl of Lauderdale and Mr Adam were the individuals who respectively moved in the different houses a revision of the judgment pronounced on the unfortunate Muir of Huntershill. It is also to be remembered of Mr Adam that he was present at the exhibitions which Mr Clerk of Eldin made in London, in 1780, of his new system of naval tactics, at which Sir Charles Douglas was also present, through whom it seems next to proved that that system became the means of gaining Rodney's great victory of April 12, 1782. Talking thus of the parliamentary men of the early part of George III.'s reign, reminds us that a daughter of Lord North survived at the beginning of the present year, to communicate to the world, in Lord Brougham's volume of "Characters," a most interesting and affecting account of her eminent father in his domestic capacity, exhibiting him in the unambitious serenity of a private gentleman's life, full of playfulness and good nature, and apparently the last man in the world who might have been expected to plunge a nation into war, or to keep it there.

It was only on the 16th of May last, that the newspapers announced the death of the Earl of Powis. Many would suppose this to be an ordinary nobleman, and his name would with them pass unregarded. But Lord Powis was no common person. He was the son of the very Robert Clive who established the British power in India—that "heaven-born general," as he was called by Chatham, who, going out as a clerk to India, illiterate, proud, poor, and irritable, nevertheless in a very few years rose to high military command, and performed such exploits as caused civilised nations to gaze at him in wonder across intervening oceans. It was the father of this newly deceased earl, who, so far back as 1744, when ordered to ask pardon of a secretary whom he had unjustly offended, and when afterwards in a forgiving spirit invited by that person to an entertainment, said, "No, sir; the governor did not command me to dine with you." It was the father of this newly deceased earl who, in 1768, with nine hundred European soldiers, and two thousand three

hundred native troops, fought and overthrew, at Plassey, a native army of fifty thousand foot, eighteen thousand horse, and fifty pieces of cannon, thereby laying the foundation of that mighty empire which has since been the source of such enormous wealth to Britain!

In August last, died at Cheltenham, Sir James Steuart, of Coltness, Baronet. This obituary notice would also be apt to pass unnoticed. Yet to those who know a little of, and feel some interest in, the domestic history of our own northern portion of the island, Sir James Steuart was a somewhat remarkable man. He was alive in 1745, though only, it is true, as an infant. His father, in the month of October in that memorable year, proceeded from Holyroodhouse as ambassador from Prince Charles Stuart to Louis XV. of France, in order to arrange for a French invasion, which was to have overturned the Hanoverian dynasty in Britain. Such strange things may the life of a single man bring into connection with our own peaceful age! Sir James's mother was sister to the Lord Elcho who acted a conspicuous part in the insurrection, and at Culloden is said to have entreated the Prince to charge with the wreck of his army against the too victorious troops of Cumberland. Sir James himself, this very old gentleman who died a few weeks ago at Cheltenham, was a friend of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu! She speaks of him in some of her letters as a fine young officer. She, it will be recollected, was born a subject of King William and Queen Mary! He was also a pet of the Duchess of Douglas, a singular specimen of the old world, who spoke broad Scotch, uttered all sorts of broad jokes, and never went out of her way for any body: this duchess's husband was made a duke at the Union in 1707, and fought on the government side at Sheriffmuir; transactions which appear almost resolved into ancient history. The former Sir James, the Prince's ambassador, was a man of vigorous talent, and wrote the first treatise of any importance in our language on political economy. Yet he was not exempt from superstitions, such as those which shaded the majestic intellect of Johnson, and from which perhaps no man of that age was altogether free. He had agreed with a youthful friend named Trotter, that whichever of them died first, should come back, if possible, to give an account of the other world to his surviving companion. A grove near Coltness House, in Lanarkshire, where they had often studied together in summer, was the place appointed for this re-appearance; that there might be no mistake or misapprehension, the hour was to be noon, and the deceased party was to come in the form and appearance he usually bore in life. Mr Trotter died, and for many years before his expatriation in 1745, Sir James went regularly at mid-day to the appointed place, in the hope of meeting his friend. Seventeen years of exile elapsed, during which his mind was engrossed by one of the most rationalising of all studies. Yet, when permitted by the clemency of George III. to return home, and resume possession of his paternal mansion, he had still the same feeling respecting his engagement with Mr Trotter. He resumed his meridian visits to the grove, and continued them to the end of his life, even when the gout had made him scarcely able to walk. He used to say, in apology, that we do not know enough of the world beyond the grave, to entitle us to say that it is impossible for one who has entered it to return to this terrestrial sphere. We must look with additional interest on the scarcely yet dried obituary notice of the last Sir James Steuart, when we find him connecting the present age with a tale savouring so much of—we may almost say—the seventeenth century. Does the grove of Coltness still

* An article somewhat like the present in its general scope, but altogether different in detail, appeared in the 51st number of the Journal.

exist! The estate, alas! has been sold to a mining company for its iron and coal. We would fear that, under its new circumstances, romantic associations respecting its surface may be little regarded. Yet it were worth while to take some care of the mansion and its "pertinents" of the five Sir James Steuarts of Coltness—all of whom were men of some eminence in the service of their country, though in different walks—the second being perhaps the most remarkable. He was a fellow-adventurer of William of Nassau in his voyage of November 1688, wrote his manifesto for Scotland, and after the successful achievement of the Revolution, became his Lord-Advocate (first officer of the executive) for that country. "Jamie Wylie" was the popular name of this statesman, on account of his dexterous movements amidst the troubled politics of that era; and that the name was not undeserved, one anecdote will show. In 1708, when the Chevalier St George was hovering on the Scottish coast with a French fleet, some one represented to Sir James that of course the man who wrote so important a paper for William could not but be in great danger—"Hoot," replied the old politician, "I'll e'en write his manifesto too!"

Of individuals who have long held possession of titles, the Duchess of Sutherland, who died in January last, was a remarkable example. She had been Countess of Sutherland, or *Banie Morar Chat*, as the Highlanders style a female representative of that great family, for seventy-four years. The succession was opened to her in her infancy by a lamentable accident. Her father, William Earl of Sutherland, an amiable young man, married to an equally amiable young woman, had two children, of whom the lately deceased duchess-countess was the younger. Lord Sutherland, coming up to the drawing-room one evening after dinner with a few friends, after having carried conviviality, as was the custom of that age, a little into excess, sportively took up his eldest daughter, and threw her high above his head—lost his hold, and allowed the infant to fall on the floor, whereby she received a hurt of which she died. Overwhelmed with grief, the young earl and his lady went to Bath, in the hope of regaining some degree of composure. He there caught a fever; in the course of which his lady attended him constantly for twenty-one days, and thus so completely exhausted an already shaken frame, that she died: he survived little more than a fortnight, and the corpses of this lately blooming pair, respectively thirty-one and twenty-six years of age, who had left Scotland in the possession of high honours, wealth, and all that the world can give, returned to it in one hearse, to be interred in one grave! A still more remarkable instance of the long possession of a peerage was furnished by the well-known Duke of Queensberry, who, at his death in 1810, had been in enjoyment of the title of Earl of March for eighty years except a few months. Mr Robert Craig of Riccarton, in Mid-Lothian, died in 1823, at the age of ninety-three: it was then a hundred and forty-two years since his full uncle, Thomas Craig, had acceded to the same property! Sir Robert Grierson of Rockhall, who died in August of the present year, had enjoyed his paternal estate for seventy-three years, and half-pay as an officer in the British army for three years more! This gentleman was supposed to have reached the extraordinary age (for a gentleman) of a hundred years. He also connected us moderns in a curious way with a distant historical era, for he was no more than grandson to Grierson of Lag, noted as a persecutor of the presbyterians in the reigns of the two last Stuarts.

Surprising as is this last circumstance, it yields in that respect to one stated a few months ago in the newspapers, namely, that there lives in Lancashire (the name and particular place have escaped us) a man whose father was a subject of the Commonwealth. The father, born in 1659, married in 1743, when eighty-four years of age, and soon after had this son, who is now ninety-five. Even this, again, is less wonderful than the circumstances stated in the following paragraph, which appeared in the Aberdeen Journal last summer:—"There is now living, in the vicinity of Aberdeen, a gentleman who can boast personal acquaintance with an individual who had seen and conversed with another, who actually had been present at the battle of Flodden Field! Marvellous as this may appear, it is not the less true. The gentleman to whom we allude was personally acquainted with the celebrated Peter Garden of Auchterless, who died in 1775, at the reputed age of 131, although there is reason to believe that he was several years older. Peter, in his younger days, was servant to Garden of Troup, whom he accompanied on a journey through the north of England, where he saw and conversed with the famous Henry Jenkins, who died in 1670, at the age of 169. Jenkins was born in 1501, and was of course twelve years of age at the battle of Flodden Field; and on that memorable occasion he bore arrows to an English nobleman, whom he served in the capacity of page! Our reason for thinking that Peter Garden was older than he is reported to have been, is this: There are still living individuals who knew Peter, and to whom he used to boast that he had served under Montrose, and been present at the fight of Fyvie. He used to say he was then a 'gey loun,' and page to Ogilvie of Forglan. He had a vivid recollection of the encounter, and of the personal appearance of Montrose. The battle of Fyvie was fought in the year 1644; and supposing that Peter

was then between ten and twelve years of age, he must have been at least 141 years old when he died." We may remark in addition that to remember Peter Garden is no great stretch of memory. One who died in 1775 may have surviving acquaintances for five-and-twenty years to come. How strange it will seem, about the year 1864, that there should be persons living who knew a man that had been present at a battle which took place in 1644, two hundred and twenty years before, and who had seen one that had been present at another battle a hundred and thirty-one years earlier, or distant three hundred and fifty-one years in all! When we think of such things, the ordinary laws of nature seem to have undergone some partial relaxation; and the dust of ancient times almost becomes living flesh before our eyes.

Here we conclude for the present this chapter of old-world gossip, spun almost at random, and chiefly from memory, out of a mind which loves such things, not for their quaintness, but because it sees in them a sentiment of an elevated and refined nature. The past is certainly one of the materials of poetry. Its men and its modes may have had their imperfections; but time smooths all these away, and when we look back beyond our own age, we see only what is calculated to delight the imagination and engage the affections. For this reason we would be disposed to encourage a feeling for the past, and should be glad if any effort of ours, however humble, should be attended in any degree with that effect.

ANECDOTES OF FEMALES IN DEPRESSED CIRCUMSTANCES.

THE sufferings of woman in this world of ours are peculiar, and greater than the generality of people, who look only on the surface of things, seem to have any just conception of. The conventional rules which hold society in voluntary bondage, press hard on the gentler part of creation, in many respects, of which every one is cognisant; but, in other points, woman endures much in secret and silence, displaying a patient and unostentatious fortitude more truly heroic than most of the actions which receive from us that misused appellation. In the secluded walks and nooks of life, there are at all times numerous females, young and old, who bear, with virtuous resignation, such toils and privations as would in most instances drive impatient man to vice and crime, and who will thus suffer on, even to the death, without a murmur or complaint; while, at the same time, the training to which the sex is ordinarily subjected, and the strict and exclusive regulations which hem them in on all sides, neither provide nor admit of any escape from a position so depressing and unfortunate. A thousand sources of employ and subsistence are open to man. Very different is the case with woman; and the consequence is an amount of suffering and sorrow, which, being seldom obtruded on its notice, the world in general has but little idea of.

Some years ago, a well-educated individual, named Galley, went with a civil commission to the East Indies, whence, after no long residence, he returned with considerable wealth, and two very young children, a boy and a girl, the deep tint of whose skins indicated that their mother had been of a coloured race. Respecting the birth of these young persons he observed a profound silence. He placed them under the care of humble though decent people in a country village, and there he left them. The two poor little foreigners, for such they were in appearance at least, won the affections of those around them, and were happy with each other, till the father came and took away the boy. This was a great grief to the sister, and it remained so to her all her days, for she never saw her brother more, nor did she ever learn what became of him. She remained in the country till she reached the age of womanhood, scarcely ever hearing from her parent, who had taken up his residence in one of our larger towns, and had married a lady of family and wealth. Catherine Galley, for that was the name borne by the young girl, received an education of a humble kind, and was instructed, as she grew up, in dress-making, being told that her bread was to be gained by her own exertions. And, accordingly, when she reached the age of twenty-one or twenty-two, her father sent her a small sum of money, coldly advising her at the same time to remove to the metropolis, and endeavour there to establish herself in the trade she had learned. He told her also to expect no further help from him, and to "write to him no more."

Miss Galley obeyed his desire, and removed to the metropolis, where she took a respectable lodging, and commenced business as a dressmaker. The adventure was one of little promise, as the reader may readily imagine. Although, considering her opportunities, Miss Galley was an intelligent girl, she was totally ignorant of the world, unskilled in the ways of acquiring and securing a town business, and devoid of

both friends and acquaintances. Most assiduously did she apply for employment; but few gave her any occupation, and her means were insufficient for her humble maintenance. Her funds were nearly all expended at the outset on the furniture and other things necessary for her abode; and, accordingly, within a short time after her entrance into it, it became the scene of privation and suffering. To none but the unfortunate inmate herself, and partially to the old woman who brought her the necessaries required for sustaining life, were the secret hardships of that habitation known. Yet the gentle creature never murmured, though many a day passed without almost a morsel crossing her lips, and though her best fare, at any time, was such in kind and quantity as scarcely even the poorest in this country are condemned to. At last Miss Galley was reluctantly compelled to write to her father, who was living in the midst of ease and abundance, and part of whose fortune, if one may judge from the rapid way in which it was acquired, was probably derived through her mother. This ought to have given weight to the daughter's claims, even if the father, on his own part, did not hold himself bound to attend to his child's welfare. But the letter was unanswered, and such was the fate, also, of one or two other applications which Miss Galley found herself necessitated to make.

Things grew rapidly worse with the subject of our story, and the evil of declining health was added to the other misfortunes that surrounded her. This prevented her from making exertions which the extremity of her distress might have led to; though, under any circumstances, her total unacquaintance with a town life in a measure closed against her even the very few avenues by which a decent subsistence could have been gained by one like her. Can a more touching picture be imagined than that of this poor young creature, sitting alone in her noiseless home, without friends, and almost without food, in the midst of a rich and populous city, pining hourly under the pressure of want and sickness, and listening ever in vain for the step of some one to bring her temporary occupation and temporary relief! She did often hear footsteps on her stair, but they all passed to some more fortunate neighbour, some one who had friends to speak to, and to receive support from. One day, when Miss Galley was almost sinking into broken-hearted despair, being then without a penny in the world, and having not a morsel in her dwelling, a lady called upon her, and spoke about work. But this was only the ostensible cause for the visit. In a few minutes the lady disclosed herself to be the step-mother of Miss Galley, or at least the present wife of her father. She had accidentally seen one of the letters written by the unfortunate girl, and, being a woman of good dispositions, had taken advantage of a visit to some of her friends to call on Miss Galley. The wan and wasted appearance of the latter moved the visitor to tears; but unfortunately her husband was to her a master rather than a husband, and kept her so straitened in pecuniary matters, that it was out of her power to bestow much more than her pity. She gave Miss Galley the little sum which she could command, and said that while she lived she would be a friend to her. But earthly friendship was not long required. Still patient, still uncomplaining, the poor coloured girl faded away by degrees. In her latter days, her case became known to one or two people, who gave some attention to her wants. But the help came too late to do her essential good. She died, and those who saw her believed that mere want had killed her. The consolation of her last moments, as it had been of her term of trial, was religion, and the trust arising from innocence of heart and life.

This is no imaginary, and we fear, no uncommon case, for the circumstances in which Miss Galley was placed are but those of too many females. A father or a brother dies, and leaves a woman dependent on her own exertions. She has recourse to her needle, and if unsuccessful in earning a livelihood thus, she has nothing but want before her. This is at least the case as education and other matters are at present ordered, with almost all in the middle and humbler classes of society. The evil may not be susceptible of an entire cure, but, as was suggested in an article on the Employment of Females in an earlier number of this periodical, much might be done towards its diminution.

We do not wish, however, to trouble the reader with a long moral here, but in place of this, will relate to him another anecdote, suggested to us by its slight similarity in some points to the preceding case, though the issue was different, and indeed remarkably so.

Pauline de Meulan, a young lady of good family in Paris, was deprived of the friends who had brought her up, and was compelled to look out for some source of support for herself. She had received a good education, and, having a taste for literature, made an attempt to gain her bread by the use of her pen. She sent various little stories and other contributions to several of the newspapers, but all her pieces were too long or too short, too grave or too light—any thing, in short, but entitled to reception. Had Pauline not possessed uncommon energies, as well as uncommon abilities, she would have found it impossible to fight her way through the briary path that leads to literary success. Many a time and oft, in her solitary chamber, she would cast down her pen in despairing lassitude, but the difficulty of seeing any better mode of maintenance made her always lift it anew, with revived determination. Her efforts were

at length rewarded with something like success. Her essays found favour with the managers of the periodical paper called the *Publiciste*, and she became a regular contributor to its pages, being paid for her labours in such a manner as to maintain herself in comparative comfort. She became even the object of considerable notice, and was occasionally an invited member of the literary soirées so common among the Parisians. At M. Suard's, in particular, a well-known member of the world of literature, Pauline met and mingled with many of the rising people of talent, male and female, in the French metropolis.

Things continued thus until Pauline fell ill, and became unable to send her contributions as usual to the *Publiciste*. Unluckily for her, the capital supplied too many young persons of literary ability to make the cessation of her labours a matter of much consequence to the people with whom she communicated. She was sensible of this, and her sickness was harassed by fears of indigence and distress. But at this moment, a kind though unknown assistant stepped in to relieve her terrors, and save her from falling a prey to the evils in prospect. One morning, while musing sadly on her state, she received a packet, which proved, on being opened, to contain a contribution, in her own line and manner, for the *Publiciste*. It was accompanied by a note, in which the writer stated his intention to send her a similar paper at regular intervals, hoping at the same time that they might be accepted in place of her own, until she was well enough to resume her tasks. The handwriting of the note and paper were unknown to Pauline, and she could form no guess who was their author. The promise made was fulfilled, however. Articles of a fitting kind were regularly sent, and they procured for the young invalid, from the conductors of the *Publiciste*, the same remuneration which her own toils had produced. All necessary comforts were thus assured to her in her illness, and she recovered that health which distress of mind might otherwise have aided to keep back.

Pauline's correspondent dropped his labours when she was enabled to resume her own. It may be imagined that her mind dwelt much on this circumstance, and that she longed to know and thank her benefactor. She was not long left in the dark. A pale and slender young man, with a mild and expressive countenance, called upon her, and modestly revealed himself as her unknown assistant. He was immediately recognised by the young contributor of the *Publiciste* as one whom she had seen at M. Suard's, and who had won for himself the repute of being one of the most promising young men of the day. He also had seen her at M. Suard's, and it was from no common feelings that he had been induced to act as has been related. After their first interview, they saw each other again and again, and Pauline soon learned to reciprocate the affection which the other had already conceived for her. They were married. At this day they live happily with each other; and while the husband fills one of the highest places in the senate and literature of his country, the wife, while holding no ignoble station also in the world of letters, is elevated high among the matrons of France. Reader, the parties of whom we have been speaking, are Monsieur and Madame Guizot. The "Letters on Education" and other works of the latter show her to be a worthy partner of a statesman and historian so distinguished as M. Guizot.

EXCURSION ACROSS VAN DIEMAN'S LAND.

It was some time in the month of September or October, I forget which, that my official duties took me from Launceston, on the north side of Van Dieman's Land, to explore the source of a river; a journey involving the necessity of passing over a chain of rugged mountains. My equipment consisted of four prisoners as servants, with a cart and six bullocks to carry my tent and provisions. I shall never forget the delight I felt in the anticipation of this journey; the service was new to me, and I entered upon it with an enthusiasm, which would have induced me to contend with any difficulties that might have presented themselves, and I was forewarned that I should have many of no ordinary aspect to cope with. A friend had volunteered to accompany me, but an unexpected circumstance prevented my having the pleasure of his society. To prepare for the journey, I had to go to Launceston to procure the necessary supplies of provisions, &c., which occasioned a few days' delay: these, however, were spent pleasantly enough, for by the kindness of the police magistrate and a few others, I was prevented from passing the time gloomily by myself in my tent.

Having completed my arrangements the night previous to my departure, I retired to rest in my tent, intending to start early the following morning; but on being called, I discovered that my temporary abode had been entered during the night, my boxes removed and ransacked, and the case of spirits and tobacco supplied by the government for the use of the men, had been

taken away. Suspicion fell upon one of the government servants, from the circumstance of his pipe, which was easily recognised from its peculiarity, being found near the boxes. Although this was not sufficient to convict him of being concerned in the robbery, he was sentenced to receive fifty lashes, and to serve a month in the chain-gangs, for being absent without leave; and thus I got rid of a troublesome and dangerous servant before I started, but it occasioned a further delay of another day. It was a daring adventure, whoever the thieves might be, for it was well known that I had a double-barrelled gun and a sword by my bed-side, upon which I could put my hand in an instant; but the night was boisterous and windy, and the constant flapping of the drapery of the tent prevented my paying attention to any noise that might have been made in the removal of the boxes, and of that they availed themselves.

My first day's journey was about twelve miles, through an uninteresting and gloomy forest, the termination of which brought me to the banks of a rapid river, the South Esk. Here the country opened, displaying the most lovely prospects. Beautiful plains expanded along the vale through which the river flowed, cultivated here and there, and speckled over by the cottages of the enterprising colonists. These plains were terminated by a forest clothed with an ever-green foliage, stretching in all directions; whilst high ranges of mountains rose in the distance, running east and west, till they apparently faded into thin air.

A little above where I crossed the river, it was joined by another, which I had to follow into the mountains. This stream is more sluggish than the first, and continues so till it turns suddenly to the westward, where it is also joined by another river equally sluggish, or even more so. The stream then increases in rapidity as we approach the mountains, when it runs over a succession of rapids or falls, with abrupt mountains rising on both sides. To the foot of the mountains my route was through a most beautiful and naturally fertile country, the capabilities of which were gradually being developed by the industry of the settler.

I had occasion to pitch my tent for a few days at a settler's hut, which is worth describing, but it is difficult adequately to convey what I there witnessed. In the first place, there were the settler and his wife, he a well-educated man, belonging, when in England, to the higher class of farmers, and she an amiable and accomplished woman. They had nine fine healthy children, but wild as young colts. The residence of this family was, what is there called, a "wattle and dab hut." It had formerly been the domicile of a stock-keeper; the farmer, finding it on the land when he took possession of his grant, adopted it as his residence, and spent in it the remainder of his life. It was a hut of one room only, of about twelve feet by sixteen, in which the whole family ate, drank, and slept, and all the cooking and other domestic operations were performed. The floor was of clay, worn into holes by the daily treading and occasional sweeping it received. The chimney was spacious, and constructed of rough stones about three feet up, and finished by sods. The door was a few split palings nailed together, and the spaces for the two windows were stopped with sheep-skins. The roof was covered with the bark of trees, whilst the "dab" had more or less disappeared from all parts of the building. Take it for all in all, I witnessed in this abode of wretchedness more of discomfort than I hope I shall ever meet with again. It is quite impossible to convey what there presented itself, and it has made such an indelible impression on my mind, that nothing but death can ever efface it.

Determined to avoid the error into which many of the settlers had fallen in the commencement of their colonial career, by launching into expenses beyond their means, this individual had adopted the opposite extreme, and the consequences were likewise fatal, for the wife became disgusted and indifferent to the fate of herself and family; the children were almost of necessity the companions of the prisoner servants, and, as a matter of course, became familiar with and participators of their vicious practices; and I have but little doubt that, had not the establishment been broken up by the death of the father about four years afterwards, which determined the mother to return to England with her children, some of the sons would have been the inmates of the penal settlement, whilst the daughters would probably have been degraded to a worse fate.

A journey of a few miles from this spot brought

me to the foot of a range of mountains, the very aspect of which seemed to bid defiance to any attempt to cross them with a bullock-cart laden as mine was, for hill above hill rose in succession, all of them apparently with sides nearly vertical. It being desirable, however, that I should proceed by this route, we prepared to make the ascent. The first and second rises were surmounted with difficulty, but without any occurrence worthy of note, the distance being probably about a mile and a half. To the inexperienced, the passage over these two hills would have appeared insurmountable; they were indeed formidable, strewn as they were with dead timber of various dimensions.

Our first day's success filled us with confidence as to the future, whilst the various good qualities of the bullocks were the theme of the bullock-drivers and the men, each of them being particularised in some way or other according to the character and success of the animal. Duke and his mate were excellent for a steady pull at a pinch, whilst there were none like Major and Blackbird in the pole. "Up or down hill, it was all the same to them; they were the bullocks that would draw."

It ought to be borne in mind, that bullock-drivers, on all ordinary occasions, are in the habit of making a more liberal use of the whip than is necessary—for the purpose, I imagine, of showing their skill and dexterity in cracking it, as well as to enforce the respect of the unfortunate animals. But on occasions in which difficulties are encountered, the noise that they make by the cracking of the whip, the calling and hallooing to the bullocks, is augmented to a degree that can scarcely be credited.

On the following morning we were again on the move early, but we soon discovered that my horse had wandered from us during the night, and some of the men were dispatched to look for him, with instructions to go as far back as the hut which I have described; when, should they not be successful, they were to return to me, which they did without either hearing or seeing anything of him. The bullocks were now yoked, and again the labours of the day commenced. Passing over three or four short and steep rises, about eleven o'clock we came to a high rocky hill, studded over with the huge trees that every where abound in these mountains, many of which had fallen, either from the effects of age or the ravages of fire, which occasionally spreads through the whole extent of these heights. The side of the hill was covered with them, which, with the underwood growing amongst them, together with the steep acclivity, made us contemplate the chance of success with feelings almost amounting to despair. We halted, and took the bullocks out to rest them for a couple of hours, for they were somewhat jaded by the exertions they had already made. In the mean time, I sent the men to the right and left to examine and ascertain whether a more practicable route could not be discovered, but without success.

Our next task was to reconnoitre and determine the line of ascent, and to remove from it as much of the fallen timber as we could; this being done, we again advanced, creeping up the hill by slow degrees, taking first the right hand and then the left, to save the ascent as much as possible. Every exertion was necessary on the part of myself and the men to prevent the cart rolling over, and in spite of all our endeavours it upset twice before we got to the top of the hill, and when we stopped to let the bullocks take a little breath, there was a difficulty in preventing the cart running back again, although one of the men was in readiness to block the wheel with a large stone.

About two-thirds of the way up, the hill was so steep that the bullocks refused for a length of time to face it, and we deemed it expedient to take them out to afford them a little rest. It had the desired effect. We then unloaded the cart, and carried the luggage up the rise on our backs. The distance might be about eighty or a hundred yards, but, short as it was, it took an hour and a half to get the bullocks and the empty cart up. It was after sunset before we got to the top of the hill, when we were too much tired and exhausted to take the trouble of pitching the tents; we therefore satisfied our appetites with bread and tea, wrapped ourselves in our blankets, and lay down in front of a good fire, where we slept soundly through the night, till we were aroused at daybreak by the notes of the black magpie and crow.

We were not long at our toilet or our breakfast when we were again on our march, invigorated by the hope that the labours of this day would terminate our difficulties, which we imagined would be the case from the general appearances around us.

We had not travelled more than an hour, when the steepness of the ascent again compelled us to unload the cart, and to toil up the hill with the packages on our backs; after which, with one upset, we conquered the difficulty of getting the cart up also.

This delay over, we found our track more level, but we met with disagreeables of another kind; for we had to pass over occasional steep rises, between which rills of water had worn channels, varying in width from one to two yards, which occasioned us the labour of filling them with dead timber, and making a secure footing for the bullocks with boughs, well filled in with earth.

Between two of these rises, however, the land was flatter, which occasioned the water to spread over a wider surface, rendering it soft and swampy. Although we took every precaution to prevent the bullocks and the wheels of the cart from sinking in, by placing a coat of green boughs and long grass, they sank at almost every

step, and we had not gone many yards, when one of the wheels stuck so suddenly, that the cart was upset, nearly killing one of the men, whose life was only preserved by a bunch of swamp grass and sedge, which prevented the load from crushing him to death.

Our first object naturally was to extricate the man, and then to unload the cart; when thus lightened, the bullocks were again yoked, but the ground was so poached by the treading of the bullocks, that we had proceeded but a few yards when the pole-bullocks sank to their bellies, and in plunging to extricate themselves, the pole snapped in two.

This was a perplexing disaster; it was impossible to replace the pole, and the only alternative was to send one of the bullock-drivers back to Launceston for another cart, a distance of five and thirty miles, ourselves meantime to remain in anxious inactivity. The remainder of the day was employed in getting the cart out of the swamp, lashing the pole with splinters above and below the fracture, after the fashion of setting a man's arm, carrying our luggage to a dry situation, and pitching our tents. On no one day did we retire to rest more fatigued and disheartened than on this, which had dawned upon us so full of hope. The next morning I sent two of the men with a bullock-driver back to Launceston, and during their absence we employed ourselves in forming a causeway, and going ahead to determine the best track to follow when we should resume our journey.

It was a little past noon on the fourth day from their departure, that our ears were gladdened by the well-known cracking of the whip, which re-echoed in the mountains, and came to us more welcome than the sweetest music. Not long after the driver made his appearance with a fresh cart and two additional bullocks. We now set out afresh; we encountered one more steep hill, which we surmounted with difficulty, but without any accident, and in the afternoon of the second day descended into the "Regent's Plains."

These plains are not very extensive, but diversified as they are by clumps of trees, and the river meandering through them, they have a park-like and particularly cheerful aspect, especially to one who has been buried for days in the gloom of vast forests. They are surrounded on all sides by mountains, covered to their very summits with varieties of the eucalyptus, and other evergreens, presenting to the eye a mass of the most magnificent foliage.

There is but one *practical* entrance into this beautiful and secluded valley, for that by which I came could not be termed such, and the direction in which I had to proceed could not be by this route; I at length ventured on taking the opening at the foot of the mountains, as it appeared to offer the best chance of an easy passage through them. After a couple of days' fatigue, our whole party fortunately reached the flat country beyond these mountain passes. My journey was now through extensive undulating plains bounded by forests. By an intricate and rather circuitous route, I came, at the end of two days, to the shores of Lake Arthur, the scenery about which is picturesque and beautiful. Valleys branch off from it in various directions, intercepted by hills covered with timber jutting down to the water's edge, with lofty and rugged mountains in the distance. The lake itself is extensive, about 5000 acres; the water clear as crystal, and free from weeds. Black swans are seen floating in flocks on its surface, wild ducks abound, whilst the solitary crane is seen here and there patiently waiting for its prey.

It was on the evening of the third or fourth day after I had encamped in this beautiful and romantic situation, that I was returning a little before sunset after a hard day's work, with two of my men, one of whom had loitered behind a considerable distance. The day had been and still continued very windy, and I observed from a distance that the sides of the tent fluttered in the breeze, which I supposed originated in the neglect of the men left in charge. But I was soon made aware of the real cause. Two strangers advanced to me; they were armed, but that did not excite my suspicion or distrust, for it is customary for travellers in the bush to carry their guns. I thought it therefore probable that they were colonists, in search of a tract of land on which to locate themselves, or constables in search of the bush-rangers Brady and McCabe, two desperate characters, who were then at large.

The strangers approached me till within about fifteen yards, or less, when they presented their guns, and ordered me to stand. They then told me who they were; uttering the names of the two dreaded bush-rangers, but at the same time assuring me that no personal violence would be offered, unless I resisted them. Unarmed as I was, it would have been folly to have thought of such a thing; I therefore yielded to circumstances, and became their prisoner.

They then tied the hands of the men who were with me, and of the other also, who came up a few minutes afterwards, searched me, took from me my watch, and marched us up to the tent, where I found the bullock-driver and tent-keeper bound and made fast. They had plundered my tent of every thing—clothes, provisions, and fire-arms. They were then dressed in my apparel, but, with the exception to this aggression, they were civil, and communicative with respect to the circumstances in which they were placed. They said they were very miserable—that their life was one of constant anxiety—that every man's hand was against them—that a twig in the forest could not fall, nor a kangaroo move, but they were filled with the dread of coming in collision with the parties of soldiers and constables who were dispersed in all parts of the colony in search of them. At my earnest solicitation they returned my watch to me, and after some little time longer, Brady remarked, that as I had had a long day's work, I must be both tired and hungry, and that therefore I had better partake of that which he had made my tent-keeper cook for me, to which I gladly assented, and made as hearty and comfortable a dinner as might be expected under such circumstances.

They remained about two hours after my return, when they departed, taking with them one of my men to assist in carrying their spoils. They left me sufficient provisions to take me to the nearest stock-keeper's hut, where I procured a supply of flour and sugar for the remainder of my journey. And thus terminated this expedition, for I reached Hobart Town without meeting with any other occurrence of interest.

THE SICK-CHAMBER.

IN passing along, when we see the street at a particular place carefully covered over with bark or straw, to deaden the jarring sound of passing carts and carriages, and observe the close blinds and muffled door, we cannot help thinking of the still and comfortable, though it may be sad and sorrowful, sick-room, and contrasting it with the many poorer and less comfortable abodes of sickness and poverty, too often to be found near. Yet, a little art, and attention, and method, may make even the most humble sick-room comfortable; and without these, the most splendid apartment will be but a place of restlessness and loathing. In the first place, then, if possible, a well-aired apartment, of moderate dimensions, should be chosen, containing no more pieces of furniture than what are absolutely necessary for use. All lumber and loose articles should be carefully removed. A medium temperature is the first requisite to be attended to. Accordingly, in hot summer weather a proper ventilation should be made, by opening a window from above, if possible, and occasionally the door partly so as to produce a temporary current; avoiding, however, this current immediately where the patient is lying. In extremely hot and dry weather, the wood-work of the window may be sponged frequently with water, or a wet cloth may be hung up at the opening where the air enters. In cases of fever, where the utmost coolness is of importance, such expedients will be found of the utmost consequence; and ice, or iced water, when it can be procured, may be freely used in the sick apartment for sponging the hands, face, and head. In winter, on the other hand, the chief object must be to keep the sick-room of a grateful temperature. It should seldom be below 50 degrees of the thermometer, and for this purpose either a stove or open fire should be used. There is something exceedingly heart-cheering in a clear-burning fire in a sick-chamber; besides the heat it imparts, its lively effect upon the senses, and its ventilating power in constantly renewing the air in the sick-chamber, render it preferable to almost any other mode of procuring warmth. A clear-burning fire of coke or charcoal is the best, increased or diminished according to the temperature required. In large apartments, however, and under certain circumstances, a stove may be advisable. The Arnot stove, or any other of similar construction, may be used, taking care that a proper ventilation is at the same time employed, and that the air of the apartment is not rendered too dry; for an over-dry air is by no means wholesome. To obviate this, a shallow basin containing some water may be placed on the top of the stove, so that a gradual evaporation shall take place. In all affections of the chest, the regulation of the temperature of the sleeping and sitting apartments is of the greatest consequence; for this purpose, rooms with double window sashes, or storm-window blinds and sides, are admirable. By storm-windows are meant window-shutters made like Venetian blinds, to open or shut as the state of the weather requires. Temporary ones may readily be made of deals; and as wood is a bad conductor of heat, the thicker the deal the better. The bed-curtains of the sick-bed should be of the simplest and lightest construction; indeed, where the windows of the room can be darkened by curtains, the less of them on the bed the better. In all cases attended with fever, and increased heat of the system, a mattress is preferable to down or feather beds, and neither in health nor sickness should such beds be used of a too soft or yielding nature; a bed moderately elastic, but which does not yield to the body so as to become hollow and depressed, is the best. Smooth cotton sheets are at all times preferable to linen, and they should be frequently changed. In febrile diseases, and in hot weather especially, two beds are highly grateful to the patient, one being cooled and aired, while the other is occupied, according to the suggestions of Dr Franklin. These beds may be either in the same or adjoining rooms; a sofa may suit very well for one of the temporary changes. Where the patient is confined to one bed, an agreeable way of airing it is occasionally to lift up the bed-clothes, by grasping them in the middle, raising them gently so as that the air may enter at the sides without uncovering the patient, and then letting them down, and forcing out all the heated air. This process may be once or twice repeated. The utmost cleanliness is also essential in a sick-room. Water should always be at hand, and the sponge freely and frequently used. Every thing offensive should be instantly removed.

A little aromatic vinegar, or lavender water, or other perfume, may be employed, according as they are grateful to the sick person, but these should never be employed to disguise odours that would otherwise be offensive. To neutralise all unpleasant odours, the following wash should be employed in every department of the sick-room:—Take an ounce of chlorate of lime, and dissolve it in a gallon of water, or about one drachm to a pint, and keep it closely corked. The floor, wood-work, and all parts of the sick-room, may be sponged with this, with the exception of metals and coloured cottons or cotton clothes. Although the smell of this solution may at first be offensive, it will soon pass off, and leave the air of the apartment perfectly sweet and purified, it being at the same time perfectly harmless to the invalid. In cases of contagion, it is of the utmost consequence frequently to use this lotion. The sick-nurse should be one of gentle, patient, and assiduous habits—sober, watchful, and methodical; in short, one out of a thousand—a being formed by nature with accomplishments for the office, and which station even the anxiety and love and solicitude of the tenderest relations will not always fit them for. One person should have the sole direction in the sick-room, and it should on no occasion be crowded by strangers, whose conversations and unsuitable remarks and vitiating breathings are all circumstances of much annoyance. The room should at all times be kept still, moderately lighted, or darkened altogether, as occasion may require. A vessel with hot water, and a glass of toast and water, and other cooling drinks, should always be at hand. A common beer bottle filled with hot water, well corked, and a piece of stout linen or leather tied over the cork, will be a convenient application when warmth for the feet or any part of the body is required; or a bag of hot sand, or a heated brick rolled in flannel, may be substituted. In applying hot fomentations, a piece of stout coarse flannel is to be dipped in the fluid, and wrung hard out, and immediately applied to the part. The necessary medicines should be laid aside, so as that they may be readily found, and not confusedly mixed with each other, so as to cause serious mistakes in administering medicine, as well as food and drink. Particular care should be taken to have every article employed in a state of perfect cleanness; nothing is so disgusting to a sick person as any violations of this sort. Some of the various simple contrivances for obtaining a light during the night should always be at hand, and a rush candle so placed that it may be readily found.

These directions may seem minute and trifling to some, but without their observance the bed of sickness becomes under all circumstances a bed of solitary privation; while, if strictly followed out, even the greatest afflictions may be soothed and alleviated. We have somewhere read of the pleasures of sickness; and no doubt, under judicious management, even disease may be productive of enjoyments. It is seldom, indeed, that man suffers unmitigated afflictions. Even a "fever's burning rage" may have its intervals of intense pleasurable sensations. After a restless and perturbed night, when a thousand frightful fancies have continually broken in upon the hours of accustomed sleep, how grateful to doze away the noon in a cool and secluded and perfectly peaceful apartment, where scarce an irritating ray of light or heat is permitted to enter—where there is no sound but the occasional buzz of a wandering house-fly, or the cautious tip-toe step of the angel nurse! The icy water has cooled the throbbing head and the burning palms, the fresh-changed sheets smell of wild thyme, and carry the fancy to the daisied knoll beside the purring country brook where they were washed and bleached in the sun—the sounds of the busy world without only come so faintly to the ear, as to remind you of the bustle and turmoil of ordinary life, from which you seem isolated and sublimed; the body is weak and reduced, and almost incapable of motion, but the mind is active with a thousand fancies; many past scenes of life now come up vividly before you—long walks with dear friends amid beautiful scenes—snatches of poetry and simple tales of the affections buried and lost amid the cares of the world—all now throng the busy sensorium. Then a state of gradual convalescence brings new varieties every day—the first getting out of bed—the first sight of green fields and waving trees—the congratulations of kind friends—the keen appetite, and the gradual progress from slops to solid food, joined to the overflows of gratitude and thankfulness, and ease of a restored nature—all serve to encircle as with a halo the past pangs of sickness, and make the entrance at last to the every day bustle of the world be looked upon with something approaching to regret.

Before concluding, however, we must offer a few remarks and cautions to the convalescent. After recovering from sickness, especially if this has been severe and protracted, be cautious in again resuming your ordinary habits. You are enfeebled and emaciated, and the powers of life have suffered great depression; be cautious, therefore, in keeping up a due warmth, both by clothing and the keeping your apartment till the animal vigour is so far restored. When you do go out, let it be at first for a short time, and in the warmest part of the finest day. Keep moving while out, and on the first indications of lassitude, return to the house; avoid sitting long motionless in the open air, and, above all things, avoid the damp and chills of evening. We have frequently seen

the pale emaciated convalescent shivering even in the noonday breeze, and frequently returning, after a too long and incautious exposure, to experience a relapse of his malady, more serious than the first. It is, no doubt, an exquisite enjoyment to drink in the pure air, and enjoy the glories of earth and sky, after having inhabited a gloomy room for weeks together, and fed on drugs, under a fever's burning agony; but beware of indulging too much of even this simple enjoyment, until you gain strength to do so with impunity. In the next place, although your appetite may be keen, and though you think and dream of beefsteaks and roasted chicken as of enjoyments more than kingly, recollect that your stomach and digestion are yet weak and impaired, and that your system must be renovated by gradual and moderate means. Eat little at a time, then, and let your food be of that nature suited to your particular condition. If you eat little at a meal, you may be allowed to repeat this gratification oftener in the course of the day than health is accustomed to. It will be advisable, also, to strengthen your system with food a little while before you take your exercise. When you find your shrivelled flesh again swelling out to its usual dimensions, your nails becoming red, instead of the pale blue or yellow colour of sickness, and your skin of a shining rosy hue of health, you may then, and then only, with impunity resume your ordinary habits, and bid adieu, with a grateful heart for your recovery, to the sick-chamber.

SMOKE.

SMOKE! the very word is enough: it is always associated with recollections of nature in a state of pollution, and of feelings oppressed, tortured, and stupefied, by all that is odious and unsightly. We see, in idea, the dingy clouds issuing in substantial volumes from the summits of tall brick chimnies, first shooting in perpendicular columns, as if spouted from the craters of volcanoes, and then lazily—quite at their ease—wending away in mid-air, and dissolving in showers of culm over the streets, the house tops, the gardens, the clothes, nay, into the very mouths of the people. All this is seen and felt in what are called manufacturing towns. We have never envied the inhabitants of these places, although assured that they all make great lots of money. We should much rather prefer a crust with a clear bracing atmosphere—

“Health in the breeze and shelter in the storm”—

on one of the picturesque eminences of our own ancient town, than a fortune with smoke—smoke to look upon, smoke to breathe, smoke to eat, drink, and sleep amongst, all day and all night; smoke never ending—bating a clear moment on Sunday—and so at last be choked, die outright, and sink into a grave over which clouds of smoke are to roll and blacken till the final day of doom. The idea is horrid. No! Our mind is made up. We could not live in a manufacturing town.

So much for the mere burlesque of the thing. The subject, fortunately, is open to treatment in a different manner. Essential as fuel is to the arrangements of manufacturing towns, there is no reason why the inhabitants should not endeavour to get rid of smoke. It is not the smoke that makes the money. The smoke is rather so much money flying away and vanishing into air. In the case of smoke from steam-boats, the money is literally thrown in the sea—just so much valuable material sunk in the ocean. How, it may be asked, can these things be? That is easily explained. Smoke consists of infinitely small unburnt particles of coal, which are carried upward along with the ascending heated air from the fire; as long as the united mass retains its heat, the smoke is seen to rise in a compact body; but when the heat is withdrawn by coming in contact with the cool external atmosphere, the particles of coal, no longer supported, fall by their natural gravity to the earth. In this manner a certain quantity of every portion of coal put into a fire or furnace, is blown away in an unburnt condition; and thus we have two great evils—a loss of fuel, alias money, and our atmosphere polluted to a most unwholesome degree. If all the coal were collected which falls daily in the form of culm in the streets of Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool, Birmingham, London, and other manufacturing cities, and re-cemented into solid heaps, a saving of many thousands of cart-loads would be effected. In an economical point of view, this is a subject deserving serious consideration.

Various plans have been proposed and tried for consuming the smoke of furnaces, and so saving the portion of fuel now blown into the atmosphere, but few have been of practical utility, in consequence either of their complex arrangement, or of the loss incurred—the cost of working the process being more than all the saving which could be effected. This latter substantial reason, whether well or ill founded, has generally disinclined proprietors of steam-engines from attempting any plan by which their smoke might be consumed. Thus the inhabitants of manufacturing towns continue to be smoked and discomforted. At length a plan has been devised which we seriously think likely to prove effectual in consuming the smoke of steam-engine fires, and saving fuel at the same time. The plan, which is that of Mr Ivison, usually called “Ivison's Smoke-Consuming Apparatus,” has already been some time before the public, and was described in the 349th number of the Journal, but without that confidence in its efficiency which we are now inclined

to entertain. It has lately been tried in connection with a steam-boiler on the premises from which this work proceeds, and we have thus had an opportunity of satisfying ourselves, from personal observation, of the utility of the plan. The furnace usually employed for steam-boilers consists, as is generally known, of a long narrow fire between brick sides, the whole length of the boiler, with an iron door in front to open occasionally for throwing in coal; the air to the fire is admitted partly by this door, but chiefly from the ash-pit beneath. In order to create a sufficient draught, as well as to carry off the smoke, a tall chimney is erected near the farther end of the furnace. Such, in most instances, is the strength of this draught—a strength requisite in order to keep the fire clear—that the smoke is hurried quickly along the surface of the fire, and gets into the chimney in a dense unconsumed volume. But it is not the draught alone that causes this: if the smoke were to lag over the fire, it would not burn, because there is a deficiency of oxygen (or the ingredient in the atmosphere that supports combustion); the whole that is admitted going to the fire, and the smoke thus wanting the necessary supply of this material, the flame of the furnace cannot possibly operate upon it. An artificial means of admitting oxygen, so as to enable the flame of the furnace to attack and destroy the smoke, is, we believe, the basis of all smoke-consuming apparatuses.

The principle of Ivison's patent is the discharge, above the fuel, of steam, either of high or low pressure, and the quantity of which does not appear to exceed the proportion of one per cent. of that generated and used for the purposes of an engine. The steam is discharged in the following manner:—A small iron pipe is brought from the top of the boiler down in front to the top of the door of the furnace, and then is projected forward close to the roof of the furnace below the boiler, and terminates, at a certain distance, in the form of a fan. This fan-shaped extremity is perforated with small holes, from which the steam is discharged in a rushing invisible shower upon the smoke as it rises from the coal. By a steam cock upon the pipe at the furnace door, the discharge can be regulated, or altogether stopped. The pipe, where exposed to the open air, is covered with a coating of some kind, to prevent the loss of heat. By the manner in which the apparatus is regulated, the discharge does not act as a blast to the fire, for that would cause an increased consumption of fuel; it acts, as we have said, on the smoke or products of the furnace; and thus, without increasing the combustion of coal, adds flame to the surface of the existing fire; in other words, consumes the smoke, and gives an additional heat to the boiler.

The due working of the apparatus depends on admitting into the furnace, above the fuel, a certain quantity of air, either hot or cold, along with the steam; hot air being best for the purpose, it is employed in preference. A sheet-iron pipe of about two inches diameter is fixed in the building of the furnace, at each side of the door. These two pipes proceed from the outer air for six or eight feet along the upper sides of the flue, and returning backwards, terminate in the inside of the furnace behind the distributor. By this arrangement the air is heated, but not destroyed, before entering the fire, and so does not diminish the intensity of the combustion. What with the discharge of steam and hot air together in this manner, the draught is greatly increased, exclusive of all other results, and means must therefore be adopted for lessening it. This is done by keeping the door of the furnace and also the ash-pit shut; but if this does not answer the desired end, a small opening is made near the root of the chimney. On account of the increase of draught by the application of the patent, it is alleged that more beneficial results in the saving of fuel are obtained from chimnies of small than of large dimensions.

Such is Ivison's smoke-consuming apparatus, as it has been applied to the furnace of the steam-engine which moves our printing machinery. The cost of applying it was a mere trifle, and so likewise was the licence given by the patentee. We have now had it in use for about two months. It effectually consumes the smoke. The only times that smoke is visible are when the fire is lighted, and when the door is opened to shovel in the fuel; in the one case the steam is not raised, and in the other the draught becomes so great as to prevent the due working of the apparatus. At all other times, if proper care be taken, the smoke is consumed, and it is seldom that there is any visible fume at the top of the chimney.

The great question remains as to the saving of fuel. We reckon in our own case that we can make the coal formerly required for twenty-four hours' work, serve for twenty-six (or perhaps a little more), which gives a saving of fully eight per cent. This, of course, is the estimate after allowing for the waste of steam by the discharge. We do not think it of importance to calculate what is the proportion of steam consumed by the apparatus; it is quite enough for us to know how much we save on the whole, and that, as we say, is at least eight per cent. Our boiler is calculated for a six horse high-pressure engine, but works one of four horse, and at the same time gives steam sufficient to heat a suite of capacious premises five stories in height. As no great quantity of coal is required for such a small apparatus, and as we work only during the day, the actual saving in money is only a few shillings per week; this, however,

is a point of inferior importance, as the main object in view was to remove any ground of complaint by the Commissioners of Police on the subject of the smoke, and we are quite satisfied to find, so far as we are enabled to speak from experience on a matter so important both to the comfort of the public and to economy, that that end at least has been accomplished.

Various experiments, as we perceive from the public prints, have been performed on Ivison's apparatus by scientific and other gentlemen, and with a success more determinate than that which we are able to narrate. The following table, copied from an Edinburgh newspaper, shows the result of a number of experiments detailed below, and certified respectively by Professors Forbes and Trail, Dr Fyfe, Messrs Slight, Hamilton, and Dougall, engineers, and others.* The experiments were performed with common Scotch coal. In the table, the results are also stated in reference to English caking coal.

EXPERIMENTS.	lbs. water to 1 lb. of Scotch coal.	lbs. water to 1 lb. of English coal.	lbs. English coal to cubic foot water, or horse power per hour.
FORMER METHODS—			
Watt's average	5.55	7.4	8.4
United Mines' Loam. (Ed. Phil. Jour. July 1839),	6.9	9.58	6.23
Parke of Warwick's method, Huel Towan (Ed. Phil. Jour. July 1839),	7.72	10.32	6.03
M. Henwood's former experiment,	7.91	10.55	5.9
Ivison's—	8.9	11.87	5.32
Average of eight experiments, certified April 13, 1839,	11.41	15.21	4.00
Average of two experiments, certified May 10, 1839,	13.94	18.58	3.35
Average of twelve workings, certified July 1839,	13.25	17.66	3.52
Maximum result of ditto,	14.72	19.62	3.12
Average of the four preceding lines,	13.13	17.96	3.46

Unless some very extraordinary fallacy shall be found to lurk under these experimental results, as well as in the manifestations of our apparatus, the world may be congratulated on having at length discovered a simple and profitable plan of relieving itself from the nuisance of smoke from engine chimnies. The inhabitants of manufacturing towns may now expect ere long to breathe the fresh air of heaven, instead of the murky fluid which they have hitherto been inhaling; while processes of manufacture may be introduced, without any anticipatory horrors, into those seats of population from which, till the present time, they have been excluded.

SPECIMENS OF THE ENGLISH SONNET WRITERS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

SPECIMENS of the sonnet, from the works of those of our older writers who most successfully cultivated this variety of poetical composition, were presented to the reader in a recent number. The view was carried down to the age of Drummond, whose principal successor in this department of verse was one deserving of most especial notice. Milton, indeed, in whose hands, as Wordsworth grandly says, “the thing became a trumpet,” has strong claims to be pronounced the best sonnet-writer in the English language. The severe correctness and majestic melody of his style, and the elevated character of his thoughts, obviously fitted him for success in this species of poetical composition, and accordingly we have a few specimens from his pen, which leave it a subject of lasting regret that he did not extend their numbers—“soul-animating strains—alas, too few!” That which we quote, besides its other merits, is interesting as exhibiting the noble consolations wherewith the heavy dispensation that fell on Milton in his latter years was softened and soothed. It is addressed to Cyriac Skinner, the poet's friend:—

Cyriac, this three years' day these eyes, though clear,
To outward view, of blemish or of spot,
Bereft of light, their seeing have forgot;
Nor to their idle orbs doth sight appear
Of sun, or moon, or star, throughout the year,
Or man, or woman. Yet I argue not
Against heav'n's hand or will, nor bate a jot
Of heart or hope; but still bear up, and steer
Right onward. What supports me? dost thou ask;
The conscience, friend, to 've lost them overpy'd
In liberty's defence, my noble task,
Of which all Europe talks from side to side.
This thought might lead me through the world's vain mask,
Content though blind, had I no better guide.

Milton had no immediate followers of much note in sonnet-writing. After a considerable interval, Gray produced a few pieces of this order, but was not so successful as might have been anticipated from the polished precision of his ordinary style. We cannot

* There are various other certified reports of experiments, but or these we cannot afford room. Individuals interested in the question can have no difficulty in procuring every kind of information from W. Bell, Esq. W. R. 8, Queen Street, Edinburgh, who grants licence for working the patent.

give a more favourable sample of his powers in this department than the one annexed.

In vain to me the smiling mornings shine,
And reddening Phœbus lifts his golden fire:
The birds in vain their amorous descant join,
Or cheerful fields resume their green attire:
These ears, alas! for other notes repine,
A different object do these eyes require:
My lonely anguish melts no heart but mine;
And in my breast the imperfect joys expire.
Yet morning smiles the busy race to cheer,
And new-born pleasure brings to happier men:
The fields, too, all their wonted tribute bear:
To warn their youthful loves the birds complain.
I fruitless mourn to him who cannot hear,
And weep the more, because I weep in vain.

Thomas Warton, a writer of very similar taste to that of Gray, produced a number of sonnets which Hazlitt preferred to any in the language. The sonnet to the river Lodon will afford a fair specimen of his powers and style:—

Ah! what a weary race my feet have run,
Since first I trod thy banks with alders crown'd,
And thought my way was all through fairy ground,
Beneath thy azure sky and golden sun:
Where first my muse to lip her notes began!
While pensive memory traces back the round,
Which fills the varied interval between:
Much pleasure, more of sorrow, marks the scene.
Sweet native stream! those skies and suns so pure
No more return, to cheer my evening road!
Yet still one joy remains, that not obscure,
Nor useless, all my vacant days have flow'd,
From youth's gay dawn to manhood's prime mature;
Nor with the muse's laurel unbestow'd.

This, like all Warton's pieces, is sweet and pleasing poetry, but since his days our literature has been enriched with so many fine specimens of the sonnet, that justice, and a wish for variety, require us to pass on to others. Mrs Charlotte Smith, a lady of great talents and many misfortunes, was in her day a popular sonnet-writer, and not undeserving to be so, as the following two pieces, the one on "Spring," and the other on the "Glow-worm," will satisfactorily show:—

The garlands fade that Spring so lately wove,
Each simple flower which she had nursed in dew,
Anemones that spangled every grove,
The primrose wan, and harebell milidly blue.
No more shall violets linger in the dell,
Or purple orchis variegates the plain,
Till Spring again shall call forth every bell,
And dress with humid hands her wreaths again.
Ah, poor humanity! so frail, so fair,
Are the fond visions of thy early day,
Till tyrant passion, and corrosive care,
Bid all thy fairy colours fade away!
Another May now buds and flowers shall bring:
Ah! why has Happiness no second Spring!

When, on some balmy-breathing night of Spring,
The happy child, to whom the world is new,
Pursues the evening moth of mealy wing,
Or from the heath-bell beats the sparkling dew;
He sees, before his inexperienced eyes,
The brilliant Glow-worm, like a meteor, shine
On the turf-bank; amazed and pleased, he cries,
"Star of the dewy grass, I make thee mine!"
Then, ere he sleep, collects the moistened flower,
And bids soft leaves his glittering prize enfold,
And dreams that fairy lamps illumine his bower;
But with the morning shudders to behold
His lucid treasure rayless as the dust;
So turn the World's bright joys to cold and blank disgust!

The Rev. W. Lisle Bowles has been a voluminous writer in the department of verse now under consideration, and his pieces have been deservedly admired. There is such an equality of merit about them, however, that, from one example, a pretty complete idea may be formed of the general merits of his style. The River Itchin has been honoured by the address subjoined:—

Itchin, when I behold thy banks again,
Thy crumbling margin, and thy silver breast,
On which the self-same tints yet seem to rest,
Why feels my heart the shivering sense of pain?
Is it, that many a summer's day has past
Since, in life's morn, I carolled on thy side?
Is it, that oft since then my heart has sighed
As youth and hope's delusive gleams flew fast?
Is it, that those who circled on thy shore,
Companions of my youth, now meet no more?
Whate'er the cause, upon thy banks I bend
Sorrowing, yet feel such solace at my heart,
As at the meeting of some long lost friend,
From whom, in happier hours, we wept to part.

Coleridge assigned to the sonnets of Bowles, who is one of the oldest poets now living, the high honour of having attracted him to poetry, and soothed his hours of care, in his early years. This is no mean eulogy.

John Keats composed a few, a very few sonnets, of a most powerful and original cast—as, indeed, all his productions were. One, written on the occasion of the author's first perusal of old Chapman's masterly translation of Homer, we commend to the best attention of the reader, and would have him to look at it more than once, as the perfectness of its beauties only dawns on one's mind by slow degrees.

Much have I travelled in the realms of old,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been,
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told,
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene,
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies,
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

Nothing could be more perfect than the two closing similes, or than the last line, which to us has an effect

at once fine and indescribable. Keats has been usually called a pupil of Leigh Hunt, but in the two or three sonnets which the latter has written, he seems rather to have been the imitator of his younger brother in the muse. The beauty of the following very finished sonnet is of the same order as that which distinguishes most of those of Keats. It is on a "Lock of Milton's Hair":—

It lies before me there, and my own breath
Stirs its thin outer threads, as though beside
The living head I stood in honoured pride,
Talking of lovely things which conquer death,
Perhaps he pressed it once, or underneath
Ran his fine fingers, when he leant, blank-eyed,
And saw in fancy Adam and his bride
With their heaped locks, or his own Delphic wreath.
There seems a love in hair, though it be dead.
It is the gentlest yet the strongest thread
Of our frail plant—a blossom from the tree
Surviving the proud trunk; as though it said
"Patience and Gentleness is Power. In me
Behold affectionate eternity."

Many other bards have written good sonnets in our day, and we have purposely left to the last, one great sonnet-writer—the greatest, indeed, in many respects, who ever attempted this variety of verse. Others have given us beautiful poetry in this shape, but their pieces might often pass merely for so many lines extracted from some larger poem. They have formed no specific conception of the sonnet, as a thing requiring a peculiar style of thought and language. Wordsworth has adopted clearer views on this point, and carried them admirably into practice. Every one of his three hundred and odd sonnets is a unity, a thing complete in itself; so much so as to have, like Milton's, somewhat of a logical character—a proposition being first stated, then illustrated or established, and afterwards closed inductively. The variety of purposes, too, to which he has applied it, as we shall show by the arrangement of our examples, is wonderfully great. Even with the effusions of Milton, Shakspeare, and others before it, the world was still apt to regard the sonnet as a fit vehicle only for the disburdenment of any light casual thought, but it has been conclusively shown by Wordsworth to possess far higher capabilities, and has become "in his hands a trumpet" to awake the fervour of patriotism, an organ to arouse the spirit of devotion, and a rural pipe to excite our sympathies with the beauties of external nature. The subjoined specimens, taken from among many of equal excellence, will give an idea of what the poet of Rydal has made of the sonnet:—

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for every thing, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God, I'd rather be
A Pagan, suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreath'd horn.

SUBSTITUTES FOR PERSONAL TALK.

Wings have we—and as far as we can go
We may find pleasure: wilderness and wood,
Blank ocean and mere sky, support that mood
Which with the lofty sanctifies the low.
Dreams, books, are each a world; and books, we know,
Are a substantial world, both pure and good:
Round these, with tendrils strong as flesh and blood,
Our pastime and our happiness will grow.
There find I personal themes, a plenteous store,
Matter wherein right voluble I am,
To which I listen with a ready ear;
Two shall be named, pre-eminently dear—
The gentle lady married to the Moor:
And heavenly Una with her milk-white lamb.

These are examples of the simply moral and didactic powers of the sonnet in the hands of Wordsworth. As a vehicle for the portrayal of natural objects, the reader will admit it to be equally suitable, when he peeps in upon the charming picture of the Wild Duck's Nest:—

The imperial consort of the fairy-king
Owns not a sylvan bower, or gorgeous cell
With emerald floored, and with purpureal shell
Ceilinged and roofed, that is so fair a thing
As this low structure, for the tasks of Spring
Prepared by one who loves the buoyant swell
Of the brisk waves, yet here consents to dwell;
And spreads in steadfast peace her brooding wing.
Words cannot paint the o'ershadowing yew-tree bough.
And dimly-gleaming nest—a hollow crown
Of golden leaves inlaid with silver down,
Fine as the mother's softest plumes allow:
I gazed—and, self-accused while gazing, sighed
For human-kind, weak slaves of cumbrous pride.

Of the sonnets upon liberty, many of the best have been frequently quoted, but there is yet no difficulty in selection from the store. How much true wisdom there is in the following, and how amply was this proved by Napoleon's later history and end! It was composed in 1801:—

I grieved for Bonaparte, with a vain
And an unthinking grief! The tenderest mood
Of that man's mind—what can it be? what food
Fed his first hopes? what knowledge could he gain?
'Tis not in battles that from youth we train
The governor who must be wise and good,
And temper with the sternness of the brain
Thoughts motherly, and meek as womanhood.
Wisdom doth live with children round her knees:
Books, leisure, perfect freedom, and the talk
Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk
Of the mind's business: these are the degrees
By which true way doth mount; this is the stalk
True power doth grow on; and her rights are these.

While giving pleasure, we hope, by these poetical quotations to general readers, to whom the works of such a poet as Wordsworth are yet too little known, we have not been without an eye to the benefit of those numerous young folks—and there are many of them, we trust, among our readers—who innocently devote a leisure hour now and then to verse, and who are apt to fly to the sonnet as the easiest form of all. The path to success, as well as the difficulties (not light ones) that lie therein, have been alike shown to them here, by precept, and by example far better than precept; and we confidently anticipate that the poets' corners of the provincial papers will be none the worse in future for our humble endeavours to elucidate the true nature of sonnet-writing.

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

FETISHES—OBEEAH.

THE ancient superstitious belief in the power of talismans, amulets, phylacteries, and charms of all kinds, finds a parallel in modern times in the wide-spread reverence for fetishes. Over nearly the whole of Africa, part of Asia, and a number of the Polynesian and American islands—wherever mankind are most deeply sunk in ignorance—fetichism prevails, to the exclusion in a greater or less degree of right ideas on the subjects concerned.

The word *fetish* or *fetich*, which is believed to be from the Portuguese language, signifies any object in nature or art to which, by a process of consecration, a supernatural or divine power is supposed to have been communicated, and which is therefore deemed worthy of religious veneration and worship. A *fetish* is thus a kind of idol, or visible representation of deity, and may be ranked with the household gods and presiding genii of the Egyptians, Greeks, and other nations of antiquity. Amongst no people of the old or new world do we find fetichism brought to such perfection as amongst the negroes of Africa and the West Indies. These rude tribes have no rule to determine the kind or number of their fetishes; it is a matter of free choice, so that whim and accident, much more than any definite feeling, settle which shall be the revered objects of their hopes and fears. There are national, local, and private fetishes; and besides one which is the tutelary genius of every single individual, the negroes provide themselves with many others for particular purposes. Like the ancient inhabitants of Ethiopia, Nigritia, and Egypt, they often take along with them upon their journeys a living animal as a fetish, which is preserved with extraordinary care. Inasmuch, also, as the ancient Egyptians and their neighbours went to war on account of injury or insult to their gods—on one occasion there was a furious religious war between the cat and rat worshippers—so vindictive wars and dissensions spring up between negro tribes, if either maliciously or accidentally kill or injure a fetish of the other.

The Moors of Northern Africa, who, as Mahomedans, are opposed to the worship of idols, are attached to fetichism. They honour the fetishes as divine beings of an inferior rank, and carry them about their persons as amulets or charms. In Whiddah, and other parts of Africa, towards the south, a small insect, called the creeping leaf, is highly honoured; he who gets a sight of one considers it a happy omen, and he who kills one despairs of success; the serpent, also, is worshipped as a fetish in temples by priests set apart for the purpose. In Benin, fetishes are more numerous, and, in part, of an entirely different description. The whole material universe is believed to be animated and furnished with spiritual powers: water, land, animals, stones, trees, and vegetables of every description, are all full of divine spirits and secret influences. He who makes any eatable article his fetish, touches nothing of that sort whatever, whilst he consumes, without the slightest hesitation, what others consider holy. There is a depth and mystery in this superstition which cannot be very clearly understood. As far as can be reasonably conjectured, this species of fetichism implies a connection between the visible and invisible, and that every thing may by certain means be made to have a relation to man and his destiny. The quality of the thing arbitrarily set apart and invested with an attribute of divinity, is of no consequence; it may be a piece of bone, rag, egg shell, or clay, indeed no matter what; there must merely be a belief of a relation subsisting between it and man, which relation often commences only for the first time when the thing is consecrated; in a word, every thing properly consecrated and revered as the residence or tangible investiture of deity, is supposed to have a divine power, which, when evoked, is able to incline the Deity to comply with the wishes of men. Under different names, this superstitious reverence for visible objects has prevailed in all ages and countries. At Cape Coast there is a rock projecting into the sea, invested with the character of a fetish, and worshipped by the priests, who annually offer sacrifices to it, with ridiculous gestures and strange invocations. In the great temple of Mahomedanism at Mecca, there is a stone which is the object of unbounded respect and adoration. The Lacedaemonians had a sacred stone, which, at the sound of a trumpet, is said to have raised itself to the surface of the water from the bottom of the Eurotas. The ancient Germans and Gauls had also their holy rocks, caves, seas, springs, and trees, which afforded miraculous aid, and delivered oracles. In Iceland there was a stone in

which a divine spirit was supposed to reside, and was therefore an object of religious worship. The Laplanders had a sacred mountain and a consulting drum. All these superstitions are not a whit more respectable than the belief of the negroes in fetishism; they are, indeed, almost the same thing.

According to the visionary ideas of some ancient sages, a divinity was supposed to reside in matter, and to be liable to be roused from its latent state into activity, by means of consecration and the performance of solemn mysteries. The frequent consecrations, especially among the Roman emperors, are well known. Any place or frontier line which was menaced by an enemy, was carefully guarded by sacrifices on the spot, and the erection of statues as protecting deities. These arrangements had the effect of preventing the enemy from venturing too near the place which had been fetiched in this manner, and frequently deterred them from making any inroad across the frontier. There is little substantial difference between these superstitions and the delusions of modern fetishists. In some of the islands of the Pacific, if any person wishes to protect his property, such as a house, field, or place of sepulture, from robbery or intrusion, he declares that it is tabooed, or placed under the guardianship of his gods; and the belief that such is the case being universal, the property is safe from aggression. Mr Ellis, in his "Missionary Tour through Hawaii," mentions some interesting particulars regarding the superstitious delusions of the natives, which incline us to think that these remotely situated people must have had some early connection with the ancient natives of Asia and Africa, from whom the Greeks and Romans imported their learning and mythological observances. These Hawaiians, as we are told, previous to their embracing Christianity, believed in a number of ideal gods, who were ministered to by priests, and were propitiated by sacrifices of animals; in making these sacrifices, the diviners observed "the manner in which the victims expired, the appearance of the entrails, and other signs. Sometimes, when the animal was slain, they embowelled it, took out the spleen, and, holding it in their hands, offered their prayers. If they did not receive any answer, war was deferred. They also slept in the temple where the gods were kept, and after the war-god had revealed his will by a vision or dream, or some other supernatural means, they communicated it to the king and warriors, and war was either determined or relinquished accordingly." The images of the gods who constituted the guardians of the tabooed places of sepulture, are described as figures oddly carved in pieces of wood; these were stuck on the fences and trees of the enclosure, and with their horrid aspect and ragged garments, seemed no improper emblems of the system they were designed to support. Adjoining the sacred enclosure, the author was shown a *Pahu Tubu*, or city of refuge, which was open for the reception and security of all classes of delinquents, and resembling in its regulations the sanctuaries of antiquity. These, and some other circumstances, mentioned by Mr Ellis, open an interesting field for speculation on the probable connection of ancient and modern superstitions, or, at least, on the similarity of the delusions by which the untutored human being has in all ages been affected.

Fetichism has long been practised among the negroes of the West Indies, under the name of *Obeah* or *Obi*—a term most likely originating in Egypt and the adjacent parts of Africa, where anciently there was a deity of a demoniacal character with the name *Ob*, or *Oub*, and from which Moses commanded the Israelites to abstain from making inquiries. *Obi* is therefore one of the exploded oracles of the ancient world, which has been carried by captured negroes to the West Indies, and there set up as an oracle and the patron of incantations, charms, and all other superstitious delusions. The adepts who practise this kind of fetishism are called *Obeah-men*, or *Obeah-women*, for both sexes engage in the mysteries of the science, and the most noted for their skill and power are generally old negroes, living in a solitary manner in huts.

Mr Bryan Edwards, in his History of the West Indies, presents the following accounts of *Obeahism* and its professors, from authorities which he quotes:—

"As far as we are able to decide from our own experience and information when we lived in the island, and from the current testimony of all the negroes we have ever conversed with on the subject, the professors of *Obi* are, and always were, natives of Africa, and none other; and they have brought the science with them from thence to Jamaica, where it is so universally practised, that we believe there are few of the large estates possessing native Africans, which have not one or more of them. The oldest and most crafty are those who usually attract the greatest devotion and confidence; those whose hoary heads, and a somewhat peculiarly harsh and forbidding in their aspect, together with some skill in plants of the medical and poisonous species, have qualified them for successful imposition upon the weak and credulous. The negroes in general, whether Africans or Creoles, revere, consult, and fear them; to these oracles they resort, and with the most implicit faith, upon all occasions, whether for the cure of disorders, the obtaining revenge for injuries or insults, the conciliating of favour, the discovery and punishment of the thief or the adulterer, and the prediction of future events. The trade which these impostors carry on is extremely lucrative; they manufacture and sell their *Obeis*

adapted to the different cases and at different prices. A veil of mystery is studiously thrown over their incantations, to which the midnight hours are allotted, and every precaution is taken to conceal them from the knowledge and discovery of the white people. The deluded negroes, who thoroughly believe in their supernatural power, become the willing accomplices in this concealment, and the stoutest among them tremble at the very sight of the ragged bundle, the bottle, or the egg shells, which are stuck in the thatch or hung over the door of a hut, or upon the branch of a plantain tree, to deter marauders. In cases of poison, the natural effects of it are by the ignorant negroes ascribed entirely to the potent workings of *Obi*. The wiser negroes hesitate to reveal their suspicions, through a dread of incurring the terrible vengeance which is fulminated by the *Obeah-men* against any who should betray them; it is very difficult, therefore, for the white proprietor to distinguish the *Obeah professor* from any other negro upon his plantation; and so infatuated are the blacks in general, that but few instances occur of their having assumed courage enough to impeach these miscreants. With minds so firmly prepossessed, they no sooner find *Obi set for them* near the door of their houses, or in the path which leads to it, than they give themselves up for lost. When a negro is robbed of a fowl or a hog, he applies directly to the *Obeah man* or woman; it is then made known among his fellow blacks, that *Obi is set for the thief*; and as soon as the latter hears the dreadful news, his terrified imagination begins to work; no resource is left but in the superior skill of some more eminent *Obeah-man* of the neighbourhood, who may counteract the magical operations of the other; but if no one can be found of higher rank and ability, or if, after gaining such an ally, he should still fancy himself affected, he presently falls into a decline, under the incessant horror of impending calamities. The slightest painful sensation in the head, the bowels, or any other part, any casual loss or hurt, confirms his apprehensions, and he believes himself the devoted victim of an invisible and irresistible agency. Sleep, appetite, and cheerfulness, forsake him; his strength decays; his disturbed imagination is haunted without respite; his features wear the settled gloom of despondency: dirt, or any other unwholesome substance, becomes his only food; he contracts a morbid habit of body, and gradually sinks into the grave. The *Obi* is usually composed of a farrago of materials, most of which are enumerated in the Jamaica law, namely, 'Blood, feathers, parrots' beaks, dogs' teeth, alligators' teeth, broken bottles, grave dirt, rum, and egg shells.'

It may seem extraordinary, that a practice alleged to be so frequent in Jamaica should not have received an earlier check from the legislature. The truth is, that the skill of some negroes in the art of poisoning has been noticed ever since the colonists became much acquainted with them. Sloane and Barham, who practised physic in Jamaica in the last century, have mentioned particular instances of it. The secret and insidious manner in which this crime is generally perpetrated, makes the legal proof of it extremely difficult. Suspicions therefore have been frequent, but detections rare: these murderers have sometimes been brought to justice, but it is reasonable to believe that a far greater number have escaped with impunity. In regard to the other and more common tricks of *Obi*, such as hanging up feathers, bottles, egg shells, &c. in order to intimidate negroes of a thievish disposition from plundering huts, hog-sties, or provision grounds, these were laughed at by the white inhabitants as harmless stratagems, contrived by the more sagacious, for deterring the more simple and superstitious blacks, and serving for much the same purpose as the scarecrows which are in general used among our English farmers and gardeners. But in the year 1760, when a very formidable insurrection of the Koromantyn or Gold Coast negroes broke out in the parish of St Mary, and spread through almost every other district of the island, an old Koromantyn negro, the chief instigator and oracle of the insurgents in that parish, who had administered the fetish or solemn oath to the conspirators, and furnished them with a magical preparation which was to render them invulnerable, was fortunately apprehended, convicted, and hung up with all his feathers and trumperies about him; and his execution struck the insurgents with a general panic, from which they never afterwards recovered. The examinations which were taken at that period first opened the eyes of the public to the very dangerous tendency of the *Obeah* practices, and gave birth to the law which was then enacted for their suppression and punishment. But neither the terror of this law, the strict investigation which has ever since been made after the professors of *Obi*, nor the many examples of those who from time to time have been hanged or transported, have hitherto produced the desired effect. We conclude, therefore, that either this sect, like others in the world, has flourished under persecution, or that fresh supplies are annually introduced from the African seminaries.

The following (continues Mr Edwards) is a narrative respecting *Obi* from a planter in Jamaica, a gentleman of the strictest veracity, who is now in London [this was twenty years ago], and ready to attest the truth of it.

Upon returning to Jamaica in the year 1775, he found that a great many of his negroes had died during his absence, and that of such as remained alive,

at least one half were debilitated, bloated, and in a very deplorable condition. The mortality continued after his arrival, and frequently two or three were buried in one day; others were taken ill, and began to decline under the same symptoms. All was done, by means of medicines, and the most careful nursing, to preserve the lives of the feeblest; but in spite of all his endeavours, this depopulation went on for above a twelvemonth longer, with more or less intermission, and without his being able to ascertain the real cause, though the *Obeah* practice was strongly suspected, as well by himself as by the doctor and other white persons upon the plantation, as it was known to have been very common in that part of the island, and particularly among the negroes of the Papaw or Popo country. Still he was unable to verify his suspicions, because the patients constantly denied their having any thing to do with persons of that order, or any knowledge of them. At length a negress, who had been ill for some time, came one day and informed him, that feeling it was impossible for her to live much longer, she thought herself bound in duty, before she died, to impart a very great secret, and acquaint him with the true cause of her disorder, in hopes that the disclosure might prove the means of stopping that mischief which had already swept away such a number of her fellow slaves. She proceeded to say, that her stepmother (a woman of the Popo country, above eighty years old, but still hale and active) had put *Obi upon her*, as she had also done upon those who had lately died, and that the old woman had practised *Obi* for as many years past as she could remember.

The other negroes of the plantation no sooner heard of this impeachment, than they ran in a body to their master, and confirmed the truth of it, adding, that she had carried on this business ever since her arrival from Africa, and was the terror of the whole neighbourhood. Upon this he repaired directly, with six white servants, to the old woman's house, and forcing the door open, observed the whole inside of the roof (which was of thatch), and every crevice of the walls, stuck with the implements of her trade, consisting of rags, feathers, bones of cats, and a thousand other articles. Examining further, a large earthen pot or jar, close covered, was found concealed under her bed. It contained a prodigious quantity of round balls of earth or clay of various dimensions, large and small, whitened on the outside, and variously compounded, some with hair and rags, or feathers of all sorts, and strongly bound with twine; others blended with the upper section of the skulls of cats, or stuck round with cats' teeth and claws, or with human or dogs' teeth, and some glass beads of different colours; there were also a great many egg shells filled with a viscous or gummy substance, the qualities of which he neglected to examine; and many little bags stuffed with a variety of articles, the particulars of which cannot at this distance of time be recollected. The house was instantly pulled down, and with the whole of its contents committed to the flames, amidst the general acclamations of all his other negroes. In regard to the old woman, he declined bringing her to trial under the law of the island, which would have punished her with death, but, from a principle of humanity, delivered her into the hands of a party of Spaniards, who (as she was thought capable of doing some trifling kind of work) were very glad to accept and carry her with them to Cuba. From the moment of her departure his negroes seemed all to be animated with new spirits, and the malady spread no further among them. The total of his losses in the course of about fifteen years preceding the discovery, and imputable solely to the *Obeah* practice, he estimates at least at one hundred negroes."

ANECDOTES OF THE APE AND ORANG.

THE great physiologist Blumenbach had one of the monkey tribe, whose movements and conduct he carefully watched for more than a year together. It came to manage the wood for the stove with great dexterity, and would put it in with as much judgment and economy as a cook-maid or a parsimonious spinster. This animal was very partial to the fire, like all other apes, and would occasionally singe himself, when he would sally forth and roll round about in the snow with all the ecstasy of a Russian after taking a warm vapour-bath at 180 degrees of heat. After enjoying this luxury for a time, he would return to his old quarters by the fire. He was often at the college, where he used to turn over and examine the specimens with a gravity and grimace which was quite irresistible. He once swallowed a lump of arsenic, large enough to have done the business of ten Kalmucks; but in him it produced only a trifling indisposition, and in a short while he was quite well again. A work on insects happened to lie for some time upon the table, and which our philosopher contemplated with solemn studiousness for about an hour. The illustrations particularly rivetted his attention: whether they awakened reminiscences of his former haunts, is unknown; but when the book came to be examined, it was discovered that with consummate address he had pinched out all the beetles of the large plates, and actually eaten them—it is supposed, mistaking them for real insects in some unknown state of preservation.

Some curious details are given in the Magazine of Natural History, of the habits of the Orang Outangs exhibited in the Egyptian Hall, London, in 1831. They were male and female, the former the Chimpanzee, and the latter the Borneo. In some respects they presented a marked contrast, and did not show the least tenderness of attachment to each other. The social habits of the Chimpanzee far exceeded those of the female. On first

approaching in a morning, or after being absent from him for a short time, he would utter a loud cry of recognition to the person whom he knew, and running towards him, would stand perfectly erect, spreading his arms like a child to be taken up, when he would wind them round the neck of the individual in the manner of the fondest embrace; nor was it an easy task for those to whom he was attached, to leave the room except by stealth. The instinct of providing and placing warm materials for her bed was most marked in the female, who would be for two hours dragging blankets from various parts of the room, smoothing and changing their position, and beating any raised part down with her knuckles, assuming at the same time a look of gravity and an appearance of wisdom. The hearing of both animals was remarkably acute, and the knowledge of sounds was accurately shown. They were in the daily habit of riding in a coach; and on being seated, before the vehicle moved, they would secure themselves by getting a firm grasp of the hold-ropes attached to the side of the coach. They also seemed to have a pretty good idea of time, for as the hour approached at which they were removed to their nightly residence, they would of their own accord get the blankets, and enfold themselves in readiness to depart; and if their removal was protracted beyond the usual time, it required force to prevent them from going to the door. The Chimpanzee having caught a cold, which ultimately caused his death, he had a violent cough that in sound was remarkably human; and as when a fit of coughing came on he was usually given some sweetmeat or cordial to stop it, he soon adopted the cough as a means of obtaining these luxuries. Really, those creatures who "ape humanity so," create in us strange, and by no means agreeable sensations about ourselves.

A STORY OF LYNCH LAW.

DETERMINING to try my fortune farther south, and seeing one day in the Richmond Inquirer an advertisement offering one hundred dollars reward for a runaway slave, I resolved to go in search of the individual described. With this view I rambled through the country, keeping a watch in out-of-the-way places, and looking very hard at all the negroes who passed. On the second day of my search, I reached a little village, which I will call Featherville. I had given up all hopes of attaining my object, and was sitting on a rock, with my chin resting on both hands, and my elbows on my knees, hungry and disconsolate, when a rough gripe was laid on each of my shoulders; and on attempting to rise, I was roughly prevented. On looking round, I saw that Judge Lynch, with his whole posse comitatus, had pounced upon me. With a skillful celerity they tied my hands behind me, and then, amid shouts and execrations, drove me towards the village square.

"My good friends," exclaimed I, "you are mistaken in the person—whom do you take me for? Let me ent-tr-tr"

My expostulations were abruptly broken off, by one of the foremost of my captors, whom I took to be his honour, gagging me with a handful of shavings. Finding it quite difficult to talk, after being supplied with this mouthful, I submissively held my peace. My amiable conductors dragged me towards an old poplar tree, and tied me to the trunk.

"Now, my lads," exclaimed his honour, with a horrid grin, rubbing his hands; "now, my lads, we'll show you a bipped with feathers. It can't be said now that the devil's to pay, and no pitch hot. Hand along the tar kettle, Mike, my lad; and, Jemmy Dicken, toss along that bag of feathers."

With a horrible alacrity these orders were obeyed. I tried to speak—to move—oh, the dastards! I was bound fast. I could not. I looked unutterable things. Dust was flung in my eyes. What could I do? I ground my teeth in agony, in wrath and in scorn. There is but one step from the farical to the tragical. Like imps of pandemonium, the good people of Featherville flocked round me, and beheld unmoved such tortures inflicted as an uncivilised Arab would weep to witness. The tar and the feathers were bestowed with a liberal hand. There was no lack of generosity in these articles. I believe they are both the natural productions of the state.

As soon as there was a cessation in the tender mercies of *Messieurs* the mob, I unlogged my right eye from the tar that surrounded it, and looked forth. On the slope of the opposite hill I noticed a horseman riding at full speed, and making vehement gestures towards the crowd. They were arrested in their valiant doings by these pantomimical appeals. In a few moments the rider arrived on the spot, and, dismounting, drew the judge aside, and communicated to him the intelligence with which he was charged. The result was, that his honour approached me, relieved my mouth of the shavings which he had thrust into it, and, untying my arms, told me "that I might go; that he believed there was some mistake, but that it was better that fifty innocent ones should suffer than that one guilty should escape; and that he took me for an abolitionist." The jury shouted acquiescence in the decision of the judge.

I attempted to speak, but could not—not that my heart was too full of gratitude for utterance, but because my lips were glued with the tar.

At the tavern at which I had casually stopped that morning, I had given my name as Andrew Jackson Smith. It seems that a trunk, with that name upon it, was received after my departure, and as it was tied with red tape, sealed with wax, the landlord remarked that "it was very mysterious."

"Very, indeed," echoed the editor of the Featherville Banner of Liberty, as he threw his tobacco quid away, and swallowed a mint julep.

"Upon my word, it's very odd," said the postmaster, trying the lock. "Landlord," continued he, "bring me a hammer and a chisel, and I'll take the responsibility, as the old gin'ral says. Amos will bear me out in it."

The hammer and chisel were brought, the trunk was forcibly opened, and in the dressing-case, carefully concealed under some soap and razors, was found a torn

page of a murderous print, published in New York, called the Emancipator.

"Treason!" shouted the postmaster, holding the scrap up to view.

"Bloody treason!" echoed the landlord. "What is it?"

"Lynch him," said the editor, lighting a cigar.

"Call the judge—call the judge," said the postmaster.

"Ay, ay," rejoined the editor, who, by the way, was a pig-eyed gentleman, rather slim and snugly dressed, with light eyebrows and hair—a blackguard in print, and a vulgarian out of print.

"Where is he?" "Who is he?"

"Is he here?" "Is he gone?"

"Where the deuce is he?"

These questions were poured in upon my host in rapid succession. He finally recollected that a wo-begone looking gentleman, in a suit of rusty black, had bought a loaf of bread of him that morning, and that his name corresponded with that on the trunk. You know the rest of my story. The whole village was soon at my heels, and I was regularly Lynched. It was afterwards ascertained that the trunk containing the incendiary article belonged to the son of an eminent slaveholder, whose name I had unwittingly borrowed.

The morning after this unpleasant affair, on taking up the Banner of Liberty, I read the following flattering version of the transaction:—

"A white man, of the name of Andrew Jackson Smith, was yesterday arrested on a writ issued by Judge Lynch. It seems that the suspicions of our vigilant postmaster were aroused by the singular appearance of Smith's trunk, and on breaking it open his worst conjectures were more than realised. It was found full of inflammable papers, Emancipators and Liberators, evidently intended for distribution among the slaves. On this being known, the people of the town, headed by his honour Judge Lynch, turned out in pursuit of the monster Smith. He was soon caught, and being brought into the village, was furnished gratis with a new coat—of tar and feathers—black turned up with white. The craven roared lustily during the operation, and manifested the most cowardly impatience. He has had a lesson which he will not soon forget.

P. S. We learn that it has been satisfactorily ascertained that Smith is innocent of the charges against him. We are glad of it. The man who would come here at this time to raise a rebellion, is unworthy the name and the respect of a man. He is, indeed, 'fit for murder, stratagem, and spoils.' We congratulate Mr Smith that the suspicions against him have proved to be unjust."

And this was all the satisfaction that I could obtain!—*New York Mirror.*

FOR EMIGRANTS.

For intending emigrants, the following is a good hint, well expressed:—"Before concluding this volume, the writer earnestly entreats that no one will be induced by it to leave his native land, unless, after a fearless examination of himself, he believes that he is in mind, body, habits, feelings, and estate, a fit person to persevere in so great a change. The country is beautiful, and the future prospects cheering; but he must remember, that it is a difficult, hard-working, matter-of-fact life, until he has established himself, built his house, and put land under proper cultivation, and his flocks and herds under the care of faithful and experienced men. Let him remember that it is a step, when once taken, not easily recalled, and that by steadiness, prudence, perseverance, and right application of his means, he must stand or fall."—*Ogle's Western Australia*, 1839.

REMARKABLE PETRIFYING SPRING.

There is probably no one unacquainted with the nature of what are called petrifying springs, fountains of water where plants, animals, &c. are changed into stone, the peculiar organic structure of the object being still distinctly marked in its strong similitude, "another, and the same," as the poet hath it. At Clermont, in the south of France, a place where mineral waters abound, there is a spring which possesses the power of petrification in a very extraordinary degree. Some years ago, when a learned professor of the name of Blanqui visited that quarter, there was an ox undergoing the process of transformation; and although the animal had begun to sit, or rather stand, for his statue only twelve months before, one half of him was already done into a stone monument! Several horses are said to be seen turned into monuments to themselves, and ornamenting in the capacity of statues the fields where they once pastured; whilst a collection of other quadrupeds, and of birds, fruits, and flowers, bear ample testimony to the formidable powers of this truly magic spring. There are many petrifying fountains in this country, but none whose powers at all approach that of Clermont. Even the renowned hot springs of Fumas must yield to it, although there also the process is carried on to a great extent. It may be mentioned, that the district around Clermont is mountainous and volcanic, and that the tuffa and ashes thrown out by eruptions which occurred antecedent to the historical era, contain an immense variety of the bones of animals of the quadruped class, as well as birds. Cuvier has described many of those remains as belonging to new or extinct species of the mastodon, elephant, hippopotamus, and so on.

PALM WINE.

This beverage, which is often mentioned by the ancients, is obtained by making an incision in the bark of the palm-tree, and inserting a quill or reed, through which the juice exudes. It is very pleasant to the taste, but powerfully intoxicating; and people in the East are frequently much amused by observing its effects on lizards, which, as soon as the tree is left by those who have been extracting the liquor, run up and suck it with eager delight. They soon become intoxicated, and in that state lie listless, looking up in the face of the spectator with a stupid stare. Parrots and other birds also sip the palm wine, but they seem to be proof against its effects, or else they are seasoned toppers, for none have ever been observed to be the worse for it.

ANCIENT INKS.

According to the Roman naturalist Pliny, and other authors, the basis of the ink used by ancient writers was formed of lamp-black, of the black taken from burnt ivory, and soot from furnaces and baths. Some have also supposed that the black liquor which the cuttle-fish yields was frequently employed. One thing is certain, that whatever were the component ingredients, from the blackness and solidity in the most ancient manuscripts, from an ink-stand found at Herculaneum, in which the ink appears as a thick oil, and from chemical analysis, the ink of antiquity was much more opaque, as well as encaustic, than that which is used in modern times. Inks of different colours were much in vogue; red, purple, blue, and gold and silver inks, were the principal varieties. The red was made from vermilion, cinnabar, and carmine; the purple from the murex; one kind of which, called the purple encaustic, was appropriated to the exclusive use of the emperors. Golden ink was much more popular amongst the Greeks than amongst the Romans. During the middle or dark ages, the manufacture both of it and of silver ink was an extensive and lucrative branch of trade, and the illuminated manuscripts which remain are a striking proof of the high degree of perfection to which the art was carried. The making of the inks themselves was a distinct business; another connected with it, and to which it owed its origin, was that of inscribing the titles, capitals, as well as emphatic words, in coloured and gold and silver inks.

VERSES ON THOMAS CLARKSON, BY L. E. L.

[These verses are from *Fisher's Drawing-room Scrap-Book for 1840*; a most superb volume of engravings, including portraits, views of Spanish and Asiatic scenery, and fancy subjects, with letter-press accompaniments chiefly poetical, the composition of the lamented L. E. L. and of our excellent friend Mary Howitt, into whose hands the task of editing this elegant work has very fitly fallen.]

Not to the many doth the earth
Owe what she hath of good;
The many would not stir life's depths,
And could not if they would.
It is some individual mind
That moves the common cause:
To single efforts England owes
Her knowledge, faith, and laws.

Too much by small low interests bound,
We track our selfish way,
Careless if hope to-day still takes
Its tone from yesterday.
We look upon our daily path,
We do not look beyond,
Forgetful of the brotherhood
In nature's mighty bond.

England, how glorious thine estate!
How lovely thine array!
Thou art the throned Island Queen,
Whom land and sea obey.
Responsible is power, and owns
The holiest debt on earth—
A strict account it owes that Heaven
From whence it had its birth.

Can such be rendered up by thee?
Does neither guilt nor shame—
Guilt to redress—shame to efface—
Shade thy imperial name?
Thou who dost ask for wealth and rule
Wherever rolls the sea,
Oh, Island Queen! how rests the claim
That millions have on thee?

And yet what grievous wrong is wrought,
Unnoticed and unknown,
Until some noble one stands forth,
And makes that wrong his own!
So stood he forth, who first denounced
The slave-trade's cursed gain;
Such call upon the human heart
Was never made in vain.

For generous impulses and strong
Within our nature lie:
Pity, and love, and sympathy
May sleep, but never die.
Thousands, awakened to the sense,
Have never since that time
Ceased to appeal to God and man
Against the work of crime.

The meanest hut that ever stood
Is yet a human home;
Why to a low and humble roof
Should the despoiler come?
Grant they are ignorant and weak,
We were ourselves the same:
If they are children, let them have
A child's imploring claim.

The husband parted from the wife,
The mother from the child—
Thousands within a single year,
From land and home exiled.
For what?—to labour without hope,
Beneath a foreign sky;
To gather up unrighteous wealth—
To droop—decline—and die.

Such wrong is darkly visited;
The masters have their part—
For theirs had been the blinded eye,
And theirs the hardened heart.
Evil may never spring unchecked
Within the mortal soul;
If such plague-spot be not removed,
It must corrupt the whole.

The future doth avenge the past—
Now for thy future's sake,
Oh, England! for the guilty past
A deep atonement make.
The slave is given to thy charge,
He hopes from thee alone;
And thou for every soul so given,
Must answer with thine own.

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

STORIES OF THE IRISH PEASANTRY.

BY MRS S. C. HALL.

"Mind not high things: but condescend to men of low estate."
ST PAUL.

THE WRECKER,

A SEA-SIDE STORY.

"HANNAH, I have told you three times to go to bed," said Pierce Murphy to a slight delicate-looking young woman, who, notwithstanding his injunction, continued to knit the stocking she had nearly finished, while bending over the embers of a turf fire.

"Well, father, I'm going;" but still she remained.

Pierce Murphy was a tall muscular man, with rugged yet keen features, and a shaggy head of hair, that fell in great profusion over a high determined looking forehead: after having spoken, he walked backward and forward under the rafters of his kitchen, but occasionally pausing to look out through a window upon the night. It is worthy of observation that this window was singularly constructed; Pierce, tall as he was, could not reach it without standing on a stool for the purpose, and then his eyes were only on a level with the lower pane.

"Holy saints!" he muttered to himself, "there's a flash! Well, that is something like."

The girl who had been knitting started to her feet, terrified at the loud thunder-peal that shook their long narrow cottage, and frightened the poultry that were roosting at the far end of the kitchen on the high rafter, so completely, that two of them tumbled down, and ran towards her as if for protection, while the old cock shook his feathers, and chuck-chuck'd something by way of caution to his more assured companions.

"What a night, father!" she exclaimed; "I should think there could be no chance of their running in such a night as this."

"Stuff!" answered the man; "women always talk like fools. What are they to do?—if they have come as far down as where we think, they must put in, or tack about for sea-room, which they can't do, because the wind is right in their teeth, or be seized in the morning by the revenue cutter! There's another blast. Go to bed, go to bed—that's a good girl—go to bed."

And he pressed his forehead close to the glass, which, contrary to the practice in Irish cabins, was perfectly whole and free from dust.

"I'll be as quiet as a lamb, father, but do let me stop up with ye; if I went to bed, sorra a wink would come on my eye. Sure, what's in the differ, if I wake here or in the crib within?"

Her father's thoughts seemed to have taken another direction, for he made no reply to her request; but after gazing intently through the glass for some minutes, he turned abruptly to the door, which opened on the same side as the window, directly towards the sea, and attempted to look forth. It was, however, but an attempt: the wind rushed in with such terrific violence, that the turf ashes were blown about in every direction, and it required all his strength, assisted by his daughter's exertions, to force back and bar the entrance. It will seem strange to those who know what Irish cabins by the sea-side generally are, to talk of "a bar" to the door. A latch, above which a hole is sometimes bored to permit the twine to pass through, so that the latch may be lifted by the stranger or the friend, both alike sure of a welcome; or a rusty lock, where want of use has engendered rust—these are common enough; but, nevertheless, Pierce Murphy's cabin-door was not only furnished with two bolts, but was as sound and substantial a door as any one need desire to have, even in the

neighbourhood of London, where, if you do not lock your doors, and bar your doors, and bolt your doors, you cannot rest secure from danger. Both the door and the long, low, narrow cottage of Pierce Murphy, were substantial, and certainly the recurrence of such storms would seem to render it necessary that they should be so. Pierce, however, had more than one reason for having a strong door and a strong bolt to his dwelling, which stood boldly forward on a toppling cliff, near Point Forlorn; the foundation had been formed of the blue slaty stones, large enough to be called rocks, so general along the coast: these were cemented with stiff yellow clay, and the remainder of the walls was composed of smaller fragments of the same kind of stone; the rafters were, despite all superstitions, of drift-wood; the ribs of many a noble ship having been destined to support the thatch of Pierce Murphy's cabin. Murphy's professed occupation was fishing; indeed, I may say it was his *real* employment when he had no other: he was one whom danger never daunted; in his little smack he braved all weathers; and when he *did* send fish to Wexford market, it was always the finest there: the kitchen of his dwelling was hung with the implements of his ostensible calling, though many did not fail to remark that Pierce's nets were generally dry, except when the coast-guard was on the alert; and coast-guards twenty years ago, the period to which my tale refers, were not as active as they are now; they also wondered at the stability of his door and his high up window; but Pierce said the place was lonely; that he was often out at nights fishing; and that his old woman was "timid of being alone" during the long winter's evening.

This "old woman" was comparatively an old woman when he married her, and had been bedridden many years. The fruit of the marriage was one boy: the young woman whom he called daughter, and who evinced towards him all the duty and affection of a child, was the wife—it might be widow—of Luke Murphy, his only and beloved son.

"Now," exclaimed Hannah, glancing at him from beneath her dark eyelashes, when they had really succeeded in fastening the door, "what would you have done if I had been in bed? Bedad, father, the wind would have had the better of ye!"

Pierce Murphy looked down upon the gentle, earnest face of the pale girl, who had spoken in the half jesting half serious tone of one who does not exactly know how the words will be received, and there was both ire and pride in the expression of his countenance.

"The wind have the better of me—of ME! The wind never crossed the Atlantic, let alone St George's Channel, that would have the better of me," he answered proudly.

"Oh, father dear, take care. God be betwixt us and harm! But sure my poor Luke used to call the breezes and winds the Almighty's breath."

"And why should you mention him to me now?" exclaimed the impetuous man; "what put him in yer head? I say," he repeated, in a voice loud as the tempest, as the trembling creature shrank away without replying, "what put Luke in yer head now?"

A shrill unearthly sort of laugh rang from one of the two small bedrooms that were partitioned at the farthest end off the kitchen, and a voice feeble and sharp replied, "And that shows that Pierce Murphy is the same fool as ever, to ask a young wife what puts her husband in her head—to ask fond Hannah Gowry what puts her lawful husband (may the Lord's care be about him day and night!)—to ask her what puts her husband, Luke Murphy, in her head! Oh,

Pierce, agra! is it now ye have to *larn* that the head and the heart of a young Irishwoman are one! What put Luke in her head! bedad, that's quare! ah, ah!—" and the old bedridden woman went on laughing and muttering to herself in a way that showed her intellects were not clear. Pierce swore at her while commanding her silence, but she did not heed him; accustomed to his rough words and rough usage, perhaps she did not understand his meaning.

"Bedad, ye're a nice lad, Pierce Murphy," she continued half distinctly, and, fortunately for herself and Hannah, the smuggler did not hear above half she said. "Ye turn the Almighty's blessing, yer own flesh and blood, until ye make it into a curse; the *gra* boy! just married too; and in for it, so deep, that if he didn't make a *tartue* of necessity, the law would have sent him abroad free of expence. My beautiful boy! but never heed that, he'll soon be back now—his pardon's granted; my blessing be about Hannah for that same; didn't she work it out for him, with her perseverance and her sweet ways—and he'll soon be back, he'll soon be back—and thin, Pierce, my boy, Pierce, slashing Pierce Murphy, ye're book sworn, so ye are, to turn out all rats—all rats; hush—hush—every rat—before my boy comes home."

"I tell ye what," said Pierce, swearing a dreadful oath, "I tell ye what it is, Hannah: if you don't find some way of stopping that ould woman's tongue, I will—not even her being the mother of my son, your husband, will save her—do ye understand me! The ould hag gets worse and worse;" and the smuggler spoke these words in the stern under-tone of a resolved and desperate man, hissing them through his teeth, while his fingers grappled convulsively, as if he did, in imagination, what he threatened.

Hannah had glanced at him before; now she looked fixedly, if not firmly, in his face; and ere she had spoken a sentence, the crimson that had mounted to her cheek, faded into a death-like paleness.

"You have a right to remember, Pierce Murphy, that if the poor ould senseless creature is what she is, it is *your doing*. Whin she took you first, she had full and plinty. She trusted it all to you; and where is it?"

"Hannah!" exclaimed Pierce, astonished at her boldness.

"Let me alone, then, with your hints, father; I don't think ye mane half what ye say—I know ye don't. Ye could not be Luke's father if ye did. But while I've a heart to feel, I'll feel for her; while I've a hand to work, I'll work for ye both, as I have done. Oh, father! let me love ye both, for the sake of HIM, my own heart's core! Oh! how could ye be so cruel as to ax what put him in my head! My thought by day and drame by night!" and she burst into tears.

Pierce did not repeat his brutal language, reckless as he had grown from long habit and bad associates; he was touched by the truth and faithfulness of the young creature who gazed on him so mournfully. He muttered a few words; and then dashing his elbow against a half door in the wall, which the nicest eye could not have discerned, he disappeared down a narrow subterraneous passage, which led through the cliff to the strand below his dwelling. The memory of the oldest dwellers on that sea-coast could not carry them back as to when the cave was formed that extended upwards, and which Pierce and his associates had continued. Some said, "It was always so!" others said, it was the work of men even more daring than its present possessors. The cave appeared to all but those initiated into its mysteries, precisely as it had always been; but Pierce Murphy more than fifteen

years before the occurrence of the incident I am about to relate, had, with the assistance of two or three companions, hollowed a passage as far as the roof of the cavern, which might be about ten or twelve feet above the rugged stones that formed its flooring. It was wonderful how well the opening was concealed; and the rocky roofing was of itself so uneven and commonplace, that, though the revenue officers, as I have said, not by any means as active then as they are now, though perfectly well aware that smuggling if not more fearful crimes were carried on in that immediate neighbourhood, could not form an idea how the business was managed. Indeed, they were sometimes found to be too well satisfied with the proscribed article, to care much for its distribution, though it is a well-known fact that a revenue officer was never yet really trusted by a smuggler.

When Pierce descended, the young woman sat down by the fire, which she had replenished with fresh turf, and wept long and bitterly; it was sad to hear the voice of one so young and fair, and with an expression of so much innocence in her countenance, harmonising with the moaning into which the madness of the storm had for a time subsided.

"Hannah, *arourneen*!" inquired the half-demented woman, from the little room. "Hannah, *arourneen*! is there any fresh trouble on ye, my comfort?"

"No, mother; go to sleep."

"There's no use, darlint. Is there any noise about the hearthstone, my jewel?"

"No, mother."

"I thought I heard the ticking of the death-watch; the only clock that ever strikes here."

"I didn't hear it, mother."

"Hannah, how long is it since there was a winding-sheet on the candle?"

"I don't know, mother; but sure the last time Father Gandy was in it, he tould ye not to be minding such foolishness; that the Almighty would be above giving a hint about such a thing as death out of a bit of candle-grease; and that a poor little insect—which he says the watch is—could have no knowledge of life and death, only keeps minding its own business in the warm places."

"Ah, ah!" laughed the crone, "and sure he's a fine man, and said more than that whin he was about it."

"Ay, mother, both priest and minister say good enough if we'd only heed it. God help us, he did say a dale of what was true, and so did Mither Burrows, heaven bless them both! about the sin of breaking the law, which was both bad and dangerous; and what was worse, about the curse of sinful people, which sich doings bring about a poor man's house; and the evil courses such lead to, the swearing and the drinking; and the fear o' God, put all on one side for the lucre of gain; and the end that comes of it all, transportation and shame, or may be death. Oh, it's a cruel wicked way; and how poor Luke, though brought up in it, ever turned to it, so fine and honourable as he was, I do not know. I little thought how it was when I married him!"

"And would that have hindered ye, if ye had known it?" inquired the old woman.

"I don't know, I'm not thinking it would; for all the trouble I've had on his account seems to draw my heart closer to him; he is more to me now than ever he was; and when he's with me again, we'll go to some furrin part, and work in the honesty that will bring peace."

"Ah, ah, ah!" laughed the old woman, "I shall be dead before that; but the worms will have no feast, for I'm only skin an' bone, skin an' bone;" and she laughed again the laugh that made poor Hannah's flesh creep, and then continued—"Luke, *a-lanna*, never took to it, though you don't know, for reason ye didn't come to us for good and all, till he was on the point of going; but he never took to it. Sure if a man's in a whirlpool, he doesn't take to it, though he is drowned in it. And Mither Burrows said all that agin the smuggling. Ah! he said all that agin the smuggling, did he! and yet I'll go bail he took the hot drop of the hot stuff afore he left; that's no way to instruct the poor whin they're in the sin, and have the temptation to go on in it; the example must go with the lesson to do good; the poor have the comfort, and not the stroung principle, and yet they'd take away the one, and not give them the other!—that's quare—that has no *sinn* in it—no more than ould Margate Murphy."

"Go to sleep, mother dear," said Hannah.

"Will you pray for me the while?" inquired the old woman, earnestly, and there was sorrow in the tone of her voice. "I can sleep if you pray for me, *arourneen*."

Hannah replied she would, and knelt down for the purpose; but nothing could keep Margaret Murphy quiet.

"Lave off, Hannah, and come sit by me," she said; and accordingly the gentle girl, who was so unsuited for such scenes, and who had quitted "her own people," in a more inland part of the country, simply that she might take care of her husband's mother, to prove her love for him, left off in the middle of an "ave," and seated herself by the bedside of the strange woman, whose former mode of life, before she became Pierce Murphy's wife, was unknown to her neighbours, though various had been the rumours in circulation on the subject.

Margaret Murphy seemed worn more by the perpetual restless anxiety she could not quell, than by age; her bright, wild, blue eye was never calm, and her lean, colourless lips were in perpetual motion. She was subject to occasional fits of insanity, but her memory was at all times distinct, and her reason frequently clear; her observations were keen and sarcastic; and whatever of affection lingered round her woman's heart, was for her son. Hannah she regarded as a part of him, and the tenderness evinced towards her by the kind young woman, was the only balm her heart tasted. Margaret was in reality the daughter of a gentleman in a distant neighbourhood, the natural daughter, and consequently treated in an unnatural manner. She had a better sort of education until she was thirteen or fourteen; her father then married, and she was put forth with her degraded mother to endure as best she might the contempt which follows the parent's sin. Of all the crimes which man in a civilised state of society is guilty of—and there are many of which the law can take no hold—there is none equal to this; none so black in its depravity; none so injurious in its consequences to the moral dignity of society. What her after career was, for many years, remains a mystery. She fell, it was believed, into sin herself; for the dwellers in the neighbourhood never spoke of her without saying, "God break hard fortune before every one's child;" a Christian and beautiful prayer, to which each kindly heart must say Amen! "Hard fortune," however, seemed the poor woman's "rock a-head" all her life. When she did marry, there was little doubt that she wedded Pierce for the sake of being made "an honest woman," and he took her because of the possession of a scanty store of that ill-gotten gold, which melts away, and leaves nothing behind but its poisoned memory.

Still, when Hannah, seated by her bed-side, looked into her worn and wrinkled features, she felt how lonely would be her own fate, if that poor half-wild woman were to die. She was the mother of her beloved husband, and that formed a strong link in her affections.

Again the storm whirled on without; the winds did not howl more furiously than the waters; both raged together; and the din of elements became more fearful than ever. So loud, indeed, was the tumult, that the thunder over the cliffs, which at any other time would have seemed to shake them to their foundations, formed now only a part of the troubled whole. The only distinctive feature during this storm was the lightning, which flashed and forked throughout the dwelling, like a thing instinct with life.

"It's dancing, jewel," said Margaret; "dancing mad it is with joy, because of the mischief that will come upon those that walk the wathers before morning. There's another blast of the ould one's bellows! Hannah, pray, in the core of your own heart pray, *arourneen*, for the walkers of the wathers. God bless you, girl!" she added, suddenly, while darting her quick glittering eye over the calm clear face of her daughter-in-law; "God bless you! sure it's a mercy to have any thing near such a wretch as me that puts one in mind there is a heaven upon earth, where there's innocence. But pray, Hannah jewel; pray—only don't lave me."

If Hannah had been even more inclined than she was to pray, she could not have done so, for her mother-in-law continued to mutter and give voice to various exclamations and broken ideas that were in ill keeping with prayer. Suddenly the secret door through which Pierce Murphy had descended to the beach, opened, and a tall active-looking smuggler, by name Andrew Furlong, proceeded to a cupboard; and, taking out a quantity of tow and other combustibles, asked Hannah why she was not gone to bed, and commenced forming something which appeared like a very long and massive torch.

"Any sign of the boat, Andy?" inquired Hannah.

"None; and there's some of the *lobsters* we hear beyond the Point, so we can't make the right signal, and the waves are dashing like mad in there. It's as dark as pitch, and even if she had a light (which, of course, she wouldn't), we could not get a glimpse o' her, good or bad, bedad! The weather is as contrary as yerself," he added, in a low voice; "there's hardly

half o' ye left, fretting yer heart and soul after one ye'll never see again."

"A blither on yer heart for that speech," exclaimed the old woman, who, despite his effort to lower his voice, had heard the whisper; "a blither on yer heart for that same, Andrew Furlong. Hav'n't ye wickedness enough on hand by sea and land, but ye must thry to take from my lone boy the only thing he has left in the wide world—his young wife's love? Ah! yer reign'll not be long when he's in it! ye must harry the salt sea then on another tack."

The young smuggler muttered a curse, and after finishing one torch commenced another.

"Ah, thün," inquired Hannah, "what do ye want of another; sure the lantern from the window is as good as any, and they"—Andrew Furlong interrupted her.

"Hav'n't I tould ye that the *lobsters* are at the other side the Point; and would it be sense, do you think, to have light *here*, to bring them to our own hiding-place? Sure we must strike a light lower down; it's to warn them off we want, not to get them in."

"But one red flare is the warning light," persisted Hannah; "and what do you want of two?"

"Suppose one goes out! there's hardly a glimmer will stand such a wind."

"One will stand it as well as another; besides, I know ye shelter yer lights."

"If ye're so knowledgeable, may be ye'll lend me a hand at melting a drop of pitch to make them burn stronger; we'll be ruined entirely if the boat comes in—better it should go to the bottom."

"Oh, my God!" she exclaimed, "how can you say so? and the poor craythurs on board o' her! But, Andy, is it going to make another ye are?"

"Three torches!" said the old woman, who had risen from her bed without Hannah having given her any assistance, or even perceived her intention, and stood now by their side with no other covering than her cloak, which she grappled rather than folded round her. "Three! is it three ye're about? Them it's well ye know that the boat is far enough away; three had never any thing to do with a smuggler's sign; it isn't the boat ye're thinking of. Hannah, are ye a fool to suppose it's a boat they're minding! No, no; it's a false light they're after, to 'tice some unfortunate ship into the very jaws of death, that's it," and having so said, she seized the small vessel in which Hannah, unconscious of the real design, had melted the pitch, and before Andrew had time to prevent it, she had flung the contents upon the embers of the fire. In an instant there was a blaze that illumined the cottage, and glared fiercely on the old woman's spectral figure, the pallid and anxious features of her daughter-in-law, and the excited and strongly marked countenance of the reever.

"Answer for it to yer masther," he said, sneeringly. "If ye must know the truth, and I don't see the use o' screening it, there is a ship close in shore; and what's more, no earthly power could get her out. What does it matter to the craythurs aboard, whether they're dashed to pieces here, or lower down? though it'll matter to us. Sorra take the woman, just look at her! Sure I didn't make the storm? Ye might just as well say it's a sin to burn the branch the wind tears from the tree."

"Pierce Murphy swore me an oath, that never, never, while grass grew or wather ran; never, while the sea was salt and the moon bright; never would he resort to that, after—after what *we both know*. Ough my grief! the smuggling's had enough, brought sorrow enough on us; but the curse of drowning men, the laugh, and the jibe, and the jeer, of the walking spirits who rise up from the rocks and sands, and cold sea beds, all green and slimy, their shrouds of sea-weed—there—I see them now—and now!"

So terrific were her gestures, in a great degree the workings of insanity, so bright her eyes, so haggard her features, while she stood like a resurrection before Hannah and Andrew, that even Andrew, bold villain though he was, forgot his task in the momentary terror she inspired. Visions of the past crowded to her heated brain; she had depended on her husband's promise, adhered to, as she believed, for some years, that he never again would link himself with wreckers. She did not know, poor miserable woman, how hard it is to overcome a tendency to great crime, while smaller ones are continually practised without reproof or remorse; but the agonising memories that rushed upon her, when she saw the well-known preparation for decoy-lights, were too much for her shattered senses, and she conjured up the most horrid visions from the depths of the ocean, the roarings of which mingled with the wind that beat around the cabin.

After an instant's pause, Andrew seized his "corpse candles," and had nearly gained the secret passage, when Hannah sprang after him—"Ye would not go heavy with my curse!" she exclaimed. "Andy, Andy, think first on what ye're after!—drawing them to their doom, whin they think they are gaining a harbour from the raging seas; think, if ye had a brother, a father, on board that ship; think, what that would be. Oh, can ye have the heart to see the vessel beat to pieces on these rocks—the poor, poor mangled bodies! Oh, blessed Virgin!" she added, falling on her knees, "look down and save the helpless crew—save us all from this great sin!"

"Let me go, Hannah; yer keeping me here is no good. Pierce Murphy, yer own father-in-law, has decoyed them already—only you could not hear, wid the

wind; her guns have fired, and"—Before his sentence was finished, the boom of a gun, sudden and abrupt, shot as it were through the storm; it was echoed by a frightful scream from the old woman, who stood beating the air with her hands, and uttering imprecations too horrid to repeat. Hannah ran to her side, not, however, before she had heard the voice of her father-in-law shouting up the cavity to Andrew Furlong to hasten down.

The poor young woman at any other time would have sunk under the conflicting feelings, tortures I should rather say, of that desperate hour, had it not been that the deplorable state of Margaret obliged her to act rather than think or feel.

Smuggling is, unhappily, considered, even by some of the best of the Irish peasantry, as a venial offence, and they catch at every excuse for a crime which furnishes them at a cheap rate with the liquid fire that distils poison through their veins; they totally overlook the demoralising effect of what is contrary to law, inasmuch as it immediately forces even a man with comparatively good intentions into the most depraved society. But though my poor countryfolk find a too ready excuse for smuggling, I never knew them make excuse for "wrecking;" their national hospitality rises against it, and the crime is always referred to with a shudder, even by those who would make no scruple of committing other equally lawless crimes. Bad as Pierce Murphy had been, bad as he still was, he never systematically practised this base sin, but his associates and his depraved habits in other respects led to it; and the conviction that the doomed ship was too far in shore to escape on that fearful night, that she must go to pieces somewhere, led to the argument, "she may as well come in here as go elsewhere;" and instead of devising means to save his fellow-creatures from so wretched an end, he plotted with the elements to destroy, by imitating in a particular way the light of the nearest light-house; thus luring the ship to the very rocks which groaned for her destruction, when, having lost their bearings, they believed they were avoiding danger.

"Did I not tell you of the winding-sheet and the death-watch?" screamed the old woman; "but my curse will be on him for this, and the curse of a broken oath; think of that, Hannah. And there's another gun, nearer the shore," she added, "much nearer the shore, on the rocks." She paused a moment, and then added, with a calmness of manner that astonished Hannah, accustomed though she was to her fitful changes, "And now the Lord have mercy on their souls! for nothing can save 'em. Help me to bed, girl, *asthore*, for the strength has left me intirely." It would then have been a mercy to poor Hannah if the wind had continued to battle with the waves; but after the discharge of the last gun, the wind lulled, and the sea rolled and roared in proud mastery, save when the thunder gave token that the lightning had glared over land and sea. Hannah, after a pause, finding that her mother-in-law continued quiet, placed a chair beneath the window I have before mentioned, opened the casement, and looked out over the troubled waters. It was more like the mad riot of a fearful dream, than reality; and accustomed as she had been to sea storms, this seemed the most terrible she had ever witnessed. To say that the waves were mountains high, gives no idea of their awful appearance. Far out from land, the huge black billows, frowning and dark, heaved themselves to the heavens, as if the mysterious world beneath, disturbed by some mighty earthquake, flung up the heavy waters, rebelling against their pressure. Exactly opposite to where she stood, the moon (then at its full) shone palely out from between the parted clouds, that rolled back from its path. Pale, stern, and supernatural, it gleamed, like the unclosed eye of the dead (deriving its light from *without* instead of *within*), over the mighty tumult; while the forked lightning glared upon and amid its fierce playfellows, showing their darkness the more terrible by its surpassing brightness. As the waves neared the rocks, they reared themselves high, and more high, until their inky crests, maddened by opposition, broke into snowy and sparkling masses of glittering drift-like foam, and upon those the lightning showed like living fire—now tossing its brilliancy aloft, now beautiful in its destruction, tipping the foam with magic light, and then twisting like a fiery serpent in the very jaws of death! A little to the right of the cabin, where Hannah well knew the rocks were most fearful, a dark mass seemed fixed amid the spray. As if the very lightning of heaven determined to show the worst, a broad mass of light fell upon the devoted ship; short as was its duration, Hannah screamed with agony at its revealments. The shrouds were thickened by despairing wretches, who clung to them as their last frail hope; the stern of the vessel, high in air, was covered with human beings; nay, more, she saw them struggling in the water, dashed into crimsoned atoms against the murderous rocks. Although all was again darkness, she covered her eyes with her hands, and so suddenly still did the tumult become, that she distinctly heard Pierce Murphy's voice calling to his comrades. With the quick and sudden impulse of her countrywomen, she could have fallen on her knees, and cursed—WHOM? Her husband's father! There was no touch of humanity in the tone of his cruel voice; it arose on the night-wind like the fierce growl of a tiger over his prey.

She looked again. Now God have mercy on their souls! The ship had split asunder; one half was

hurled with a mighty crash higher on the rocks, the other dispersed amid the boiling bubble of the stormy deep. Bright masses of lightning continued to illumine the frightful scene; horrible as it was, poor Hannah continued to look down upon it, though her face and hair were drenched with the salt spray; and the voice of the old woman was heard (though not by her) imploring that the window might be shut, it was so cold. At length the idea occurred to her that she would brave the storm below, and perhaps she might save some sailor from the jaws of death; and then the memory of her own beloved one rushed with its full tide of tenderness into her woman's heart; her eye rested for a moment (as, dashing the water from her face with the tresses of her long hair, which the wind had flung over her shoulders) on the sea, and, strongly illumined by a flash of lightning, she saw, or fancied she saw, for it is difficult to believe that a mortal eye could have distinguished an object so distinctly at that distance—still Hannah thought she saw upturned towards her, amid the foam, the face of her young husband, Luke Murphy!

She sprang, rather than ran, down the secret passage, and along the shore. Pierce Murphy (for the morning was breaking), seeing her flying like a seamew through the haze and mist of the sea spray, seized her by the arm, and roughly demanded what she wanted; her words were few, but they were enough to paralyse the avowed smuggler—the secret wrecker. She called him *his son's murderer*. She declared she had seen that dear, that well-remembered face, rise upon the surface of the water. Her father-in-law, as I have said, was paralysed at her words, but he believed them to be the dream of a distempered brain; he called to one of his companions to bear her up the cliff, for the scene was awful. The mangled remains of more than one body, still quivering with life, had been washed in, mutilated by the rocks, or crushed by the cargo that the wreckers were dragging on shore, heedless of the cries and supplications for help of the drowning crew. Her screams rose above the echoes and the sound of the watery tumult. She would not leave the beach; and the wicked, always superstitious, trembled at her incoherent words—at her wild shrieks; trembled even amid their thirst for such unlawful, such unholy plunder. Through the mist, amid the dawning light, and down the steep but beaten path leading from the cliffs to the shore, several of the coast-guard were seen descending, and this rendered Pierce more furious, as his prospect of booty decreased.

"Away, mad fool!" he exclaimed, as, with eyes straining from their sockets, Hannah opened her arms to every advancing wave, as if she expected it to yield her husband to her embrace.

"Take her away, will ye!"—she lies," said Pierce. "No, no; I do not—I do not," she exclaimed wildly. "See—see—see—he comes—he!"—and with the effort of a despairing woman, she threw herself farther into the white surf, which had run up on the sands, bearing another victim to the land.

The story is well remembered to this day—it is this:—That Hannah clasped her husband's body, and was dragged back to the shore along with it. Pierce Murphy, fully awake to the fact that he had been the means of the destruction of his own son, who, full of hope and joy, was on his return to his young wife and his native land, could only gaze on the fruits of his wickedness—no one can tell with what feelings, for he imparted them to none. His companions in sin quickly recognised the once gay, light-hearted youth; but Hannah would suffer none to approach her. She dragged the body under shelter of a rock, and, sitting down with frightful calmness, drew it across her knees, resting the mangled head upon her bosom, and enfolding all that she loved on earth, as a mother enfolds her child. She did not heed the oozing blood, the broken bones, nor the cold chill of the dead, but parted the streaming hair from the brow, and kissed and murmured over it words of such tenderness, that the wreckers, and the coast-guard, the one forgetful of their plunder or personal safety, if their share in the destruction should be discovered, the other neglectful of their duty, but all strong fearless men, accustomed to death and terror, looked on with tears at that sad picture of mute and maniac agony. Gentle as she was with the poor senseless clay, she would not, even when the sun was high in the heavens, and the receding tide showed how fearful the destruction had been, suffer any one to approach her. Several of the crew were saved, and their testimony was of such a nature, that Pierce (who made no attempt to escape) was seized, and conveyed to Wexford jail. As the evening drew on, it was determined to remove Hannah from the body by force. To shield her from the sun's heat, which burst forth as if to contrast the power of light with the power of darkness, one of her neighbours had thrown her cloak over the broken-hearted woman and her burden: the same kind hand removed it when the parish priest declared she must not be longer left with the corpse. Alas! there was nothing living to separate—to put apart from the dead. The heart which had beat so warmly within that gentle bosom was broken!

To the great horror of the country, Pierce Murphy destroyed himself in prison—a crime never anticipated in Ireland, because of such rare occurrence.

Margaret, the old woman, wandered for many a day—months, years—throughout the neighbourhood, a

confirmed maniac; her bodily strength seemed to return when her faculties were totally destroyed; but she has now long been dead.

"To see how the innocent suffer for the guilty, and how one crime leads to another," observed a country girl to her companion, after hearing this sad tale.

"True for ye, *aileen*; and sure it's a great pity people don't think of that in time."

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

ASTROLOGY.

THE study of the stars, with a view to foretelling the destiny of nations and individuals, or of unravelling other mysteries hidden to ordinary investigation, and which received the name of JUDICIAL ASTROLOGY, was, as already mentioned, of very ancient origin, having been first practised by the Babylonians and Chaldeans from two thousand to a thousand years before Christ. The avowed reason for assigning such properties to the planetary bodies, was, that the heavens are one great book, in which God has written the history of the world, and in which every man may read his own fortune and the transactions of his time.

Proceeding on this very explicit doctrine, the study of the planets, and their various movements in reference to each other, became in time one of the most imposing superstitions of the east, and extended its delusive influence even down to a comparatively late period of history. It is almost needless to state that no shadow of a reason exists for believing that either stars or planets possess the smallest power over the affairs of mortals; and it is doubtful if they have any effect upon the common atmospheric phenomena, such as clouds, winds, thunder, rain, &c. The moon, which was long supposed to exercise some peculiar influence over the seasons and certain mental affections, is now understood by scientific men to have no such effect. One thing is very certain, that the destiny of human beings is in no respect governed by sun, moon, or stars; for all these luminaries, great and small, are either so many globes resembling that which we inhabit, or suns, giving light in their respective spheres. The idea, therefore, of these inert masses of matter, removed to the distance of millions and thousands of millions of miles from us, and each with solemn placidity whirling in its appointed path, having any influence over human affairs, is among the most wild or visionary conceptions which ever entered into the mind of man.

In an age when the external manifestations of nature were attributed to supernatural causes, the practice of astrology received its share of encouragement both from the learned and ignorant, each class being alike superstitious and open to the frauds of pretenders. The two branches into which the science was divided, judicial and natural, were distinguished in the following way. Natural astrology comprehended the study and prediction of meteorological phenomena—of winds, storms, hurricanes, thunder, earthquakes, and the like; and, excepting always in so far as its professors assumed to derive their knowledge from the stars, this department of the art had its foundation in the rational principles of natural philosophy. Judicial astrology, again, which is the matter to be considered at present, was simply the art of fortune-telling by the stars. The east has been mentioned as the scene of its origin. Amongst the Chaldeans, the Egyptians, the Chinese, and the Hindoos, it was for ages in universal practice, and in Persia at this day the sovereign will not cross the threshold of his palace, or perform the most ordinary act, without receiving assurance that the hour is declared by the stars to be favourable. The predestinarian character of the Mahometan system was favourable to the maintenance of the astrological fooleries, and among the prophet's immediate followers, the Arabs, the practice of these flourished greatly. It was through that people that the art was introduced into Spain, whence it first spread over Europe; for the previous records of the northern nations do not present any distinct traces of such a belief. It is true that the Romans had brought the art from Egypt, and had cultivated it with avidity, but the incursions of the barbarian Goths and Huns had again removed almost every vestige of it from Europe.

We first receive, accordingly, something like a systematic view of astrological science from the Arabic and Jewish writers of Spain, of whom the professors in England, France, and Germany, were merely the followers. They divided the whole heavens, visible and invisible, into twelve imaginary and equal parts, formed by drawing lines from north to south, in the same way as the lines of longitude are marked on a map or globe of the earth. These circles were supposed to remain motionless, while the daily revolutions of the globe took place under them, and every heavenly body passed through each of the circles in twenty-four hours. They were called the twelve houses of heaven, and had different powers assigned to them; one being the house of life; a second, of riches; a third, of death; a fourth, of marriage; a fifth, of health; and so on. All the planets and stars had specific powers assigned to them, and their position with respect to these houses, and to one another, at the hour of an individual's birth, or at any special epoch, formed the basis for determining the fate of persons or the issue of events.

It would be treating the matter with unnecessary

seriousness to attempt to educe any thing more precise out of the mass of absurd and contradictory rules which constituted, according to its professors, the imaginary science of astrology. What will strike every one as peculiarly ridiculous, Jews, Mahometans, and Christians, while viewing with contempt the whole religious system of the Greeks and Romans, were content to hold the characters of the planets as identical with those of the old heathen divinities, simply because the names of these personages had been assigned to them, from mere caprice, in very early times. Think of the inconsistency of a Christian father allowing Mars to possess fiery and warlike powers and tendencies; while at the same time he scouted the notion that such a being as Mars ever existed, though that notion formed the sole pretence for transferring such an attribute to the celestial bodies in question! With Jewish rabbi, and Mahometan mufti, the inconsistency was equally glaring. Because the heathens gave the name of Saturn, whom they painted as a gruff old man with a scythe, to one planet, and the name of Jupiter, who was their god of gods, to another, while to a third they assigned the name of their commercial god Mercury, this was held as a sufficient reason by all parties in later times for believing that the first of these luminaries shed a black and baneful influence on mankind, that the second had the power of bestowing crowns and greatness, and that the third overruled all matters of property and merchandise among mortal men!

It was said that "the Ram (Aries) had a strong influence over the young of the flocks and herds, the Balance (Libra) could inspire nothing but inclinations to good order and justice, and the Scorpion (Scorpio) could excite only evil dispositions." In short, every sign produced the good or evil intimated by the name originally bestowed on it, in consequence of some resemblance of the slightest and most fantastic kind, and which, even if real, had no more to do with moral qualities and influences than if it had not existed at all. "If a child," says the author of Thaumaturgia, already quoted, "happened to be born at the instant when the first star of the Ram rose above the horizon—when, in order to give this nonsense the air of a science, the star was supposed to have its greatest influence—he would be rich in cattle; and he who should enter the world under the Crab, would meet with nothing but disappointments, and all his affairs go backwards and downwards. The people were to be happy whose king entered the world under the sign Libra, but completely wretched if he should light under the horrid sign Scorpion. Persons born under Capricorn, especially if the sun at the same time ascended the horizon, were sure to meet with success, and rise upwards like the wild Goat and the sun, which then ascends for six months together. The Lion (Leo) was to produce heroes, and the Virgin (Virgo), with her ear of corn, to inspire chastity, and to unite virtue with abundance. Could any thing be more extravagant and ridiculous?"

All this is but a mere inkling of the powers ascribed to the heavenly bodies in connection with human affairs. Every hour of the day had its presiding star. Every part of the body was under the domination of a sign. The Ram presided over the head, the Bull over the gullet, the Twins over the breast, the Scorpion over the intestines, and the Fishes over the feet. A true devotee of the art took great care at what hours and seasons he swallowed a dose of physic. If he swallowed it under the Bull, for example, he would never be able to keep it on his stomach, as the food of that animal regurgitates, it being a ruminant, and therefore his medicine would inevitably do the same.

An immense degree of good and evil influence was ascribed to the number seven, that being the number of the days of the week, and of the planets, including the sun and moon. Seven times seven was the climacterical number, critical to private individuals, princes, and principalities; and marvellous, indeed, were its supposed effects. All the metal, too, in the bowels of the earth, was produced by, and under the rule of, certain planets; and if any one could make his search at the lucky moment, he was sure to get as much metal as he desired. The sun being yellow, and gold being yellow, of course, according to the profound system of reasoning on which this science was based, the sun was the luminary for gold. Saturn being a heavy, dull, grey-headed old gentleman, nothing could be fitter than that he should be superintendent of all lead-mines. Iron being the metal for weapons of war, Mars very properly got charge of it; and on the same enlightened principles, Mercury, who was famous for activity, was the dominator over quicksilver. "It was the province of Jupiter (says the author formerly cited) to preside over tin, and as this was the only metal left to him, it would appear to have been a kind of Hobson's choice," that is, based upon indispensable necessity.

The reigns of the Stuarts in the seventeenth century formed the era during which judicial astrology chiefly flourished in our island, and indeed over all Europe. Previously to this age, Alfonso, king of Castile, surnamed the Astrologer, had assembled the Arabic and Jewish sages of his empire, and had sat in consultation with them five years, drawing up the Alfonsine Tables, which gave to Europe all the mysteries of the Arabic and Hebrew astrology. Nostradamus and others had gained note by their predictions in France and Germany. In the time of James I., however, England outstripped all its neighbours in devotion to the science. William Lilly, who fortunately

left a personal memoir behind him, Doctor Simon Forman, Alexander Hart, "the Philomath," and many others of note, cheated the people with pretences to a power of prediction that had no limits. They professed to foretell every thing and any thing, and the whole being an imposture, one thing, no doubt, was just as easy to them as another. They affected, indeed, to go by rule in their operations, and kept up a kind of common jargon among themselves, but this was merely to give colour to their assumptions. When some poor dupe wished his fortune told, they pretended to draw up an elaborate scheme of his nativity. They inquired the day and hour of his birth, and the point of the ecliptic which had then risen above the horizon gave his horoscope, while the stars then in the ascendant, or in the house of life, as well as in the other houses, gave the secret of his whole fate. The issue was, that they told the fool—just what he wished to be told. Lilly's Memoirs show us the almost unlimited length to which all ranks of his countrymen carried their credulity in those days. His supposed powers made him a most important actor in the civil wars, and in the politics, generally, of his time. The pieces of mystic folly which he issued under the title of prophetic almanacks, were spelled over in the tavern, and again and again quoted in the senate, though some of its members were among the clearest-headed men England has ever produced. No plot of any consequence, in those plotting times, was entered upon by any party, without previous consultation with the wizard. All classes of persons in succession glided into the study of the wise man, and poured into his ear strange tales of love or war, trade or treason. From the finding of a stray thimble to the restoration of the royal authority, nothing was considered too mean or too difficult for him who held dominion over the stars, with all their signs and houses, advents and portents.

If any thing were required to expose the contemptible trickery of astrology, the confessions of William Lilly afford ample materials for the purpose. It is humbling to human nature to think what persons, and what numbers of persons, such a creature, and such pretensions, could deceive. "We know not," says an able writer, "whether it should more move our anger or our mirth, to see an assemblage of British senators—the contemporaries of Milton and Clarendon, of Hampden and Falkland—in an age which roused into action so many and such mighty energies, gravely engaged in ascertaining the causes of a great national calamity, from the prescience of a knavish fortune-teller, and puzzling their wisdoms to interpret the symbolical flames which blazed in the misshapen woodcuts of his oracular publications." From the disgrace attendant on such credulity, however some memorable exceptions ought to be made. Samuel Butler, in the seventeenth century, thoroughly exposed the astrological fooleries in his Hudibras, and at a still earlier era, the intellect of Shakespeare soared high above the common degradation. "This is the excellent foppery of the world!" he says in Lear; "that we make guilty of our disasters the sun, the moon, and the stars; as if we were villains by necessity; fools, by heavenly compulsion; knaves and thieves, by spherical predominance. An admirable evasion of man, to lay his evil disposition to the charge of a star!" Again, when Owen Glendower boasts that at his nativity "the front of heaven was full of fiery shapes," and the "frame and huge foundation of the earth shook like a coward," Hotspur is made to reply, "Why, so it would have done, at the same season, if your mother's cat had but kitted." We see by the first of these passages that the great poet not only laughed at this imaginary art, but at once traced to its main source the tendency evinced by mankind to put faith in it. A belief in the irresistibility of the starry influences could not but tend wonderfully to quiet the conscience of any knave who had done an act which he found it difficult to excuse to himself. Fatalism is certainly the most dangerous doctrine that can be entertained by erring man.

The discoveries of Copernicus are usually held to have given the death-blow to astrology. When people found that the earth was only one among other planets, and neither the largest nor most important, the notion that these luminaries existed for the purpose of telling the fortunes of the inhabitants of our earth, could not long keep its ground. The discovery of the probable nature and true bulk of the stars threw still more light on the vanity of the astrological doctrines. Besides, the introduction of the inductive system of reasoning was in itself sufficient to degrade from the rank of the sciences an art which had not one fact to rest upon. Astrology can scarcely be said to have survived the seventeenth century, during which the system of Copernicus, who flourished about 1520, spread gradually over the civilised world. Morin, who may be termed the last of the real astrologers, and who was a man of great learning, died in 1656. From this period, those who pursued the art were an inferior order of impostors, who gained a living by telling fortunes, vending nostrums for the prevention and cure of diseases, and giving information on the important subject of lucky and unlucky days. One of the most noted of these pretenders was a person named Partridge, who flourished in London about eighty years since, and issued an annual publication, entitled "Poor Robin's Almanack." In this work, for 1773, the following advertisement occurs, and no doubt had great effect in its day:—

"The best time to cut hair. How moles and dreams

are to be interpreted. When most proper season to bleed. Under what aspect of the moon best to draw teeth, and cut corns. Paring of nails, on what day unlucky. What the kindest sign to graft or inoculate in; to open bee-hives, and kill swine. How many hours' boiling my Lady Kent's pudding requires. With other notable questions, fully and faithfully resolved, by me Sylvester Partridge, student in physic and astrology, near the Gun in Moorfields. Of whom likewise may be had, at reasonable rates, trusses, antidotes, elixirs. Washes for freckles, plumpers, glass-eyes, false calves and noses, ivory-jaws, and a new receipt to turn red hair into black."

With this amusing piece of quackery we conclude the present sketch, and only require to add, that as from evil good often comes, so in the case of astrology mankind were to a certain extent benefited. The cultivation of the delusion led to the discovery of many new facts in astronomy, the true science of the stars; indeed, many of the greatest astronomers were first led to their peculiar studies by vain hopes of reading the fates of men in the heavens, and were tinged to their dying day with some remains of this delusive belief.

SONGS OF THE NORTHERN COAL-MINERS.

THE miners or pitmen employed in the extensive collieries of Northumberland and Durham, are an exceedingly numerous class of men, differing essentially from the other portions of the population of those counties, in their general characteristics. This difference can only be accounted for from the fact of their being accustomed to live constantly in their own exclusive society, and to intermarry only, or for the most part, with the women of their own class. The miners reside, in great numbers, in cottages immediately surrounding the various coal-mines; and their houses are remarkable for internal cleanliness, and for the substantial furniture which they contain. They earn good wages, but, generally, their habits are rather of an improvident kind; being greatly addicted to extravagant living and dress, to intemperance, and to amusements of a demoralising tendency; such, for example, as quoit-playing, cock-fighting, and bowling matches, for ruinous sums of money, and attending *hoppings* and horse-races. It is, however, but due to them to state, that for some years past these vicious pastimes have visibly declined among the miners, and that they are substituting others of a more rational and innocent kind in their stead.

There are several collections of songs, mostly of a humorous and satirical kind, extant in Northumberland and Durham, written in the peculiar dialect of the miners, and illustrative of the traits of their character and manners, from which it is now our purpose to make a few extracts, accompanying them with such explanatory notes as seem necessary to render them generally intelligible. The miners are universally and ardently attached to Newcastle-upon-Tyne, or, as they endearingly term it, "Canny Newcastle;" and this characteristic is humorously illustrated in the following extract from the song entitled

CANNY NEWCASTLE.

'Bout Lunnun aw'd' heard aye sic' wonderful spokes,
That the streets were a' covered w' guineas:
The houses aye fine, an' sic' grandes the folks,
To them huz i' th' north were but ninnies.¹
But aw' fand maw-sel' blonk'd' d' when to Lunnun aw' gat,
The folks there a' luidk'd' wishy-washy;²
For gowld' ye may haw'k' till ye're blind as a bat,
For their streets are like wor'—beas and blashy!
'Bout Lunnun, then, direct ye myek sic' a rout,
There's nowae³ there na winkers⁴ to dazzle;
For a' the fine things ye are robbin'⁵ about
We can marris⁶ i' y⁷ canny Newcastle.

A cockney chep show'd me the Thames' drury⁸ fyace,
Whilk he said was the pride o' the nation;
And thout at their shippin' aw'd myek a haze-gaze;⁹
But aw' whopt naw foot on his noration.
Wi' huz, mun, three hundred ships sail iv a tide;
We think nowae on't, aw'l myek accoyday;¹⁰
Ye're a gowk¹¹ if ye din't know that the lads o' Tyne-side
Are the Jacks that myek faimish¹² wor navy.

'Bout Lunnun, &c.

We went big Saint Paul's and Westminster to see,
And aw' warm't ye aw' thout they luidk'd' pritty;
And then we'd a keek¹³ at the Monument te,¹⁴
Whilk ma friend ca'd¹⁵ the Pearl o' the City.
Vey hinny, says aw, we've a Shot Tower see hee¹⁶
That biv¹⁷ it ye might scraffie¹⁸ to heaven;
And if on Saint Nicholas¹⁹ ye once cus²⁰ an e'e,
Ye'd crack²¹ on't as lang as ye're livin'.
'Bout Lunnun, &c.

The miners from all the collieries in the neighbourhood used habitually to flock in considerable numbers to Newcastle races, which are held in June, and usually continue for about a week. They do so still, but not to so great an extent. In the following humorous song, it is meant to illustrate this trait in their character, and to narrate the impressions which a visit made by a party of the colliers to these races left upon the mind of one of them. The reader must suppose it to be spoken by a collier himself on his return. It is, of course, a fiction, but, upon the whole, at the time it was written it would be true to life, and in nowise exaggerated. It is called "X Y Z at Newcastle races." We ought to observe, in explanation, that

1 I had. 2 Such. 3 Simpletons. 4 Disappointed.
5 Pale. 6 Gold. 7 Dig. 8 Ours. 9 Nothing.
10 Eyes. 11 Talking. 12 Match. 13 In. 14 Muddy.
15 Much ado. 16 Affidavit. 17 Simpleton. 18 Famous. 19 I.
20 Look. 21 Too. 22 Called. 23 High. 24 By. 25 Climb.
26 This is an allusion to the beautiful steeple of St Nicholas's Church in Newcastle, of which the miners, and indeed all the inhabitants of Newcastle, are justly proud. 27 Cast. 28 Talk.

X Y Z was the name of a celebrated race-horse belonging to the late Mr Riddell of Felton Park, Northumberland, and in his day was deservedly a favourite with the Northumbrians, but especially so with the miners, who were exceedingly enthusiastic in their praises of him.

Smash! Jemmy, let us buss,²⁹ we'll off
And see Newcastle races;
Set Dick the Trapper for some syp,³⁰
We'll suin wesh a' wor³¹ faces.
There's ne'er a lad iv Percy Main
Be bet this day for five or ten;
Wor pockets lin'd wi' notes an' cash,
Among the cheps we'll cut a dash;
For X Y Z, that bonny steed,
He bangs them a' for pith an' speed,
He's sure to win the cup, man.
We reach'd the Moor, wi' snairish tews,³²
When they were gawn to start, man;
We rav' a fellow tuppence³³ each,
To stand upon a cart, man;
The bets flow round frae side to side;
"The field agyen X Y," they cried;
We'd hardly time to lay³⁴ them a'!
When in he cam—Hurraw! hurraw!
"Od smash!" says aw, "X Y's the steed,
He bangs them a' for pith an' speed,"
We never see'd the like, man.

The song goes on to say, but in language unintelligible to any but a local reader, that, after the races were over, the party entered a tent upon the race ground, where, among other luxuries of which they partook, the narrator says they

"Smok'd nowse but patten shag, man."

After various whimsical mishaps and adventures we find them, on their way homeward, on board one of the small steamers which carry passengers up and down the river Tyne:—

Next board a steamer boat we gnt,
A laddie rang a bell, man;
We haddent sitten vary lang,
Till byeth asleep we fell, man.
But the noise suin myed poor Jemmy start—
He thowt 'twas time to gan to wark;
For pick and hoggers³⁵ roard' out he,
And myed sic noise it waken'd me.
"Od smash!" says aw, "X Y's the steed,
He bangs them a' for pith an' speed,
Aw never see'd the like, man."

The next song we select is locally known by the name of "Billy Oliver's Ramble between Benwell and Newcastle," and though, like those we have already quoted, it is a caricature, it has nevertheless some resemblance to those of a former one, its fidelity will be acknowledged by every one acquainted with them:—

Ma nyem is Billy Oliver,
Iv Benwell toon aw dwell;
An' aw's a clever chep, aw's sure,
Tho' aw de say'd mosel.
Sic an a clever chep am aw, am aw, am aw,
Sic an a clever chep am aw.
There's not a lad iv a' wor wark,
Can put or hew w' me;
Nor not a lad iv Benwell toon,
Can coax the lassies sae.
Sic an a clever chep am aw.
When aw gans tiv Newcastle toon,
Aw myeks mysel' see fine;
Wor neybors stand and stare at me,
An' say, "Eh! what a shine!"
Sic an a clever chep am aw.
An' then aw walks w' sic an air,
That, if the folks hev eyes,
They a' wis³⁶ think it's sum greet man
That's cum in i' disguise.
Sic an a clever chep am aw.
An' when aw gans down Westgate Street,
An' along bie Denton Chare,
Aw whussels a' the way aw gans,
To myek the people stare.
Sic an a clever chep am aw.
An' then aw gans intv the Cook,³⁷
Ca's for a pint o' beer;
An' when the lassie cums in w'd,
Aw a' wis says, "Ma dear!"
Sic an a clever chep am aw.
An' when aw gets a pint o' beer,
Aw a' wis sings a sang;
For aw've a nice yew aw can sing,
Six-an-thirty vairses lung.
Sic an a clever chep am aw.
An' if the folks that's i' the hose
Cry, "Hand your tongue, you cull,"
Aw's sure to hev a fight w' them,
For aw's as strang as ony bull.
Sic an a clever chep am aw.
An' when aw've had a fight or twee,<
An' fairly useless gawn,
Aw back, as soon as aw can be,
To canny Benwell toon.
Sic an a clever chep am aw.

There is another song, called the "Keel Row," set to exceedingly sweet and simple music, familiar to the miners, and, indeed, to all classes, rich and poor, of the Northumbrians, and sung by them with as much patriotic feeling as the Swiss chaunt the "Ranz des Vaches," or the Dutch their song of "Faderland and King," of which the following is the chorus:—

Weel may the keel row,
The keel row, the keel row,
Weel may the keel row,
That maw laddie's in;
He wears a blue bonnet,
A bonnet, a bonnet,
He wears a blue bonnet,
A duple in his chin.

In conclusion, we wish to observe, that these songs are given here, less on account of containing anything very deserving of perusal, or worthy of being circulated beyond the locality to which they relate, than for the purpose of giving the general reader an idea of the peculiar manners, dialect, and habits of the colliers of Northumberland and Durham of a former and not very remote period, which these songs convey with more truth and fidelity than we could hope to do by any attempt at description. The specimens given, possess, unquestionably, some degree of humour, but it must be confessed that it is rather of a coarse kind; and we doubt that any but a local reader will be able to discover it. We disclaim all participation in the spirit in which these songs appear to have been conceived and written; their intention obviously being to caricature the harmless foibles and characteristics of the miners. It is but justice to the present generation of colliers to say, that those songs were written, for the most part, a great number of years ago; and however universally true they may have been in their application to the miners of those days, it is only fair to presume that they are not so generally applicable to those of the present day, who may reasonably be supposed to live within the reach and influence of the exertions now made on all hands to ameliorate the moral and intellectual character of the lower classes, and to be advancing in civilisation.

Of the state of local manners of a bygone day, however, those songs remain as faithful memorials, and on that account, perhaps, are worthy of preservation, and of a fame more extensive than that which they at present enjoy, namely, a mere

"Local habitation and a name."

WATERFORDISING.

THE pranks of a merry young Irish marquis, as recorded with much pains and zeal in the newspapers, have had the same effect in raising imitators, which the notoriety of a Monument suicide had a few days ago in causing a baker's boy to drown himself in the New River. Waterfordising has accordingly become a great thing, taking its place beside National Education, Chartism, Socialism, Prison Discipline, and other important subjects now occupying public attention. And is it not a cheering consideration that, while a multitude of pale thinking men are wasting themselves in anxious considerations as to declining manufactures, high prices, monetary distresses, and social perplexities of all kinds, a few choice spirits are still to be found, who, despising all such stuff, devote themselves to the worship of the Goddess Fun, and do their best to break the imposthume of the public melancholy by raising a good laugh? The philosophy of these joyous youths is not understood. It lies far beneath the surface, and there is perhaps but one public writer in the empire who could give a full exposition of it. For our part, we have some sort of understanding of it, without that discrimination of metaphysical niceties which would be required to explain it. We look upon the Marquis, however, as the founder of a great new sect, whose object, generally speaking, is to break the spell of morose gloom and discontent in which the world is at present plunged. This sect and its leader perceive that every thing is now carried on in the spirit of Extremes—that even so small a matter as a cup of ale is made a point of conscience. As the puritanism of the Roundheads two hundred years ago led to the opposite philosophy of the roaring, swearing Cavaliers, so has the enthusiasm with which every good moral and social aim is now prosecuted, led to the mighty efforts of the illustrious Waterford sect to keep up something like merriment in the land. It is a great demonstration in favour of nonsense. The men are apostles of good humour, bent on making head against stern utilities and dismal forebodings and complaints. A few weeks ago, a party of two or three, on a mission through our northern land, where good humour is at present particularly needed, came to Perth, with a view to put the "Fair City" in a trim worthy of the name. One of them acted as post-boy to the rest—a most original idea, worthy of consideration amongst the emissaries of other enthusiasms, especially those who wish to make a good appearance on narrow funds. Soon after arriving at a hotel, they sallied out on their work, and having bought some baskets of apples, began to employ those convenient missiles in pelting all whom they met on the street. The individuals pelted put up with the infliction in the spirit of Galatea's lover, and pocketed what they got. The missionaries of fun then attacked a beer-cart, upsetting barrels and bottles in a sublime wreck, typical of the end of all such things now approaching. Having no enmity, however, to the drayman or his master, they paid for the damage. "Scene third," pursues their newspaper historian, "opened with the party seated in an inn, the whole establishment supplying them with porter. A tub

was ordered to be brought to them, when they amused themselves emptying the porter into it; but as drawing corks was a plebeian way of emptying bottles, they adopted the more noble way of decapitating the bottles as they were brought in. When the tub was full, two of them carried it out to the street, where biped and quadruped were invited to drink; the quadruped, however, being a tee-totaller, declined the invitation. Scene fourth was an attempt, about midnight, to serenade the inhabitants of the Fair City with the dulcet notes of a hunting-horn; but the guardians of the night interfered, and the horn-blower was kindly escorted to the Police-Office. [Here was an example of that persecution which all apostles of new ideas have to lay their account with.] On the return of the party, after leaving their pledge, the bugleman addressed his escort, before entering the inn, in a most eloquent speech, thanking them for their kindness, expressing a desire to gratify their curiosity by exhibiting himself to them, politely taking off his hunting cap, and concluding his address by intimating that he entertained the most sovereign contempt for every policeman in Perth, and in every other place; and courageously vowing that, unless it had been to gratify the good people, not one nor all of the police in the city would have been able to take him! when, bowing again, he declared that he was their most obedient humble servant. (Erit.) The serenade was several times attempted, but it would not do, till they accomplished it with the help of their carriage, in defiance of the police. Scene fifth was a march through the town with hats with paper covers, to the great amusement of the juvenile population. This scene concluded with a ride in a wheelbarrow. The last appearance was their attendance at our Police Court, to answer for various parts of their performance, where their knowledge of Blackstone had nearly confounded our provincial judges."

So concludes this somewhat prejudiced account of the great Perth mission. In time, of course, the sect will have their own historians, who will not fail to do them justice. Not long after the Fair City had thus been startled from the grave tenor of its ordinary thoughts, another fellow of the Waterford college made his appearance on a much wider and worthier field—namely, the city of Glasgow—where, however, there is need for scores of similar labourers. This gentleman was evidently very rich; a circumstance reflecting great credit upon him, when we consider how few rich men are ever found to devote themselves in any way to the public good. There was also a rich originality of genius about him, marking him out as no ordinary member of the body. "On several occasions, accompanied by one or two friends," thus proceeds the local chronicler, "he crammed a carriage with street musicians of every kind—from the blower of the bagpipe to the organ-grinder—and drove them over the city, at the same time supplying them with liquor literally from buckets. He was seen posting over the town in a carriage and four, with his head surmounted by * [we really cannot reprint the thing his head was surmounted by] *; the equipage stopped at a house in Stirling Street, and a large crowd collecting, the surveillance of the police was found necessary. Frequently this nondescript has been observed amusing himself remunerating porters and boys with handfuls of silver for their dexterity in ground and lofty tumbling on the street; and a porter was well paid on one of these occasions for drawing the worthy in his hurly several times across a back court in Trongate. A favourite amusement is tearing women's caps, and then paying treble their value; and if report speaks true, the servants of the hotel at which he resides have made a capital spec. by throwing their head-gear in the way of the youth. It is said, too, that several shopkeepers have been astonished to see such expensive articles as the finest hats purchased, and then kicked recklessly into the street. But the next to insane demeanour [what intolerance!] of this stranger presents so many varieties, that it is altogether impossible for us to follow them out, nor have we any inclination further to do so." You have done it far enough, in all conscience, we would say, if you are to do it in this short-sighted and unsympathising way. But it is indeed very remarkable with what an absence of all profound and penetrating views the Waterford enthusiasm has been treated by the public press. None of the public journalists have yet seen the idea. It might have been expected, that, when gentlemen began to twist off knockers and knock down policemen, it would have been suspected that there was something under it. It might surely have been supposed that it was not for nothing that a troop of the first youth of the realm began mysteriously to employ themselves at night in such pranks as shifting the signs of undertakers to the fronts of the houses of physicians. That strange novelty, too, the boldness with which these youth spoke up to the old and crazed authorities before whose benches they were called, might have been expected to awaken some notion in the brains of even the muddiest of provincial writers, of the occult phi-

²⁹ Dress (verb). ³⁰ Soap. ³¹ Our. ³² Fatigue.
³³ Tuppence. ³⁴ To bet or wager. ³⁵ Upper stockings without feet, used as gaiters. ³⁶ Always. ³⁷ A public-house.

losophy which animates the Waterfordian sect. But no. All has appeared to them as mere folly. We look forward to the time when the thing will be generally seen in the light in which it has appeared to ourselves, and when the name of Waterford will be ranked with those of the Owens, the St Simons, and the Pestalozzis of the age; and it will be accounted amongst the most enviable of distinctions to have been instrumental in any degree in carrying out views so profound, so philanthropic, and which shall then have proved of such incalculable service to mankind.

TEA OF PARAGUAY.

It is well known that, from various causes which do not require to be explained in this place, our commercial relations with China are sometimes placed on a precarious footing. Such is the case at the present moment, and some have begun to entertain disagreeable apprehensions relative to their favourite beverage; though we believe there is no serious ground for dreading that our supplies of tea will be immediately cut off or even curtailed. These squabbles, nevertheless, have had the effect of calling the attention of our Indian authorities to the cultivation of the tea-plant in some of those eastern territories over which we hold a superiority. It appears that the undertaking is likely to prove successful, for flattering accounts of the flourishing state of the plantations have lately reached this country. Whether Hindostan will ultimately produce an article which shall supersede what is raised in the celestial empire, is doubtful, for the latter possesses great advantages over all the neighbouring countries in the peculiar adaptation of the soil and climate for the production of the plant; in the superabundance of the population, which renders labour cheap, and consequently the article cheap; and in the agricultural and manufacturing skill and industry of the Chinese. But still, as the Dutch have been pretty successful in Java, there is no reason why equal success should not crown the efforts of the speculators in Hindostan. To render ourselves even to a limited extent independent of the Chinese, who are at once proud and capricious, would be a great point gained. One strong reason why we ought to multiply our resources of that kind is, that, from the rapid growth of the population in North America, Europe, and other parts of the world, the consumption of Chinese tea will become so great, that the price of the article will be much raised, if China continues to be the only source of supply as at present.

There is another way, besides that alluded to, of rendering ourselves so far independent of China, and that is, by importing the famous tea of Paraguay, a country which lies much nearer our own than the celestial empire. For nearly a century the question has been asked, why has this valuable article never been brought to Europe? Why, when all the inhabitants of South America, and every traveller who visits the country, extol its merits, why are we at home allowed to remain in ignorance of them? The simple answer to the question is, that South America was under the worst management when the Spaniards held the superiority over it, the precious metals attracting the chief attention, whilst agriculture, the true wealth of the country, was neglected. Since the provinces declared their independence, broils and squabbles of one sort and another have greatly retarded the advancement which they might otherwise have made, and thus their resources have been allowed to remain in a state of dormancy. Paraguay in particular, the very paradise of the *Yerba maté*, or tea-plant, has been governed by a person in whom we know not whether the madman or the monster predominates, and who has done all in his power to isolate the country from the rest of the world. We are quite convinced that the absurd restrictions laid on commerce by this intellectual savage, Dr Francia, are the real cause why the tea of Paraguay has not found its way into Britain within the last twenty years. An article which the country produces in almost boundless profusion, and which is so highly valuable in itself, ought long ere this to have enriched Paraguay with the manufactures of Europe, whilst the population of this and other countries would, in return, have been in the enjoyment of a delightful beverage, equal to the finest bohea of China. We hope ere long to see this accomplished; but public attention ought in the meantime to be drawn to the subject, and this is our object at present. The first point of which it is necessary to convince every one, is the sterling virtues of the article in question; and that can only be effected by producing the testimony of those who have used it.

Sir Woodbine Parish, a recent and high authority, imparts some valuable information regarding the article, and with reference to its qualities, says, "From the practice of reducing the plant nearly to dust, probably originated the general custom in South America of sucking the infusion when made through a tube; at one end of which is a strainer, which prevents the small particles of the tea-leaves from getting into the mouth. It is usually made very strong, very hot, and very sweet with sugar; its properties seem to be much the same as those of the China tea. The Spaniards learned to use it from the Guarani Indians."

Mr Luccock, in his "Notes on Rio de Janeiro and

Southern Brazil," describes it in much the same terms, and mentions its general use and the high estimation in which it is held by the South Americans. He also states that it is cultivated over a wide extent of country besides Paraguay, which is an important fact.

The Messrs Robertson, who resided some time in the country, and have lately published a work on it, visited the yerbaes, or woods of the Paraguay tea, and describe the mode of gathering, preparing, and packing it up, but these we pass over. Speaking of the tea, one of the brothers observes:—"This formed so extensive a branch of the commerce of the country, that, like a little China, Paraguay may be said to have supplied the whole southern part of the new world with the refreshing beverage."¹ Messrs Rengger and Longchamps, for some time detained as prisoners by Dr Francia, mention that the immense forests of Paraguay "yield spontaneously two very valuable objects of exportation, the *herb* of Paraguay, and timber for ship-building."²

Martin Dobrizhoffer, for eighteen years a Jesuit missionary in Paraguay, paid much attention to the tea-plant; he has described it at considerable length, and expressed his surprise that it is not made the object of regular export traffic.³

Mr Bonnycastle, in noticing the yerba, says, "So useful is this western tea, that the mines would stand still, if the owners were to neglect to supply the workmen with it; and all persons in Peru, Chili, and Buenos Ayres, consider themselves wretched, if not able to procure it; two millions of piastres worth of this herb being sold from the province of Paraguay every year. The smell and colour of this drink is nearly as fine as that of the best Indian teas."⁴ Equally favourable are the accounts of it presented by Major Gillespie,⁵ Dr Southey,⁶ Mr Miers,⁷ and Captain Basil Hall.⁸ Mr Webster's evidence is to a certain extent equivocal. He says, speaking of the Monte Videans, "As in other parts of South America, they also use the *maté*, which is nothing more than the leaves of the Paraguay holly, but it is not so pleasant to the palate of an Englishman as his favourite China tea."⁹ With regard to the taste, it may be remarked that China tea is by no means pleasant at first, but becomes so by frequent use. An article, therefore, similar to it in its general nature, but differing in peculiarity of flavour, could scarcely be expected to be "so pleasant to the palate" when tasted for the first time. There is abundant evidence to prove that those habituated to its use prefer its flavour to that of the tea of China.

The statement of Mr Campbell Scarlett is very much in favour of the Paraguay tea, and proves what we have stated as likely to happen, that it will become perfectly agreeable to the palate by a little use, just like Chinese tea, or like coffee. "We have brought a good deal of the famous *yerba* or *maté* with us, and I begin almost to prefer it to tea, when made by the natives, who seem alone perfectly to understand the mode of mixing this beverage."¹⁰ The housewives of Britain would not be long in discovering the best mode of preparing the beverage: that would form no obstacle to its success.

Mrs Graham thinks that it "is harsher than tea, but still very pleasant."¹¹ Mr Beaumont does not express his opinion directly, which is the case with many other travellers, whose approbation of the beverage seems implied in their notices of its universal use, and of the partiality of the inhabitants to it, preferring it to either coffee or China tea. Mr Beaumont says, that "the far-famed *maté* is produced in great abundance,"¹² which is essential to the object we have in view. Mr Caldecleugh, in describing its scarcity during the period of which he writes (arising entirely from the jealous policy of Dr Francia, the Dictator of Paraguay), says, "But such is the predilection for it, that it must be procured at any price. Foreigners, as well as the natives, get accustomed to the flavour, and as readily subscribe to its good qualities."¹³ This is distinct and much to the purpose. It is also of great weight, coming from so highly intelligent a traveller.

Senor Nunez describes the extraordinary productiveness of the country in yerba *maté*, and says that "it is greatly superior to that of Brazil, and of which, in that part of America, there is a greater consumption, than of tea from China, in the United States."¹⁴ Mr Proctor says "it has a bitter but not a disagreeable flavour."¹⁵ These words might stand for a description of China tea. It would, however, carry us much beyond our limits to quote what is said of this

plant in encyclopedias and systematic works on geography.

We think we have made out a sufficiently strong case as to the excellence of the tea of Paraguay, by the abundance of testimony which has been brought forward. We have not met with a writer who speaks of it in disparaging terms, whilst we could easily augment the evidence in its favour. It seems to us to be clearly proved that *maté* bears a considerable resemblance to China tea, in those peculiar qualities which render that plant so great a favourite in this and other countries; that it is a soothing, refreshing, and slightly exhilarating beverage; that it "cheers but not inebriates," which is an essential point. Were it possessed of any of those baneful properties which belong to coca, the scourge of Peru, we should be the last to recommend the introduction into this country of any such pernicious drug. But no evils are attendant upon its use; only when abused by being taken over strong, and to excess, is it found to derange the system; and all the world knows that the same is the case with Chinese tea.

The next point to be determined is, can the article be obtained in sufficient quantity so as to become a remunerating speculation to those who undertake its importation. That the country where it grows is capable of supplying all Europe with the commodity, provided proper attention be paid to its cultivation, is abundantly proved, both by the extracts which we have given, and by the statements of many other writers. There are large forests of it growing spontaneously, but allowed to remain untouched, because it is the narrow and jealous policy of the present ruler of Paraguay, Dr Francia, not to cultivate an intercourse with other countries, lest his subjects, or slaves rather, become too enlightened and knowing for him. Knowledge is inimical to the purposes of the tyrant, just as light is fatal to the designs of the robber. But Francia cannot much longer inflict his dictatorship on the country, for he is above eighty years of age. Besides, the plant is raised in large quantities in many other parts of the country, over which he exercises no control. In 1819, the celebrated naturalist M. Bonpland, the companion of Humboldt, settled in Corrientes, which lies below Paraguay, and there proposed to rear extensive plantations of the yerba tree. Had he been allowed to go on peaceably in his laudable undertaking, there would have been plenty of the article for exportation long before this time. But the barbarian of Paraguay sent an armed force against his settlement, which was completely ruined, and its owner dragged into slavery. He was only released in 1831, and, we are glad to learn from a highly respectable source, "is now in Corrientes, actively engaged once more in agricultural plans."^{*} Of course, the tea will form the chief object of his attention, and some enterprising English merchants might encourage him by ordering a supply. The consequences of the wretched policy of Dr Francia are thus alluded to by Sir Woodbine Parish:—"Even the yerba *maté*, or Paraguay tea, once so fruitful a source of profit to the viceroyalty of Buenos Ayres, is now introduced from the southern provinces of Brazil. It is true that Paraguay Proper, where the greater part of it was grown, has been closed for some years, but there is no reason why it should not have been cultivated in Corrientes or the Misiones (a large territory adjoining it), with just as much success as in the Brazilian province of Rio Grande."[†] We are convinced that all that is wanted for making the tea of Paraguay a profitable object of speculation to the British merchant, is the presence of some enterprising individuals on the spot, with capital enough to set the business a-going. The failure of the mining schemes in which so many embarked, has given a bad notoriety to this part of South America, but the prejudice against it is most unfounded. Any enterprise will fail if it be badly managed, and this was the case with the mines. An agricultural speculation, like the raising and exporting of an article of such unquestionable value as the Paraguay tea, is very likely to be successful. It is surprising why the thing has not been thought of before, and measures taken to bring the plant into the British market. It were quite preposterous to suppose that prejudice in favour of bohea would for any length of time operate unfavourably to its popularity. When a thing is really valuable, it soon finds its way into general use, provided the price be reasonable. Notwithstanding that labour is dear in South America, the soil is so prolific in yerba *maté*, that it might be procured very cheaply. In his statement of the exports of the republic, Mr J. P. Robertson mentions, that of the yerba "there were annually shipped 40,000 bales, containing nine arrobes (of twenty-five pounds each arrobe), or 360,000 arrobes, which, valued with duties and charges, at two dollars the arrobe, make 720,000 dollars." Reckoning four shillings in the dollar, this is rather less than fourpence per pound. Whatever profits might be expected from the article, they would never raise its price so high as that of China tea or even coffee; that is, if the business be properly conducted. In conclusion, we strongly recommend this speculation to the attention of those enterprising bodies of men, the London and Liverpool merchants. There are no obstacles to our obtaining considerable supplies of the article, but such as capital, skill, and enterprise, may readily overcome. The principal one is

¹ Letters on Paraguay, by J. P. and W. P. Robertson; vol. ii. p. 134. London, 1830.

² The Reign of Dr Francia in Paraguay, by M. M. Rengger and Longchamps, p. 8.

³ An Account of the Abipones, a people of Paraguay, by Martin Dobrizhoffer; vol. i. p. 103-4.

⁴ Spanish America, by R. H. Bonnycastle; vol. ii. p. 200.

⁵ Gleanings and Remarks on Buenos Ayres, by Major Gillespie; p. 85.

⁶ History of Brazil, by Robert Southey; vol. ii. p. 358.

⁷ Travels in Chili and La Plata, by John Miers; vol. i. p. 24.

⁸ Journal written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, by Captain Basil Hall; vol. i. p. 20.

⁹ Narrative of a Voyage to the South Atlantic Ocean, from the private Journal of W. H. B. Webster, surgeon; vol. i. p. 87.

¹⁰ South America and the Pacific, by the Hon. P. Campbell Scarlett; vol. i. p. 180.

¹¹ Journal of a Residence in Chili, by Maria Graham; p. 152.

¹² Travels in Buenos Ayres, &c. by J. A. Beaumont, Esq.; p. 92.

¹³ Travels in South America, &c., by Alexander Caldecleugh, Esq.; vol. i. p. 133.

¹⁴ An Account of the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata, p. 253.

¹⁵ Narrative of a Journey, &c., by Robert Proctor, Esq. p. 30.

* Buenos Ayres and the Provinces of the Rio de la Plata, p. 226-7. London, 1830.

† Francia's Reign of Terror, by J. P. and W. P. Robertson; vol. iii. p. 289.

† Buenos Ayres, &c., by Sir Woodbine Parish; p. 347.

likely soon to be removed, as the following extract from Sir Woodbine Parish will show: he is speaking of the miserable state of slavery in which Paraguay has for thirty years been kept by Francia. "That so extraordinary a state of things should so long have existed, is, I believe, entirely to be ascribed to the miserable weakness of the adjoining provinces, which, had they been able to make the slightest combined effort, might long ago have put an end to the tyrannical rule of this crazy old despot. Nature will probably do this ere long, when it may be expected that Paraguay will once more join the confederation of her sister provinces." It is immaterial whether she joins the Union of the Argentine republic, or remains an independent state as at present: we would prefer seeing her in the latter position. But at all events it is to be hoped that the resources of a country, about the fairest on the map of the world, will be fully developed when the opportunity so devoutly to be wished arrives—and let some of our enterprising countrymen be upon the spot, ready to catch the tide which undoubtedly leads on to fortune. Little time is to be lost. The expectations which were blasted by the failure of the mining speculations will be amply realised by undertakings which shall supply this country with the tea of Paraguay. At all events, let us have a few packages brought home on trial.

THE ANNUALS.

THE following historical sketch of this ephemeral class of publications appears in a late number of the "Art-Union, or Monthly Journal of the Arts":—

"The most high and palmy state" of the *Annals* belongs to history. They are now, like the few flowers that still linger in our gardens, dwindled in character, and remind us, with far more of pain than pleasure, of the beautiful things they have been. They have had their day; and if the age has grown too fastidious to enjoy them, we can, at present, perceive no signs that they will be succeeded in public favour by objects more worthy of it. A short history of their rise and progress may, we think, be agreeable to our readers. In 1822, Mr Ackermann introduced the exotic from Germany into England; but 'The Forget Me Not,' a title borrowed also from the same source, was merely a slight improvement on the pocket-books which for centuries had been the customary gift-books of a season, when to present tokens of friendship or affection is considered a sort of duty. The next year the 'Friendship's Offering' made its appearance, and the same year 'The Graces,' containing a series of elegant poems on the months, from the pen of Dr Croly. But with the three were combined blank paper for memoranda, cash accounts, &c.; and they were, as we have said, little more than a degree removed from the time-honoured trash that had contented our forefathers. Yet the project was found to answer, and the natural results followed. Exertions were made, and successfully, to render them valuable as literary volumes, and excellent as works of art. 'The Literary Souvenir,' edited by Mr Alaric Watts, was a huge step in advance; to this gentleman, indeed, was mainly owing the vast improvement they subsequently underwent. 'The Amulet,' edited by Mr S. C. Hall, was another; 'The Winter's Wreath,' a provincial volume, was a third; 'The Keepsake' was a fourth; and in the year 1829, so popular had this class of works become, that no fewer than seventeen were published.

Competition necessarily gave rise to prodigious efforts to obtain pre-eminence. In their earlier years they were all bound up in tinted paper, and enclosed in a case. Paper yielded to silk, in which the majority of them soon made their appearance; then followed morocco leather, and, much more recently, velvet. The public was startled at finding elegant books, full bound in morocco, for the binding of which they had been accustomed to pay nearly as much as the cost of the whole work, illustrated by exquisitely engraved prints from paintings by artists of the highest celebrity, any one of which formerly would have been valued at the charge demanded for the series, and containing prose and poetry, written for the several publications by all the leading and most popular writers of the age. These improvements had indeed been gradual, and had grown out of the large circulation to which some of the *Annals* had attained, and, in especial, to the spirit of energy and enterprise which a laudable rivalry had called into existence. Sums of money that sound preposterous were lavished upon the several departments; five hundred pounds were given to Sir Walter Scott, and proportionate remuneration to other authors, for articles contributed to a single volume of 'The Keepsake'; amounts varying from twenty to one hundred and fifty guineas were paid to artists for the loan of pictures to be engraved; and it was by no means uncommon for the engraver to receive one hundred and fifty guineas for the production of a single plate. For one, indeed, 'the Crucifixion,' after Martin, engraved by Le Keux, that gentleman received one hundred and eighty guineas, making the cost of the print, including the sum paid for the drawing, two hundred and ten guineas. The volume of 'The Amulet' which contained this costly work had also two other engravings, which together cost two hundred and sixty guineas; the other nine prints amounted, perhaps, to seven hundred guineas; so that for the embellishments alone the publishers had to pay nearly twelve hundred guineas; and yet, strange to say this was the only volume of the whole series of

'The Amulet' that yielded a profitable return upon the capital expended and the labour bestowed. Until 'The Keepsake' entered the field, all the *Annals* were published at twelve shillings; 'The Keepsake' was an experiment at a guinea, and it was generally thought would be a failure; the beauty of the embellishments, however, was very great; the letter-press was wretched in proportion, yet the trial was a successful one; and the next year, Mr Heath, the proprietor, amended the mistake into which he had fallen, and obtained the co-operation of nearly all the great authors of the age and country. His expenses for the literary portion of his second volume amounted to no less than £1,600. The existing *Annals* having been made nearly as perfect as they could be, novelties were projected, as the next step to obtain profit. A volume of engravings from the old masters, consisting exclusively of religious writings, entitled 'The Iris,' had existence for two or three years, and was abandoned; a Landscape *Annual* was conceived by Mr Charles Heath; *Annals* for Children were devised; 'The Book of Beauty' was a new and happy idea; Scientific *Annals* made their appearance, and Mr Hood entered the field with his *Comic Annual*. They all had their day, and vanished by degrees. Of the earlier works, the oldest, 'The Forget Me Not,' the second in age, 'The Friendship's Offering,' and the sixth in years, 'The Keepsake,' are the only ones that now exist; the three are unquestionably vastly inferior to what they were a few years ago. But, lately, a new class has sprung up. Messrs Ackermann, some three or four years ago, produced a quarto volume, 'The Flowers of Loveliness,' at the price of a guinea and a half; it was a novelty, and it succeeded, although its merit was any thing but great. Rivals of course followed [including 'The Book of Beauty,' and 'Drawing-Room Scrap Book, both quarto size], and not long ago one was issued at the price, to the public, of two guineas and a half.

Beyond question, the character of the *Annals* has deteriorated; the fashion, we might almost say the passion for them, gradually declined. In proportion as they became unprofitable, exertions were relaxed; and if we look through any of the volumes published within the last five or six years, we shall perceive only mediocre engravings from mediocre paintings, while among the contributors to their literary contents we shall now find scarcely a single name of eminence. Publishers who used to pay largely for the assistance of both authors and artists, have been compelled either to abandon their speculations, or dole out recompense very sparingly; and their value as literary works, or as works of art, has nearly, if it have not altogether, vanished.

Yet they have undoubtedly been useful as well as agreeable—profitable as well as pleasant—both to literature and to art; and the sneers directed against them, just at the commencement of their decline, were as unmerited as they were unwise. Before their introduction into England, the Christmas gift-books were, as we have stated, and our readers know, paltry pocket-books; their successors contained much to interest, and somewhat to instruct; the prints which used to ornament the chimney-pieces of houses of the middle class, were tawdry-coloured daubs, prejudicial to taste, and very often injurious to morality; they were displaced by engravings after the choicest works of our great British painters, executed in such a manner as to cultivate the eye, and give employment to the mind; and we are by no means to put out of sight the fact that the popularity of the *Annals* spread through various channels a very large sum of money every year—such sum being divided among persons whose occupations were beneficial to the country. For some years, indeed, nearly £100,000 per annum were thus expended. We shall not be wide of the mark if we assert that for several years 150,000 volumes were circulated. We made in the year 1829 a calculation of the expenses incurred, and on now referring to it, we have no reason to change our opinion of its accuracy; it may interest, or at least amuse, the curious in such matters, at the same time that it will sustain our argument as to the benefit conferred by this class of works. For 150,000 volumes (including the 'guinea' books, of which there were always two or three), the public paid about £90,000. The sum was thus distributed:—

Authors and editors	£6,000
Painters	3,000
Engravers	12,000
Copper-plate printers	4,000
Printers	3,500
Paper-makers	5,500
Binders	9,000
Silk-manufacturers and leather-sellers	4,000
For advertising, &c.	2,000
Incidental matters	1,000
	£50,000
Publishers' profits	10,000
Retail booksellers' profits	30,000
	£90,000

Thus—and it will no doubt startle many of our readers—during the seventeen years that the *Annals* have flourished in England, a million and a half of money has been expended upon them by the public. There is another consideration that should have some weight; they are issued at a period of the year when trade is proverbially 'dull,' and when book-selling is

especially so. They create business when, according to the Irishman, there is 'nothing stirring but stagnation.' We contend, then, that there are few luxuries in the purchase of which the public money could have been better expended; and we repeat, that in rejecting them, or at least in so far neglecting them as to cause their obvious deterioration, the public has been a loser and not a gainer. We have as yet had their places supplied by nothing more useful, or more agreeable."

We beg to add a single word of observation to this somewhat interesting account of the rise, progress, decline, and fall of the *Annals*. It has always appeared to us that, with a few exceptions, the literature of these publications was excessively puerile, and could not reasonably be expected to command an enduring reputation or patronage. The works, in fact, were never any thing but beautiful picture-books, and therefore liable to be deprived of public favour when an improved taste or new means of satisfying it became predominant. The drawing-rooms of the wealthy being furnished with a sufficient number of red, blue, and green morocco-covered picture-books, the sale of these works naturally diminishes, and objects of greater novelty—perhaps original paintings in frames—take their place. Such seems to be the true cause of the decline and fall of the *Annals*.

FAMILIAR OBSCURITIES.

THERE are certain words and phrases which, though in familiar use, are never made the subject of regular explanation, simply because every body is supposed already to know their meaning; and as these words and phrases seldom appear in dictionaries, it follows, as a natural consequence, that many persons remain in ignorance of them during the whole or a greater part of their lives. We propose to throw a little light on a few of these familiar obscurities. The first that comes to our recollection is the term

ALLGEMEINE ZEITUNG.

Allgemeine Zeitung is common in newspaper intelligence. "We learn from the *Allgemeine Zeitung*," says a daily paper, "that Prince Metternich is at present in a declining state of health, and intends visiting," &c.; or, "It is confidently reported by the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, that an important meeting is shortly expected to take place between the ambassadors of the leading European powers at Toplitz," &c. &c. The term *Allgemeine Zeitung* is, in short, constantly before the public; every body has seen it hundreds of times; there is no end to it. But who knows exactly what it means? Is it the name of a newspaper, a magazine, or a human being—what is it? We shall explain. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* is a newspaper published daily in the German language at Augsburg in Bavaria. The name signifies Universal Gazette or Intelligencer, the word *Zeitung* being from the same root as our English word *Tidings*. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* is to Prussia, Austria, and various other continental powers, what the *Times* or *Morning Chronicle* is to England, with the superior attraction of being written upon a plan of more general interest. It is, we believe, the best newspaper in Germany, and is particularly celebrated for the correctness of its intelligence from Turkey and the adjacent countries. The *Allgemeine Zeitung* has existed for upwards of forty years, and is now, or was lately, the property of Baron Cotta, who employs regular correspondents in Constantinople, Athens, Cairo, Smyrna, and all the chief capitals in Europe; also in America. It is occasionally made use of by Austria and other states as a kind of demi-official organ, and therefore exerts an influence to a certain extent in continental politics. It is small in size, cheap in price; and its circulation, as is believed, is not above five thousand copies. People in Germany care little for newspapers, and grudge spending money upon them.

SILHOUETTE.

The word *Silhouette* is another of these obscurities. "He has had his likeness taken in silhouette," "Silhouette likenesses executed here, at one shilling each, by Mr —," and so on with many other observations and announcements, in which the word *silhouette* occurs. It is generally known that a *silhouette* is a small profile likeness in black, or black slightly streaked with white or coloured lines. But the origin of the word is to most persons a mystery, and is rather curious. The term took its rise in France eighty years ago, and was occasioned by the nation being at that time in a state of financial distress, under the administration of M. de Silhouette. That gentleman endeavoured by severe economy to remedy the evils of a war which had just terminated, leaving the country in great exhaustion. During the period of M. de Silhouette's government, all the fashions in Paris took the character of parsimony. Coats without folds were worn; snuff-boxes were made of plain wood; and, instead of painted portraits, outlines only were drawn in profile, and filled with Indian ink, &c. All these fashions were called *à la Silhouette*; but the name was retained only in the case of the profiles, which, from their simplicity, and the cheap manner in which they could be executed, survived the period of their compulsory origin. Thus, the name of a French Chan-

cellor of the Exchequer has been attached to the most common of our miniature profiles.

BENEFIT OF CLERGY.

This was a privilege formerly possessed in England by all clergymen, and consisted in their exemption from trial for felony before the civil tribunals: when they were charged with a felonious crime, they were handed over to their own ecclesiastical courts. The privilege was afterwards modified in various ways, and was extended to all persons who could read, and also to women; and, practically, those who were entitled to the benefit of clergy were not punished for any crime, further than suffering a short imprisonment, and, at the discretion of the judge, being branded on the thumb; in other words, none were hanged but unlettered persons. The privilege was, however, frequently broken through, and was reduced to little else than a mere name, by a statute of Queen Anne; it was formally abolished in the reign of George IV., since which event all persons are equal in the eye of the law. The term "benefit of clergy" is now used only in a jocular sense.

A few more explanations by and bye.

ANNOYANCES OF OFFICIAL PERSONS IN AMERICA.

To the people of this country, who are accustomed to regard high official men with a sort of distant awe, the familiarity with which the same class of men are treated in America must appear extremely strange. We have been assured by an American gentleman of the highest intelligence and respectability, that there is not a state official of popular appointment in "the States," who is not under the necessity of holding himself ready to receive familiar calls at every hour from persons who in this country would not be allowed entrance even into the lobby of a respectable house. And the privilege is taken advantage of in no sparing manner. In a late clever work entitled "Aristocracy in America," a curious account is given of the shoals of people who come to Washington to bore the President and other officers for posts. We extract the passage:—

"And then what a continual influx of paupers! interrupted the bar-keeper; 'all coming here to seek office, to see the President, and to avail themselves of their acquaintance with one or the other member, to obtain a place for themselves or one of their relations. Would you believe that people come here from a distance of from six hundred to a thousand miles, to hunt an appointment of six hundred dollars a-year; and that, in order to enable them to get home again, after they have spent their last farthing, the President is often obliged to pay their passage out of his own pocket?'"

"I can testify to that," said one of the gentlemen; "General Jackson has done so more than once. When they first come here, they expect nothing less than an appointment of two thousand dollars a-year, but by degrees their expectations become more moderate: they would then be satisfied with a clerkship; by and bye with a still more subordinate station; and at last they would be glad if any one would pay their bill, and enable them to get home again. I remember a most remarkable story, which was current here shortly after the election of General Jackson, and which is singularly characteristic of the notions of our people as respects the power of the executive.

One morning, scarcely a fortnight after the general's arrival at the White-house, a shabby-genteel looking man presented himself at his parlour, and, after the usual salutation and shaking of hands, expressed his joy at seeing the venerable old gentleman at last hold the situation of chief magistrate of the country, to which his bravery, his talents, and his unimpeachable rectitude, fully entitled him. "We have had a hard time of it," said he, "in our little place; but our exertions were unremitting; I myself went round to stimulate my neighbours, and at last the victory was ours. We beat them by a majority of ten votes, and I now behold the result of that glorious triumph!" The general thanked him in terms of studied politeness, assuring him that he would resign his office in an instant, if he did not think his election gave satisfaction to a vast majority of the people; and at last regretted his admirer's zeal for the public weal should have been so severely taxed on his account. "Oh, no matter for that, sir!" said he; "I did it with pleasure—I did it for myself and for my country" (the general bowed); "and I now come to congratulate you on your success" (the general bowed again). "I thought, sir," continued he, "that as you are now President of the United States, I might perhaps be useful to you in some official capacity." (The general looked somewhat embarrassed.) "Pray, sir, have you already made a choice of your cabinet ministers?" "I have," was the reply of the general. "Well, no matter for that; I shall be satisfied with an embassy to Europe." "I am sorry to say there is no vacancy." "Then you will perhaps require a head-clerk in the department of state?" "These are generally appointed by the respective secretaries." "I am very sorry for that: then I must be satisfied with some inferior appointment." "I never interfere with these: you must address yourself to the heads of departments." "But could I not be postmaster in Washington? Only think, general, how I worked for you!" "I am much obliged to you for the good opinion you entertain of me, and for your kind offices at the last election; but the postmaster for the city of Washington is already appointed." "Well, I don't particularly care for that; I should be satisfied with being his clerk." "This is a subject you must mention to the postmaster." "Why, then, general," exclaimed the disappointed candidate for office, "haven't you got an old black coat?" You may well imagine that the general gave him one.

Extravagant as this story appears, I can assure you that there are at any time in Washington hundreds of persons seeking employment of some sort or other, nine-tenths of whom return home disappointed, cursing the ingratitude of those whom they have elevated by their suffrages, and who are now so monstrously ungrateful as to suffer them to gain a livelihood by common labour. All these men finish by joining the opposition, expecting to be treated with more consideration by the next administration."

ANOTHER AND ANOTHER.

"Among the many foreigners with whom Mr Mathews was intimate, was a M. P.—lle, who frequently visited us after our marriage. M. P.—lle and his wife, a pretty Englishwoman, had been married several years, but no child had blessed the otherwise happy couple. At the time we became acquainted with them, in York, the lady had given promise, and in due time the critical period arrived which was to complete their happiness, as they believed, by a more powerful bond of union. On the evening when this event was expected, and M. P.—lle hoped to become a father, he invited himself to dinner with us, desiring to divert, if possible, the intensity of his feelings from the little less than agony of suspense which he experienced lest his dearly beloved wife should fall a sacrifice to her situation. It was almost impossible, even while witnessing the husband's suffering, not to smile at the ludicrous expression he gave to it. Mr Mathews urged him to take more wine than the habit of the abstemious Frenchman would have allowed him to drink at any other time; but now he seemed glad to use any artificial means to sustain himself. A second bottle of port had been produced after dinner, before any intelligence from home reached the anxious husband, when, lo! as he was sipping a second glass of the newly-opened wine, a servant from home was admitted, almost breathless with haste, and announced that his mistress was 'put to bed' with a fine boy! The rapture of the father was as whimsical as had been his dread. He was flying off to see his first-born; but a prudent message from the doctor was added, recommending M. P.—lle not to return immediately, but to wait, satisfied with present intelligence, until summoned. To this he reluctantly submitted; and re-entring himself, indulged in his future prospect of added bliss. Nothing had been wanting but a son to perfect the interest of his life; one child was sufficient for their mutual wishes; indeed, as he observed, a large family would not be desirable, or consistent with his means; and as he and his wife were no longer youthful, it was not probable that any very serious increase to his family circle could be expected—he was in fact the happiest of men. After a short interval, the servant appeared once more, to acquaint Monsieur his master that, since his first message, 'Mistress had got another bairn!' Surprising was this news, and somewhat *damping*, we thought, to the happiness and satisfaction which the first intelligence so indisputably occasioned. However, after the first ejaculation of surprise, M. P.—lle inquired how his wife was, and on being again assured that there was nothing to fear, and that he would soon be allowed to see her, he appeared to resign himself to his twofold blessing, observing, 'Well, well! it cannot be prevented—it is one more *den* I expect—*mais* I not repine—two children at one time is rather inconvenient & very expensive!—*mais* n'importe! I cannot help him—I must be resign to it.' In this manner he philosophised while he sipped his wine, looking into the fire, at the same time, in a musing attitude; now and then, however, taking out his watch, and again expressing his anxiety lest his 'dear wife' should be in danger. We had some difficulty in preventing him from appearing at his house before the ruling powers there thought proper. A third time his messenger rushed in, more agitated and pale than at first. He appeared to bring fatal news, for his eyes seemed almost bursting from their sockets, and his whole appearance was truly alarming to us all. 'Well?' we simultaneously exclaimed, 'how is Madame?' 'She's as well as can be expected, doctor says; but —' 'But what?' asked the agitated husband. 'But she's gotten another bairn!' replied the messenger. 'Another child!!' cried the astonished Frenchman, starting from his chair, and pushing his hair back from his forehead, with a 'Wheugh!' as if sudden heat had distressed him. In truth he looked less in sorrow than in anger at this unseasonable augmentation; and after a second's pause in seeming reflection, he suddenly assumed a resolute manner, as if from a strong effort of mental decision; buttoned up his coat rapidly; called for his hat, forced it with a blow down upon his forehead; drew in his breath; and, in a calm yet determined voice, as he hastened out of the room, exclaimed, as if in soliloquy, 'I must put a stop to *dis* business!'—*Mathews's Memoirs*.

THE SABBATH.

Blessings, and ten thousand blessings, be upon that day! and let myriads of thanks stream up to the throne of God, for this divine and regenerating gift to man. As I have sat in some flowery dale, with the sweetness of May around me, on a week day, I have thought of the millions of immortal creatures, toiling for their daily life in factories and shops, amid the whirl of machinery, and the greedy craving of mercantile gain; and, suddenly, that golden interval of time has lain before me in all its brightness—a time, and a perpetually recurring time, in which the iron grasp of earthly tyranny is loosed, and Peace, Faith, and Freedom, the Angels of God, come down and walk once more among men! Ten thousand blessings on this day—the friend of man and beast. The bigot would rob it of its healthful freedom on the one hand, and coop man up in his workday dungeons, and cause him to walk with downcast eyes and demure steps; and the libertine would desecrate all its sober decorum on the other. God, and the sound heart and sterling sense of Englishmen, preserve it from both these evils! Let us still avoid Puritan rigidity and French dissipation. Let our children and our servants, and those who toil for us in vaults, and shops, and factories, between the inter-

vals of solemn worship, have freedom to walk in the face of heaven and the beauty of earth; for in the great Temple of Nature stand together Health and Piety. For myself I speak from experience; it has always been my delight to go out on a Sunday, and, like Isaac, meditate in the fields; and especially in the sweet tranquillity and amid the gathering shadows of evening; and never, in temple or in closet, did more hallowed influence fall upon my heart. With the twilight and the hush of earth, a tenderness has stolen upon me—a desire for every thing pure and holy—a love for every creature on which God has stamped the wonder of his handiwork, but, especially, for every child of humanity; and then I have been made to feel, that there is no oratory like that which has heaven itself for its root, and no teaching like the teaching of the Spirit which created, and still overshadows, the world with its infinite wing.—*William Howitt*.

MULTITUDE OF RETAILERS OF ARDENT SPIRITS.

In the year 1838, the number of persons who obtained certificates to sell ale and spirits, in the county and city of Edinburgh, was 2195. The number of families in the city and county is 47,415. There is therefore a dealer in ale and spirits for every 21½ families in the city and county of Edinburgh.

THE BROTHERS CHEERYBLE.

It may be right to say, that there are two characters in this book which are drawn from life. It is remarkable, that what we call the world, which is so very credulous in what professes to be true, is most incredulous in what professes to be imaginary; and that while every day in real life it will allow in one man no blemishes, and in another no virtues, it will seldom admit a very strongly marked character, either good or bad, in a fictitious narrative, to be within the limits of probability. For this reason they have been very slightly and imperfectly sketched. Those who take an interest in this tale will be glad to learn that the Brothers Cheeryble live; that their liberal charity, their singleness of heart, their noble nature, and their unbounded benevolence, are no creations of the author's brain, but are promoting every day (and oftentimes by stealth) some munificent and generous deed in that town of which they are the pride and honour. —*Preface to Nicholas Nickleby*. The Messrs Grant of Manchester are understood to be the gentlemen meant. —*Newspaper*. The individuals here alluded to are natives of Scotland. They left Strathpey in their boyhood, without any advantages from fortune, and are now amongst the most affluent and respectable merchants in Manchester. As a trait of their character, justifying the view taken of it by Mr Dickens, it may be mentioned that a few years ago, observing one of their clerks to be in declining health, they sent him out to Madeira to recover it, after having first stuffed some hundred and fifty pounds into his pocket. The object was not accomplished, for the young man died; but the brothers are not the less to be praised for their good intention. It is not, perhaps, quite right in us to publish this anecdote; but somehow we never can hear of a generous human being without feeling an uncontrollable desire to make his merits known.

HELPS IN MICHIGAN.

Some of my dear theorising friends in the civilised world had dissuaded me most earnestly from bringing a maid with me.

"She would always be discontented and anxious to return; and you'll find plenty of good farmers' daughters ready to live with you for the sake of earning a little money."

Good souls! how little did they know of Michigan! I have since that day seen the interior of many a wretched dwelling, with almost literally nothing in it but a bed, a chest, and a table; children ragged to the last degree, and potatoes the only fare; but never yet saw I one where the daughter was willing to own herself obliged to live out at service. She would "hire out" long enough to buy some article of dress perhaps, or "because our folks have been sick, and want a little money to pay the doctor," or for some such special reason; but never as a regular calling, or with an acknowledgment of inferior station.

This state of things appalled me at first, but I have learned a better philosophy since. I find no difficulty now in getting such aid as I require, and but little in retaining it as long as I wish, though there is always a desire of making an occasional display of independence. Since living with one for wages is considered by common consent a favour, I take it as a favour; and this point once conceded, all goes well. Perhaps I have been peculiarly fortunate; but certainly, with one or two exceptions, I had little or nothing to complain of on this essential point of domestic comfort.

To be sure, I had one damsel who crammed herself almost to suffocation with sweetmeats and other things which she esteemed very nice, and ate up her own pica and cake, to the exclusion of those for whom they were intended; who would put her head in at a door, with—"Miss [the Michigan word for Mrs] Clavers, did you holler?" I thought I heered a yell."

And another, who was highly offended because room was not made for her at table with guests from the city, and that her company was not requested for tea visits. And this latter high-born damsel sent in from the kitchen a circumstantial account, in writing, of the instances wherein she considered herself aggrieved; well written it was too, and expressed with much *naïveté*, and abundant respect. I answered it in the way which "turneth away wrath." Yet it was not long before this fiery spirit was aroused again, and I was forced to part with my country belle.—*Mrs Clavers's Glimpses of Western Life, newly published*.

It is respectfully intimated that no communications in verse or prose are wanted.

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THINGS WISHED TO BE TRUE.

IN the mental progress both of individuals and of nations, the feelings are in activity before the reasoning powers. This is one of the great causes of superstition, prejudice, and fallacy of every kind. Even in a comparatively mature state of individual or national intellect, reason has a sore battle to fight with the dictates of the feelings, and for one thing ascertained to be true, we probably sanction a score which we only wish to be so. In cases where the assumption rests upon a feeling in itself good and beautiful, the error is sure to be the more inveterate; for as we advance, we cherish such feelings the more warmly, and are thus apt to cling the more eagerly to every thing which they dictate to us.

The system of trial by ordeal, by combat, and by touching the body of the murdered, which prevailed in the middle ages, is a lively example of an error arising from good feelings, and which was on that account the more difficult to be got quit of. The Deity was expected to guide the steps of the innocent among the burning ploughshares, and to buoy him up when thrown bound into the flood. He was expected to give the victory to the protector of innocence and the pursuer of guilt. It was supposed that he would interfere to cause the corpse to bleed at the moment when the guilty hand was placed upon it. In these convictions we see a strong trust in Providence—a beautiful and laudable feeling, but here in a false and mistaken form. The touching of the sick was a similar error, with the addition of a second and scarcely subordinate faith in the king as an immediate deputy of God. We cannot but admire these devout and amiable feelings; but it is nevertheless unquestionable that they led to bad results. Many an innocent man must have perished through the accident of touching the ploughshares, or of not being able to sustain himself in the water, or because his adversary was of more powerful make, or through the chance of his touching the corpse at the moment when the tumid vessels happened, under the influence of natural causes, to burst in the stomach. By trusting, moreover, in the efficacy of the royal hand, many must have been prevented from taking the right natural means for restoring their afflicted relatives. By the methods now pursued in the respective cases, innocence is evidently safer, and scrofula runs a better chance of being cured. It may be said, "Well, an advantage is thus gained; but still is it not a pity that feelings so laudable should be suppressed or left unemployed?" They are not, however, necessarily suppressed in consequence of their ceasing to dictate trial by ordeal or touching for the king's evil. The faculties which produced those feelings are still in the human mind, ready to be employed on any objects which may be presented to them. Only let them be exercised on right objects and to right ends, under the direction of reason; and we shall then have good instead of evil results. It is a fallacy to suppose, that, when some dictate of our feelings is confuted, the feeling, with any merit there may be in it, is lost. We might as well say that discommending a diet of pastry was suppressing agriculture, when it is obvious that the wheat may be employed in a salutary instead of an injurious way.

Society still gives currency and partial sanction to many notions which certainly take their rise in good feelings, but nevertheless are clearly wrong in fact and in reason, and must therefore, by a principle inseparable from every kind of error, be upon the whole, though perhaps not very immediately, injurious. We shall first adduce an example of a comparatively innocuous nature. Cruelty is generally detested, and

bravery is as universally admired. Admiring the brave, we do not wish that they should be cruel. Then, remembering that, under alarm or terror, there is a tendency to do cruel things, which a brave man, from his calmness, might avoid, we rush to the agreeable conclusion that the brave are *never* cruel. Yet it is an unquestionable fact, that many brave men have been extremely cruel. William Duke of Cumberland was, like all his family, almost insensible to fear; yet the cruelties with which he visited the Highlanders in 1746, were such as most deservedly to obtain for him the ignominious name of "the Butcher." Nelson's bravery will not, we think, be questioned; yet he exercised the most atrocious cruelties upon the Neapolitan patriots, not to speak of the infamous breach of faith by which these cruelties were preceded. The Duke of Alva, who shed the blood of the Netherlanders like water, was never called a timid man. Graham of Claverhouse, who shot simple and innocent peasants without compunction, was a hero on the battle-field. Marius and Sylla, Richard III. and Wallenstein, were all of them brave men. But, in fact, it is absurd to reckon up instances of brave men who have been cruel: the question would be more easily exhausted by pointing to those who have not been so. History is full of bold fellows who have been quite unscrupulous about human suffering. The brave who have also been habitually merciful are but a few. This, at the same time, is not because there is any necessary connection between bravery and cruelty. There may quite well be the one quality where the other is wanting. But as bravery is independent of cruelty, so is it independent of clemency. We may admit that, in many cases, a brave man, not fearing an enemy, may be merciful to him, where a coward, from very fear, would be unrelenting. But, on the other hand, the brave are apt to be led by their courage into the rougher scenes of life, where human life and suffering are little regarded; and thus more cruel acts are likely to fall in their hands than in those of timid men, who generally seek the gentler and more peaceful scenes, where the quality, if they have it, is less liable to be called into action. Upon the whole, then, though bravery and cruelty are not necessarily connected in human character, there is little reason to believe that they are never, or rarely, found together.

There is a set of maxims, which men of liberal and philanthropic views are likely to entertain, as encouraging to their hopes and wishes, but which a little cool reflection shows to be greatly open to challenge. One of these is expressed in Byron's verses—

Freedom's battle, once begun,
Bequeathed from bleeding sire to son,
Though baffled oft, is ever won.

It certainly is in many cases won, after a long series of reverses and difficulties. But is it not also often permanently lost? Has not the nascent spark of freedom, after a little fitful flickering, been extinguished in many countries, where, after the lapse of centuries, we have not seen it re-illuminated? As the proposition is one which only can be proved by the invariableness of the assumed fact, we must hold it as only an agreeable fancy, which is occasionally realised. It may be very encouraging under certain circumstances, but, as not being strictly true, it may also mislead. Better, then, that mankind should be at once made sensible of how the case really stands. Another maxim, nearly related to the above, is, that it is impossible to keep down the expression of public opinion. Mr D'Israeli has treated this subject at some length in his *Curiosities of Literature*, and shown many curious clandestine expedients that have been

adopted for diffusing and communicating thought, when open methods were impossible. But, while we do not deny that the ingenuity of a depressed party is capable of defeating severely repressive measures in many surprising ways, we cannot be insensible to a fact which so broadly appears on the face of history, as well as on the surface of continental society at the present moment, as that the measures taken by government for repressing opinion, and preventing its communication, are in many instances sufficiently successful to secure the desired end. It would be pleasant to think that tyranny must ever be baffled in such attempts; but it may be still more advantageous to acknowledge the truth of the case, for then men may make more strenuous exertions to resist the first encroachments of a power which is sure to be irresistible, if allowed to grow to full strength. A third maxim of the same nature is, that persecution never succeeds, but only has the effect of adding strength and force to the thing persecuted. This is a notion very likely to obtain currency at a time when persecution is rarely exemplified except in a very mild form. It would not have been so apt to gain credence a few centuries ago. Then persecution often was successful. And this simply because it was then carried out with the required degree of vigour. When it could condemn to the flames, or deprive of land and goods, or imprison and banish, it always succeeded in pretty well extinguishing the obnoxious doctrines. It is only at a time when it appears willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike, when it only frets and irritates, without destroying, that it seems to be attended with an effect the contrary of that contemplated. Such is the fact with regard to the grosser and better defined modes of persecution. There are more refined methods, appropriate to the refined character of the age, which are yet in full play, and attended with the most complete success. Persecution not effectual! it might be as proper to say that steel and poison do not kill. The real truth is, that there is a tendency in things under a certain amount of persecution to rise up into greater vigour, as fire burns brighter under a slight sprinkling of water; but, under a sufficient amount of persecution, their repression is as unavoidable as the extinction of the same fire by a sufficient quantity of water. To look this fact broadly in the face may also have better effects than to remain under the delusion. An inclination to adopt severe measures with dissentients may be checked, when it is considered that such measures will only be successful if carried to a pitch which humanity will not sanction. On the other hand, dissentients, if convinced that a certain amount of persecution is sure to be effectual, may be prompted by that conviction to guard the more anxiously against the first efforts of a power seeking to keep them down. It is also something to show, where opinions or systems really have been repressed, that it may have been from the severity of the measures taken with them, and not from want of good foundation on their part, which might otherwise be presumed—for, clearly, if any one denies the power of persecution to extinguish a speculative system supported by him, and if that system, being persecuted, languishes and decays, he must be liable to hear its decay attributed to its own demerit.

To turn to more vulgar maxims. That "murder will out," is a general conviction among the common people; and at first sight it seems a very respectable kind of conviction. It certainly is not true, for many murders have remained concealed. It seems to be only a hasty inference from a number of surprising cases in which that crime, long concealed, had been unexpectedly discovered. It may be said that the

conviction, though erroneous, is likely to be useful, and it is therefore a pity to undeceive the multitude on the point. We would answer, there is no certain dependence to be placed on what is not true. Let us rather promulgate the fact, as it stands, that, from natural circumstances, there is a very great likelihood that murder, when it takes place, will be discovered. In this alone, there is much to deter men even in their present state from the act. But the true way to prevent men from committing this act is to improve their moral natures, so that they shall become incapable of it. That "ill-gotten wealth never thrives," is another of the prepossessions of the multitude. Apparently, such a conviction ought to serve as a check to all erroneous modes of acquiring wealth. Perhaps it does so to a small extent; but the good end would be infinitely better served, if men were enlightened so as to see not only the falsity of this maxim, but that moral means of acquiring wealth were, generally speaking, the surest, and also those which would afford most satisfaction in the long-run. Besides, supposing that a man has no other idea of the arrangements of the Deity on this point, but that he will not allow a cheat to thrive, what is he to think when he observes the not infrequent phenomenon of successful rapine? His ideas of providence must be completely confounded, and his mind left to wander into every sort of error. If, on the contrary, he knows that the Deity governs by general laws, and that these laws have each its independent sphere of action, he will rest content on seeing the occasional prosperity of the wicked, being certain that, upon the whole, the result of wickedness will probably, from the operation of the same laws, be otherwise, and that still, as a general truth, honesty is the best policy.

Many other examples of false convictions from our best feelings might be adduced, but the above will perhaps be sufficient with most readers to suggest the rest. We have been anxious to show the advantage of confessing error and seeing the truth in these cases, though perhaps with less success than might be desirable. If, however, there be any deficiency on this point, we would have the reader to call into exercise his general faith in truth. If he believes that there is such a thing in nature, and that it generally tends to better results than error, he may well be assured that no false maxim, however it may harmonise with the first impulses of good feelings, can ever be so conducive to human happiness as the opposite truth.

BYRON'S NARRATIVE.

On the 18th of September 1740, the *Wager*, one of five ships of war under the command of Commodore Anson, sailed with its consorts from St Helen's, being intended for service against the Spaniards in the Southern Pacific Ocean. The *Wager* was the least effective of all the vessels of the squadron, being an old Indianman, recently fitted out as a man-of-war, and the crew being formed of men pressed from other services; while all the land force on board consisted of a detachment of invalids, or men but partially convalescent, from Chelsea Hospital. Besides, being intended to act as a store-ship, the *Wager* was heavily laden with military and other stores for the use of the squadron. All these circumstances conspired to render the vessel more than usually hazardous, from the very commencement of its long voyage.

The *Wager* rounded Cape Horn, with the other ships in company, about the beginning of April 1741, and soon after, the distresses of the ship began. The weather became tempestuous, and the mizen-mast was carried away by a heavy sea, all the chain-plates to windward being also broken. The best bower-anchor had next to be cut away, and the ship lost sight of its companions. The men were seized with sickness and scurvy, and one evil followed another, till, on the 14th of May, about four in the morning, the ship struck on a sunken rock, and was laid on her beam-ends, with the sea breaking dreadfully over her. All who could stir flew to the deck, but some poor creatures who could not leave their hammocks were immediately drowned. For some time, until day broke, the crew of the *Wager* saw nothing before or around them but breakers, and imagined that every moment would be their last. "In this terrifying and critical juncture (says the Hon. Mr Byron), to have observed all the modes of horror operating according to the several characters and complexions amongst us, it was necessary that the observer himself should have been free from all impressions of danger." But still his attention was arrested by one, who "in the ravings of despair was seen stalking about the deck flourishing a cutlass over his head, and calling himself king of the country, and striking every body he came near, till his companions, seeing no other security against his tyranny, knocked him down." Others "grew very riotous, broke open

every chest and box that was at hand, stove in the heads of casks of brandy and wine as they were borne up the hatchway, and got so drunk, that some of them were drowned on board, and lay floating about the decks for some days after." A few sustained their courage at this fearful moment. Captain Cheap and his officers were unable, however, to maintain order, or even to attempt it.

When daylight came, land was seen not far off, and the thoughts of all were turned to the immediate leaving of the ship, and saving of their lives. With the help of the boats, the crew, with the exception of a few who were either drunk or thought the ship safe for a time, got on shore, but the prospect before them was still a dreadful one. "Whichever way we looked, a scene of horror presented itself; on one side the wreck (in which was all that we had in the world to support and subsist us), together with a boisterous sea; on the other, the land did not wear a much more favourable appearance; desolate and barren, without sign of culture, we could hope to receive little other benefit from it than the preservation it afforded us from the sea. We had wet, cold, and hunger to struggle with, and no visible remedy against any of those evils." The land on which the crew had been cast was unknown to them, excepting in so far as they were aware of its being an island near, or a part of, the western coast of South America, about a hundred leagues north of the Straits of Magellan. In all, the shipwrecked party amounted to about one hundred and forty, exclusive of the few on board. The first night was passed in an old Indian hut, and the discovery of some lances in a corner of it bred a new source of alarm—namely, from the natives. For some days afterwards, the men were busied in the attempt to get beef casks and other things from the wreck, which did not go entirely to pieces for a considerable time, although all the articles on deck were washed ashore one by one. After great difficulty, the men who remained on board, and who indulged there in great disorder, were persuaded to come on shore. With materials got from the wreck, or cast ashore, tents were got up, and a common store-tent erected for all the food or casks of liquor got from the ship in the same way. This place was watched incessantly, for the allowance was of course a very short or small one, and the men could scarcely pick up a morsel of fish, flesh, or fowl, on the coast for themselves. The weather, also, continued wet and cold.

"All humour and discontent, from the difficulties we laboured under in procuring sustenance, and the little prospect there was of any amendment in our condition, were now breaking out apace." Some men separated themselves from the others, and ten of the hardest of these seceders resolved to desert altogether. They got a canoe made, "went away up one of the lagoons, and were never heard of more!" The spirit of discord was much aggravated by an accident that occurred on the 10th of May. A midshipman named Cozens, who had roused the anger of Captain Cheap by various acts and words, was finally shot by his superior's hand. The act was a rash one, but the captain had cause to imagine at the moment that Cozens had openly mutinied, or was about to mutiny. This act made an unfortunate impression on the minds of the men, who found food every day growing more scarce. A few Indians, men and women, of small stature, and very swarthy, visited the party, and were of service in procuring food; but the seamen affronted their wives, and they all went away. "The Indians having left us, and the weather continuing tempestuous and rainy, the distresses of the people for want of food became insupportable. Our number, which was at first one hundred and forty-five, was now reduced to one hundred, and chiefly by famine. The pressing calls of hunger drove our men to their wits' end, and put them on a variety of devices to satisfy it. Among the ingenious this way, one Phipps, a boatswain's mate, having got a water punchon, scuttled it; then lashing two logs, one on each side, set out in quest of adventures in this extraordinary and original piece of embarkation." He often got shell-fish and wild-fowl, but had to venture out far from land, and on one occasion was cast upon a rock, and remained there two days. A poor Indian dog belonging to Mr Byron, and which had become much attached to him, was taken by the men and devoured; and three weeks after, its owner was glad to search for the paws, which had been thrown aside, and of which, though rotten, he made a hearty meal.

Till the 24th of September, the party continued in this condition of continually augmenting wretchedness, with only one hope of relief before them, and this resting on the *long-boat*, which the carpenter was incessantly working at, to bring it into a strong and safe condition. On the day mentioned, the *long-boat* being nearly finished, Mr Byron and a small party were sent to explore the coast to the southward, almost the whole crew being resolute to make for Magellan's Straits, although the captain wished to go along the coast to the northward. In a day or two, the party returned to the island (for such was the land on which the wreck had taken place), and the *long-boat* was immediately afterwards launched, with the cutter and barge, all of which boats had been saved at first. Eighty-one men entered these boats, being the whole survivors of the party, with the exception of Captain Cheap and two companions, who remained voluntarily, and for whose use another boat, the *yawl*, was left. The leaving of the captain was a thing unexpected by

Byron and some others, and when a necessity occurred for sending back the barge to the island for some left canvass, these parties seized the chance of going in the boat to rejoin the captain and share his fate. On the 21st of October, the final separation took place between the shore party and those in the *long-boat*, who sailed for the south. Captain Cheap and those who came to him were joined by a small party who had originally seceded from the main body; and the whole of this united band, amounting to twenty men, set sail in the barge and the *yawl*, towards the north, on the 15th of December. Up to that time they contrived, with almost unheard-of difficulty, to subsist on what they could pick up. "A weed called slaugh, fried in the tallow of some candles we had saved, and wild colery, were our only fare, by which our strength was so much impaired that we could scarcely crawl." One fine day, the hull of the *Wager*, still sticking together, was exposed, and by visiting her the party got three small casks of beef hooked up. This soon restored to them sufficient strength for their enterprise, which they undertook on the day mentioned, in the barge and *yawl*. Unhappily, the sea grew very tempestuous, and "the men in the boats were obliged to sit as close as possible, to receive the seas on their backs, and prevent their filling us. We were obliged to throw every thing overboard to lighten the boats, all our beef, and even the grapnel, to prevent sinking. Night was coming on, and we were fast running on a lee shore, where the sea broke in a frightful manner." Just as every man thought certain death approaching, an opening was seen in the rocks, the boats ran into it, and found a haven as "smooth as a mill-pond!"

The party remained here four days, suffering much from their old enemy, hunger. In passing farther along the coast, which they did at continual risk, they were reduced to such distress as to "eat the shoes off" their feet, these shoes being of raw seal-skin. They never knew what it was to have a dry thread about them, and the climate was very cold. During the first few weeks of their course, the *yawl* was lost, and one man drowned; but what was a more distressing consequence, they were obliged to leave four men on shore, as the barge could not carry all. The men did not object to being left; they were wearied of their lives. When the poor fellows were left, "they stood upon the beach, giving us three cheers, and called out God bless the king!" They were never heard of more; and it is but too probable, as Byron says, that they met "a miserable end." But, indeed, every one had now given up hope of ultimate escape, and this was shown by the resolution taken almost immediately afterwards, to "go back to Wager's Island (the place of shipwreck), there to linger out a miserable life." Eating nothing but sea-weed and tangle by the way, the poor mariners again reached the island. They were here no better off. The weather was wretchedly wet, and "wild colery was all we could procure, which raked our stomachs instead of assuaging our hunger. That dreadful and last resource of men in not much worse circumstances than ours, of consigning one man to death for the support of the rest, began to be mentioned in whispers." Fortunately one man found some rotten pieces of beef on the sea-shore, and with a degree of generosity only to be appreciated by persons so placed, he shared it fairly with the rest.

This supply sustained the whole till the arrival of some Indians, accompanied by a chief or Cacique from the island of Chiloe, which lies in 40 degrees 42 minutes of south latitude. This Cacique could speak a little Spanish; and he agreed to conduct the party in the barge to the nearest Spanish settlement, being to receive the barge and all its contents for his trouble. Fourteen in number, the wrecked sailors again put to sea, and were conducted by their guide to the mouth of a river, which he proposed to ascend. But after toiling one whole day, the attempt to go up against the current was given over, and they were forced to try the coast again. The severe day's work, conjoined with hunger, caused the death of one of the strongest men of the party, although it was thought that he might have been preserved but for the inhumanity of Captain Cheap, who alone had food at the moment (got from the Indian), but would not give a morsel to the dying man. This roused the indignation of the others, and the consequence was, that, while others sought food on shore, "six of the men seized the boat, put off, and left us, to return no more. And now all the difficulties we had hitherto encountered seemed light in comparison of what we expected to suffer from the treachery of our men, who, with the boat, had taken away every thing that might be the means of preserving our lives. Yet under these dismal and forlorn appearances was our delivery now preparing.

Mr Byron was now taken, with Captain Cheap, by the Indian guide to a native village, whence he expected to get more assistance in conducting the party, who, if they could not recover the barge for him, were to give a musket and some other articles as a reward. On coming in the evening to the Indian wigwams, after two days' travel, Mr Byron was neglected, and left alone. Urged by want and cold, he crept into a wigwam upon chance, and found there two women, one young and the other old, whose conduct amply corroborates the well-known and beautiful eulogium passed by Ledyard upon the kindness of that sex every where to poor travellers. They saw the young seaman wet and shivering, and made him a fire. They brought out their only food, a large fish,

and broiled it for him. When he lay down upon some dry boughs, he found, on awaking a few hours after, that the women had gently covered him with warm clothes, at the expense of enduring the cold themselves. When he made signs that his appetite was not appeased, "they both went out, taking with them a couple of dogs, which they train to assist them in fishing. After an hour's absence, they came in trembling with cold, and their hair streaming with water, and brought two fish, which, having broiled, they gave me the largest share." For a poor stranger they had thus gone out in the middle of the night, plunged into the cold sea, and, with the aid of their nets or other apparatus, had got him food. These kind creatures were the wives of an old Indian, who was then absent, but who, on his return, struck them with brutal violence for their hospitality, Mr Byron looking on with impotent rage and indignation. The return of this Indian and his companions enabled the native guide of Captain Cheap and Byron to make an arrangement for conducting the shipwrecked party northward as they wished. The captain and Byron then left the wigwams to go back to their companions, being joined soon after by a body of Indian guides.

It was the middle of March ere this final journey to the northward was begun. Various Indian canoes conveyed the whole party day after day along the sea-coast; shell-fish, eggs from the rocks, and sea-weed, being the food of the band, and even this being procurable in such miserable quantities as barely to sustain life. The condition of the captain in this respect was better than the others, for the Indians thought their reward safe if they attended to the chief of the whites alone, and he cruelly encouraged the notion. But what but selfishness could be expected from one in the following state:—"I could compare Captain Cheap's body to nothing but an ant-hill, with thousands of vermin crawling over about it; for he was now past attempting to rid himself in the least from this torment, as he had quite lost himself, not recollecting our names that were about him, or even his own. His beard was as long as a hermit's, and his face being covered with train oil and dirt, from his sleeping, to secure them, upon pieces of stinking seal. His legs were as big as mill-posts, though his body appeared to be nothing but skin and bone." The rest were little better, and Mr Byron had often to strip himself in the midst of hail and snow, and beat his clothes with stones, to kill the insects that swarmed about him. At length, however, after one of them had sunk under his sufferings, the party got to the island of Chiloe, a place at the north extremity of the province of Chili, and under the rule of the Spaniards. Being a remote corner, Chiloe had only a few Spaniards in it, and these chiefly Jesuit priests, but the Indian inhabitants were comparatively civilised. The troubles of the party may be said to have ended here, for the natives pitied them much, and supplied them with abundance of food. "It is amazing, that our eating to that excess we did, did not kill us; we were never satisfied, and used to take all opportunities, for months after, of filling our pockets when we were not seen, that we might get up two or three times in the night to cram ourselves."

Even after staying on the island for a considerable time, and being conveyed to the mainland to the town of Chaco, where a Spanish governor resided, the eating of the famished mariners continued to be enormous. "Every house was open to us; and though it was but an hour after we had dined, they always spread a table, thinking we could never eat enough after what we had suffered, and we were much of the same opinion." Mr Byron made friends with the governor's cook, and so carried his pockets always full to his apartment, there to feed at leisure. They were in all four in number now, namely, Captain Cheap, Messrs Byron, Hamilton, and Campbell. From Chaco they were taken to the larger town of Castro, and remained there for some months in the condition of prisoners at large, poorly clad, but decently lodged and well fed. On the 2d of January, their case having become known to the higher authorities of Chili, they were put on board a ship to be conveyed to the city of St Jago. Here they remained two years, as prisoners, but not in confinement. Fortunately for them, a Scotch physician, who bore the name of Don Patricio Gedd, entreated the governor to allow the captives to stay with him, and for two years this generous man maintained them like brothers, nearly at his own sole expense. On the 20th of December, Captain Cheap and Messrs Byron and Hamilton were put on board a French vessel to be conveyed to Europe: Mr Campbell, having become a Catholic, remained in Chili. They reached France safely, and after some detention there, were permitted to go to Britain by an order from Spain. Their friends were much surprised to see them, having given them long up for lost. Their term of absence exceeded five years.

The six men who cruelly made off with the barge appear never to have been heard of again, and perished, doubtless, on the coast. The fate of the more numerous body who went off to the south in the long-boat, is known from the narrative of John Bulkeley, gunner, one of the survivors. This band actually succeeded in rounding South America through the Straits of Magellan, and reached the Portuguese territory of Rio Janeiro, after hardships equal to those of the other party, and which reduced their numbers from nearly eighty to thirty. They reached the Rio Grande in January 1742. All of the thirty, however, probably did

not see Britain. On coming to the Portuguese colony they found food, friends, and countrymen, and separated from one another. Bulkeley and two others reached England on the 1st of January 1743.

The members of this expedition went out with the hope of gathering gold at will among the Spanish colonies. What a different fate befell the unhappy crew of the Wager!

TALE OF REAL LIFE.

A LITTLE more than twenty years ago, at the time when Britain and the United States of North America had engaged in war, a respectable merchant in Glasgow sustained such pecuniary inconvenience from that event, that he was under the necessity of calling a meeting of his creditors, and declaring his incapacity to meet his engagements. Having always borne a fair character, he met with very lenient treatment from those to whom he stood indebted; and the more so, as the cause of his commercial embarrassments was well known to be one over which he had no control. Besides, there was some hope or chance of ultimate indemnification to all parties. In the mean time, however, Mr Hamilton was subjected to all the ordinary consequences of insolvency. He gave up all he possessed to his creditors, reduced his domestic establishment, and attempted to recommence business on a small scale, with a sum which his creditors were liberal enough to allow him to retain. But being far advanced in years, the evil was in a great measure an irretrievable one to the poor merchant.

Happily, the family dependent on Mr Hamilton was a small one. He had been twice married, and his second partner was still living; but she had brought him no children, and his only offspring was a girl whom his first wife had presented him with. Elizabeth Hamilton, or Betsy, as she was almost uniformly called, was about sixteen years of age when her father's misfortunes occurred. An eye, uncommonly clear, and of the deepest blue, hair almost of the "lint-white" of the poet, and curling naturally round her well-shaped and finely set head, and a figure light and graceful, made her an object of general admiration. Betsy Hamilton, as has been said, had lost her mother, but she had found a recompense for the loss in the individual who had become her mother's successor. Mrs Hamilton was a prudent sensible woman, and set the common bye-word at nought, by loving her step-daughter dearly, and watching over her happiness unceasingly.

Mrs Hamilton did her best to comfort her husband under his distresses. She submitted cheerfully to the dismissal of her servants, and to all the other retrenchments which his altered circumstances demanded. She was even the first to suggest many alterations of this nature in their household economy; and among other plans, she suggested that they should endeavour to eke out their income by letting their best room to a lodger. In execution of this proposal, a ticket was hung out at the window, and it had not been there long until it produced the desired effect. A gentleman called, attended by a servant boy, and inquired the price of the lodgings. Mrs Hamilton thought the lodger not precisely of the proper description: she would have preferred a quiet elderly gentleman, likely to keep no company, or give much trouble, whereas her present visitor was young, not more, to appearance, than twenty-seven or twenty-eight. She therefore asked a high price, thinking the inquirer might thus be deterred from taking the lodgings. But although he remarked that the price was high, the gentleman said, "As the room is neat, and the situation suits me, we sha'n't part about the money. To-morrow at ten I will be here. My servant will be about me during the day, but he sleeps elsewhere." Mrs Hamilton could now make no further objections, and accordingly the gentleman came at the appointed time, and was duly installed in his new apartments.

Mr Salkeld, for so was the lodger named, proved to be a person of uncommonly quiet habits, and of frank open manners and disposition. He was only a visitor to Glasgow, or at least but a temporary resident in it. This much the Hamiltons soon learnt, but their lodger did not communicate any further particulars about himself, although he nightly spent an hour or two in chatting with Mr Hamilton, and in listening patiently to the honest man's irrepressible grumbings at the Americans, whose hot-headed obstinacy he arraigned as the cause of all his personal troubles. By and bye, seeing the inconvenience to which Mrs Hamilton was often put, in consequence of her having no other assistance in the house than that of an old woman who came now and then, Mr Salkeld proposed to take his meals along with the family, and this was agreed to. The lodger thus became in a measure one of the family; and his manly open bearing, and prepossessing appearance, soon led Mrs Hamilton to forget that he was not the elderly gentleman whom she had desired as an inmate of her house. Mr Salkeld's boy was also of great use to her, though he was sometimes sent away by his master, and remained absent for a day or two. At these times, Betsy, who assisted her stepmother in the house as much as the latter

would permit, had frequently to attend to Mr Salkeld's wants and requests. But then he was so plain and unassuming, that it was "more like waiting on a brother than on a stranger," as Mrs Hamilton used to remark.

After Mr Salkeld had passed between two and three months in Mrs Hamilton's lodgings, it chanced that Betsy's grandmother, by the mother's side, paid the debt of nature. She had resided at a place in the country, about five miles from the city, and at her death a considerable legacy fell to Betsy Hamilton, consisting partly of personal property or moveables of various kinds, which it was necessary for her to look after in person. It was arranged that she should do this some days after the funeral. When the morning for the visit came, she dressed herself, intending, as the distance was short, to proceed on foot to her late grandmother's residence. "Betsy, my dear," said her stepmother, when the young girl came down from her room, "Betsy, surely you are not going *thus* to your grandmother's relations? Where is your black gown? Why have you not put it on?" "You know, mother, it is not really necessary that I should put on mourning," said Betsy; "a white dress, arranged as mine is, is more used now; and I know you think white always becomes me best. Besides, my black gown does not fit me, mother, you know; and so I"—"Yes, Betsy, my dear, I know all this; but I really wonder to hear you attending to such things on such an occasion. You cannot feel much for the loss of a relative of whom you have seen so little, but I would have expected you to think less about how your gown looks when going where you are." Betsy coloured at the reproof, and hung down her head. "Well, my love," continued Mrs Hamilton kindly, "I believe it is no great matter after all, and you have not time to change your dress again. It is now full twelve; you must away to be home in good time."

At the close of the same day, when night had begun to set in, Mrs Hamilton sat in her little parlour wondering what could be detaining Betsy so long. Time ran on; eight, nine, ten o'clock came, and she made not her appearance. Mrs Hamilton fretted much about the circumstance, although her husband, whose temper was more phlegmatic, assured her again and again that Betsy would be staying all night at her aunt's house, and that nothing could be wrong. Mr Salkeld, too, when he came home for the night, endeavoured to back Mr Hamilton's assurances; but the good lady spent on the whole a very miserable evening, followed by an almost sleepless night. She had a presentiment of evil upon her mind, and, as is very common in such cases, could not tell what it was that alarmed her, or from what quarter she feared evil. Unfortunately, her forebodings proved correct. Betsy Hamilton did not return in the morning, and her father immediately walked off to inquire for her. In about three hours he returned, pale and anxious, and sank into a chair before his wife. "Mr Hamilton," said she, "for God's sake tell me where is Betsy? Is she ill—is she dead?" The poor woman had to repeat her questions before her husband spoke. "No, my dear," said he, "no, I hope she is not dead; but where she is, God knows. She has not been seen at her aunt's."

Mrs Hamilton was in greater distress than ever at this information. But she had more activity of mind than her husband, and she soon roused herself to a sense of the propriety and necessity of taking steps for discovering whether any accident had happened to Betsy on her walk to the country, or if she had stopped at the house of any friend. All this was done. Inquiries were made along the whole road, but nobody had seen or heard of such a person as Betsy Hamilton. Mrs Hamilton herself called at the houses of all the acquaintances of the family, but learnt nothing from any but one party, who had seen Betsy on the day of her disappearance. Strange to say, she had then been going in a direction quite opposite to that of her aunt's residence. The person who told this could not be in a mistake, as Betsy had spoken a few words to her in passing. Mrs Hamilton was astonished and alarmed more and more by this communication. On getting home, she urged her husband to insert an advertisement in the newspapers, entreating any person who had seen a young girl of Betsy's appearance within the time in question, to communicate what they knew. Mr Hamilton did as his wife advised, only omitting the name of the parties concerned. This appeared in the newspapers on the second morning after the poor girl's disappearance, but no information resulted from the step.

Mr Salkeld participated strongly in the distress of Mr and Mrs Hamilton, and often endeavoured to speak words of consolation to them, though it was difficult to find any reasonable grounds whereon to build hope. He offered to do any thing that Mrs Hamilton could think likely to be of use. But after two days passed away, the stepmother, remembering the circumstance of the white dress, became convinced that Betsy had gone away of her own free will, and that whenever they heard of her again, it must be through herself. So she merely thanked Mr Salkeld, but did not put his offered services in requisition. Besides, he was called away from home, and was absent for two days. It was on the fourth day of Betsy's absence that he again returned to his lodgings, and still nothing had been heard of her. Mrs Hamilton was found by him in a state bordering on distraction. She could do nothing but move restlessly about the house, wringing her

hands, and exclaiming, "My poor Betsy! my poor motherless bairn! Villanous hands must they be that can keep you away from your home. My poor misguided lassie!" These and such-like exclamations showed that a suspicion had sprung up in her mind, of Betsy having been induced to leave home by some one, who, notwithstanding her quiet, and indeed remarkably secluded life, had found means to address her, and gain her affections—whether for foul or fair purposes, none could say.

A simple accident gave a totally new turn to Mrs Hamilton's thoughts on this affair. Passing by the door of Mr Salkeld's room, about two hours after that gentleman's return home, Mrs Hamilton heard her lodger speaking in a low voice to his servant lad. But three or four words of the conversation reached her ear. These words were, "Say to her I will be with her in two hours—pointedly." At first Mrs Hamilton took little notice of what she had thus heard. It was only when, in spite of her distress, a natural feeling of womanly curiosity led her to reflect on the words, and to conjecture who the *her* could refer to, that a suspicion for the first time flashed across her mind that Mr Salkeld might be the actor in Betsy's abduction. "Oh, no," thought she again, "he is so good, so sedate, so honourable; and there never seemed any thing between him and Betsy—never." They took little notice of each other, and were never for any length of time together, except in going to church. No, no, he cannot, he would not harm her." But again, the fact of his two days' absence came forcibly on the mind of Mrs Hamilton, and she remembered his having frequently said that he knew no one in the city, not a single family but their own. Reflections of this order gained the sway finally, and the stepmother of the lost girl resolved, at least, to set a close watch on Mr Salkeld's motions. But the poor lady's impatience to be at the truth overpowered her more temperate resolve, and before her lodger left his room, after she had heard the words just mentioned, Mrs Hamilton stood in his presence. As soon as she came into the apartment, he exclaimed, "Oh, Mrs Hamilton, I am glad I have seen you just now. I will be obliged to leave home again for a short time—indeed only till some time to-morrow." These words determined the wavering mind of the lady. "Never!" she answered, turning at the same time, and locking the door behind her; "never, Mr Salkeld, shall you quit this house—this room—till you have satisfied me where you have taken Betsy Hamilton! I am convinced you know where she is; I am convinced it is you who have taken her away! Your looks admit it; you cannot—you dare not deny it!" Mr Salkeld did indeed evince confusion and discomposure, but he said, "You wrong me, Mrs Hamilton; you do indeed—and must not think to stop me on such a charge as this!" "Stop you!" cried Mrs Hamilton, whose feelings were strongly roused, "stop you! If I had my poor deluded motherless child again, whatever you may have *now* made her, I would drive you from my doors! But till I know what has become of her, you shall not go, or, if you go by force, I will follow you—every where—to the world's end, but I will have her from you!" "My dear Mrs Hamilton, for the love of goodness be quiet," said the gentleman; but his hearer was not in a mood to be thus checked. "Quiet!" she reiterated; "you will tell me to be quiet, and almost confess to what you have done! Oh, man, man! can you hope for mercy at the last day with such a sin upon your head as that of destroying a creature so young and so innocent?"

An overpowering flood of tears here came to the relief of the poor woman, and she sank into a chair, and gave way to her grief. Mr Salkeld thus got an opportunity to speak. He said, "You wrong me, Mrs Hamilton, cruelly wrong me! I am not the man to do what you accuse me of, and least of all to one whom I would give up my own life to save from harm. Yes, I confess that Betsy has gone with me; that it is I who have induced her to go from home; but it was to become *my wife*." These words aroused Mrs Hamilton, but her suspicions were not allayed. "And why has she not become your wife, if this be true?" said she. "Unforeseen difficulties came in the way, but she *is* my wife now," said Mr Salkeld, "and in a few hours she may be here herself to prove it." "Where is she?" returned Mrs Hamilton, whom the frank and truthful tone of her lodger began to inspire with a joyful hope, "where is she? Oh, if this be true, why such mystery, Mr Salkeld? You see the misery it has caused." "I have seen it with the utmost distress," was the reply, "but you will find that it was not intended. All will be explained, and Mr Hamilton, I hope, will forgive all. Shall I go for Betsy now?" "Yes, but I must go with you," said the lady hurriedly. "Well, I will get a carriage, and you too shall go if you will," replied Mr Salkeld, with a smile. Mrs Hamilton felt ashamed of her lingering suspicion, and said, "No, I am wronging you. I will stay, and prepare Mr Hamilton for again seeing his daughter."

Within two hours afterwards, a carriage drove up to the door, and Betsy Hamilton was handed out of it, handsomely or rather richly dressed, and as became a bride. She had another lady with her, a person with whose daughter she had been formerly at a boarding-school. When Betsy came into the house of her father again, she besought his pardon on her knees. "I am too happy to see you to be angry, Betsy," said he; "I am more pleased than if I had

my fortune again from these Americans." These words made Betsy look a little blank, and she exchanged a glance with her husband. Mr Salkeld knelt beside his young wife, and said, "You will forgive me too, sir—even if I should be an American myself?" "An American!" said Mr Hamilton. "Yes, my dear father," said Betsy, "that has been the cause of all our distress. Mr Salkeld was afraid you would not consent on that account." "Yes, sir," said Mr Salkeld, "I am captain and owner of a merchantman now detained in the Clyde. I saw your strong prejudices against us, and persuaded your daughter to become my wife in private. But when told that I was an American, no clergyman here would marry us, and we were ultimately obliged to go to Gretna-Green, and so were absent four days instead of one. Betsy was much fatigued with the journey, besides being so much harassed, during the days of her absence, on your account, that she was unable to come directly back to you along with me, and remained with this lady, who was kind enough to give her a refuge during all our unexpected delays."

The lady alluded to corroborated Mr Salkeld's words, and described so forcibly the sufferings experienced by Betsy on account of her parents, that the latter were more willing to pardon her, as her imprudence had already cost her much. As for the marriage, it was a happy one for all parties. Mr Hamilton ultimately recovered all his property through his son-in-law's influence. Betsy is now one of the most respected matrons of the Union. Such is a story of real life, told as it occurred. By telling it, we do not record any approval of some features in it, particularly the conduct of the heroine, which was not only indecorous, but might have had the most fatal consequences to those interested in her welfare: with this remark, we leave the tale in other respects to the judgment of the reader.

DIRECTIONS FOR EFFECTING LIFE ASSURANCE AND PURCHASE OF ANNUITIES.

In addition to a general article on Life-Assurance, which appeared in the 373d number of the Journal, we lately gave a few remarks, designed to warn the public against offices for life-assurance and for annuities, in which, whether from mistake or a design to deceive, too low rates were assumed. We have since then received a letter from a working man, who informs us that, before he saw the latter article, he had assured a sum upon his life in an English office, which he selected on account of the comparative lowness of the premiums, and that he is now alarmed for the safety of the step he has taken, and yet, for want of specific knowledge on the subject, cannot be sure that the particular office he has gone to is one unfit to be trusted. The case of this person may be that of thousands, and it is worthy of some attention. It seems desirable that, in a work which falls into so many hands as this, something should be done in the way of giving definite directions to the public for their guidance in assuring money upon their lives and purchasing annuities. We would hope that we have established with most readers a sufficient character for honesty of purpose, to assure them that, in taking such a task upon ourselves, we are animated by philanthropic motives only, and that we will execute it, to the best of our ability, with fairness to all concerned.

First—with regard to simple life-assurance. The circumstances calculated to give confidence in life-assurance offices are, we think, the following: their age, the respectability of their officers and directors, and the appearances of *bona-fide* and safe business which their rates and reports hold forth. To the first quality, few existing offices can lay claim. We know of only nine which are older than the present century—namely, the Amicable, established in 1706, mutual; the Sun, 1710, proprietary; the Union, 1714, mixed proprietary; the London, 1721, proprietary; the Royal Exchange, 1722, proprietary; the Equitable, 1762, mutual; the Westminster, 1792, proprietary; the Pelican, 1797, proprietary; and the Palladium, 1797, mixed proprietary. We know of twelve established during the first ten years of the present century: the Globe, 1803, proprietary; the Albion, 1805, proprietary; the Caledonian, 1805, proprietary; the London Life-Association, 1806, mutual; the Provident, 1806, mixed proprietary; the Rock, 1806, mixed proprietary; the West of England, 1807, proprietary; the Hope, 1807, mixed proprietary; the Eagle, 1807, proprietary; the Atlas, 1808, mixed proprietary; the Norwich Union, 1808, mutual; and the North British, 1809, proprietary. An assurance office which has lasted thirty years, as the youngest of these has done, may be considered as entitled to some confidence on that account, and such confidence it ought to have, if other circumstances be not unfavourable.

At the same time, there are many offices of later date, equally sound, and in which equal or superior advantages may be gained.

With regard to the respectability of the names which appear on the advertisements, great caution ought to be exercised. Names are often placed in the honorary situations, which "have no business there." Lists of directors are sometimes made up of men of straw, bearing or affecting to bear the names of persons of noted respectability. There is actually at this moment in London, a bustling office, with agencies in Edinburgh and other places, with the porter's name for one director, and that of a footman for another—names, however, which sound remarkably well, with Esq. attached to them. On this point, however, we need not dilate, for in such cases it is usually possible to detect imposture by the rates announced for business, to which we are now to advert.

The rates afford the most definite means of detecting fraud. Where these are not below what are ascertained to be necessary, there may be honest dealing; but where they are below, the object can scarcely be otherwise than *fraudulent*—that is to say, a set of persons must be disposed to live as officials on the funds in the mean time, content that in the long-run the heirs of those who have paid in shall get nothing. The question, then, is, what is the lowest rate ascertained to be consistent with security?

Mutual assurance societies usually proceed on a scale of rates in which lowness is not so much an object as to make assurance doubly sure that the funds will be sufficient for all contingencies. As they have originally no capital, they generally are anxious to take rather more than is expressly necessary for covering the individual risks, in order that a fund may be accumulated to come and go upon, of which fund all that can be considered as arising from superfluous payment can easily be repaid in the form of additions to policies. The rates of such of these societies as are really respectable do not differ much from each other. The following are those of five Mutual Assurance offices of undoubted respectability:—

Annual premiums to assure £100 at death.

	London Equitable and London Association.	London Amicable.	Scottish Widows' and Scottish Equitable.
Age 30	L.2 13 5	L.2 10 6	L.2 11 1
35	2 19 10	2 17 0	2 17 6
40	3 7 11	3 5 0	3 5 6
45	3 17 11	3 18 6	3 15 6
50	4 10 8	4 16 6	4 8 3

These and other institutions charging similar rates make considerable additions to policies. We do not find the rates of respectable societies in general to differ greatly from these; there is, however, one which was established a few years ago, to the best of our belief in good faith with the public, which assumes the principle of making the charges more nearly square with the actual risks, so that the assurance of a certain definite sum may be effected on the easiest terms consistent with security, and with little prospect of additions to policies, which in this case are reserved for those who have been members for such a length of time as to have paid in more than the sum for which they are assured. This is the Scottish Provident Institution. The calculations were made by the late Mr James Cleghorn, author of the article "Agriculture" in the Encyclopedia Britannica, and a most respectable accountant by profession. We have no doubt that the scale is made up with a rigid regard to the actual chances of mortality in this country, and is perfectly safe, if the number of members be sufficiently large. It is the following:—

Annual premium to assure £100 at death.

Age 25	30	35	40	45	50
L.1 18 0	L.2 1 6	L.2 6 10	L.2 14 9	L.3 5 9	L.4 1 7

We are the more disposed to trust to this as a safe scale, from finding that respectable companies in general charge only as much more as may afford a fair profit—for example, the Pelican of London and the Standard of Scotland charge as follows:—

Age 25	30	35	40	45	50
£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d	£ s d
Pelican, 2 0 1	2 6 4	2 13 5	3 2 8	3 16 1	4 12 2
Standard, 1 19 6	1 2 4	1 11 9	3 0 4	3 10 9	4 4 2

The rates of the Scottish Provident Institution are probably, however, the *very lowest* at which business can be effected with any reasonable degree of safety in any office. We are inclined to take it as a standard on this point, and accordingly we would recommend all who are disposed to rely upon our advice, to trust to no office which offers terms considerably lower, of which there are several of the proprietary kind. The one above alluded to as having a porter and a footman for two of its directors, charges for thirty years of age only L.1, 15s., and for fifty L.3, 5s., although, as a company, it is to be understood as looking for profit on each transaction!

We now come to Annuities. Here the company last alluded to even exceeds itself. It offers, for every £100 deposited with it, by a person from 30 to 40, an annuity of L.8; from 40 to 45, L.8, 10s.; from 45 to 50, L.9; and so on. To show the unsoundness of the affair, let us suppose that a person of fifty years of age wishes to ensure £1000 upon his life. He is charged for this an annual premium of L.32, 10s.,

being at the rate of L.3, 5s. for every L.100. Suppose he also deposits L.1000, in order to have an annuity : he gets, for this, an annuity of L.90. At his death, we shall suppose 20 years after, the L.1000 which he deposited for his annuity is repaid by the company to his heirs, as payment of his policy of life-assurance ; so the account stands thus :—He has for twenty years been paying L.32, 10s., and receiving L.90, which has left him every year L.57, 10s. the richer. He has had his L.1000 lying out, to be sure ; but then what an interest he has received for it—no less than L.57, 10s., or about twenty-two pounds a-year more than he could have obtained for it in the funds ! It thus becomes clear that the above scale of annuities is unsound, and that, unless a company of real capital were concerned, which is not likely, the depositors must soon find their money lost to them. Here we cannot do better than quote the scale of annuities offered by government at the present price of stocks, which are nearly as high as can be given in this country, and much beyond which none but mistaken men will go, each case being alike fraught with danger to the depositor :—

Annuity for L.100 deposited with government.

Ages next birth day.	To a Male.	To a Female.
25 -	L.5 4 7	L.4 17 0
30 -	5 8 0	5 0 7
35 -	5 13 0	5 5 0
40 -	6 0 1	5 10 1
45 -	6 9 7	5 16 10
50 -	7 3 10	6 6 4
55 -	8 1 8	7 0 0
60 -	9 4 11	7 19 1

It is within the last few years that the societies have sprung up, to which we lately directed attention as, from mistake and with philanthropic intentions, offering sums on the principle of survivorship, far above what, it appears to us, the premiums exacted will bear. Several of these societies are established in Ireland, and we observe that one, recently set on foot in the south of England, extends its operations even into this northern region. Others, we believe, are rising on the same principles ; and it is certainly desirable that their unsoundness should be generally made plain, both that there may be a speedy remedy to past mischief, and that future mischief may be prevented. An example from one established in the south of Ireland, will give an idea of the whole. This society proposes, for instance, that a male member of forty, wishing to secure an annuity payable after his death to his wife of the same age, has only to pay L.2 of entrance-money, and L.3, 10s. as long as he lives, and the society will, for these considerations, pay to his widow an annuity which may probably be L.50, but certainly will not be less than L.25. Now, let us inquire into the adequacy of the payment to secure the annuity even of L.25. We have first L.2 of entrance-money, and then L.3, 10s. of annual payment. The value of the latter, during the joint lives of two persons aged 40, including the first payment to be made immediately, we have ascertained by the Carlisle tables of mortality to be L.45, 18s. 9d. : in all, the payment, therefore, is L.47, 18s. 9d. Now, Mr Finlaison, the eminent Actuary of the National Debt, in evidence given by him before a Select Committee of the House of Commons, in the year 1825, stated as the result of his extensive observations on human life, that, reckoning interest at four per cent., the value of an annuity to a female of 40, after the decease of a male of 40, is in the ratio of L.357, 13s. 7d. for every L.100—that is, L.89, 8s. 5d. for L.25. In point of fact, no responsible office will give an annuity of L.25 on such contingencies at L.89, 8s. 5d. ; but even assuming that they would, the association to which we allude charges less by L.41, 9s. 8d., being little more than a half of what ought to be charged ! It is true, some little contingencies are reserved in favour of the society ; as, that the lady's annuity is discontinued during any subsequent marriage ; that, in some cases, the annuity is not to commence till five years after the annuitant's nomination ; and that, if a member die before having paid five years' contributions, these must be made good by his representatives. These advantages, however, are trifling, and evidently far from adequate to make up so great a deficiency. When the person nominated for the annuity is younger than the other, a charge, under the name of disparity rate, is made ; but here also we look in vain for a sufficiency to make good the promises held out by the society. Upon the whole, including all these contingent advantages, we have to pronounce upon the whole of the societies in question, that their charges are in hardly any case two-thirds, and in many not one-half, of what they ought to be, to ensure the benefits held out ! The affair is therefore fraught with disappointment and misery to the nominees. The earlier incumbents upon the funds will for a time get more than they were entitled to, and in the long-run those who have paid largely will find an empty treasury staring them in the face. In fact, we cannot well imagine a more distressing state of things than that to which all the annuity societies above enumerated are, from the inherent vices of their constitution, unavoidably tending. We hold it to be a high duty incumbent on the noble and dignified persons who allow their names to appear at the head of them, instantly to inquire into the principles on which they are founded, and to insist on immediate means being taken for undoing the evil which has been already done.

As we, for our part, only contemplate the good of

the public, including that of the parties forming these societies, and as we take up the matter merely as one of opinion, and consequently open to free discussion, we trust that no one connected with the societies will for a moment feel offended by our remarks. We are convinced that we are right, and in this opinion are supported by an experienced accountant of our own city, who has obligingly read the present paper in *proof*, and given it his entire sanction. We have also been informed that the actuaries of various life-assurance societies in Edinburgh have lately been directing their attention to the annuity societies in question, and have been astonished at the incorrectness of the principles on which they have been founded.

One remark in conclusion. The warnings in this paper are only directed against errors in life-assurance and annuity endowment. For the things themselves we entertain the highest respect, as amongst the most notable means of lessening evil and suffering. To all we would say, Lay out your money as liberally as you choose in life-assurance and in annuity endowment, but use such precautions as are here presented to you, to ensure yourselves against deception and the consequences of mistaken calculation.

THE OX'S MINUET,

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF HAYDN.

IN 1770, the reputation of the German composer, Joseph Haydn, had spread over all Europe. He had visited Paris and London, and in both cities had been greatly cherished and admired. But he was glad to return again to Vienna, on leaving which he had wept like a child. The house which he occupied in the Austrian capital was a modest one, and was situated in the suburbs ; but it was a house honoured and resorted to by all the great lords of the court, who would fain have possessed the character at least of being connoisseurs in music, and patrons of its professors. There, too, did poor artists often find counsel and aid in their distresses. Born of humble parents himself, Haydn was ever mindful of the wants of the obscure and humble followers of his art. Generous, virtuous, sensitive, and simple as a child, Joseph Haydn ought to have been perfectly happy in his course through the world ; but this was not exactly the case. When very young, he had wedded one whose personal attractions made a strong impression on him. Unfortunately, her spirit and temperament proved to be of a very inferior order, and for thirty years the great musician underwent much domestic discomfort in consequence. Yet he was a faithful husband, and even loved his wife to the last with all the strength of his first and boyish affection.

On his return from London to Vienna, Haydn found his wife the same being that he had left her, morose, obstinate, imperious, and quarrelsome. All that the poor composer could do was to fly to his little study, and in that retreat seek consolation in the pursuit of his beloved art. One afternoon, after a storm of the ordinary kind had passed over his domestic horizon, Haydn fled to his sanctum, and had forgotten his troubles awhile over his harpsichord, when his domestic brought him information that a man wished to speak with him on an affair of pressing moment. "Let him enter," said Haydn.

"Pray, pardon—excuse me," said a stout jolly-looking personage as he entered the room, holding a heavy purse of florins in his hand, and attired in the habit of a cattle-dealer or butcher. "You are famous, sir," continued this individual, "for being the grandest composer of minuets in all Austria, or any where else in truth ; and as I am going to have my daughter married to-morrow, I come to ask you to oblige me by making one on purpose for the nuptials."

"My good friend," said the musician, "you embarrass me by this request. I have made few or no minuets, as you seem to have been told ; the few trifles of that nature which have been composed by me would not do for dancing to. They are things rather written for artists, and are more learned than lively."

"So much the better," replied the stout cattle merchant ; "that is the very thing I want. My son-in-law, that is to be, is famous upon the clarinet, and my little girl is clever at the harpsichord ; so you see, Master Haydn, that your grand music would go like pearls to swine. And then, to own the truth to you, I am as proud as an emperor, though I be no more than a butcher to my trade. I heard your beautiful mass on the birth-day of our gracious sovereign, Joseph II., and I said to myself, 'This composer is the man who shall make a minuet for the wedding of my little girl, or my name is not Hermann of Rorhau !'"

* When the minuet was a favourite dance, a piece of new music, suitable for it, was a thing in as high esteem and request as a fine waltz is at present in the world of fashion.

"Of Rorhau !" cried Haydn ; "what ! are you from that little village of Hungary ?"

"Not a doubt of it," returned the visitor ; "and what then ?"

"I was born there," exclaimed the simple and warm-hearted composer ; "I was born at Rorhau, and for forty years I have not seen it ! Embrace me, my friend, my dear fellow-countryman !" The tears ran down the composer's cheeks. In embracing Hermann, he felt as if he clasped in his arms all whom he had loved in boyhood, when, poor and needy, he had sung in the village choir, to gain a morsel of food for his widowed mother.

"And you are from Rorhau !" repeated Haydn, dwelling affectionately upon the recollections called up ; "come, sit down, I beg of you, and let us chat of our native place—that place which one loves for ever, whatever may have been the toils there endured !" Hermann's heart was as much touched as that of his celebrated compatriot. He sat down, though only after some pressing, and talked of Rorhau with the musician. Finally, they came back to the minuet, and Hermann departed, happy in the promise given to him that he should have the desired music sent to him as soon as possible.

Sensitive as a child, Haydn yet felt a glow of pleasure from the recent recognition, and disposed himself with a cheerful heart to commence the epithalamial minuet. But great was his surprise, on turning to his harpsichord, the confidant of all his cares and joys, to find lying upon it the purse which Hermann had held in his hand on entering the room. The purse had these words attached to it on a piece of paper : "Hermann, butcher, Street of St Etienne, to the greatest composer of Germany." Haydn was equally surprised and delighted at the delicacy which had prompted the manner of bestowing this gift. But calling his domestic, the composer ordered him to be ready in an hour to take back the purse, with the desired music, to the house of the butcher. Being then left alone, he proceeded to the composition of the minuet.

Often had Haydn written at the command of kings, but he had seldom felt himself so inspired as when throwing on paper the musical ideas destined to grace the nuptials of the butcher's daughter. The air which he produced was fresh and lively, and smacked of the rural simplicity of the composer's native scenes. But ere the piece was quite finished, the soothing ecstacy of spirit, under the influence of which the musician laboured, was dispelled by the entrance of his wife. Her presence put to flight the familiar genius of his art, and discord took place of the harmony that had floated for a time around him.

"What is this that your servant Franz tells me ?" said Madame Haydn, with an accent indicative of a latent storm ; "you are about to send away a sum which you have justly acquired, being given to you for work to be done."

"My dear," said Haydn gently, "do not fret at this. Be more just. Is a miserable little minuet worth a heavy purse of florins ! It would be robbery, almost, to take it."

"Always the same !" cried Madame Haydn ; "you will never be worth a copper coin, and your fine generosity will bring you to"—

"The Temple of Fame !" interposed Haydn, with a smile.

"The hospital, rather—you weak, simple creature !"

"Come now, my dear," said Haydn, "speak no more on this trifling matter, but leave me to finish the piece. I have promised, and you know I never break my word. There I am religiously faithful ; and to you, my dear Elizabeth !"

Madame Haydn, ill tempered as she was, sometimes could not resist the tender pleading of her husband, whose ill health made him often an object of pity, and who had preserved for her, as has been said, all the affection of a lover, in spite of her usage of him. But on this occasion she was determined to stick to her point ; and, accordingly, she coldly repulsed his conciliatory advances, and reiterated her demand that he should keep the purse of Hermann. The composer would not yield to this, and reading his determination in his usually gentle features, Madame Haydn became but the more enraged, and proceeded to measures by which she might at least punish her husband's contumacy, if she could not gain her point about the purse.

The cabinet of Haydn, like those of many other great men, was a place not distinguished for order. The composer, indeed, loved to have his scraps all lying loosely about him, blotted with the magic symbols which were to afford a fund of melody to posterity for ever and ever. His cabinet was, in fact, a scene of great confusion, and Madame Haydn knew well that one sure way to put her husband almost beside himself, was to attempt to put things into a different condition. In this tender point she now attacked him. Seizing a broom, the sceptre with which she governed her household, she began to sweep the room into order. The first consequence of this step was, that a cloud of dust was raised, which brought on her poor husband a severe cough, and compelled him momentarily to fly the apartment. Profiting by his absence, she swept together the manuscripts which lay on the table and on the floor—in short, here and there and every where ; and one little scrap, reckless of what it might contain, she tossed into the fire. Alas, it was the new minuet for the wedding of Hermann's little girl !

Haydn entered the room immediately afterwards,

and, attracted by the blaze, looked at the fire, where he on the instant recognised his yet unfinished minuet, just expiring in the flames. A giddiness seized him; he uttered a cry of anguish, and fell upon the sofa. His wife waited only till she saw him recover, and then, conscious that she had inflicted sufficient punishment, fled to her own region of the household.

Haydn was in great distress about the lost minuet. He could not re-write it from memory, and the hour was advancing at which he had promised to send it. The scene just related had made him ill, and had incapacitated him for a new effort, even had there been time for it. Under these circumstances, he bethought him of some minuets which he had sent to his publisher shortly before, and dispatched his servant to bring these back to him. Luckily they had not yet been published, and the manuscripts were got. Haydn then selected the best, and partly remembering the late piece, gave this one some new and perfecting touches, and then sent off the remodelled minuet to Hermann, along with the purse of florins. After this, Haydn was a little more at ease.

The minuet sent to the butcher, though perhaps not quite equal to the burnt one, was yet a charming composition, being at once lively, elegant, and original. Hermann, on receiving the precious manuscript, embraced it with delight, and immediately gave it to a copyist to have the parts separately set down. The butcher's intended son-in-law, who was really a musical amateur of no mean skill, had got some performers of ability engaged for the wedding, and these he assembled on the evening that the minuet was brought home, and had it played most delightfully. But it was at the wedding assemblage that Hermann's triumph reached its height. There the minuet excited the most rapturous applause.

"It is Haydn's!" cried the jolly butcher in a perfect transport; "it was for me—for me, his countryman—that he composed this wonderful minuet!"

"Haydn for ever!" cried the guests.

"Let us go on the instant and thank him for the honour he has done us," said the son-in-law.

"I have thought of this already, my son," replied Hermann, "and, what is more, have prepared a surprise for my countryman. I left him a purse before, but he has sent it back. Since he won't take my money, I will be quits with him in another way. I will pay him in my coin."

"That will be bringing back the golden age, when all was done by exchanges," said one of the guests; "M. Haydn has given you a minuet, and you are going to give him"—

"An ox!" cried the stout old butcher, "and a living one, too! And what a size he is! The show ox in the market the other day was a calf to him. He is here, in my stable, all ready to be presented!"

"To the stable!—to the stable!" exclaimed all the guests simultaneously, seizing their hats, from which floated favours of all hues. They proceeded to the stable, and there beheld a most magnificent ox, with his long curling horns adorned with parti-coloured ribbons, and with his white skin as clean as if he had been cut out of Parian marble. The whole wedding party, men and women, were now assembled by Hermann, and arranged by him in procession order, with the ox at the head. They marched thus towards the house of Haydn, the musicians all the while performing the minuet of the great composer. The hour was not a very late one, but Haydn had gone to bed. The noise of the music and the party entering his court awoke him. He was at first annoyed somewhat at having his rest disturbed, but when he recognised his own minuet, his surprise was extreme. He was sure it was his minuet, but there was an additional bass accompaniment that astonished him, falling as it did on his ear at irregular intervals. This was, in fact, the ox, which took upon itself to help out the music by an occasional low, like the grumbling of a tempestuous ocean.

Having thrown on him his dressing-gown, and taken a lamp in his hand, Haydn appeared at one of the windows, and was received with shouts by the marriage assemblage below. The composer thanked Hermann warmly for his attention in paying this visit; but when the jolly butcher pointed to the superb ox, and begged his acceptance of it as a token of gratitude and esteem, the musician was at first so tickled with the idea of the thing, that he burst into a hearty laugh, in which he was instantly joined by the merry crowd beneath. Fearing to offend Hermann, however, Haydn checked himself, and accepted the present with many thanks. He then descended into the court, found a stall for the animal, kissed the bride, and retired again, loaded with bouquets in showers from the wedding guests.

All the while the serenade was going on, and the people of the neighbourhood were so charmed with the minuet, that every window had half-a-dozen night-caps projected from it, at the risk of death to the owners from the night air.

But the fame of the minuet did not rest here. The story soon spread over all Vienna, and every one wished to have the piece; so that, in reality, this trifle produced an accession of fortune and fame to the great composer. The minuet received and still retains the name of the "Ox's Minuet." Under that title it will be found in every catalogue of Haydn's works. As to the animal itself, the living proof of Hermann's gratitude, the composer, after keeping it for a time to enjoy the pleasing thoughts called up by the sight of

it, gave it to the hospital, that it might have a worthy end in doing good to the poor. This was a thought worthy of the generous and single-hearted composer, but it was one, it is said, very displeasing to Madame Haydn. She did not long survive this event. Her good husband lamented her, but there can be no doubt that her departure left his latter days in peace.

SPECULATIONS ON WORDS.

FIRST ARTICLE.

Deer, Harness, Wife, Life, Housewife, Hussy.—The transitions of words from a general to a particular meaning, and from a particular to a general, are exceedingly curious. The German *thier* is any wild animal, but the corresponding English *deer* is a particular kind of wild animal. *Harnisch*, in German, is *armour*; but *harness*, in English, is *armour* for horses only. "Put on the whole *armour* of God," is in Luther's version, "Put on the *harness* of God," *zichet un der harnisch Gottes*. *Harness* was formerly used in the same way. The word *wife* in old English meant only *woman*: it retains the generic sense in the compound *housewife*, and in the phrase "old *wives'* fables," that is, "old *women's* fables," as well as in the riddle of the man who met another with seven wives as he was going to St Ives, that is, with seven women; *weib* in German retains the same meaning. So *life* meant nothing but *body* originally; and retains the primary sense in the compound *life-guard*, which is perfectly synonymous with *body-guard*. It has here nothing to do with life in the sense of vitality. The corresponding German *kib* still means nothing but *body*. But speaking of *housewife*, we may remark the curious manner in which that word has degenerated from a term of respectability, and even of compliment, into a term of abuse, under the corrupted form of *hussy*. With the goodly practices of housewifery, has gone out the good sense of the term.

Manufacturer, Upholsterer.—Whole nations, like individuals, sometimes make mistakes in the formation of words, and follow a false analogy. *Manufacture* is a Latin word, and the agent substantive should have been *manufactor*, like *corn-factor*, &c. As we have *sculptor*, *sculpture*, so we should have *manufactor*, *manufactory*. But we have treated it like a genuine English word, and given it the English ending, like *bind-er*.

An *upholsterer* was originally a bearer or upholder at funerals; hence a man who *provided* furniture for funerals; and hence it means now a man who provides *any* furniture. *Upholder* was the original term, and is still a little used. Another term was employed (corresponding in formation to *spin-ster*, *pun-ster*, *mult-ster*), which was *upholdster*, or *upholster*. But there are not many compound words, like *uphold*, which have substantives formed for them in *ster*, and it seems to have been forgotten that *ster* had the necessary meaning, and therefore *er* was added; hence *upholsterer*. Nay, we have seen on a board over a door in London *upholstererer*, which is as if we were to say *bakererer*, or *gardenererer*. The infection spread to *upholder*, and we even have *upholderer* used; with which we may compare a word that is common, but wrongly formed, *fruiterer*; wrongly formed, unless the first *er* is merely euphonic, which we rather believe. The French is *fruitier*; we might have *fruiter*. We cannot help such cases creeping into a language. Every language has some instances of the same thing. This phenomenon of doubling and trebling the terminative may be partly accounted for from the slippery nature of the letter *r*, and the tendency to repeat it, and insert it, where strict analogy would not justify it. A large number of the anomalies of language, and of the mistakes of half-educated people in pronunciation, arise from the peculiarity of the letter *r*. In the word *ludicrous*, people hardly seem to know where the *r* comes, and often say *ludricuous*. The repetition of the *t* in the vulgar form of *preventive*, *preentative*, may afford another illustration. On the sea-coast, *preventative* is the common word at the preventive stations.

Swine, Swineherd.—There are two words in English spelt *swine*, the plural of *sow*, and another word which we see in *swineherd*. Now, formed like *ox*, *oxen*, the plural of *sow* would be *sowen*, but it is contracted very naturally to *swine*, just as *cowen* from *cow* is to *kine*. But *swine* in *swineherd* is not the plural, as one might conclude from the analogous words *cothard* and *shepherd* (that is, *sheep-herd*). The generic term *swine* is employed; and *swine* is often used by old writers as a singular. Thus, Holland in his "Plinie," b. viii. c. 51., says, "Will ye know that *swine* is sick or unsound, pluck a bristle from the back, and it will be bloodie at the root: also he will carrie his neck at one side as he goeth." And the sacred proverb, "As a jewel in a *swine's* snout, so is a fair woman who is without discretion," is a familiar instance of the use of *swine* as a singular.

Maidstone, Arundel.—People are so fond of assigning causes for things, that when they really do not know the cause, they will invent one. For example, the descendants of an old family wish to ascertain the origin of the family name, but have not the requisite knowledge; they forthwith invent a story which tallies

with the name, and assign that as its origin. It may happen that something may come out after, which will lead to the discovery of the real origin of the name; then of course the story, which was only invented to explain an existing difficulty, is brought as an argument against the true explanation. But to take a modern illustration. The good folks of Maidstone, in analysing the name of their town, decided at once on Maid and Stone as the two component parts; and without examining the history of the name, forthwith made up some story about a maid and a stone, and the arms of the corporation display the maid and the stone at this day. The truth is this: the town is on the Medway; and what more obvious name for it than Medwayston, which has been corrupted to Maidstone? The word means nothing more than a town on the Medway.

The town of Arundel is said to be derived from the French *hirondelle*, "a swallow;" and the arms of the Norfolk family, to whom so much of Arundel belongs, have the *swallow*; a decisive proof, it is considered, that the town was called from the *bird*; and a story is invented to account for and reconcile the whole. Of course nothing can be more absurd than this in point of fact. The town is built in the valley or *dale* through which the river *Arun* flows, and is hence called Arundale, corrupted to Arundel.

It, Her, Hen, Ship, Moon, Sun.—The subject of gender in language is a very curious one. Some languages, as the French, make every noun one of the two genders. In English, on the contrary, as in Latin, we have neutrals, and we speak of them singly by the word *it*. The word *it* was much less used formerly than it is now. For example, in the phrase *they are they which testify of me*, we should say, as Whately has observed, *it is they*, which probably would then not have been considered correct. *Its* is a comparatively modern word. Ben Jonson would not admit it into his grammar. Even in Milton we see traces of its being a rather recent innovation; he says, for example,

"his form had not yet lost
All her original brightness,"

where he would, if he had written in the nineteenth century, undoubtedly have said *its*. In the authorised version of the Bible, the word does not occur once. A curious use of the word *her* occurs in Thirlwell's Greece. Speaking of genders, we may observe that many of the words which in English denote the female of animals, in other languages denote the male. *Hen* in German means a cock (*hahn*). A *ship* is feminine in English, and miners always speak of a mine as *she* and *her*—"She is very productive." In German, the moon is masculine, and the sun feminine; the poets frequently represent the sun as a goddess.

BURIAL-GROUNDS IN LONDON.

A CURIOUS work has just been published by a medical gentleman named Walker, the purpose of which is to draw attention to the unsalutary extent to which inhumation is practised within the bounds, and more particularly in the denser parts, of London. If there be no exaggeration in Mr Walker's statements, they are certainly of a somewhat alarming nature, for they tend to make it appear that the confined little parish churchyards of the metropolis receive so many more bodies than they ought to do, that they must needs become sources of deadly effluvia to the living. The death of a grave-digger, about a twelvemonth ago, at the bottom of a grave, from noxious gas which he there inhaled, gave some reason for apprehending that the space appointed for sepulture in London was too limited; but we were not prepared to learn that the case is so bad as it now appears to be. Mr Walker informs us, in the first place, that in the year 1833 the burials which took place in the yards and vaults connected with the churches within the bills of mortality, and in a few adjacent parishes, were in number 32,412: the number from 1814 to 1837 (inclusive), was upwards of half a million. When we see these statistics, and recollect the little confined unpaved courts which form the churchyards of London, we can readily conceive that such receptacles must be, generally, as Mr Walker describes them, saturated with the decaying matter which once formed human beings. These receptacles are, in almost every instance, closely surrounded with houses, many of which are lofty and crowded with population. Such houses must unavoidably be exposed to the effluvia or gases which arise from the heaps festering below. The unavoidable consequence is a great diminution of the public health.

There is one particular part of the city, which Mr Walker describes as strangely beset with burial-grounds. It is a narrow alley called St Clement's Lane, leading from the Strand to Clare Market. "It is surrounded," says he, "by places, from which are continually given off emanations from decaying animal matter. The back windows of the houses on the east side of the lane look into a burying-ground called the

'Green-ground,' in Portugal Street, presently to be described: on the west side, the windows (if open) permit the odour of another burying-place—a private one, called Enon Chapel—to perflate the houses; at the bottom—the south end—of this lane is another burying-place, belonging to the Alms Houses, within a few feet of the Strand, and in the centre of the Strand are the burying-ground and vaults of St Clement Danes; in addition to which there are several slaughter-houses in the immediate neighbourhood; so that in a distance of about two hundred yards, in a direct line there are four burying-grounds, and the living here breathe on all sides an atmosphere impregnated with the odour of the dead." He specially describes some of the burial-grounds in question. Of that in Portugal Street, he says: "The soil is saturated, absolutely saturated, with putrescent matter. The effluvia are at certain periods so offensive, that persons living at the back of St Clement's Lane are compelled to keep their windows closed; the walls even of the ground which adjoins the yards of these houses are frequently seen reeking with fluid, which diffuses a most offensive smell." Of Enon Chapel, he says: "This building is situated about midway on the western side of Clement's Lane; it is surrounded on all sides by houses, crowded by inhabitants, principally of the poorer class. The upper part of this building was opened for the purposes of public worship about 1823; it is separated from the lower part by a boarded floor: this is used as a burying-place, and is crowded at one end, even to the top of the ceiling, with dead. It is entered from the inside of the chapel by a trap-door; the rafters supporting the floor are not even covered with the usual defence, lath and plaster. Vast numbers of bodies have been placed here in pits dug for the purpose, the uppermost of which were covered only by a few inches of earth; a sewer runs angularly across this 'burying-place.'" The space "measures in length 59 feet 3 inches, or thereabouts, and in width about 28 feet 8 inches, so that its superficial contents do not exceed 1700 square feet. Now, allowing for an adult body only twelve feet, and for the young, upon an average, six feet, and supposing an equal number of each to be there deposited, the medium space occupied by each would be nine feet; if, then, every inch of ground were occupied, not more than 189 (say 200 in round numbers) would be placed upon the surface; and admitting (an extravagant admission most certainly) that it were possible to place six tiers of coffins upon each other, the whole space could not contain more than 1200; and yet it is stated with confidence, and by credible authority, that from 10,000 to 12,000 bodies have been deposited in this very space within the last sixteen years!" Then, as to St Clement's Church, Strand, "There is a vault under this church called the 'rector's vault,' the descent into which is in the aisle of the church near the communion table; and when opened, the products of the decomposition of animal matter are so powerful, that lighted candles, passed through the opening into the vault, are instantly extinguished; the men at different times employed have not dared to descend into the vault until two or three days had elapsed after it had been opened, during which period the windows of the church also were opened to admit the perflation of air from the street to occupy the place of the gas emitted; thus a diluted poison is given in exchange from the dead to the living in one of the most frequented thoroughfares of the metropolis."

Even in the more elegant parts of London, very great evils of this nature are allowed to exist. Hear Mr Walker:—"Buckingham Chapel is situated in Palace Street, about three minutes' walk from Buckingham Palace. There are two vaults and a burying-ground belonging to this chapel; one of the vaults is underneath very large school-rooms for boys and girls, and the other is underneath the chapel; the entrance to these vaults is through a trap-door in the passage, dividing the school-rooms from the chapel; steps lead to the bottom of the building; on the right is the vault underneath the schools. The vault is supported on wooden pillars, and there is only one grating, which fronts the street, to admit light and air; the floors of the school-rooms, whitewashed on the under surface, form the roof of the ceiling of the vault—it is no difficult matter to see the children in the lower school-room from this vault, as there are apertures in the boards sufficiently large to admit the light from above. This place is spacious, but very low; the vault on the left, under the chapel, is about the same size as that under the schools, though much lower. I was assured that the ground was so full of bodies, that there was difficulty in allotting a grave; the roof of this vault is formed by the under surface of the floor of the chapel; it is whitewashed; the light passes through it; the smell emitted from this place is very offensive. In the vault underneath the chapel there are piles of bodies placed in lead; the upper ones are within a few inches of the wooden floor. On a level with the chapel, and behind it and the school-rooms, is the burial-ground, which is much crowded, most of the graves being full seven feet deep, and nearly filled to the surface with the dead; the ground is raised more than six feet from the original level, formed only by the debris of mortality."

Some details in Mr Walker's book give a startling notion of the mercantile part of the question. There are great vested interests in the London churchyards, from the proprietors, who thrive by "quick returns," to the sextons, who retrieve the good timber, the

plates, and the nails expended on the dead, to serve again for the benefit of the living. The subject is well worth being looked into; but it will not be the publication of a book which will force to it the necessary attention. The citizens of London must be disturbed by several more accounts of men killed in the bottoms of graves by noxious effluvia; or some decided pestilence must arise in direct consequence of those effluvia; and then, possibly, some attention will be paid to the matter, and some reform instituted.

BELGIAN ANTI-DUELLING ASSOCIATION.

BELGIUM, so forward at the present day in all works of general utility, has lifted up its voice, also, against the barbarous custom of duelling. The following paper is an abridgement of one which we find in the pages of a recent Brussels Almanack, and which appears to have been elicited by the circumstance of an association being formed at Liege for the extinction of the duel.

The institution of this society (says the Belgian writer) ought to be universally known, and an appeal made to all friends of humanity, and men of sense, to aid in the accomplishment of the objects it has in view.

The immediate origin of the duel may be traced back to the times when knights and warriors, in the absence of all laws, constituted themselves the redressers of wrongs, and combated hand to hand with the oppressor in defence of the oppressed. Subsequently to the establishment of laws, single combats were formally authorised between plaintiffs and defendants, chiefly in consequence of the imperfection of the proper legal means of proving guilt or innocence. Doubtless, the superstitious hope of an immediate providential interposition in favour of the right, was another principal cause for the custom of single combats, as well as of the other ordeals, by fire, water, and touch.

Prohibited in the intervening ages by the laws, duelling has now found a refuge in the customs of society, and by them is supported against the laws. Thus backed and sustained, duelling is one of the greatest calamities of our epoch. Every day it finds new victims. No man can escape from the dominion of this barbarous idol of custom; the old and the young, the wise and the ignorant—all, in short, within the most respectable and enlightened classes of society—are sucked, willingly or unwillingly, into its vortex. A species of assassination is committed daily under the eyes of the tribunals, without their having the power of punishing the guilty; and society is at a loss whether to pity or blame. The pity, when it is given to any one, falls as often to the share of the survivor as to that of the victim of the duel.

Practices which have their origin in the customs of a people, can only be affected or altered by public opinion. It is public opinion which has long sustained the duel; the same cause alone can overturn it. In Louis XIV.'s time, the practice became so dreadfully common in France, that a law was passed, making it punishable by death. This statute produced no effect; duelling continued as frequent as ever, and the act had to be revoked, as a thing totally unseizable.

When laws were very imperfect, and when society was organised in such a manner that the strong had the weak at their mercy, without the latter having any proper help or refuge at command, the duel might have been considered as a sort of necessary practice, and public opinion might not unreasonably have branded with the name of coward the man who strove to exempt himself from the custom, or even him who did not, in pressing circumstances, become the challenger. At this day the case is totally altered. The laws are perfected, and manners as well as morals improved. Conscious of the changed state of matters, public opinion is turning against the duel; yet it is so firmly fixed among our customs, that it will require a combined and powerful exertion of the general mind to abolish it for ever. This issue, which legislative enactments cannot bring about, may be accelerated by full and free discussion of the subject; for the more closely the nature of the practice is inquired into, the more glaring will the folly of it appear.

There are two ways of considering the duel. If you look at it singly, and apart from its relation to causes or other circumstances, the practice appears nothing else than a monstrous absurdity. What justice can there be in a trial or combat which levels innocence to the same footing as guilt—equalises virtue and vice, ignorance and genius—giving them the same chances of success, or rather giving decidedly the better chance to the habitual quarreller, blusterer, and bully? What sort of a custom is this, that in a measure puts the life of every peaceable man in the power of the first bravo who may hustle, strike, or injure him? What kind of practice is it that compels a man to go out and fight in cold blood, in order to avenge some petty injury, on account of which he really feels no anger? Is it not deplorable to behold young men, indeed boys, placing themselves, in accordance with this terrible mania, in the position of assassins, and running the risk either of falling victims personally, or of destroying others, and thus loading their minds with feelings of imperishable regret, while at the same time they incur the chance of plunging one or two families into the most profound sorrow! And all this for some piece of boyish nonsense and foolery! Not less lamentable is it to see the fathers of families endangering,

for the sake of the same fatal prejudice, the peace of those dependent on them in a still deeper degree; or to see men of the highest talents and virtues risking all that hangs upon their lives, whether of a public or a private nature, to gratify this evil custom.

But, on the other hand, in all those cases where the law is inefficient, and where public opinion is incompetent of itself or unwilling to inflict punishment, what is to be done, it may be said, to offenders who do not merely touch you on some vain point of honour, but who inflict a heavy and serious injury? Are husbands or fathers to allow the libertine to go off in triumph, because they may not wish to parade their family shame, or may not have legal evidence against him, although sure that he has irretrievably injured them? Can one permit himself to be insulted, spit upon, or injured in a similar way, without endeavouring to punish the act by the only means admitted by modern usages in such cases? "There are many varieties of offence of this order for which the law, it is argued, provides no satisfactory amends."

In ancient communities there was a special tribunal for taking cognisance of social evils and errors, such as might deeply affect society and its morals, without falling under the scope or notice of the laws. At Sparta there were the Ephors, at Athens the Areopagites, and at Rome the Censors, whose principal duties consisted in preventing the demoralisation of the people, and in giving redress to the citizen wounded in his honour.

In modern times, the substitutes for these bodies, or the powers analogous to them, are partly public opinion, and partly private war or duelling.

To extend the influence of public opinion, therefore, and to make its censorship so general as to include all those offences against honour which lead to duelling, is one obvious way, and indeed the main way, to overturn the duel. In vain will you endeavour to discourage that practice, unless you make society discountenance, and punish by its moral influence, all those abuses and injuries which cause it. You will associate in vain against duellists, if you do not associate, at the same time, against dishonourable people of every stamp. You would fall into the danger of opening your ranks to persons, who, in gratifying their evil natures by harassing and trampling upon the honourable and peaceable, would find it very convenient to cover themselves with the agis of an association formed for very different purposes.

Associate yourselves, for association is the source of all power for well-doing; but if you wish to abolish the duel, support and strengthen public opinion, that by its extended influence it may reform the social evils that lead to duels. If a husband has had his happiness destroyed, let society take the task of vengeance to itself, and expel from its ranks the wretch who has been guilty of so flagrant a breach of social virtue. In the same way, let the anger of the community at large fall on other offenders, and duels would speedily be less frequent, not only because the offences inducing them would become more rare, but also because, when they did occur, the injured parties would feel satisfied with the infliction of justice by public opinion, and would leave the task entirely to it. On the other hand, if offenders are not punished by the general voice and arm, the injured will for ever pursue the practice of endeavouring to avenge themselves. Half the disorders and immoralities of society are, if not engendered, at least encouraged and maintained, by that loose tolerance for brilliant vice, which exists to such an unfortunate extent. It would often seem as if the victims of dishonourable licence were the parties who deserved the world's scorn and reprobation. The dupe is mocked and ridiculed, while the address of the scoundrel is admired, and perhaps even applauded. Whilst things remain thus, the duel will be in some sort a moral necessity—an appeal made to the justice of the Deity, when that of man fails to give redress.

If, then, you associate against duelling, associate yourselves, also, I repeat, against those social offenders whom the ordinary laws do not touch; clear up the general mind on the point, and cause society to cast from it with aversion such as have disgraced it by their crimes; in short, establish a proper censorship of public opinion; and with the evils which caused it, the duel will disappear.

WHEAT STRAW FOR HORSES.

Had any one said to me only ten years back, "What do you think of wheat straw as an article of food for horses? do you think you could bring a race-horse to the post in fit condition to run, on wheat straw and corn?" I should only have returned a smile. Well, see what a change has eight years' residence in France wrought upon my opinions and experience on this subject; I am now not only convinced that, to the fact of horses in France eating as much wheat straw as they do hay, is to be attributed their general healthy condition, and also the non-necessity for physic, even to those that work hard and eat much corn (post and diligence horses, for example); but I was informed by Lord Henry Seymour, at Paris, last March twelvemonth, that his race-horses, then of course doing good work, were eating nothing but wheat straw and corn. It is my sincere conviction that, putting what we consider a high state of condition out of the question, the comparatively more healthy state of French horses over our own, is to be attributed to the alternative properties of good wheat straw, together with the occasional use of bran, either mixed with their food or water.—*Nimrod*.

THE LOCUST OF ESTREMADURA.

From time immemorial the locust has been the scourge of the central provinces of Spain. In an old Spanish document there is the following question:—"Which is the animal that most resembles all other animals?" The answer is: "The locust; because he has the horns of a stag; the eyes of a cow; the forehead of a horse; the leg of a crane; the neck of a snake; and the wings of a dove." By the wise arrangements of nature the propagation of this destructive animal is so restrained, that its ravages are rendered local, and comparatively trifling to what they would be were an equal proportion of males and females produced. By the absence alone of such an equality, their extraordinary fecundity is kept in check. There seems to be no regularity whatever in the time of appearance of these destructive insects. In the southern parts of the United States, in Egypt, and the eastern parts of Turkey, they sometimes make their appearance in countless myriads, committing the most terrible devastation on the vegetable kingdom; and, again disappearing in a few weeks, do not repeat their visits for several years.

The natural history of these insects is highly interesting; there are a great many kinds of them; that of *Estremadura* may be taken as an example of the habits of the whole. Solitary places, such as the crevices of uncultivated soil, are always chosen by the females for their retreat; for although millions alighted upon a cultivated field, not one would make it a place of permanent residence where it might deposit its eggs. The female is invariably the architect of the cells, which she builds with the aid of a round smooth instrument attached to her body. It is four-fifths of an inch in length; at the head it is as big as a writing quill, but diminishes to a hard sharp point; it is a hollow tube; and at the root there is a cavity containing a glutinous matter, which, by a peculiar construction of the parts, can be forced through the tube at the pleasure of the insect. Having cleared a hollow space, principally by means of this hard but moveable proboscis, she emits the glutinous substance, and, mixing it with earth, kneads it into a paste, with which she plasters the walls of her habitation, smoothing all nicely and neatly with her trunk. After the completion of this operation, she commences the laying of her eggs, of which about forty are deposited in a few hours. This labour over, she covers the opening with the fore-mentioned glutinous composition, which perfects the structure, affording it complete protection against the inclemency of the weather and the hostile invasion of other insects. But the laborious undertaking proves fatal to the artificer. Exhausted with fatigue, she is unable to go in search of refreshing waters, and so perishes close beside the objects of her solicitude. When the locusts emerge from the eggs, they are of a black colour, about the size of a gnat, and collect in vast numbers at the foot of shrubs. They display great liveliness and activity, continually leaping upon each other, and occupying a space sometimes of three or four feet in circumference, and two inches in height. During this period they are supposed to live entirely on dew, their limbs being as yet weak, their wings small, and their teeth not sufficiently strong to bite the grass. In about twenty days they commence their attack on the vegetable kingdom, beginning with the youngest and tenderest shoots of plants. By degrees they get stronger, and, leaving the society of each other, extend their ravages over a wide space. Nothing that springs from the soil escapes their voracity; not even mustard seed, onions and garlic, hemlock, and the most rank and poisonous plants, such as the thorn-apple and deadly nightshade. They even prey upon crowfoot, a vegetable whose causticity burns the very hides of animals, and upon cloths of various kinds where they find them exposed on the ground.

The locust of *Estremadura* spends the months of April, May, and June, in the place of its birth. At the end of this period, the females ascend into the atmosphere five hundred feet high, forming a living cloud which darkens the sun. They make a rustling noise as they wing the air, somewhat like that of the wind blowing through the leaves of the forest. The first direction of this formidable host is against the wind, and when not too strong, it extends to a couple of leagues. The column then halts, generally over a corn-field or garden, the smell of which attracts them, for their olfactory organs are peculiarly sensitive. The whole descend in a body, and in a short while completely eat up every green thing. This formidable animal is described as having a head about the size of a pea, but longer, the forehead pointing downwards like that of a handsome Andalusian horse, with a mouth large and open, eyes black and rolling, and a timid aspect, not unlike that of a hare. In its two jaws it has four incisor teeth, whose sharp points traverse each other like scissors, their mechanism being such as to gripe or shut. When full grown the body is of great strength; and thus armed, it is not at all surprising that the devastations of the locust should be so destructive and extensive, and that the husbandman should look upon a visitation as a total death-blow to his hopes of a harvest for that year. Let the British agriculturist reflect on this whilst complaining of backward weather, and the sudden swellings of rivers, by which partial damage is done. He has never to complain of the wholesale desolation to which very many countries of the globe are not unfrequently subjected.

RAILWAY COMPENSATIONS.

The great difference between the sums claimed by proprietors, and the sums offered by railway companies, for occupation of land and damages, has frequently excited remark and surprise. The difference in the case of the Edinburgh and Glasgow Railway, and the directors of the Glasgow Lunatic Asylum, presents, perhaps, a greater difference than was ever before witnessed in the kingdom, and would almost lead to the supposition that the claim had been made by the inmates rather than by the directors. The first claim made was £44,000, but, before trial, this was reduced to something a little above £10,000. The sum awarded by the jury was £873.—*Paisley Advertiser*.

TO THE MOON.

All pale and lovely Wanderer!
Thy story who shall tell?
What pencil paint the lovely land
Where thou wert wont to dwell,
Ere yet, through boundless space afar,
Thy pilgrimage began,
Or thine eye of love was kindly set
Upon the home of man?
Fair Spirit! if to mortal muse
The privilege be given
The deeper mysteries to scan
Of thy far native heaven,
Methinks before my tranced eye
The happy hosts appear,
Whose harp-strings wak'd to love and joy
Alone when thou wert near.
Methinks I see the clouded brows
That ne'er were dimm'd before—
The desolation dire that told
Thy smile for them no more—
The sigh that rose in concert full
Still murmurs on the gale,
And memory still is brooding o'er
Thy tender, parting tale.
But seemlier far, fair Moon! may I
Essay to sing the night,
When infant nature wanted first
In thine unwonted light,
And myriad dewy drops were fain
To drink thy balmy ray,
And happy birds awoke to hail
The softer, sweeter day.
Soon as thy kindly smile outbeamed
From yon unclouded blue,
Earth's startled slumberers turned to gaze,
And deemed they dream'd anew;
Steadfast each eye upon thee set,
Fondly besought thy stay,
Fearful that loveliness like thine
Too soon would pass away.
Joyous as when the light of truth,
Long sought and long concealed,
Bursts on the mind, the sage beheld
Thy wondrous charms revealed—
The sickly lamp, the musty page,
Incontinent forsook,
And lit by thee went forth to gaze
On nature's glorious book.
Then, too, the quickening bosom
With more wondrous tumult heaved,
And answering eyes to eyes confessed
The tale that ne'er deceived;
Then young affection revelled in
A joy before unknown,
And the lover, lovely queen of heaven,
Thy radiance claimed his own.
And bless thee, "bonnie Lady Moon!"
To me thou still hast been
A beam of joy—a beacon light
Mid life's beclouded scene:
Oh! ever smile as thou wert wont
In boyhood's happy day,
For wisdom, love, and friendship, all
Are ripened by thy ray.

[The above is from the "Poetical Remains of the late Robert Fraser, editor of the *Fife Herald*," just published. From a memoir connected with this modest volume, we learn that the author was for the most part of his life a tradesman, but one who, while discharging every ordinary duty, was indefatigable in improving his mind and cultivating its powers, which seem to have been of a singular kind. Misfortune and early death nevertheless overtook him, and the volume is published for the benefit of his surviving family.]

TRUTH.

Adhere always rigidly and undeviatingly to truth; but while you express what is true, express it in a pleasing manner. Truth is the picture, the manner is the frame that displays it to advantage. If a man blends his angry passions with his search after truth, become his superior by suppressing yours, and attend only to the justice and force of his reasoning. Truth, conveyed in austere and acrimonious language, seldom has a salutary effect, since we reject the truth, because we are prejudiced against the mode of communication. The heart must be won before the intellect can be informed. A man may betray the cause of truth by his unreasonable zeal, as he destroys its salutary effects by the acrimony of his manner. Whoever would be a successful instructor must first become a mild and affectionate friend.—*Newspaper paragraph*.

BONE DUST FOR THE CULTIVATION OF GRAIN.

The exportation of bones from Germany to England constitutes a singular epoch in the annals of commerce. Myriads of tons have been already exported without glutting the market, or causing a cessation of the demand. In the North Sea, mills have been erected to pulverise them. This bone powder, or dust, was long ago exclusively applied to the purposes of hot-houses by German horticulturists; but the English, emboldened by their riches, have extended its use to general objects of agriculture, and fertilise, by these expensive means, their cold, humid, and poorest land; and have thus brought the uplands of Nottinghamshire, the western parts of Holderness, &c., into the highest state of cultivation, both in point of extent and intenseness of fertility. There is, consequently, a proverb, "that one ton of German bone dust saves the importation of ten tons of German corn." As Malta formerly covered her naked rocks with foreign soil, so does England now fertilise her clay and sandy heaths with German bones. Near the sea-coast, even the churchyards are robbed of their venerable relics, which is only ironically excused by rendering the German bone trade popular. An agriculturist, being rendered attentive by this vast exportation, instituted privately some comparative experiments, the results of which prove that bone dust acts in the cultivation of ground, as compared with the best stable manure—1. In respect to the quality of corn as seven to five. 2. In respect to the quantity as five to four. 3. In respect to the durability of the energy of the soils as three to two. It produces several collateral advantages. 1. It destroys weeds.

2. It diminishes the necessity of suffering the land to lie fallow. 3. This concentrated manure, or substitute for manure, is more easy of conveyance, less laborious to spread, and can with facility be applied to the steepest vineyards or other inaccessible lands, either in mountainous countries or in wet meadow land. 4. It renders agriculture practicable without cattle breeding, grazing, &c.—*Repertory of Inventions*.

MEWS.

The name of a collection of coach-houses and stables, now universally adopted, is the word *mews*—a word which has no connection whatever with such buildings. The application of the term originated from this circumstance: The royal stables at Lomesbury, now called Bloomsbury, having been burnt in 1537, Henry VIII. removed the hawks from the *mews*, and had them fitted up as stables, which continued to be called the King's *Mews*, although occupied by his horses.—*Newspaper paragraph*.

VITRULIUS RIVER.

Although sulphur is found to exist more or less in the vicinity of every volcano, the only instance with which we are acquainted of sulphuric acid being found in a state of nature, is in the island of Java, near Batavia, the capital. A lake of sulphuric acid occupies the crater of an extinct volcano, from which reservoir it flows in a rivulet down the sides of the mountain to a considerable distance. During the dry season of the year, this remarkable stream becomes absorbed by the thirsty arenaceous soil through which it runs; but in the rainy period it forms a confluence with another stream called the White River. The water of the latter, although saturated with a whitish clay, is not pernicious, far less fatal, either to fish or other animals. But the moment it is joined by the acid rivulet, the stream becomes transparent from the acid precipitating the earthy matter which it holds in solution; and it not only destroys the fish, but also the whole of the vegetation over which it passes.

GETTING UP A NEWSPAPER.

So many articles have been written upon the particular woes and troubles, cares and anxieties, of newspaper editors, that the subject has become somewhat stale. For that reason we have always, as much as possible, avoided any allusion to the topics upon which so many *Jeremiads* have been written. This week we are tempted to administer a little reproof to some people, who expect that every article, in every paper, should suit every body. What would a shoemaker, for instance, say to a customer, who should find fault because every pair of boots in the store would not fit his foot, and thereupon undertake to tell him that he was no workman, but a botch? Or, even if he were more reasonable than this, and merely denounced all boots that did not fit him as good for nothing and useless to every body, would he not write him down an ass? Yet such is precisely the conduct of those who measure a newspaper by their own standard of taste, and expect it uniformly to conform to that. Now, be it known to such sapient judges, that the endeavour of an experienced caterer for a newspaper is to avoid pleasing them every week. If a shoemaker turned out all his work upon one last, he would find his patrons in a minority of the boot-wearing public. The best evidence of editorial skill is to present such a varied *mélange*, from week to week, as shall offer to all tastes, not too hypercritical, a chance to find something for their peculiar gratification. Other critics expect uniform correctness and infallibility in a newspaper. They would have it, that editors should be perfect in knowledge upon all subjects, incapable of error, and above the failings to which poor human nature is liable. They expect comments upon all that is passing in the world, and that rumours be published while they are new; and there must, notwithstanding, be no mistake in any statement. There must be no omission of any circumstance; no delay to procure attested accounts—and yet the story must be such as to leave no errors to be corrected. A very little reflection would show such critics that they are expecting a little more than they would like to be compelled themselves to have to accomplish.—*Waterford Chronicle*.

TEMPERANCE IN IRELAND.

Several of the Irish papers speak in the highest terms of the indefatigable labours of a Catholic clergyman of the name of Mathew, in the cause of temperance. "Sixty thousand persons," says the *Dublin Evening Post*, "he has already blessed—sixty thousand drunkards has he already redeemed from degradation and from sin, and there is not a single instance of a relapse. In Cork, from small beginnings, temperance has at length spread through the lanes and alleys of the city, and to such a surprising extent, that hundreds of the low whisky shops have been shut up. In the town of Killybeg—certainly a jovial place—a similar change has been wrought. In Tralee great progress has been made. But the city of Limerick is said to exhibit the most extraordinary change. Some of the shebeen shopkeepers have given up business altogether, others of the better class are converting their tenements into coffee-houses, and we have the authority of the mayor—himself a teetotaler and good Protestant—for the fact, that the change in the habits of the people is perfectly marvellous. In Clonmel, a great and salutary change is also apparent; and we know, from the statement of the secretary of the Mining Company of Ireland, that in the wildest part of Tipperary, at the mines of the company in the barony of Slieveadagh, many miles from any town, most of the persons employed in the works, from being drunken and disorderly, have become quite reformed. The most drunken hole in the county of Waterford was Dungarvan. Within a few months it has declared in favour of temperance, and great progress is made in the same blessed cause in the city of Waterford. The happy contagion has not yet crossed the Shannon, nor has it been felt generally, we believe, in the north. It is progressing, however, towards Dublin. There is, for example, a flourishing temperance society in Leixlip.—*Recent newspaper intelligence*.

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LIVING IN PARIS.

BY GIBBONS MERLE.

My observations on this subject are intended to be comparative; but a long absence from England may have exposed me to some errors, which the reader will excuse. I treat of three bodies; those who are independent by fortune, persons in trade, and the productive classes; and begin, as is usual, with the rich.

Paris is not essentially so *quartieré* [a term which the reader will presently find explained] as London, and therefore the rent of private houses does not vary to an equal extent according to the spot at which the residence is fixed. In London, the distance of a street, and sometimes of a few doors, may make a difference of 15 to 20 per cent. in house rent; and a professional man, who does not reside on the Regent Street side of Oxford Street, must not expect, whatever may be his skill, to count guineas with his colleague of the "far west." But Paris has also its fashionable districts. In the Rue de Rivoli, or the Rue de la Paix, and also in the streets immediately adjoining the Boulevard des Italiens, on the side of the Eglise de la Madeleine, the rent of a house, of thirty to fifty rooms, unfurnished, varies from 12,000 to 25,000 francs a-year [a thousand francs being about forty pounds sterling.] Few persons take an entire house. The lower part is generally let out as shops, and the remainder in floors. In the Rue Tronchet, which is behind the Madeleine, the *entresol** of a first-rate house, and which consists of about eight rooms and a kitchen, with two or three servants' rooms at the top of the house, lets for 4000 francs a-year; the first floor, with servants' rooms and coach-house and stable, for 7000 to 8000 francs; the second floor, with stable, coach-house, and servants' rooms, 5000 to 6000 francs; the third floor, with servants' rooms, for 3000 to 4000 francs; and the fourth from 2000 to 2500 francs, with one or two servants' rooms. A house of similar size, and similarly situated as to the quarter, would not let in London for more than L.600, or, at the utmost, L.700 a-year. The amount of taxes paid by the tenant in Paris, is certainly less than in London. It never exceeds 10 per cent. upon the amount of rent, and frequently is not so much.† The rent of shops in good situations is very heavy. In the Palais Royal, the smallest shop, with one or two dwelling-rooms, cannot be had for less than 3000 francs a-year, and in the streets of trade, the prices are little lower than in the Palais Royal.

The lowest-rented houses in Paris, with the exception of the outskirts, are in the faubourg St Germain. By merely crossing the river, and at ten minutes' walk

from the Tuileries, good houses and apartments may be had at little more than half the prices above mentioned. This quarter is unfashionable, but the houses are fully equal to the best houses of the opposite side of the river. Why there should be a difference of 50 per cent. between the faubourg St Germain and the quarter of the Chaussée d'Antin, whilst in the quarters near the latter there is not a greater difference than of from 10 to 20 per cent., is not to be explained. The faubourg St Germain is more aristocratic than any other part of Paris, for here the old nobility reside. In Paris the aristocracy of wealth vie with each other in display, and wish to be fashionable. This may be one reason for the great difference in question, but it is not by itself a satisfactory explanation. House rent in Paris absorbs a much larger portion of the income of the rich than it does in London, but the difference in the style of living is such, that whilst of an income of two thousand pounds a-year in Paris three or four hundred pounds may be thus employed, being probably 25 per cent. more than in London, when the most fashionable quarter of the town is not fixed upon for a residence, the remainder gives at least 33 per cent. in favour of the Paris resident. As many servants may be kept, but their wages are lower, and they are kept at less expense. No tax is paid upon them as in England, nor is there any tax upon horses and carriages. In England these taxes are of considerable amount, and increase in proportion with the number of servants, horses, and carriages. The style of living is different. Dinner parties are comparatively of rare occurrence; only a small quantity of the more expensive wines is used, and these are on an average 15 per cent. cheaper than the same qualities in England. Evening parties not being followed by suppers, are much less expensive than in England. In every thing, generally speaking, even to the liveries of servants, what would be thought shabby in London is stylish in Paris, and it is only amongst what the French call the *parvenus* that competition in expenditure is considered necessary. Where there are children, education, which among the higher classes is very expensive in London, is cheap in Paris: very good masters are to be had for three francs per lesson, and many of the most wealthy families do not even pay so much. With the rich, therefore, Paris is a desirable place of residence, and it is not so much so because things are cheaper than in London, but because in Paris the habits of the rich are not in themselves so expensive as in the English metropolis. There are in Paris many English families, who, with an income of about two thousand pounds sterling each, live in very good style, and lay by a fourth of their income, whereas in London the force of example would drive them beyond their means.

The *bourgeoisie* of Paris are less favoured than persons of large and fixed incomes. They earn less than English tradesmen, and the necessities of life are on an average as expensive as in London. Compared with the returns of their business, rents with them are double what they are to London tradesmen, and fuel is more than double, even if they burn coals, which are now much used, and would become general if the bad construction of the chimnies of French houses did not prevent their use. When coals are burnt, the apartment is filled with smoke, which indeed is also the case with wood: but the French are accustomed to the latter, whilst they bear the smoke of coals in horror. The following prices of some of the necessities of life in Paris will enable the reader to judge of the truth of the above observations.

Bread is on an average 4 sous (2d.) per pound, whilst

the fancy bread, called *pain de gruau*, which is generally used for breakfast when the means of the consumer permit, and which is not subject to tariff, costs at the rate of from 8 to 13 sous per pound;* according to the conscience of the baker. Butcher meat costs on an average 15 sous per pound, good loaf sugar, 18 sous; very inferior tallow candles, 15 sous; butter, of the best quality, from 24 to 42 sous, according to the season; milk, about 8 sous per quart; black tea, 6 francs per pound [a franc being tenpence of our money], and green, from 7 to 10 francs; fish, on an average, double the London price; coals, 65 to 75 francs per ton; ordinary wine, which is certainly not equal as the usual beverage at meals to good English beer, 60 to 70 francs, which, added to the *octroi*, or town duty, which it pays on entering Paris, makes it from 110 to 120 francs per cask of about 280 bottles, or about 12 sous per English quart. Poultry is on an average quite as dear if not dearer than in London; a good sized fowl never costs less than 3 francs, and frequently 6 francs; game varies much, but on the average is nearly that of the London market; vegetables are much cheaper in Paris than in London, and as they form a considerable part of the food of the middle classes, enable the tradesman to economise in the support of his family. Many of the most respectable tradesmen who on the Sunday treat their wives and children with a jaunt into the country, or a dinner at a restaurant in Paris, have nothing for dinner during the week but the *pot au feu*, which is beef boiled gently into soup, with abundance of vegetables, and a dish of the white beans called *haricots*, boiled and mixed with butter, a very cheap and nutritious diet. This, with bread and a salad, and for beverage ordinary wine weakened with twice or thrice its bulk of water, and hence called *eau rouge*, is the usual dinner of half the leading shopkeepers of Paris. Were it not for such economy, they could not pay their rent and *patente*, whereas they continue not only to exist, and to be always well dressed, but to lay by annually a small sum, with which, in time, they retire to the country, and on an independence of three or four thousand francs a-year, become *rentiers*, and aspirants to the municipal offices of their communes. The breakfast with this class is a very simple affair. It is a little *café au lait*, with dry bread, or a basin of soup, with a slice of cold meat from the *pot au feu*, or a dish of vegetables. Clothing is a very expensive article in Paris. Linen, of good quality, is a fourth dearer than in London; articles of woollen or cotton at least a third dearer. Shoes are a little cheaper, but hats are dearer, and the charges of tailors are about the same. The greatest advantage the Paris tradesman has over persons of the same class in London, is in the cheapness and the excellence of the education for his sons. There are several colleges, in which, for L.4 to L.8 English per annum, a boy may receive the most finished education, without board; consequently there are few respectable tradesmen's sons in Paris who have not to a certain extent a classical education. Here, however, the advantage stops; when the youth enters into active life either as a master or as an assistant, he has none of those opportunities of improving his mind which are so numerous in London. There are no scientific institutions of which he can become a member, like the London Institution, the Marylebone Institution, and fifty others, which form the pride and honour of the British metropolis. He may, indeed, attend the lectures of various professors without cost, but the spirit of association which makes learning attractive, and the *esprit de corps* by which young men

* The *entresol* is little known in London; it is a set of rooms of low ceilings, between the shops and the first floor. Where there are shops—and very few houses in public situations are without them—they are either let out to the occupants of the shops, or are taken by merchants for counting-houses, or by professional men as offices. This part of the house is but rarely occupied by persons out of trade, except by the proprietors of the houses themselves.

† Although the taxes on houses which are paid by the tenant are not so high as in England, the taxation in large towns is generally high, for every person in business pays for a licence or *patente*, which varies, according to the occupation of the person, from 5 to 500 francs per annum. All public establishments, such as hotels and coffee-houses, have to pay according to their rent. The *patente* alone, in some cases, costs from 2000 to 3000 francs a-year. The owners of property, also, have to pay the tax *foncière*. There is another tax in France which is very productive to the state. Every lease or other agreement, every contract or sale, is liable to the *droit d'enregistrement*, which varies from two per cent. upwards. The average amount of taxation per head in France is indeed little more than 10 francs, which is much less than in England, but in some towns this tax amounts to a much greater sum. The principle of taxation in France is to make the rich pay for the poor, and the trading towns for those in which little business is done.

* The French pound is equal to about seventeen and a half English pence.

are bound together in London by their institutions, is wanting.

On the whole, if the Paris tradesman is better off than the London tradesman, it is not because rents and the necessities of life are lower in one capital than the other: it is because he regulates his habits by his circumstances, and his expenditure is governed by his means of obtaining the comforts of life, without expecting that those comforts should assume the character of luxuries, and the cost of obtaining them be brought down to the level of created inclinations. He gives fewer dinner parties than the London tradesman; and when he does give them, he does not feel that it is necessary to show his hospitality, or the superiority of his purse, by forcing his guests to get drunk with expensive wines; and when he follows the English fashion of grog-drinking, he does not devour large tumblerfuls of rum and water because rum is dearer than brandy in France, as some English tradesmen drink brandy in England because it is dearer than gin. His greatest indulgence (I am speaking of the class, of course, and not of individual exceptions) is a cup of coffee or a bottle of beer at the coffee-house in the evening, where he plays a game of billiards or dominos. If his wife has her evening party, a little tea and some cakes, with *eau sucrée*, and perhaps a glass of sweet wine, are all that her guests expect; and this, it will be allowed, is not seeing company at a very dear rate. But the great happiness, the great superiority of the French tradesman, consists in the equality, which is all perhaps that has resisted the encroachments of successive governments upon the spirit of the great revolution. The tradesman has no notion for aping what is called quality, for he is as independent of the idle rich as they are beyond him in the means of display; and no title commands homage in France merely because it is a title. The tradesman does not disgrace himself in the morning by going bareheaded to the carriage which stops at his door, and indemnify himself in the afternoon by driving his cabriolet through the public promenades with a splendidly dressed groom at his side, or behind the carriage. The ambition of the French tradesman is to be independent in circumstances; he feels that he is already so by position. The comparatively economical habits of the French tradesman do not depend entirely on his natural temperament, the force of example, or the way in which he has been trained to commercial pursuits. The law relative to bankruptcies contributes much towards his dread of speculation, and the control of his expenditure. In England, where there is no penalty attached to over-trading beyond that which a man inflicts upon himself, the evil of such conduct is twofold. The tradesman not only gets involved frequently deeper and deeper, by launching out, when he is in a small difficulty, in the hope that a bold effort may bring back all his losses, and with the conviction that if he should fail, a bankruptcy for a large amount is considered by the world to be more "respectable" than for a small one, but as his speculations are upon a large scale, he is accustomed to take less heed of his expenditure, which is apportioned to the extent of his dealings rather than the profits which they produce. He does not always reflect that the one is fictitious, and the other is real. In France the law requires that the tradesman shall keep an account of all his domestic expenditure, even to the milk that he uses for his breakfast, and the money that he expends in what the English call pocket-money, but which comes under the head of *menus plaisirs* in France. It regards almost as fraudulent any speculation with the money of his creditors, and compels him to declare himself a bankrupt when he owes twice as much as he has the means of paying, either in money, or in stock and good debts. It is indeed true that where the expenditure for himself has not been profligate, the law, which subjects him, if enforced, to imprisonment for simple bankruptcy, is rarely exercised, and even in the case of over-trading without means, great leniency is generally shown; but the possibility of being made to suffer by some hostile creditor, operates as a check both upon wanton expenditure and over-trading. The application of the criminal law to his case, however, is not all that he has to fear. A bankruptcy in France deprives the bankrupt of many of his civil rights, and he can only recover them by paying in full all his debts, when, by a special and solemn process, he is restored to the position which he previously held, or, as the French say, *réhabilité*. The statement of this important fact will account for the prudence, I might say timidity, of the tradesman as to his operations, and also for his economy.

The condition of the labouring classes in Paris affords a vast field for inquiry and information. If Paris be a desirable place of residence for the rich, as respects the mode and expense of living; if it offers resources to the trading classes equal to the desires which they feel, it is still more favourable to the

industrious poor; for although provisions are enormously dear, as compared with many other parts of France, the wages of workmen are more than proportionably high. But it is only to the industrious and honest workman that Paris offers peculiar advantages. He who would save money from what he earns, must be uncorrupted when he arrives in the capital, and have a mind strong enough to prevent his being led astray. There is no capital in Europe, not even London, where there are so many temptations to idleness and profligacy, and none in which the upper and middle classes have done so little for the instruction and comfort of the various grades of labouring men. London has her Mechanics' Institutions. Paris has none, or rather it has none worthy of the name. London abounds with coffee-shops, many of which are highly respectable, and afford opportunities to the workman to obtain refreshment at a cheap rate, and to peruse amusing, but at the same time instructive, works. London, with all its vice, is at least free from the presence of returned *forçats* (galley-slaves), who infest Paris, and who are not satisfied with not working themselves, and with deriving a subsistence from theft, but endeavour also to deter others from industrious pursuits, and to seduce them to their own course. If London has gin-shops and public-houses, Paris has its wine-shops and cabarets, and the amusements outside the barriers on the Sunday, and on the Saint Monday, which is regularly observed every week by immense numbers of French workmen, are not always of that innocent nature which many tourists have been pleased to describe. The Parisian workman is very far from the *beau idéal* of the labouring classes in France. He earns more and works less. He discusses politics when he should be at his loom or his lathe, and becomes affiliated with secret societies for the improvement of the state, before he has done any thing to cultivate his own mind. If drunkenness be not so apparent to the Englishman who visits Paris as it is in London, it is because he does not frequent the places in which it is carried on. Let him go on Sunday or Monday to the *quinquettes* on the outer side of the barriers, and his belief that the French lower orders are sober, will rapidly cease. But to the sober, honest, and industrious workman, Paris is full of advantages. He knows that by patience and perseverance he may realise a small fund, with which he can commence business on his own account, and that all the persons with whom his master deals, will give him credit as readily as if he were already rich. His mind is not weighed down by any conviction that he is regarded as an inferior. There is no aristocratical feeling in society to prevent his rise. When he can pay the tax of a *patente*, he becomes a *bourgeois* like his former master, and his respectability is not appreciated, as in England, by the extent of his gains. When he sees the nobility taking pride in the titles to esteem which are conferred by trade, and feels that he, although in a more limited sphere, may obtain equal esteem, he has a stimulus before him which nothing can destroy. No one says of a tradesman, by way of sneer, "that man rose from nothing;" and if it be said at all, it is in the way of honour. He is a member of the National Guard, and by the side of him, also in the uniform of a private, is a wealthy banker or merchant. He goes on carefully and quietly, until, by the esteem of his fellow-comrades, he carries his election as an officer, and knows that he is then eligible to be appointed a commandant, which gives him the right, when on guard at the palace, of dining with the king. Even the bench of justice is open to him, for by election he may become a member of the Tribunal of Commerce, and sit in judicial robes, as if he had been bred to the bar. In a country where trade is honoured by all who engage in it, and where the laws and usages require that it be respected by all classes, he has every inducement to the exercise of his industry, and the attainment of a position which gives him importance in his own estimation and in that of the world. And when he considers that this is attainable by the means which industry creates, and by the economy which his ambition commands, he feels that the position at which he aims is within his grasp.

The wages in Paris of the ordinary workmen in handicraft vary from two francs and a half to six francs per day, for about fourteen hours' labour. Those of labourers, who are called *hommes de peine*, vary from one franc and a half to two francs and a half. In many of the provinces they do not exceed half this amount. Now, allowing that lodgings and provisions are twenty-five per cent. dearer than in some parts of the country, there is still an advantage of twenty-five per cent. in favour of Paris. A good and prudent workman may, in five or six years, realise sufficient to begin business in a small way on his own account; for in Paris, a small capital in trade, with good management and good credit, goes a great way. The expenditure of a French workman on mere articles of food is very small. Many of them live on fifteen or sixteen sous per day when they are without families, and the surplus of their wages is either laid by or expended in carousing at the barriers. It is not a hardship to the dissolute workman to live on bread and vegetables, with now and then a little wine and meat, so that he may have two or three francs or more to spend at the *quinquette*; and the prudent workman eats his crust with an apple or an onion with relish, knowing that he is daily adding to his reserved fund. A *pot au feu*, with half a pound of meat, and a good quantity of vegetables will serve him for two days. If he be a mar-

ried man, this is prepared by his wife, who does not, as in England, send four or five pounds of meat to a baker's, to be dried up into the volume of two or three. A dish of *haricots*, which, with a little butter, costs five or six sous, serves for the dinner of his wife, a child, and himself. Bread and vegetables complete the feast. When bread, indeed, is dear, he suffers, because this is the staple food of his family as regards their breakfast and dinner, but the average price is quite within his means. The surplus of his earnings is carried to a Savings' Bank, and it is only in seasons when work is not to be had, which are not of very frequent occurrence, that he touches this reserve.

HYBERNATION OR WINTER SLEEP OF ANIMALS.

MANY animals are so constituted, that during the winter season the activity of their functions is greatly impaired by the reduction of temperature, and they pass into a peculiar condition called hybernation,* which bears a strong resemblance to ordinary sleep. Naturalists and physiologists have sought in vain for either external or internal characters of general application, by which they might distinguish the species likely to be subjected to this singular but wisely appointed lethargy. It is a provisional faculty, dependent on external circumstances, and may be interrupted, postponed, or altogether prevented, by regulating the conditions under which the animal is placed. Hybernation is induced by a moderately low temperature, but extreme cold destroys it, so that it differs essentially from that state of torpor which cold produces in any animal by benumbing the sentient nerves, and stiffening the muscles. Many physiologists have mistaken this state of animals for that of true hybernation, but the two conditions are quite different. In the latter, the mobility of the muscles remains unimpaired, not the slightest stiffness being observable, and the sensibility of the nerves is as perfect as it is in ordinary sleep. The lethargy, indeed, is sleep, not torpidity. It is a property peculiar to a few species, which, however, differ very materially in other respects, as will be perceived when we name as familiar instances the dormouse, the hedgehog, and the bat. When the decreasing temperature of autumn reminds them that they, like a campaigning army, must look about them for cantonments into which they may retire for the winter (for all hybernating animals avoid exposure to extreme cold), each according to its species seeks out its place of repose. This is either in the earth, among old walls, in caverns, trunks of trees, or bushes, which retreats are usually lined with dried herbs, grasses, leaves, or moss. The bat chooses caverns, churches, barns, and other situations where the temperature is milder than that of the open air; and, contrary to the usual practice, it suspends itself by the hooked claws of its hinder extremities. Other hybernating animals contract themselves into balls, so as to expose the smallest possible surface to the air.

The phenomena of hybernation have been very carefully observed by Dr Marshall Hall, and an able paper of his in the Philosophical Transactions, enables us to present some interesting particulars regarding this singular "second course" of nature. It appears that respiration is almost wholly suspended during hybernation—a fact so remarkable, that it would require strong proof to convince us of its truth, and this we fortunately have. Amongst other experiments to which Dr Hall had recourse, was one in which a bat was placed in a vessel so contrived that any absorption of air which might take place could be readily ascertained. The animal was allowed to remain a whole night in the vessel, and when the contained air was examined, no alteration could be perceived in it. On other occasions, however, when the bat was aroused for a little from its lethargy, air was consumed, and its amount was always in exact proportion to the length of time in which the animal was kept in a state of activity. Additional evidence is afforded by the fact, that the temperature of animals in this state accurately follows that of the atmosphere around them. When the temperature fell in the air, it was found to fall in the animal also, and vice versa. It is well known that in the act of respiration the air absorbed by the lungs gives out a quantity of heat to the system, and thus raises its temperature above that of the atmosphere in all ordinary circumstances. This is an invariable consequence of respiration; and when, therefore, a living body is found to have no higher temperature than the air which surrounds it, it may

* Hybernation is from the Latin *hibernare*, to go into winter quarters.

oe fairly inferred that in that body respiration is very nearly suspended. The last proof of this fact which we shall notice is, that the lethargic animal is capable of bearing the total abstraction of atmospheric air or oxygen gas for a considerable time, and can live for several hours in carbonic acid, a gas of so deadly a nature that it instantaneously destroys the life of any animal when in its active natural state. The celebrated Spallanzani kept a marmot four hours immersed in this gas, and it remained unaffected by it. A rat and a bird put in along with it perished in an instant. Bats and hedgehogs were found by Dr Hall to sustain submergence in water, the first for sixteen minutes, the second for twenty-two minutes, and appeared to be quite uninjured by the experiment. The possibility of bats enduring submergence in water was curiously proved on one occasion, by their being found to live under the arch of a very low bridge, which the water filled completely on the occasion of every little flood. The floods often lasted a whole day, and yet the bats passed every winter there in perfect security. In their active state these animals "bear no charmed life," but down as fast as any others.

Some striking facts connected with surgery and medicine were illustrated by Dr Hall's experiments. It was proved that the irritability* of the heart is augmented during continued lethargy in an extraordinary degree; that the irritability of the left side of the heart is then nearly as great as that of the right, this not being the case in ordinary circumstances; and that in this condition of the animal system, the action of the heart continues for a considerable period independently of the brain and spinal marrow. These facts will be more interesting to the medical man than to the general reader, but they are sufficiently remarkable to be mentioned here. They constitute one of the numberless proofs of wisdom and design to be found in the works of creation, by which provision has been made for the well-being of every living thing. As respiration is nearly suspended in the hibernating animal, had not irritability become proportionately augmented, the actions of life must have ceased!

It is very generally stated that in animals in this state of lethargy, sensibility is greatly impaired; but Dr Hall asserts that this is a great mistake. In those animals upon which he experimented, he found the reverse to be the case, and that in hibernation the sensibility is nearly the same as in ordinary sleep. The slightest touch applied to one of the spines of the hedgehog immediately roused it to draw a deep and sonorous inspiration. The gentlest shake induces inspirations in the bat. In fact, it appears that the least disturbance given to the animal is immediately felt by it, for it begins to move. On the other hand, the sensorial functions are nearly suspended. This is proved by the suspension of respiration, which is immediately renewed for a time on exciting the animal. It is further proved by the fact, that although the animal coils itself up when touched, it immediately relaxes into the former position, whereas when it is awake such contraction and immobility are continued for some time. When the hedgehog coiled up in its state of activity is thrown into water, it immediately relaxes itself from fear, and takes to swimming. In the state of lethargy on the other hand, no fear appears to be excited under such circumstances, and the animal would probably remain still and quiet for a considerable period, if its sensibility were not acted upon by the contact of water. As has already been observed, neither stiffness nor lameness is induced by hibernation, the mobility or power of moving the muscles, like the sensibility, remaining unimpaired. The hedgehog, when roused, walks about and does not stagger, as some have asserted. The bat speedily takes wing and flies about with great activity, although exhaustion and death may subsequently result from the experiment. This is a very remarkable fact, and introduces the subject of reviviscence, or the renewal of active life. If an animal during its hibernation be kept in a state of excitement for any length of time, it will die. To explain this, it is necessary to revert to the fact, that during this lethargy a great irritability of the left side of the heart is induced; and this irritability co-existing with that high respiration which immediately follows any disturbance, and with arterialised blood, is found to be incompatible with life. In short, in a state of hibernation, respiration, suddenly restored and permanently excited, is as destructive as its privation in other circumstances. How

admirable then is that instinct which prompts hibernating animals to seek out such sheltered situations as caverns, burrows, lonely churches, deserted wells and the like, where they may be at once secure from the rapid changes and inclemencies of the weather, and from other causes of disturbance! A cold atmosphere excites them into activity as well as an augmentation of temperature.

By a very delicately managed and perfectly satisfactory experiment, Dr Hall ascertained that in hibernating animals the circulation of the blood proceeds uninterruptedly, but more slowly, the blood being what is called venous. Before it can be rendered arterial, it must be acted upon, by air drawn into the lungs in the ordinary process of breathing; but as this is almost entirely suspended during lethargy, there is of course no air to change the blood, so that it remains venous. When the hibernating animal is in its state of activity, the heart is precisely in the same condition as it is in all other mammalia; but it becomes quite altered, or what is technically called "veno-contractile," in lethargy. "This phenomenon," says Dr Hall, "is one of the most remarkable presented to me in the whole animal kingdom. It forms the single exception to the most general rule, amongst animals which possess a double heart. It accounts for the possibility of immersion in water or a noxious gas without drowning or asphyxia, and it accounts for the possibility of a suspended respiration without the feeling of oppression or pain, although sensation be unimpaired. It is, in a word, this peculiar phenomenon which, conjoined with the peculiar effect of sleep in inducing diminished respiration in hibernating animals, constitutes the susceptibility and capability of taking on the hibernating state."

Animals take very little food during the period of their lethargy, but much difference is observed amongst them in regard to the quantity which they do take, and the fact affords another proof of the admirable adaptation of animals to the situation in which they are placed. The bat, which feeds on insects, would awake in vain amidst the frost and snow of winter; no food could be found. Hence in the bat no disposition to awake from a desire to take food has been observed—it is only aroused by external warmth or by excitement. The hedgehog, again, as it feeds on snails and worms, might find a small supply of these savoury dishes if the ground be not baked into a pavement by the frost. Accordingly, it awakes after various intervals of two, three, or four days passed in lethargy, to take food, and again returns to its state of hibernation. The dormouse feeds on grain and fruits, which there is much less difficulty in getting than there is in finding any of the other articles of diet, and accordingly the dormouse awakes daily during hibernation. The operations of the stomach and viscera are found to be exactly proportionate to the disposition to awake and take food. This appears to increase after a time, and, in combination with the warmth of spring, again calls the animals from their winter quarters into active life. Between thirty and forty degrees of Fahrenheit seems to be the temperature best fitted to induce hibernation. Methods which secure moderation in temperature lead to this state. Thus, hedgehogs supplied with hay or straw, and dormice with cotton wool, make themselves nests, and become lethargic; when other animals of the same species, deprived of these materials, and exposed to a higher degree of cold, remain quite active.

Some animals in warm climates pass into a state of hibernation, as well as those of the colder zone. The tenrec, a species of hedgehog found in Madagascar, becomes lethargic for some months in the year, and is only to be found when the summer heat is felt, which being generally ushered in by an electric state of the atmosphere, the negroes (with whom they are a favourite food) say they are awakened by the peals of thunder which precede the summer storms.

Many cold-blooded animals are regarded as of the hibernating kind, although we doubt if the state of lethargy to which they are subjected be the true hibernation described by Dr Hall. But, at all events, the greater proportion of reptiles, insects, molluscous animals, &c., inhabiting both cold and hot countries, pass a part of the year in a state of lethargy, during which they usually take no food. Humboldt describes certain reptiles in South America which pass a portion of the year buried in the earth, and which are only aroused by the occurrence of rainy weather, or the excitement of violent means. "The manners of animals," says he, "vary in the same species, according to local circumstances difficult to investigate. We were shown a hut, or rather a kind of shed, in which our host of Calabozza, Don Miguel Cousin, had witnessed a very extraordinary scene. Sleeping with one of his friends on a bench covered with leather, Don Miguel was awakened early in the morning by violent shakes and a horrible noise. Clods of earth were thrown into the middle of the hut. Presently a young crocodile, two or three feet long, issued from under the bed, darted at a dog which lay at the threshold of the door, and missing him in the impetuosity of his spring, ran towards the beach to attain the river. On examining the spot where the bedstead was placed, the cause of this strange adventure was soon discovered. The ground was disturbed to a considerable depth. It was dried mud that had covered the crocodile in that state of lethargy, or summer sleep, in which many of the species lie, during the absence of the rains, amid the llanos. The noise of men and horses, perhaps the

smell of the dog, had awakened the crocodile. The hut being placed at the edge of the pool, and inundated during part of the year, the crocodile had no doubt entered, at the time of the inundation of the savannahs, by the same opening by which Mr Pozo saw it go out. The Indians often find enormous boas, which they call uji, or water serpents, in the same lethargic state. To re-animate them, they must be wetted with water, or irritated."

Taking all the foregoing facts together, it appears to us that hibernation is a wise provision of nature for preserving the lives of certain animals during a part of the year when they were likely to perish for want of a sufficient supply of their ordinary food.

FUGITIVE WRITINGS OF JAMES BOSWELL.

OF James Boswell as the biographer of Johnson, the merits and demerits have been amply discussed. Let us turn from the consideration of these, and think of him, for a time, as simply what he appeared to his friends in life, the drollest, most whimsical, and most mirth-exciting of mortals—a man, as we have heard a contemporary of his own* remark, in whose face it was impossible to look without laughing—an eccentric, but upon the whole an innocent and well-meaning man. While considering him in this aspect, the reader may allow us to revive and bring before him some specimens of the fugitive writings of Boswell. Many of these contain no small share of humour, and all are more or less characteristic of one who was certainly in most respects a singular, and in many an interesting person.

There is a curious and rare volume of light-headed letters, written partly by Boswell, which he published in London in 1763, the year in which he formed the acquaintance of Johnson. Few men have ever perhaps given such compositions to the world, with their name, even at the early age (twenty-three) which Boswell had now reached. And what makes the case the more singular, the title-page also exposed the full name of his correspondent, the Honourable Andrew Erskine, a younger brother of the well-known musical Earl of Kelly. Frivolity, unchecked by any just sense of the world's opinion, could alone have prompted such a publication; yet it is impossible now to read it without experiencing some sympathy with the genuine youthful overflow of spirits which may be said to form the matter of the book. In the first letter, Boswell to Erskine, dated from Auchinleck, August the 25th, 1761, the writer says:—"You see I retain my usual volatility. The Boswells, you know, came over from Normandy with William the Conqueror, and some of us possess the spirit of our ancestors the French. I do for one. A pleasant spirit it is. *Vive la Bagatelle* is the maxim. A light heart may bid defiance to fortune." Then, as if to prove how truly he possessed the spirit of bagatelle, he adds—"Write to me soon. Your letters, I prophesy, will entertain me not a little, and will besides be extremely servicable in many respects. They will supply me with oil to my lamps, grease to my wheels, and blacking to my shoes. They will furnish me with strings to my fiddle, lashes to my whip, lining to my breeches, and buttons to my coat. They will make charming spurs, excellent knee-buckles, and inimitable watch-keys. In short, while they last I shall neither want breakfast, dinner, nor supper. I shall keep a couple of horses, and I shall sleep upon a bed of down. I shall be in France this year, and in Spain the next, with many other particulars too tedious to mention."

The second volume of "A Collection of Original Poems by Scotch Gentlemen," published by Donaldson of Edinburgh in 1762, contains many light trifles by Boswell—amongst others, one upon himself, in which he lets out the leading principle of his literary life—

—"not a bent sixpence cares he,
Whether with him or at him you laugh."

We hasten from these *jeux-d'esprit*, many of which are dull enough, to a very curious poem which he is said to have aided in writing, some years later, in burlesque of the procedure of a criminal trial before the Circuit Court of Justiciary. Some other gentlemen, like himself advocates at the Scottish bar, are said to have also had a share in this whimsical composition. Unfortunately, no manuscript of the *Justiciary Opera* was preserved; and we have only some fragments of it, which were taken down, at a comparatively recent period, from the mouths of gentlemen who recollected hearing it recited. These were printed privately by the late Sir Alexander Boswell, eldest son of the bio-

* Irritability is a term used by anatomists to indicate that property peculiar to the muscles of the animal frame, by which they contract when touched, or when stimuli are applied. The power may be seen in the tremulous contraction of muscles when cut, or when separated from the body. Even after a body is dead, the power remains until the organisation yields to decay.

* The late Mr William Macfarlane, long the Judge of the Small-debt-court in Edinburgh.

grapher of Johnson—a man of not less lively faculties than his father, and of whom we shall have more to say afterwards. By Sir Alexander, a number of gaps in the original were very cleverly filled up. It is altogether a most grotesque composition, smacking strongly of the men and things of the last age. The best parts of it are here given from a volume quoted below,* in which Sir Alexander's set has been recently reprinted.

The trial is one for an assault upon an excise-officer, and Ayr is evidently the circuit town meant as the scene. The persons of the drama are—*Calendrosus Maximus*, the presiding judge; *Bombyx*, advocate for the crown, or public prosecutor; *Hystrix*, clerk; *John Black*, the pannel or culprit; *Bamboozle* and *Flawfinder*, advocates for Black; witnesses, *Pepperer*, a horse-dealer, *Bizz*, a blacksmith, *Peter Brown*, the exciseman; *Matthew Mutchkin*, *Widow Macleerie*, and a *Waiter*; likewise judges, jurymen, sheriffs, bailiffs, serjeants, macer, mob, &c. That the opening scene may be intelligible, we must premise, that the judges at a Scotch circuit town usually move from their inn to the court, in a species of procession, attended by the magistrates, and heralded by their own trumpeter.

SCENE.—An Inn.

CALIENDROSUS MAXIMUS, of HYSTRIX.

DURT.—Ayr, Saw ye my father?

Cal.—Saw ye my trumpeter?

Or saw ye my macer?

Or saw ye my man John?

Hyst.—I have not seen your trumpeter;

I have not seen your macer;

And drunk is your man John!

(Martial Music.)

Enter a waiter.

* Ayr, Hey Jenny come down to Jock!

Waiter. The bailies are waitin'—the provost is come—
Twa permanent serjeants, a sife and a drum;
Twa sherras, wi' swords (but they're peaceable men),
And some twa three mair—and the clock's clappit ten.

A Grand Procession.

SCENE.—A Hall.

Enter CALIENDROSUS MAXIMUS, BOMBYX, HYSTRIX, BAMBOOZLE, FLAW-FINDER, MACER, JURYMEN, MOB, &c.

* Ayr, Fye let us a' to the weidlin'.

Hyst. Ge—en—tlemen o' the jury.

Ye'll answer until a' your names—

Walter Balwhid o' Pidlurie.

Jurym. Here.—H. Matthew Powmuddle o' Kames.

J. Here.—H. Duncan Macwhay o' Todwiddock.

J. Here.—H. Jacob Bafour o' Howbrig.

J. Here.—H. John Macinda o' Glenpiddock.

J. Here.—H. Hew Gib in Bog o' Daljig.

J. Here.—H. Patrick Macrone o' Craig-gubbe.

J. Here.—H. George Yellowfloss in Cowshaw.

J. Here.—H. Ralph Muckelchase in Blindrubble.

J. Here.—H. Robert Macmurdock in Raw.

J. Here.—H. Andrew Mackissock in Shalloch.

J. Here.—H. Ingram Macleure in Benbole.

J. Here.—H. Gilbert Strathdee in Drummallock.

J. Here.—H. Gabriel Tam in Dirlhole.

J. Here.—H. Lowrie Macwill o' Powmuddle.

J. Here.—H. Daniel Losh o' Benskaik.

J. Here.—H. John Stoupie, writer, Kirkfuddle.

J. Here.—H. Baillie Bole, shoemaker there.

J. Here.—H. Samuel Macquairo in Craig gullion.

If present, sir, answer your name.

J. Here.—H. Quintin Maccoosh in Knoekdullion.

J. Here.—H. Gal-lery—si-lence—Ahem!

* Ayr, In the Garb of Old Gaul.

Macer. Hem!—Si-lence.

Cal. Officer, bring John Black to the bar.

(The pannel is brought in guarded, and petitions for banishment.)

Ayr, The Lee Rig.

Pannel.—O send me owre the lang seas,

My ain kind lordie O;

O send me owre the lang seas,

My ain kind lordie O.

O send me east, or send me wast,

Or send me south or nordie, O;

But send me owre the lang seas,

My ain kind lordie O.

* Ayr, Lass gin ye lo'e me tell me now.

Cal. Pannel, a halter must be your end.

The fiend, at your skirts, has now his prong;

Your days, that are number'd, in penitence spend;

But I'll lecture you, presently, half an hour long.

Mercy were folly, if lavish'd on him;

Robbing and thieving, the gallows shall check;

Our duty is plain, we'll proceed to condemn—

John Black, you shall presently hang by the neck.

Ayr, We're gayly yet.

Pannel. We're no guilty yet,

We're no guilty yet,

Although we're accused,

We're no guilty yet.

Afore ye condemn,

Ye maun hear us a bit,

For although we're accus'd

We're no guilty yet.

(Jury are chosen, and the Indictment read.)

Ayr, Grimaldi's Jig in Mother Goose.

Hyst. Whereas by the laws o' this realm,

And o' ev'ry well-governed land,

To seize on another man's gear,

(As the tangs ance a Highlandman fand.)

And whether the thief he be caught

In the fact, or be gruppit out-fang,

The law says expressly, and wisely,

That chiel by the thrapple shall hang.

And you, John Black, there, the pannel,

Ye robbit, assaulted, and a',

And sac, gang till an assize, sir,

And underlie pains o' the law.

* The Court of Session Garland. Stevenson, Edinburgh.

† The songs marked by an asterisk are by Sir Alexander Boswell.

* Ayr, Miss Macleod's Reel.

BOMBYX.

Painful the duty is, which I must now perform,
Stating a train of guilt uncommon and enorm—
Ous—calling my witnesses to make the fact out plain,
And if your verdict's guilty, my labour's not in vain.
Gentlemen, your feelings must with justice never jar,
The statutes of the land condemn the pris'ner at the bar;
The law most clearly indicates the gallows, as reward,
For culprits such as him between the soldiers of the guard.

John Black met Peter Brown, upon the king's highway,
With foul intent to rob—I fear intent to slay;
John Black, the pannel, did step up to Peter Brown,
And with his fist, or bludgeon, did knock said Peter down.

Ferocious, atrocious, felonious also,
Did then and there, with that or this, reiterate the blow;
Then seized Peter by the throat, to suffocate his cries,
And most outrageously exclaim'd "Your money, — your eyes."

Enter PETER BROWN.

* Ayr, The bonnie lass in a' the world.

Peter. The pannel's a regardless loon,

And brags that he defies man;

And bauldly threepit through the town

He'd do for the exciseman.

I thought 'twas nought but silly clash,

That sneevlin' gowks wad tell me;

Quo' I, my thum I winna fash,

It's no siclike can fell me.

Four cudgers rade through Halk-wood-stack,

I doubted Jean Macleerie;

I took the road, when up cam Black,

And dang me tapsalteerie.

He rypit, maybe, for his knife,

I thought I saw it glancin',

He took the ruc, and sav'd my life,

Syne, like a de'il, gaed dancin'.

Other witnesses are examined. Pepperer, the horse-dealer, relates, to the tune of Gala Water, that "coming frae the town o' Straiven, on his mare that had the spavin," he met the pannel near the Kirk of Shotts, and saw his assault upon the gauger. Matthew Mutchkin can only report, to the tune of Calder Fair, that, coming home drunk from Ruglen, he saw two fellows fall a-struggling, but was too far blinded by his favourite liquor to discriminate the assailant and the assaulted. Bizz the blacksmith gives a favourable view of Black's character, to the tune of Will ye gang and marry Katy? And Widow Macleerie speaks in the same strain. The prisoner's counsel then begin to plead for him:—

Ayr, De'il tak the wair.

Bamboozle.

Fye on the laws that hang a man for stealing.
Sure such penal statutes were savagely fram'd
By legislators devoid of human feeling.
Before divine religion mankind had tam'd.
Gentlemen, 'tis yours, with vigour,
To check the law's excessive rigour;
* Yours is the power, to you the choice is given,
A father—husband—bonds;
On you his fate depends:
'Tis yours to take or give,
To bid him die—or live!
Then here that mercy show, you hope from heaven.

Ayr, * * *

Flaw-Finder.

Gentlemen, now 'tis my turn to address you,
And with much speaking I need not oppress you;
The proof lies before you, in writine down taken,
All I do wish is to save this man's bacon.
But as it is usual some few things to mention,
I say, that to steal, it was not his intention;
So be not, I pray, like the Lords, in a fury,
But bring this man off, like a sensible jury.

(Charge to the Jury.)

* Ayr, Merrily Dance the Quaker.

Cal. If ever a case before me came,

That I could judge most clearly,

This is a case, I'll holdly name,

I've scrutinis'd it nearly.

To trace the truth through all its track,

No witch requires, or jugglers;

The witnesses are all a pack

Of drunkards and of smugglers.

The counsel for the Crown, with skill,

Extorted facts most glaring;

Black, when prim'd by stoup and gill,

You see, became most daring.

That Black put Brown in mortal fear,

The proof is clear—*clarissima*;

And that he rob'd, tho' not quite clear,

Presumptio est fortissima.

Gentlemen, 'tis my desire

To state the case precisely:

'Tis you to judge, so now retire,

And weigh your verdict wisely.

The proof is strong, a verdict bring,

Such honest men becoming;

I need not say one other thing,

And so I end my summing.

(Jury are enclosed.)

LOWRIE MACWILL O' POWMUDDLE, Chancellor.

JOHN STOUPIE, Clerk.

* Ayr, Ally Croaker.

Powmuddle. In this case there's nae argument,

Nae winner and nae major;

A shield had ta'en a glass, and had

A towzie wi' a gauger.

That there's nae proof o' robbery,

To see, I think, ye canna miss;

Sae we the pannel maun acquit—

No guilty, sirs—Unanimous.

Demi Chorus by

Fice Jurymen. } Unanimous, Unanimous.

Double Chorus by

Ten Jurymen. } Unanimous, Unanimous.

Grand Chorus by

the whole Fifteen. } Sae we the pannel maun acquit,

No guilty, sirs—Unanimous.

(The Verdict is returned, *Calendrosus Maximus* reads—in a passion.)

Ayr, Up and Down Frisky, and fire away Pot.

Calendrosus—

A plague o' such juries, they make such a pother,
And thus, by their folly, let pannels go free,
And still on some silly pretext or another,
Nothing is left for your Lordships and me.

Our duty, believe us,
Was not quite so grievous,
While yet we had hopes for to hang 'em up all;
But now they're acquitted,
O how we're outwidd,
We've sat eighteen hours here for nothing at all.

(Chorus by the whole Bench.)

Tol de rol, lol de rol, lol de rol, lol de rol,

Tol de rol, lol de rol, lol de rol, lol de rol,

But now they're acquitted, &c.

(Mob without huzza.)

In the same volume, under the name of the Justiciary Garland, we find some other fragments of a similar composition, in which James Boswell is said to have also had a hand. Here, however, the trial goes against the pannel, who is a Highland sheep-stealer, and he is accordingly condemned. His last speech is too serious a subject; but we give his unavailing petition for mercy to the king, which appears to be to the tune of "Let me in this ae night:—"

I am a chief of the M'Craws,
Knew nothing of your Lowland laws,
Which of my stealing was the cause,
But I'll not steal again, sir.

O let me aff this ae time,

This ae time, this ae time,

O let me aff this ae time,

I'll never steal again, sir.

A fencible I'll guard at home,

Or on the seas a sailor roam,

Even common soldier I'll become,

Or what else you incline, sir.

O let me aff this ae time, &c.

Here for the present we must conclude our notices of the whimsicalities of the Boswells: the remainder will appear on a subsequent occasion.

THE MONT DE PIÉTÉ OF LIMERICK.

It is perhaps not generally known that the sick in public hospitals, and likewise the destitute and houseless poor, in several continental countries, are mainly supported by the profits arising from pawnbroking establishments, locally or technically termed *Monts de Piété*, a phrase nearly equivalent to that of Benevolent Institution. This very remarkable, and, as it appears, highly advantageous method of raising funds for relief of the sick and destitute, originated two or three centuries ago in Italy, whence it gradually spread towards the north of Europe, and is now adopted in Germany, the Netherlands, France, and perhaps some other countries. Although thus well known on the continent for a considerable period, no attempt, as far as we are aware, was made to introduce it into the British dominions till 1837, when, by the active benevolence of a private gentleman, it was tried for the first time in the city of Limerick, in Ireland.

From the year 1831 there had existed in Limerick an hospital or infirmary for the sick poor, which was supported by donations, subscriptions, and collections in the churches and chapels; the constant difficulty experienced in raising the necessary funds by these casual means, suggested to one of its governors, Matthew Barrington, Esq. (whom we should suppose to be a relation of its founder or founders,* for it is called Barrington's Hospital), the propriety of inquiring by what method similar establishments are supported in other parts of Europe. The result of his inquiries satisfactorily proved the utility of *Monts de Piété*, and that the principal hospitals in France, Italy, Germany, and other parts of the continent, are sustained out of their profits. One of the most extensive and flourishing he found established at Bourdeaux, and a few particulars respecting it will give us an idea of the organisation of others on the continent. It was established by a law in the year 1804, which ordained L.24,000 to be raised by shares of L.160 each, the shareholders to be paid eight per cent. for their money, but the shares to be redeemable at any time by repayment from the surplus profits. With the capital so raised, the Mont de Piété commenced business by lending small sums on pledges to humble persons, but only to those of good character and in-

* This hospital was built, and presented to the city, by the family of Sir Joseph Barrington; and as some evidence of the extensive benefit conferred on the city by this institution, I may mention, that no fewer than 14,000 persons were relieved at the dispensary attached to the hospital, during the last six months. Important additions to the hospital are at present contemplated by Mr M. Barrington, who seems resolved not to stint his beneficence, but is willing rather that the capabilities of the institution shall keep pace with the wants of the city. Hospitals are frequently endowed with the wealth which the rich cannot carry into the grave with them; but to found an hospital during a man's lifetime, is an act that deserves to be recorded, and remembered.—*Ingli's Journey in Ireland, in 1834.*

dustrious habits. The interest of the money lent was on as low a scale as possible, and, after deducting expenses of management, and setting aside a fund for repaying shareholders, was applied to the benefit of the community at large, in charities and public works. All former pawnbrokers' establishments were at the same time superseded. So successful was the institution, that in a few years the shares of the subscribers were bought up, and destitute pauperism was banished from Bourdeaux and its neighbourhood. From the same fund, with the assistance of some donations, the hospital in that city, said to be the finest in Europe, has been lately completed and endowed.

Mr Barrington being satisfied of the great benefits to be derived from such institutions, exerted himself to establish one in Limerick, under the guidance and direction of the governors of Barrington's Hospital, and to be called the Charitable Loan Bank. At the opening of the institution in March 1837, Mr Barrington delivered an address, explaining its constitution, and the objects which were in view. In this Address, which has been published as a pamphlet, the speaker offered some observations and statements on the existing condition of pawnbroking in Ireland, which appear to us worthy of being quoted.

"And now, with regard to the British dominions, we shall find that these are the only countries of Europe in which lending money on pledges is allowed for private advantage exclusively, and in which the profits are not applied to some charitable or public purpose; and although various efforts have been from time to time made by the legislature to regulate the rate of interest, still it is found impossible to prevent the most dreadful excess in the charges. I admit pawnbroking to be an evil, but knowing, at the same time, that it is one which cannot be avoided, I propose (which is the next best thing to its suppression) to apply the profits of the trade to charitable and useful purposes. * * Let me add a word on the present system of pawnbroking. It cannot have escaped your observation how frequently the distress and improvidence of the poor compel them to have recourse to pawnbrokers, and that the advances they thus receive are made at a rate of interest ruinously usurious. It may be said that the rate of interest is regulated by law, as, by the 26th George III. c. 43 (Irish statute), pawnbrokers are allowed to take L.25 per cent. per annum, besides the allowance for duplicate tickets. This is on the supposition that the pledge is not redeemed before the expiration of a month; but the practice is otherwise, as the most distressed persons frequently redeem the pledges within the week. It is a common habit to deposit some article of apparel on the Monday morning, which is redeemed on Saturday night, to enable the individual to make a decent appearance on the Sabbath. But as the lowest charge of interest by that act (and the amendment thereof, 28th Geo. III. c. 29) is for a month, and as it is the habit to redeem in a week, the charge, including the price of the duplicate (without calculating compound interest, or the interest on a shilling where only a fractional part is given, and for which interest is charged as if the entire shilling had been lent), will amount in the cases of those in the greatest want, to L.650 per cent. per annum, and for every L.100 lent by the pawnbrokers in shilling loans, redeemed in the week, at compound interest, it will amount to the almost incredible sum of L.45,690, 7s. 0½d.!! per cent. per annum, which is paid by the poorest and most wretched class."

Mr Barrington proceeds to describe the condition of the charities in Ireland, and their means of support, with a view to the establishment of charitable loan or pawn offices throughout the country. We cannot afford room to follow him through his tabular statements, but give the result of his calculations, which is, that the sum of L.163,911 is expended annually on all the charitable establishments of Ireland—hospitals, infirmaries, poor-houses, dispensaries, lunatic asylums, &c. He next estimates the number of pawnbrokers in Ireland to be 700, each of whom, at the lowest calculation, realises L.900 of profit from his business.

700 at L.900 each, is	L.630,000
Deduct expenses of charities	163,911

L.466,089

Here is," he continues, "a surplus of nearly half a million, which may be applied in extending the benefits of these useful institutions, and establishing convalescent hospitals, besides saving to the public a large annual grant, to the counties and towns a heavy tax, and relieving from the unequal burthen of their subscriptions the charitable persons by whom (though not always the most wealthy) those establishments are at present chiefly supported.

But if to this surplus be added the amount of all fines, penalties, forfeited recognisances, &c., which are now almost unproductive in this country (and which on the continent are applied to the support of the

poor), the amount, if properly collected, may fairly be estimated at L.33,911, making the whole L.500,000. After supporting, as is seen, all the medical charities, this sum would go far in preventing the necessity of poor-laws, by supporting the aged and infirm, and affording employment to a large portion of the labouring population of the country."

From what follows on the subject of the Mont de Piété, or Charitable Loan Bank, established in Limerick, it appears that the required capital for the institution has been raised by debentures, varying in amount from five to one hundred pounds each, bearing interest at six per cent. "The profits of the establishment (he proceeds to state) shall, in the first instance, after defraying the expenses, be applied in paying the interest of the capital lent, and the surplus profits to be divided in equal shares, one in paying off the debentures, and the other (and when the debentures are paid, the whole) in the maintenance and extending the benefits of the hospital, the funds of which would be thus so much increased, that the governors could enlarge the sphere of its utility, not only in giving relief and comfort to the sick and indigent, but in assisting them after their recovery or during their convalescence. It cannot have escaped the observation of those who attend a public hospital, that there occur many circumstances of distress to be relieved besides the cause for which patients are admitted. Many persons are obliged to relinquish their trades, having consumed what they possessed in the hope of relief, and run into difficulties from which they are unable to extricate themselves; and how frequently does it happen that they are unavoidably dismissed from the hospital in a weak and infirm state, to return (perhaps to a large and wretched family) without the means of support or strength to seek employment, and often without a home, and thus frequently causing a relapse, or establishing a diseased and weak constitution! No small proportion of our commonest, and eventually most fatal diseases, are caused by the insufficient nutriment of convalescents. Dropsies, scrofulous diseases, and scurvy, are all imputable to the same predisposing cause. The benefits which may be insured by affording more wholesome diet to the sick and convalescent, are incalculable.

These are not speculative refinements, but truths drawn from experience and reality, and it is obvious that they must be felt with accumulated severity by such as have families dependent on them for support. Is not then the power of affording relief to such objects most desirable?

By the means proposed, benevolent persons will assist in a work of charity, without any injury to themselves, as the rate of interest is greater than they could receive in the public funds; the profits of such an establishment will insure ample security; and being merely lenders of the sums for which they take debentures, they incur no responsibility, nor have they any share in an establishment conducted under the direction of the governors of the hospital, who are a corporate body, and not individually responsible. Tradesmen and other persons may take debentures of even five pounds, and receive nearly double the amount of interest now received in the Savings' Bank, and be at all times enabled to raise money on such debentures, as they will be received as pledges, and money lent thereon.

The advantages of this establishment will be—

1st, The raising a capital by small debentures at a certain interest, and lending it on a greater interest, and applying the profits to the purposes of charity.

2dly, Receiving the debentures in pawn, thus giving to the depositors an advantage which they do not possess in the savings' bank.

3dly, Lending money at interest to poor persons of unimpeachable character and industrious habits, on personal security, as is done by the loan-banks.

4thly, Lending money on goods, as is now done by the ordinary pawnbrokers.

5thly, In case of deserving objects, to restore the article, such as implements of trade pawned in the hour of real want, without interest or charge.

6thly, Using every precaution against receiving stolen goods in pawn."

Such was this benevolent man's exposition of the objects designed to be accomplished by the Mont de Piété of Limerick. The idea seems to have been approved of, for already the capital has reached to the sum of L.15,350, 3s. 10½d., which has been gradually subscribed by the local gentry, or deposited by humble persons, for the laudable purpose of accommodating the industrious classes at half the expense to which they have heretofore been accustomed. The profits realised by the infant institution since its commencement, amount to the considerable sum of L.1736, 10s. 2½d., or about L.700 per annum.

The Dublin University Magazine,* whose notice of Mr Barrington's pamphlet has furnished us with the greater part of the particulars contained in the present article, makes the following justly deserved comment:—"We cannot conclude this brief and inadequate notice, without offering the tribute of our cordial admiration and respect to that true and exalted patriotism which neither dissolves in tears nor evaporates in sighs, but seeks, by acts of practical and singularly judicious benevolence, to remove the ills and sufferings which it deplores. It were faint praise to say that Mr Barrington has conferred upon his native

city a great and a lasting benefit: he has done more—he has planted there the germ of a system which, sooner or later, must extend itself over the whole of Ireland—making the necessities of the poor subservient to their relief, and diffusing blessings wherever it appears."

THE GOOD OF GRUMBLING.

"GRUMBLE and get on," is the favourite maxim with John Bull; and, strange as it may seem, it is by close adherence to this maxim that the British people have become the foremost in the world. The maxim must, however, be taken in the right sense; for grumbling, like every thing else, has a good side and a bad. We may be said to see grumbling on its right side, when we see a man grumbling at himself—that is, never satisfied with his exertions in any good cause, or his attainments in any laudable or generous pursuit. We see grumbling, again, on its less favourable side, when we see it exercised regarding the rest of the world, or at supposed deficiencies of bodily appetites or their gratifications. The disposition is one which may be said to be born with our nation, and it depends in a great measure on the general direction which is given to the mind in youth, whether it is to be exercised chiefly in a right or a wrong way. Our meaning will perhaps be in some degree illustrated by what we are about to relate:—A lady of the south of England, who possessed a considerable estate in land, was very fond of getting a name for kindness and liberality. One means to which she had recourse was annually to collect all the little boys of the parish, between certain limits of years, upon a conspicuous part of the lawn which opened to the high road, and there to feast them with as much beef and pudding as they could eat. We say nothing about the tendency of this yearly stuffing with good things, given to those who, in general, were pinched and poorly off, both as to the quantity and the quality of their victuals. In some cases it may have done harm, by simply creating a desire for beef and pudding, and a disposition to grumble, because this sort of cheer could not be had at home. In other cases it may have produced a better desire—a desire in the boys to be able to earn beef and pudding for themselves; and thus may have given them that stimulus towards learning, and rising in the world, which is so characteristic of the British people. We do not decide as to which of these tendencies it was likely to have in the greatest number, or to the greatest extent—we merely tell the story. The good lady continued the practice year after year; and one time, towards the close of the entertainment, when she was walking round to see how all went on, and to ask how they were satisfied with her bounty, she found the greater part full and also content. But at last she came to a little fellow upon whose plate there was a large lump of the third helping to pudding, and he was blubbering and crying as piteously as though he had not had a meal for four-and-twenty hours. "What is the matter with you, my little man?" asked the lady; "has any of them dared to ill use you in my presence?" The urchin sobbed and blubbered more desperately than ever; and when he gained breath to speak, he faltered out, "I can't eat any more pudding!" which brought the cause of his misery upon him afresh, and he cried more bitterly than before. The good lady patted him on the head, saying, "Do not cry, my good little man; for if you are not able to eat your pudding, you can put it in your pocket." A still more violent burst followed this kindly advice, and at the end of it came out the words, "But my pockets are both full already."

This little story, which we know to be perfectly true, needs no commentary, and would indeed be spoiled by one; and so we shall mention, in contrast to it, another which happened in the family of a friend of our own the very day before the writing of this paper. A little girl, between five and six years old, and her brother, the next older, had got each a slate to exercise themselves in drawing, which, by the way, is an excellent occasional amusement of children; as it teaches them to judge of form and magnitude more readily and also more agreeably than any other means. They were young artists, and the copy set them by their father was the outline of a simple leaf very neatly drawn. The boy executed his task, or rather enjoyed his amusement, with great care and attention, some success, and also some apparent self-satisfaction. The girl continued much longer over hers, equally intent upon it, and perfectly silent. She was kneeling before a sofa, on which lay the slate, with her back to her parents; and after about fifteen minutes of perfect silence, they observed her little neck turn as red as scarlet, and saw that her chest was heaving with strong emotion. Still, however, she worked away till the agitation extended over her whole body; then she quitted the slate, buried her face in the cushion of the sofa, burst into crying, and sobbed out, "I can't make it nearly so well as papa, though I have made a whole line." This is an instance of that grumbling which comes to good.

* For December 1836.

We may mention another instance which came under our own personal observation, though it is many years ago. There is at the present time a public character in the city of Edinburgh, who is one of its brightest ornaments, and whose name, though we shall not mention it, is known and honoured on both sides of the equator, who passed through his common school course with the rapidity of a little comet, and advanced forward to grapple with that most terrible of all elementary books, Euclid, while yet at a size at which few boys know their common multiplication table, at least in any other way than by rote, which is not knowing it at all. With very few exceptions, he was foremost, although some of his class-fellows were nearly double his height and size. On any occasion when he could not answer a question, he was truly dissatisfied with himself, and so miserable in consequence, that no one ever thought of rebuking him. On the dismissal of the class, home he went, bolted himself in his room, with his book and other requisite instruments, and neither would eat nor admit any body until he had mastered the difficulty. During his voluntary confinement, occasional fits of sobbing were heard for a greater or less time; and soon after these had ceased, he began to whistle, which was the trumpet-note of victory, similar in kind and not very different in degree from the celebrated "I have found it!" of Archimedes, when, descending into the bath, the mode of ascertaining the specific gravities flashed across his mighty mind, and revealed to him the means of detecting the quantity of basemetal which the fraudulent goldsmith had mixed with the crown. Every one who knows any thing about geometry, as it is treated by Euclid, and all those who follow Euclid in rejecting motion as an element of geometry, are well aware that there is a flaw in the demonstration of the twenty-ninth proposition of the first book in the Elements, which pure geometry cannot make up, though of the young men who study the science there is perhaps not one in a hundred by whom this flaw is felt. It is, in fact, the stopping at this nice little break in the demonstration which shows that exquisite analytical tact which is the surest indication and the noblest property of minds of a high order. Such being the case, we are not to suppose that the party in question would fail to stumble at it. It formed part of the exercise given out before dismissing the class on Friday, and our young philosopher had Saturday to study it, as that was the weekly holiday; a far better plan, by the way, than giving two half holidays in the week, and thus marring both learning and play upon each of them. Upon ordinary occasions he to whom we allude was as fond and forward in his boyish sports as any of the rest; and as far as his strength went, he was not inferior to the best of them. In such cases the whole lessons used to be managed and all the exercises performed before breakfast, and then the rest of Saturday was his own. But in the case of the weary twenty-ninth proposition, breakfast or dinner on Saturday there was none. The room door was bolted the day long, and it was a day of sighing and lamentation, until, when it was far advanced, he made his appearance, hastily ate a little supper, and went to bed in moody silence. Sunday morning was the same, until nearly church time, when he came out of his room, restored to his wonted cheerfulness and tranquillity; and upon the assembling of the class on Monday morning, he went up to the teacher with his Euclid, laid his finger on the flaw, and very modestly asked whether that part was wrong printed, as he had never met with any such want of deduction from the assumed principles in any former proposition. The teacher, who was and who is an excellent mathematician and first-rate instructor, prophesied the future mental greatness of the little boy, and his prophecy has been amply fulfilled, notwithstanding the occasional occurrence of adverse circumstances.

These trifling anecdotes must suffice for illustrative examples, in as far as the rudiments of the Art of Drawing and the Elements of Plane Geometry are concerned, but the reader will easily see that the same principle applies not only to the acquisition of every branch of art and science, but to that of property, reputation, and every thing else worthy of being acquired; and if mankind would only all do their best upon every occasion, but never be satisfied with it, the advancement of society, rapid as is its progress at present, might be greatly accelerated. We have said that this, to be the foundation and stamina of the character, must be encouraged from a very early age; and we may now add, that this grumbling which leads to greatness should be confined entirely to one's self. Grumbling at the world is an idle waste of time, because no one man, whatever he may be, can make the world much different from what it is; and though he could, his grumbling would operate as a means of disqualification. In the case of one's self, too, the grumbling must not be expressed, because it is familiar to every body's experience that they who speak much about any thing never do it well, and often neglect doing it altogether.

Thus, we can readily understand that there are two sets of grumblers—those who grumble at particular things or at things in general, or who grumble aloud at themselves, and those who grumble at themselves inwardly and silently, and make the expression tell in doing better for the future. The British people, as every one knows, are more addicted to the first kind of grumbling than any other nation under the canopy of heaven; but though it often proves unpleasant to a bystander, we have no doubt that it has the effect of

keeping the system of things alive, and is at once, in part at least, the foundation and defence of our national prosperity. But as the real greatness of a nation is only a general name for the total greatness of the individuals composing that nation, it is after all the silent grumbling of the individuals which is the vital principle. Thousands grumble upon precisely the same grounds as the boy grumbled, because he could not eat any more pudding after his stomach and his pockets were crammed. You shall hear a man whose house is a palace, whose wealth is a mine—and a singular sort of mine which works itself—whose table is loaded with every dainty, and by whose good management, whose inward grumbling, so to speak, things have all along gone well, and are in sure progress of going better—you shall hear this man, after he has feasted to the full, so that he can hardly quit his chair until his internal labour shall have so far advanced—you shall hear him complaining that the whole country is starving. As he takes his morning drive to the city, through streets and squares of handsome buildings which are rising up on each hand as if by magic, you shall hear him grumbling because the country is going to ruin and beggary. When he reaches his counting-house, where a single glance at the banker's book is the whole of the regular daily work which his well-trained clerks leave him to do, he takes up the newspaper, and reads of magnificent public works which are in progress in different parts of the country, such as a railway here, a canal there, in this place a harbour, in that a bridge, and so on, through the whole catalogue of those public-spirited undertakings, by means of which, taken in the aggregate, the extreme ends of the country are as it were brought together; and with respect to the transfer of man, and of merchandise, and information, a large country is actually brought into closer and easier contact than the different localities of a moderately sized parish were in former times. Reading these things, the man who is mournful in the utmost plenitude of abundance, simply because, like the boy, his pockets are full, and he "can eat no more pudding," takes up his lamentation like a very Jeremiah, and exclaims that the whole nation will be ruined in consequence of the enormous and most improvident expense of those speculations. With the actual cost or management of all or any of these, we have no concern, because it makes nothing for our point; nor are we called upon to condemn these projects, though the parties who embark capital in them may never receive an adequate dividend upon it, far less the capital itself. The great expense of all such works consists in labour, and in labour which, generally speaking, must be paid every week or every fortnight. Therefore, nobody, except a contractor who makes an injudicious bargain, can be ruined by any work of the kind; for the capital which they absorb is a surplus over what is necessary for the commercial and domestic purposes of the country; and as the works in question are always a public accommodation, whatever they may be to private individuals embarking money in them, the savings laid out in their construction are far better expended than if they were given in loans for enabling foreign quarrellers to carry on war against each other. Still, the man whom we have noticed grumbles at them; and though there may not be much philosophy or common sense in his grumbling, it is not without its use. It puts people on the alert, and thus leads them to canvass all measures of a public nature, and thus subjects them to the wholesome regulation of public opinion, without the formal, irritating, and expensive process of the collision of one small party with another. Indeed, in all public matters it is by grumbling that the British nation gets on; and were it not for this grumbling, the same fate would befall us which has befallen all passive nations, and we should retrograde even under favourable circumstances, instead of advancing under all circumstances, good or bad, as has been the case for many years, and more especially for the last seventy or eighty—since Watt and Arkwright, and a hundred others whom we could name, effected a far greater and more beneficial change upon society, and its accommodations and comforts, than all the swords that ever were drawn, or all the laws that ever were enacted.

A systematic history of grumblers, arranged into classes, families, genera, species, and varieties, just as the learned systematists arrange the productions of nature, animate or inanimate, would be a curious work, but it is one upon which for various reasons we cannot enter. There are, however, some general distinctions. There are grumblers at every thing; and these may be considered as the parties in whom the organ of discontentedness, which we believe no phrenologist has yet detected in the human cranium, must be most amply developed. Again, there are grumblers at nature, and grumblers at art—the former being more numerous in the country, and the latter in cities and towns. There are also positive grumblers, who complain because something is, and negative grumblers, who complain because something is not. In a word, there is scarcely any thing which can be done or not done, or any word which can be said or not said, but will afford food for a grumbler of one genus or another.

Now, although we have already said that this grumbling is in itself a waste of time, it all makes for usefulness, by keeping up the excitement of society. Thus, for example, we question if ever streets would have been paved, if citizens' wives had not

grumbled at getting ankle deep in mud when they went a-shopping. We also question whether the present unprecedented supply of reading, in which the amusing and useful are so happily blended, would ever have been obtained, if people had not grumbled because they had no excitement after the great war was at an end, and the vast stimulus which it gave to the mind was withdrawn. In this view of the matter, grumbling is an excellent quality, and commendable in all parties, at all times, and under all circumstances; only, in order that it may produce its proper effects, we must observe the maxim with which this paper began—we must "GRUMBLE AND GET ON."

THE HEIR OF THE ST GERANS.

STORY FROM THE CAUSES CELEBRES.

THE Marshal de St Geran, a French noble of ancient family and great possessions, had by his first lady, Anne de Tournon, one son and a daughter. His second wife was Susanne aux Epauls, a lady who had one daughter by a preceding marriage with the Count de Longaunay. When the parties arrived at a fitting period of life, a matrimonial union took place between Susanne de Longaunay, the daughter just mentioned, and the young Count Claude de St Geran, the marshal's son by his first spouse. The marshal's daughter by the same lady was married in due time to the Marquis de Bouillé. Such was the origin and connection of the principal parties in the following remarkable cause, which agitated all France for a long succession of years.

The union of the young Count de St Geran with Susanne de Longaunay took place in the year 1619, before either of the parties had attained their majority. To the great grief of all their friends, and especially of the old marshal, who died in 1632, no offspring appeared, to inherit the combined honours of the houses of St Geran and de Longaunay. But at the close of fully twenty years, when the countess was still comparatively a young woman, she presented every symptom of approaching maternity, to the delight of all around her, and particularly of a large bevy of noble matrons and ladies, whose attentions to the countess on the occasion are very naively described by the writer of the Causes Celebres. As may be imagined from the rank and distinction of the parties, the utmost care was devoted to the countess, and, in consequence of an accidental fall, it was even thought prudent that she should latterly keep her chamber altogether, attended by a nurse, and by her mother, old Lady St Geran, who was yet living. While all was joy and expectation in the Chateau de St Geran (situated close by Moulins), two persons alone, inmates of the same mansion, were filled with malice and spite, and plotted a demoniacal overthrow of the general hopes. The Count de St Geran's sister, mentioned as having been wedded to the Marquis de Bouillé, had separated from her aged husband, and had been received as a resident in the Chateau de St Geran. There, also, resided the Marquis de St Maixant, a nobleman of very doubtful character, who had been entertained out of pity by his relative the Count de St Geran, when obliged to fly from his own home, on account of various heavy charges which his conduct had brought upon him. The Marquis de St Maixant and the Marchioness de Bouillé were thrown much together at the Chateau de St Geran, and the result was, that they projected an union of their destinies, to take place when the old Marquis de Bouillé should have left the world. But the announcement of the condition of the countess threw a cloud on their plans and prospects. The Marchioness de Bouillé, in default of other heirs to her brother, would have succeeded to all the family property, and St Maixant's proposals to her were chiefly founded on this prospective inheritance. Urged by her fears of being deserted by the object of her passion, the Marchioness de Bouillé forgot the character of a sister so far as to enter on a scheme of making away with the expected infant, or at least of carrying it off and concealing the birth. For this purpose, by large bribes and still larger promises, St Maixant and the marchioness corrupted the fidelity of Baulieu the house steward, of the nurse Louise Goillard, and of two sisters named Quinet, the chamber-women of the countess. Through these agents, St Maixant and the marchioness carried into execution, in the following manner, their base and most ungrateful conspiracy.

On the 16th of August 1641, the Countess de St Geran had gone to the family chapel to attend mass, and, while there, became aware that the event so much longed for was likely soon to occur. She was conveyed immediately to her chamber; and such was the interest taken in the prospects of this noble pair, that, on her situation becoming known, service was performed in the churches of Moulins for her safe recovery. According to the old custom in distinguished houses, all the friends of the family were assembled in a chamber adjoining that of the countess, and the females of the mansion were present with her. But this state of things did not suit the plotters; and, therefore, on pretence of anxiety for the safety

of the countess, the Marchioness de Bouillé persuaded all to leave the vicinity of the chamber, with the exception of the nurse, and the two sisters Quinet, the bed-chamber women. The marchioness herself, of course, remained also; and thus the poor countess was left wholly in the hands of her enemies.

The illness of the countess was tedious, and the nurse, who in the accidental absence of a physician took charge of all things, declared that the lady's exhausted strength required repose. A prepared draught was given to her, which brought on a sleep like that of death, and which lasted from evening till morning. In that time the unfortunate lady was made a mother, and the child, a healthy boy, was immediately seized by the nurse, who at first treated it as if it was destined to live, but afterwards, thrown into terror by its first attempts to cry, enclosed its neck with her murderous fingers, and would have killed it on the spot. The house-steward Baulieu, however, was lurking near the room, and having been called in, he had reverence enough for his master's blood to save the child from her gripe; but, to its dying hour, it retained the marks of her cruel hand. Some persons afterwards thought that St Maixant wished the child preserved, to have a firm hold over the marchioness's future affections or fortunes. Perhaps—and this is the most likely conjecture of all—the marchioness could not consent to the death of the child, though she could ruin its prospects; and, besides, the murder was not, or did not seem, indispensably necessary. However this may be, Baulieu, according to instructions, put the half-clad child, at the risk of stifling it, into a basket, and conveyed it secretly from the castle by night. Whither he carried it, will be immediately related. In the meantime, let us proceed with the story of the countess.

Every quarter of an hour, inquiries were made at the door of the chamber by the anxious husband and his friends, and St Maixant also came and held stealthy conferences with the marchioness. To all interrogatories, the answer was returned that "all was well." In the morning the countess awoke. Instantly the poor lady asked for her child, assured that a change had taken place in her condition. She was assured of the contrary, and the conspirators now used all possible arts to convince her friends and herself that no particular event had taken place during the last twenty-four hours. It is needless to dwell on this part of the story. The plotters kept the lady still in expectation, and the farce was carried on for some days. The wretches kept her in their own hands entirely, to prevent others from detecting the truth.* The countess herself was totally unacquainted with such matters, yet she could not be quite convinced; and seeing this, the nurse barbarously resolved to sacrifice the lady to the maintenance of the secret, by ordering violent exercise out of doors in a carriage. Nothing but an excellent constitution could have made the lady, in such a situation, endure this treatment, in addition to violent medicines which the nurse administered to aid in completing the deception. The issue was, that, while still in a maze of doubt herself, the countess had the mortification to see all around her adopt the impression that the whole matter had been founded in error. She was obliged ultimately to be silent, and suppress her feelings, and betook herself, on her recovery, to the consolations of religion under her bitter disappointment.

The course of the steward Baulieu, after leaving the chateau with the child, was only discovered long afterwards. He spoke first for a time with the marquis, and then, using the private keys which were in his possession, issued into the park, and mounted a horse which he had placed in readiness. Upwards of two leagues from the chateau, he thought proper to rest for a moment at the cottage of a woman named Gautier, and made her act as a temporary nurse for the infant. After many further hours' travel, he did the same thing at the cottage of a peasant named Boucaud, giving always some plausible excuse for his journeying with such a burden. As the child was much incommoded in the basket, Baulieu entered a waggon, and sat down with the infant in his arms, tying his horse to the back of the vehicle. In this manner he journeyed till far on in the ensuing day, when he reached the village of Ché. At the lodging where he stopped, the child was again nursed, besides being washed, and receiving for the first time such other attentions as it stood in need of. Pursuing his journey in the waggon, Baulieu reached the neighbourhood of Riom, where he freed himself from the waggoner, mounted his horse again, and rode to the village of Descouteux, where the Marchioness de Bouillé had a chateau. A nurse named Gabrielle Moinot was here found, but the child remained with her only seven days, for she had the honesty to insist on knowing who were the parents, that she might communicate with them about the infant's progress. The child was therefore taken away from her

and from Descouteux. The particulars of its fate immediately afterwards were never known, but at the close of the same year, 1641, Baulieu placed a child in the house of a widowed sister-in-law of his own, named Marie Pigoreau or Baulieu, at Paris. She was in poor circumstances, and took charge of it readily, having received two thousand livres for its maintenance, through the hands of a Parisian grocer, Monsieur Raguenet. Being directed to use concealment about the child, Marie Pigoreau had it baptised, without giving the names of father or mother. She dressed it in the most handsome way, and placed it out at nurse in the village of Torcy-en-Brie, near the city. To the people with whom she placed it, she repeatedly boasted that it was the offspring of a great lord entrusted to her care, and Baulieu came frequently to visit it. When eighteen months old, Pigoreau took the boy home to Paris, and shifting her residence to a new part of the city, passed it off as her own son, she having had one born to her in 1639, but which had died immediately after.

Another year passed away, and the boy, who had been named Bernard, was two and a half years old, when Pigoreau, having expended all the money given to her, and finding no more forthcoming, threw the child upon Baulieu's hands. The colour for this was his relationship to it as uncle. Baulieu seems to have been left by this time much to his own guidance in the matter, the projected union between St Maixant and the Marchioness Bouillé having been given up. The steward, therefore, was in some measure obliged to bring the boy home, although he had a family of five children of his own. He boldly asked leave of the count and countess to bring up "his nephew Bernard" at the Hotel St Geran. They at first counselled him against taking on him such an additional burthen, but he pressed the matter, and they gave their consent. Either the resemblance to themselves—their parents—or the hidden sympathies of nature, caused the countess and her husband to feel an extraordinary attachment to this boy as soon as he entered their dwelling, although they never dreamed of his being aught but the nephew of Baulieu. The countess, in a short time, kept him constantly by her side, though her eyes filled with tears as she gazed on his fair regular features and large blue eyes. Such were the very characteristics which, being those of her own countenance and of her husband's, she had assigned in fancy to the child which she yet half believed herself to have borne! "Ah!" she would cry, "my child would have been now of this very age! and, perhaps, as beautiful!" The Marchioness de Bouillé, and her confederate St Maixant, trembled for the exposure of their guilt when they knew the son to be so near to his parents. But they could not remove him, since he had been brought there, without redoubling their danger. St Maixant, indeed, did not now reside with the St Geran family. Baulieu, however, was still more strongly moved on beholding the feelings inspired in the unconscious parents by the proximity of their child. He was filled with remorse for what he had done, and could not refrain from repeatedly uttering vague hints, which showed his wavering desire to undo the mischief. He often said to various persons that the count and countess had "more reason to love the child than they were aware of." He stated a case of conscience to a priest, asking, "if a person who had taken away a child from its parents had expiated the crime by restoring it to them, though they knew it not?" These and similar remarks were not understood or much noticed at the time, excepting by those who were cognisant of the mystery to which they applied. St Maixant and the marchioness, on some of these sayings being reported to them, came to the resolution of removing Baulieu by poison. The reader who is asked to credit such things must remember that this was an age in which a mortal poison was almost openly sold in Paris, under the title of the "Succession Powder," derived from its frequent use by impatient heirs. Baulieu was poisoned (says our authority) without scruple, to preserve the character of his guiltier confederates, and especially of the marchioness. Before he died, he prayed for an interview with his master and mistress, in order to "get their pardon for a great evil done to them." As yet wholly unconscious of the truth, they merely sent him some kind message in answer, and he died without having seen them, or revealed the secret. His decease took place in 1648, when the child was seven years old.

But the remorseful words of Baulieu were not thrown away. Conjoined with other circumstances, they had the effect of raising a whisper in the district around St Geran, relative to the cruel conspiracy of which the countess had been the victim. By slow degrees the rumour gained strength, and at length it reached the ears of the count and his lady; but as the actors in the plot were not at first named, and as the count and countess little thought that their child was still living, and a favourite page in their own family, they were not stirred to any decisive inquiries, until on one occasion the countess, when residing at the springs of Vichi with her family, surprised the Marchioness de Bouillé in conversation with a female, whom the countess instantly recognised as the nurse who had attended herself many years before. The countess spoke to them, and the obvious confusion into which both parties were thrown, roused new and strong emotions in the lady's mind. She appears never before to have had a doubt of the friendly feelings of the marchioness, but now such a doubt arose, and with such strength, that the guilty lady could not bear the victim's eye, but hastily retired from the count's family to her own chateau at Lavoinne,

and never saw them more. The countess spoke to her husband, and, after much anxious consideration, it was resolved to bring the nurse from Vichi, where she dwelt, to the Chateau de St Geran, and subject her to an examination, as quietly as possible, before a magistrate. This was done, and the first words of the woman put the fact of a conspiracy beyond doubt. She admitted that the countess had borne a child, but that it was still-born. On being asked where it had been put, she said that she herself had buried it. When pressed further, she named a spot under a stone in the courtyard as the place of interment. This locality was minutely searched, but no vestige of stone or child could be seen.

In fact, at the subsequent investigations of the woman before the judges of Moulins, she soon altered her story. At a second investigation, she averred that the countess had not had a child; at the third, that a monstrous birth had taken place; and at the fourth, that the lady had borne a son, whom Baulieu carried away. She denied this again, but finally confirmed it by a letter which she dictated and signed. The cause of these prevarications was soon discovered. The nurse, on her first being apprehended, sent her son to the Marchioness de Bouillé, praying for support, which that lady promised to grant, and set agents at work to fulfil the promise. As the woman's hopes were raised or depressed, so did she confess or deny at her examinations. But in her letter she conclusively admitted the birth, and described its circumstances. An agent of the marchioness betrayed some of her messages and machinations, and thus strengthened the truth. But the guilty lady contrived by money to close the mouths of the girls Quinet, the chamber-women of the countess. Nevertheless, other minor points of testimony came out rapidly after the main fact was once disclosed by the nurse. One servant had met Baulieu with the basket; and all the witnesses of Baulieu's journey, formerly alluded to, came forward one by one to strengthen the cause.

The fact that a child had been born, and carried by the steward to Descouteux, was now established so clearly, that the nurse was condemned to death; she came to a natural end, however, in prison. At Descouteux the track was lost, but it may be imagined that the joyful suspicions of the count and countess were by this time turned upon the boy whom they had received at the hands of Baulieu, and had loved so dearly, though unconscious of his relationship to themselves. And witnesses are long, being called forth by the growing publicity of the case, came forward to draw aside the veil from the rest of this cruel mystery, and permit the count and his lady to give the youth the title and the rank of a son, as he had long received the treatment of one. The fact of the nameless baptism by Marie Pigoreau was discovered, and the nurses whom she had employed identified the child, which was easily done by all who had ever seen him, on account of the indelible mark imprinted on the back of his head by the nurse's fingers. But the most important piece of evidence was that derived from a page of the Marquis de St Maixant, who had attended that nobleman when thrown into the Conciergerie at Paris, on account of certain crimes which he had been guilty of, and for which he was seized after quitting the St Geran family. He died in prison, but not until he had detailed the whole circumstances of the child's abduction to his page. Being allowed to leave prison occasionally under charge of an officer, the marquis had also taken the page with him to Marie Pigoreau's, where he pointed out the child as the one he had spoken of. When seized with a sudden illness, St Maixant had sent for a priest to make a full confession, but died before this took place. The page, however, identified the boy, and made the evidence complete. The death of the marquis took away the possibility of receiving the confession of one principal party concerned. The Marchioness de Bouillé also died soon after the first agitation of this cause. Vexation, shame, and fear, seem to have brought her to the grave. It required all the interest of her generous brother to prevent her being apprehended after the nurse's confession.

Without the evidence of the principals, nevertheless, one would have thought that no rational doubt could remain on the minds of any, after the testimony derived from the sources mentioned, and from many others which it is needless to recapitulate. The Count and Countess of St Geran, indeed, had no doubts. They and all their tenantry and dependents acknowledged the boy with great rejoicings, and gave him the title of the Count de Palice, that usually borne by the heir of the house of St Geran. But there were other parties not so easily satisfied. Immense property was at stake, and the next heirs of the Count de St Geran fought eagerly for the retention of their presumed rights. These heirs were the Duchess de Ventadour and the Countess du Lude, half sisters both to the Count de St Geran and his lady; or, in other words, daughters of the old Marshal de St Geran by his second lady. The main pillar upon which these ladies rested their claim was the evidence of Marie Pigoreau, an artful, interested, and determined woman, who, supported by them, and paid by them, averred the child to be hers, with an obstinacy worthy of a better cause. From between the years 1650 and 1660, up till the year 1666, this cause agitated the French tribunals, being moved from town to city, from court to parliament, and calling forth the skill and eloquence of all the ablest lawyers of the day.

* The original narrative admits the difficulty which arises here on account of the milk, which it would be necessary to conceal. There are two ways of explaining this point. It is possible that the case of the countess, happily for the plotters, was one in which the lacted supply was naturally deficient; and it is also possible, as is suggested in the text, that the nurse may have been skilful enough to check it by the use of drugs, locally applied as well as internally. Had the countess called in a medical man, the trick must have been discovered. To account for her not doing so, we must remember that the poor lady believed all around her to be loving friends; and that their unanimous counsels, with the fear of ridicule, and perhaps some undefined dread of a monstrous birth, had all a tendency to force her into silence.

Finally, the Countess de St Geran, who had in the mean time lost her husband, and who had maintained the contest with an unwearied perseverance, which in itself almost proved her to be a mother, was rewarded with the complete and unalterable decision of the law in her favour. When before the court, she made the affecting declaration to the judges, that if they did not recognise her son, she would go through the ceremonial of marriage with him, and thus assure him of all the wealth and estates of the house of Longau-nay. But the youth inherited the estates of both his parents. He espoused Claude-Madelaine, a young lady of the noble house of Monfreville, in the year after the conclusive establishment of his rights.

Marie Pigoreau, in reward for her false-witnessing, was condemned to the scaffold. We have enough of pity for human aberrations to hope that the sentence was not carried into effect, but cannot speak with certainty on this point. One thing is certain, that the Duchess de Ventadour and the Countess du Lude were not hanged. The question as to their deservings is a different thing. Marie Pigoreau, indeed, may have deceived them, but this is not probable; and our most charitable supposition must be, that interest blinded them to the baseness of the line of conduct they pursued.

QUACK ADVERTISEMENTS.

We perceive that the Glasgow Constitutional has announced its intention of refusing the insertion of advertisements of quack medicines. This is a piece of good taste and self-denial on the part of a newspaper proprietor, which deserves to be made widely known.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal for October.*

We are happy to acknowledge that there are other parties in Glasgow, besides ourselves (the Scotch Reformers' Gazette especially), equally well entitled to the praise here awarded—and it would afford us much pleasure to be able to say that it was deserved by every newspaper in the city. We are perfectly sure it would be for their benefit in the long-run, if it were so. On this subject we have always felt keenly, and have often been excessively astonished that some journals, otherwise as respectable as their neighbours, should, for any trifling pecuniary advantage, place themselves in the position of *socii criminis* to a parcel of vagabond quacks. The subject, in our opinion, is a very important one, involving, as we seriously believe it does, the interest and the health of a large portion of the most simple class of the community—that section of it which have the most need of protection and sound advice. We say nothing of the injury which the insertion of such advertisements as those alluded to must do to a reputable journal, because the fact of its being necessary, in every family, to put the papers containing quack advertisements out of sight, settles that point; but we speak of the misery, vexation, disease, and death, which are produced indirectly by the doses (so heartily recommended in some newspapers) administered by these reckless and unskilful empirics. We do not say that the pills and lotions of these fellows are always of the most deadly description—far from it. We believe that, in general, they are composed of dough and gamboge, and that the common excuse for taking the trash, "if they do no good, they can do no harm," is so far correct. This is all very well when a strong, healthy hypochondriac is the patient, but when a poor ignorant person applies for herself or her child, with a real disease, the consequence of a course of swallowing these harmless pills, while the complaint is going on in the system, without the check of active and proper medicine, must be dreadful. We hope these observations will be taken in the spirit in which they are offered, and that before long there shall not be an open paper in Glasgow for the reception of such abomination. The inconsistency attending the publication of these advertisements in some of the journals, is very ridiculous. Upwards of a year ago, we recollect the police of this city were very properly employed in apprehending and punishing a number of men, for distributing their objectionable handbills on the streets; yet while certain papers were loud in their praise of the authorities for acting as they were then doing, advertisements from the offending parties, far more liable to complaint, might have been found stuck into corners of their own sheet! It may be said, but proof it is not, because we know no real argument can be adduced in favour of the practice, that some of the London, and many of the provincial papers throughout England, give free admission to the most abominable of these productions. We acknowledge the fact; but "two blacks can never make a white," and the system has always been condemned, and considered as a disgrace to the press, by every right-thinking person. With the English press we have nothing to do, however. The practice is clearly wrong—and, in the opinion of many, a very serious evil. It cannot be defended; and were these advertisements repudiated in this city, it would at least be a beginning to a good custom, which we hope soon to see universal. It is needless to disguise our feelings on this subject. We consider the insertion of advertisements such as those complained of, a most dangerous imposture, and the persons who give in to it as little better than the more daring criminal. The quack and his newspaper agent are as necessary to each other, in order to dupe the unwary with complete success, as is the resetter to the thief. They act in concert, and they divide the spoil wrung from the

pallid hand of poverty, disease, and death.—*Glasgow Constitutional.*

These observations on the subject of admitting advertisements of quack medicines—pills, clixirs, ointments, cosmetics, and other trash of a similar description—into newspapers, suggested as it will be perceived by a brief notice of ours in October last, are from the Glasgow Constitutional; and it affords us pleasure to know that other news sheets are entitled to the same credit for rejecting matter so objectionable on the score not only of public morality, but of public safety. Besides these papers instanced in Glasgow, we may mention, what we did not know until lately, that the Dublin General Advertiser regularly rejects all advertisements of this infamous nature. Perhaps a hint is all that is required to bring about a reform on this subject, and it is for no other reason that we make the present observations. Before concluding, however, we may as well remark that there is another evil perpetrated by certain newspapers, which likewise calls for reproach and amendment. We allude to the very paltry practice of admitting paid puffs of books in the form of editorial paragraphs. These puffs issue chiefly from two or three publishing houses in London, and are written with the express design of misleading the reader into the belief that they embody the impartial opinion of the editor of the paper on the works of which they purport to be a notice. We could point out a number of respectable newspapers which stoop to the meanness of inserting these deceitful literary puffs, to the exclusion apparently of news paragraphs, or matter of original remark; thus pocketing a few sorry shillings at the expense of the degradation of their pages. This practice, as well as that of inserting advertisements of quack medicines, is surely deserving of a speedy and effectual reform.

MONUMENTS OF THE PACIFIC ISLES.

THE general impression respecting the numerous isles of the Pacific is, that they exhibit the elements and materials of a new continent, rising in parts and patches out of the deep, and the foundations of which are created by the labours of myriads of coral worms. This view of the matter, which we believe to be the correct one, has been doubted by some observers, and that chiefly on account of some remarkable architectural relics visible upon several of these isles, and which relies appear not only to be of great antiquity, but to be of a kind which the present inhabitants of these isles are seemingly incapable of producing. Based upon this fact, a conjecture has lately been advanced, that the isles of the Pacific are rather the remains of an old and submerged continent, than of a new one just emerging from the waters. A few particulars on this subject may interest our readers.

On the Marianne Isles, lying in 14 or 15 degrees of north latitude, and about two degrees to the eastward of the Philippine Isles, various remarkable ruins are found. The island of Tinian, we are informed by a late circumnavigator, though but twelve miles long by six in breadth, contains an immense number of rude gigantic ruins. "The stone is composed of sand, consolidated by cement," and their general shape is that of immense walls, with archways in them, and with rows of massive pillars surmounting them, the whole forming great open edifices, called by the inhabitants the Houses of the Ancients. But it seems more probable that their character was that of temples, as some of these Tinian buildings appear to have been fully four hundred paces in length—a size very unlike that suited for the residence of human beings. In some places they are formed merely of long rows of rough pillars, half of them strewed on the ground. You cannot go any where without finding such monuments. "The whole island of Tinian seems to be but one ruin." The neighbouring island of Rota presents similar characteristics. "Fragments of pillars, three feet in diameter, are still lying on the earth which has been raised around them. They certainly formed only a single circular edifice, more than eight hundred paces in circumference." Altogether, in their general character these ruins are very similar to those which we find to have been erected by the northern European nations, and by various others, at a period when they had grown numerous and powerful, but were still altogether unacquainted, or nearly so, with the arts of civilisation. The Druidical remains are the very rudest of this order. The Vitrified Forts, again, which are common enough in Scotland, indicate a more advanced state of refinement, and we may suppose the Tinian monuments, which exhibit no traces of sculpture, to have been erected by a people much in the same condition as those who erected the forts—namely, powerful as regarded numbers, and consequently capable of erecting massive piles by a concentration of their physical energies, yet quite unable to give these the polish and perfection of art.

It is because the Marianne Islands do not at this day present a population of the kind in question, that some observers have been inclined to think that these islands have been the scene of some great convulsion of nature, which has swept its former inhabitants from the face of the earth, and left the islands themselves but a wreck of what they were. But this is an erroneous supposition. Tinian has now but fourteen or fifteen inhabitants, but the case was very different about a century and a half ago. Anson, who visited the place in one of his voyages, relates that the island, not above fifty years before, had contained thirty thou-

sand inhabitants! The swords of the Spanish settlers, and the epidemics introduced by them, were the agents in converting Tinian from a well-peopled garden into a tenantless wilderness. This historical truth at once overturns the idea that the island has sustained any destructive convulsion of nature, and shows us that the immediate ancestors of the present race were a people quite capable, as regarded numbers, of erecting the monuments found there—and numbers, as has been observed, form almost the only creative agency required.

The same arguments apply to all the other Pacific isles, and the monuments upon them. There can be little doubt that these lands are literally the *newest* on the face of the globe.

DRAWING THE LINE.

Just as this change had been effected, there presented himself for shaving a big, burly, good-humoured coal-heaver, with a pipe in his mouth, who, drawing his hand across his chin, requested to know when a shaver would be disengaged. The journeyman to whom this question was put, looked doubtfully at the young proprietor, and the young proprietor looked scornfully at the coal-heaver, observing, at the same time, "You won't get shaved here, my man." "Why not?" said the coal-heaver. "We don't shave gentlemen in your line," remarked the young proprietor. "Why, I seed you a-shaving of a baker when I was looking through the window, last week," said the coal-heaver. "It's necessary to draw the line somewhere, my fine feller," replied the principal. "We draw the line there. We can't go beyond bakers. If we was to get any lower than bakers, our customers would desert us, and we might shut up shop. You must try some other establishment, sir. We couldn't do it here." The applicant stared, grinned at Newman Nogg, who appeared highly entertained, looked slightly round the shop, as if in depreciation of the pomatum pots and other articles of stock, took his pipe out of his mouth, and gave a very loud whistle, and then put it in again, and walked out.—*Nickleby.*

WASHINGTON.

One of the most striking things ever said of him is, "that he changed mankind's ideas of political greatness." To commanding talent, and to success, the common elements of such greatness, he added a disregard of self, a spotlessness of motive, a steady submission to every public and private duty, which threw far into the shade the whole crowd of vulgar great. The consequence is, that his fame is as durable as his principles, as lasting as truth and virtue themselves.—*Daniel Webster's Speeches.*

PHYSICAL AND MORAL PURITY COMPARED.

Between physical and moral delicacy a connection has been observed, which, though formed by the imagination, is far from being imaginary. Howard and others have remarked it. It is an antidote against sloth, and keeps alive the idea of decent restraint, and the habit of circumspection. Moral purity and physical are spoken of in the same language. Scarce can you inculcate or commend the one, but some share of the approbation reflects itself upon the other. In minds in which the least grain of Christianity has been planted, this association can scarce fail of having taken root: scarce a page of Scripture but recalls it. Washing is a holy rite. Those who dispute its spiritual efficacy will not deny its physical use. The ablution is typical: may it be prophetic! Alas! were it but as easy to wash away moral as corporeal foulness! —*Bentham's Panopticon.*

A TALE OF ROMANCE.

After Elbeuf, which is about twelve English miles from Rouen by land, there is no town of much size until you arrive at Vernon; but the scenery on the route is pretty, particularly towards a ferry-place called Pose, at which the traveller's attention is usually directed to a steep hill, called La Cote des deux Amants, respecting which the following tradition has been handed down:—It appears that formerly there was a strong castle on the top of this hill, the owner of which was a tyrannical baron, who was at once the envy and hatred of his neighbours. He was rich and powerful, but cruel and avaricious. He had an only and beautiful daughter, whose hand was sought by many of the rich barons of the neighbourhood, for one of whom the father had destined her; but this young lady, like many ladies of more modern days, thought she had a right to choose for herself, and responded to the affections of the son of one of her father's tenants, a youth possessing much attraction to a female eye, but who wanted the birth and fortune necessary in the mind of the parent. At first, the baron, when he had discovered the attachment, resolved to sacrifice the young man to his offended pride, but he contented himself afterwards by observing, that none but a knight at least should wed his daughter, as he little supposed that his tenant's son could ever arrive at this distinction. But he was mistaken: love prompts to enterprise, and surmounts great obstacles. The youth accompanied a neighbouring baron as his squire to the field of battle, and his own conduct there was of so daring a character that he was knighted by the sovereign. He returned to claim, as his bride, the object of his affections, but met with the most chilling reception from the baron. At length, in rallery, the baron said that if he could carry his daughter from the foot of the steep hill on which his castle was situated, to the castle porch, running the distance, and never stopping to recover his breath, he would not oppose his wishes. Desperate as the undertaking appeared, the noble youth accepted the offer. The story says that he arrived, with his lovely burthen, at the spot in question, but that nature was exhausted; and as he laid her down at her father's feet, he fell himself, and gave his last sigh. The maiden, frantic with grief, drew a dagger from her side, with which she stabbed herself, and immediately expired upon her lover's body.—*The Hand-Book to Paris.*

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PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

OPPOSITE GOOD QUALITIES NOT TO BE EXPECTED.

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE, in his *Treatise on Ancient and Modern Learning*, has the following remarks:—"Few men or none excel in all the faculties of the mind. A great memory may fail of invention; both may want judgment, to digest or apply what they remember or invent. Great courage may want caution; great prudence may want vigour; yet all are necessary to make a great commander. But how can a man hope to excel in all qualities, when some are produced by the heat, others by the coldness, of the brain and temper? The abilities of man must fall short on one side or other, like too scanty a blanket when you are a-bed: if you pull it upon your shoulders, you leave your feet bare; if you thrust it down upon your feet, your shoulders are uncovered." Allowing for the obsolete views as to mind which mark these sentences, they appear to us to express a very interesting truth—that all good intellectual and moral qualities are not to be expected in the same character, but that precisely as we have much of any one quality in any one character, so must we look for a deficiency of some other; an arrangement which, like all others in nature, must of course be intended for some end upon the whole beneficial. It is worth while to make some effort to impress this doctrine, because, from its not being sufficiently taken into consideration, very unreasonable expectations are sometimes formed, and very unreasonable complaints made, respecting individuals.

Respecting historical persons, for instance, we find these unreasonable expectations very frequently expressed. Some man has achieved great glory in war, and his military talents continue ever after to be readily allowed; but then, it is remarked, he showed, throughout his career, no true regard for the interests of his country, or those of his species. He was merely ambitious of personal distinction or power. His aims were purely selfish. Now, it is not wonderful that such a man should have displayed such features of character, for, though great military services are often rendered for patriotic and philanthropic reasons, the general case is otherwise. Desire of admiration is the ordinary motive of the hero, and this is generally the chief feature of his character. Accordingly, it is only what might be fairly expected, if, when his military services are crowned with splendid success, he endeavours to become the master of the liberties of his fellow countrymen. Such men first do great feats and endure great hardships for the sake of being admired, and then they are eager for high rank and great power, also for the sake of being admired. A desire of shining in the eyes of mankind alike prompts a Bonaparte to meet the shot-storm on the Bridge of Arcole, and to overturn the remains of representative government in the Orangery. It is comparatively rarely that such heroism is displayed for the sake of a great and good public cause; but when it is so, as it was in Wallace and in Washington, then we of course do not see the case end in mere personal aggrandisement, for the feeling which leads to the desire of such aggrandisement never was present, at least as a leading feeling, at any part of the career of the individual. He was animated by higher objects in his warrings, and he continues to be so when these are past. With respect to those who show in their triumphs a thirst of power and external marks of greatness, it may be concluded that their greatest doings and sufferings were prompted by motives chiefly selfish, and that for these, accordingly, a cooler praise should be bestowed.

There is a class of historical persons who are brought

into notice as vigorous contenders with existing systems, and who continue afterwards to be revered by at least the party who sympathise in their views. Of such men we may cite Luther and Knox as notable examples. These men undertook respectively a tremendous task, and they certainly in a great measure accomplished it. We hear them often referred to with gratitude and admiration by persons who at the same time lament the rudeness of their character. Knox, in particular, is blamed for his uncourteous treatment of Queen Mary, and his encouraging the popular violence to which so many beautiful specimens of Gothic architecture fell a sacrifice. Those who bestow this blame do not reflect that perhaps, in such an age, no other than a man capable of beholding beauty's tears unmoved, and seeing temple and tower ruthlessly cast down, was capable of performing those public services which are now spoken of with so much gratitude. Gentleness of nature, politeness to the fair sex, and regard for elegant remains of antiquity, are agreeable and estimable qualities in their way; but had Knox possessed them, he would have been disqualified for the task which he undertook, and never would have undertaken it. There is no alternative. Either the rudeness must be taken for the sake of the necessary boldness, or the boldness must be wanted also, and the services remain unperformed. It is here as it is with those who perform the various offices called for in the ordinary world. We are not to expect butchers to be men of refined feelings, or carmen to have the delicacy of gentlemen. Those who bewail the want of soft and courteous qualities in a Luther, might as reasonably expect to see the hurricane pause in its tremendous but perhaps necessary mission, in order to waft a pleasure bark across some fairy lake, or fan the cheek of beauty in her rosy bower.

As Sir William Temple remarks, and, indeed, as remarked every day in the ordinary world, few individuals excel in all the departments of mental greatness. Where there is much aptitude for observation and the acquisition of facts, often we find there is little of that thought which comes from reflection and meditation. Where there is a great bent to mathematical science, there we are likely to find little imagination, and small powers of expression. One is a solid man, but not a shining one. Another is a shining man, but not solid. On the one hand, a senator is laughed at because his whole soul is absorbed in arithmetical calculations; on the other, we find several of his fellow-statesmen who never look for a moment at figures, but delight to launch out into declamations, for which there may not be the slightest foundation in truth. Now, it certainly does sometimes happen that a human being is endowed with so fair an assortment of the faculties, that he displays tolerable ability in most walks in which he may be called to appear; but these are rare cases. The rule seems to be, that each mind is endowed disproportionately with the various faculties, or has been reared in circumstances which have chiefly called out one set, and left the rest comparatively dormant. It is equally true, that, with most people, the frequent or habitual exercise of one set of faculties tends to make the rest laggard: thus a poet will scarcely be a mathematician, and a meditative sage will scarcely be found acting the part of a prompt and sprightly instructor of youth. The extremely active man will think little and do a great deal; the thinking man will do nothing but wish that something should be done. If these be truths in nature, as we think they are, it follows that we should be guilty of a certain absurdity in finding fault with any one person for not being something else, or exhibiting his powers in a different way from that in which

he does exhibit them. We ought first to ascertain, as far as our knowledge of human nature enables us to judge, if that something else be compatible with what the individual at present is, or if it really be possible in ordinary cases to exhibit mental ability in two ways diametrically opposite.

It is always a critical matter to seek to excuse great faults. Yet of many persons remarkable for such blemishes, and at the same time eminent for intellectual ability, we shall find, on a candid view, considerable reason for believing that the two things were not separable. Alexander Pope, with exquisite powers as a moral poet, possessed a degree of irritability which certainly amounted to a fault, since it led him into a puny and unworthy warfare with the whole of the subalterns and privates of the literary corps. Yet who can say that this very irritability of temper was not something intimately allied to, if not absolutely identical with, the fine genius which we so much admire in the *Rape of the Lock* and the *Essay on Man*? The uncontrollable passions of Burns can never be thought of without regret, not only because we must deplore such things on their own account, but more particularly as clouding a name so brilliant, and helping to hurry their gifted possessor to a premature end. Yet it is not unlikely that the burning eloquence which shines in Burns's page, and the headlong fervours which hurried him over the brink of moral propriety, were one thing in his nature, or at least had some common root, so that, had we been spared the contemplation of his errors, we might have also lost the enjoyment of his powers. Scott was ambitious of baronial state and family honours, and ruined himself by his eagerness for these objects; yet this weakness clearly was the same peculiarity of mind which, by throwing the poetry of mediæval and feudal allusion into his writings, has rendered them the delight of the civilised world. He might therefore have been happier if he had wanted this ambition; but we, at the same time, might have been less regaled by his literary productions. We deplore the gloomy superstition of Johnson, as it rendered his own life miserable; yet had he been otherwise, it is odds but we should have never had occasion to follow him through that magnificent strain of melancholy music, the *Vanity of Human Wishes*. The faults of all literary men are not to be thus palliated, if palliation it can be called—for in most cases they possess their superior intellectual endowments without any such constitutional infirmity as seems to have existed in most of the persons here enumerated. Some careful discrimination is here necessary. A man of talent, whose nervous system is perfectly sound, is a very different being from one in whom there is a structural or functional infirmity. In the former, there can be no claim for a light consideration of errors, except where the exclusive devotion to some single pursuit may have, as in ordinary cases, led to a sort of unsoundness. In the latter, on the other hand, we must be content to take any beautiful or interesting results that arise, with the faults that seem equally to emanate from the same source. In the one case, we have a sound plate of glass, calculated to form a perfectly transparent medium in the window into which we fix it. In the other, we have a clump, which transmits prismatic rays of exquisite beauty, covering even the cottage floor with glory, but which only does so by virtue of a blemish, and could not do it otherwise.

The sense of these remarks, if they possess any, may be applied, we think, with good effect in the ordinary domestic world. When we feel disposed to condemn any one near us for a particular prevailing fault of character, let us consider if he could have

been fairly expected, with his good qualities, to have been altogether free from the noxious one. We shall often find reason to conclude that he could not. Surliness and honesty are, for example, sometimes found together. When we encounter such a case, and experience the benefit of the honesty, let us ascertain, before condemning the surliness, if it be not in fact an essential element of the character of the individual, which could not have been absent without the other also. Do we again appreciate the benign nature of some one associated with us, but feel disposed to regret that it is attended by a certain want of vigour and activity, let us reflect if we could reasonably expect two good qualities so opposite to each other to be largely developed in the same character. By taking such calm philosophic views of our friends and fellow-creatures in general, we shall be apt greatly to increase our own peace of mind.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN AUTHORESS.

BY A. OPIE.

THE COUNTESS DE GENLIS.

How pleasant it is, as one advances in life, to recal to remembrance the books in which we delighted in childhood, especially those in which instruction was blended with amusement! Foremost in my recollection amongst books of this nature are the early works of the Countess de Genlis.* I went to a French school at a very early age, and I was never tired of reading her *Theatre of Education*, and *Tales of the Castle*. At a later period, some of her subsequent works fascinated my attention, and gave me a strong desire to see a writer of powers so varied; but though I once received from her a flattering message by an American gentleman, I was not able to procure admittance to her presence when I visited Paris in 1829. In the succeeding year, however, I was more fortunate, and my kind friend Cesar Moreau, the founder and secretary of the *Société Statistique Universelle*, brought about a meeting between us, when I ventured to the French metropolis in the winter of 1830.

I was conducted one afternoon in a carriage to her residence, with the hope that she would accompany us to dinner to the house of my friend, but it was in vain that I tried to work myself up to my once exalted height of enthusiasm respecting this wonderfully gifted person, and it was not till we drove up to her door that I forced myself to remember nothing but that her first works had charmed and instructed my early days, and that the ardent wish of bygone years was about to be gratified. She received us very courteously, but said she could not go with us, as she had already dined; and as it was late, it was not worth while for her to put on her best gown. We, however, eagerly assured her that she would be welcome to us in any dress, and she at last smilingly consented to accompany us. Her arrangements were speedily made, and I soon found myself seated in the carriage with the object of my earliest admiration. She talked incessantly, but in so low a voice, and the carriage made such a noise, that I could not hear above half what she said; therefore, as I found that what she said required no answer, I amused myself in studying her person. At this period she was in her eighty-fifth year, and had therefore lost the graceful contour which she at one time possessed; but her face was attractive, and the still existing beauty of her hands struck me with surprise as well as admiration; youth evidently lingered there, as also in her dark expressive eyes; and I thought, as I sat beside her, that she was the prettiest old woman that I had ever seen. She looked the better from the total absence of pretension in her dress; she wore a slate-coloured silk gown, a white crape bonnet and frill, and the quilling round her cap did not come so low on her forehead as to hide the silver hair which faintly curled beneath it.

The party at the house of my friend was composed of a large number of gentlemen, a circumstance which neither Madame de Genlis nor myself had anticipated. However, my attention was entirely absorbed by the aged guest, and as I seated myself beside her in the attitude of an eager listener, she was willing to gratify the desire which she was flattered by exciting.

* Felicité Stephanie Ducrest de St Aubyn was born January 25, 1746, at the estate of her family in Burgundy. At an early age she married the Count de Genlis; and a few years afterwards she became an inmate of the family of the Duke de Chartres, and took charge of the education of his children, one of whom is the present Louis Philip, king of the French. At the outbreak of the revolution she took refuge in England, and her husband, who had become *Marquis de Sillery*, perished by the guillotine. After this period, the Countess de Genlis experienced many vicissitudes, for an account of which I beg to refer to her *Memoirs*.

She related anecdotes, and made observations, with a degree of graceful playfulness which I had never seen excelled. I was gratified to observe the simple dignity with which she replied to the many compliments paid to her, and to the flattering speeches made by several of the gentlemen present when her health was given, followed by that of the king. This health was accompanied by earnest wishes from the gentleman who gave it, that Louis Philippe might act up to those correct principles which had been instilled into him by the noble lady then present.

When the dinner party broke up, and we returned to the drawing-room, we found a large company rapidly assembling, and in a short time my companion and myself saw ourselves surrounded by a crowd of new comers. I am here tempted to present some extracts from an account of this evening, given shortly afterwards in the *Morning Post*, but omitting certain passages which I think were too flattering to myself.

"Leaving politics and parties for a while, I cannot resist describing to you a scene which afforded me an evening of most unminged gratification. I have already made you acquainted with the *Société Française de Statistique Universelle*. A few days ago occurred the first anniversary of its establishment. On this occasion, Monsieur Cesar Moreau, the founder, entertained a party of friends, for the most part members of the society. Many individuals from various countries were present; among whom I may cite Count Mikorski, deputy of the nobles of the Polish diet, and his son the Marquis de St Croix, the Count de Bouillé, General Baron de Bardin, Colonel Amoros, &c., all men esteemed for their literary and other acquirements. Our countrywoman Mrs O—, arrayed in all the primitive simplicity of Quakerism, and contrasting singularly and pleasingly with the fashion reigning about her, formed one of the party; not, I assure you, the least delighting or delighted. But the great attraction over all was the celebrated Madame de Genlis, looking like the venerable representative of the literary remembrances of a bygone age.

At the age of about eighty-five, Madame de Genlis does not look more than seventy; her sharp angular visage, relieved by dark sparkling eyes, and her attenuated form, making up a figure and features which were never otherwise, probably, than slight, or 'petite.' Her white, delicate, and even plump hands, viewed apart from herself, would never have been believed to belong to a person of more than forty years of age.

These vividly recal to recollection the days of which we have read, of which few perhaps of her contemporaries remain to testify, when, full of youth and beauty, and conscious accomplishments, she was the grace and ornament of admiring circles, as those waxen fingers swept the strings of her harp, or aided the soft breathings of her lute, in that polished era when the lovely Marie Antoinette and the Graces presided over the court of France. This was, I am informed, the first time for many years that Madame de Genlis had appeared in public society. She sometimes quits her seclusion to visit her royal pupil, King Louis Philippe, and his family, at the Palais Royal. Her industry is still surprising. She had finished only the day before, she said, her popular *History of France*, in one volume, commenced originally, as I understood, at the instance of Prince Polignac, with a laudable view to have a pure elementary work on the national history, that the morals of the youth of the respectable classes of society might be guarded by it from the contamination incident upon contact with the works which the French Revolution produced in deleterious abundance. Madame de Genlis has also in manuscript a romance of real life, founded on a princess of the illustrious house of Bourbon Condé, by all accounts a most beautiful, talented, as well as amiable personage, who died somewhere about the revolution, at thirty years of age."

From four until eleven o'clock, when she retired, Madame de Genlis supported, with great vivacity and an extraordinary physical energy, an uninterrupted and animated conversation, with by turns almost every individual in this crowded assembly; an exertion demanding certainly, as she exhibited, colloquial talents and powers of memory of a vigorous and varied order. On my taking leave of her for the night, she expressed a wish that I should again see her, an invitation which I was not slow to profit by. I called on her next day, and found her reading her *Book of Prayers*; but she assured me I did not disturb her, and that she was very glad to see me again. The conversation that morning had quite a graphic power; the scene and persons whom she described were before me. She possessed *l'art de raconter* (the art of relating) ascribed to Bonaparte, but I was surprised at the want of sweetness in her tones; her voice was deep, and what the French call *rauque*, of which the term "croaking" will be a fair translation; but perhaps this was in some measure owing to her advanced age. She was full of the praises of *Mademoiselle d'Orleans* (now called Madame Adelaide), her beloved pupil of former times. She told me that in a recent illness of hers, which had lasted six weeks, Madame Adelaide had been her daily attendant. She also spoke with much gratitude and affection of the king of the French himself, but did not seem unbecomingly elated by the exaltation of her pupil to the throne. She assured me that since his elevation he had offered to make her a duchess, but that she had refused his kindness; "for what," said she, "under my circumstances, would an increase of worldly titles be to a woman on the verge of the grave?"

She had great apparent pleasure in relating the following anecdote of her royal pupil:—"When the people in the month of October," said she, "paraded the streets of Paris as in the Reign of Terror, with torches in their hands, and crying aloud for the blood of the ex-ministers, they went at length to the Palais d'Orleans, and surrounding the gates, demanded to see the sovereign, shaking their torches, as if in menace, and exclaiming, 'Justice! vengeance!' Their frightful cries soon reached the ear of the king, who was at dinner with the queen and his family. Instantly, disregarding the earnest solicitations of his beloved wife and children, he persisted in going out to the intruders, and in going alone. Accordingly, he presented himself to them, and demanded to know their business. Again were the torches waved, as if in threatening, over their heads; again they renewed their cry for 'Justice,' and for 'Vengeance!' 'Justice toujours!—vengeance jamais!' replied the undaunted Louis Philip, and slowly re-entered the palace; while the angry multitude retired in silence from the gates, awed, no doubt, by a display of that moral dignity, and that unshaken courage, which the lowest of men are capable of appreciating, and which, even while it disappoints and defies them, they in their hearts admire."

This was my last interview with Madame de Genlis. I was intending to go to her apartments, as usual, on my way from the house in the Champs Elysées, where the few Friends who were in Paris used to meet together on the Thursday, as well as on the Sabbath morning, when that day's post brought me news from England, which unfitted me for going any where. I heard of the sudden death of the dearest of my surviving friends, the friend of my childhood and of my whole life, and I desired my servant to say to all visitors that I could see no one. I had been thus denied three days, when, to my surprise, on the evening of the third, my friend Cesar Moreau, unannounced, entered the room! He told me that he had ventured in in spite of my prohibition, because he came to inform me that his revered friend the Countess de Genlis had been found that morning dead in her bed! M. Moreau was surprised and hurt at my being so little affected, though I owned I was shocked by his intelligence, and I therefore hastened to tell him that my cup of grief was so full already, I had no tears for any new affliction; on which he kindly left me to myself, but not before he had made me reluctantly promise to go with him the next day but one, to see his lamented friend in her coffin. And I went with him to the Fauxbourg du Roule at the appointed time. The coffin was standing in the courtyard, and not screwed down; but nothing was visible, save the sawdust, copiously heaped up over the body, as it was so changed, and the face so disfigured, that it was necessary to hide them as soon as possible from the view. This was, I own, no disappointment to me; and with rather a relieved heart I accompanied my companion to the apartments of Madame d'Anquetil, and her daughter the Countess Helena, Chanoinesse de Baviere, who lived under the same roof with Madame de Genlis, and were her friends and companions.

From the Chanoinesse I learnt the following particulars:—Madame de Genlis had, as was her custom, sat up dictating to her amanuensis till three in the morning. She then went to bed, apparently in perfect health. At six she called her servant to her; and when she dismissed her again, she said, "You may call me at eleven o'clock as usual!" The servant did so, but could not awake her; she therefore called the Countess Helena into the room, saying, "If Madame would be so good as to wake my mistress, she will not be angry; but if I do, perhaps she will scold me;" and the countess complied with her request. She found her leaning on her hand in an easy position; and taking her in her arms, she spoke caressingly to her, and kissed her yet warm cheek—but in vain; when, seeing a physician pass the door, she called him in, as by this time she was in considerable alarm. He desired that the curtains should be undrawn, and light let into the room. He was obeyed, and saw immediately that death had stolen on her sleep, and that all efforts to restore her would be fruitless! However, all possible means were tried for her recovery, but without effect. Thus, at the age of nearly eighty-five years,* the Countess de Genlis passed, unconsciously perhaps, from time into eternity!

Before I quitted these ladies, I was informed that, in consideration of the regard which Madame de Genlis had expressed for me, I was to be invited to her funeral. As I am "an inquisitive and sentimental traveller," I considered it so far fortunate for me that this distinguished lady died while I was at Paris, as the event enabled me not only to see the funeral of a French lady of high birth, but also to make one of the cortege. I was therefore gratified to receive in due time the long printed paper usually sent on such occasions, inviting me in the name of the relatives of the deceased to the mournful ceremony. While I read, it seemed as if I was in a dream. The little girl who used to think of this extraordinary lady with such humble admiration, and at so great a distance, in the beginning of life, was, in comparatively her life's decline, invited as a favourite friend to unite with that lady's friends and relations in paying her the last duties!

We found the coffin standing in the doorway, surrounded by tapers, and covered by a black velvet

pall embroidered and fringed with silver. On one end of it stood some silver cups, or vases, and at the other there was, I think, a crucifix, but the rapid manner in which we passed prevented me from taking an accurate survey. We were ushered into the apartments of Madame d'Anquetil, as those of the deceased were not large enough to receive the company. I am unable to give the names of all the persons who composed the funeral train, but the Marechal-General Gerard, he who had distinguished himself by his conduct during "the three days," was one of the chief mourners, as the husband of the granddaughter of the deceased lady.

He wore the ruban rouge (the red ribbon) and other decorations over his dress. I was made known to him, but he had only just been led up to me when we were summoned to proceed to the church of St Philippe du Roule. The corbeillard which contained the body was covered by a black velvet canopy, fringed with silver, and we followed it, to my surprise, not in procession. No women attended besides myself, except the Countess Helena, and the two demoiselles Ducrest, the great-granddaughters of Madame de Genlis. The church, as she was a lady of rank, was hung with black; the coffin was placed in the middle aisle on which the door of entrance opened, and we stood around it behind the priests and the acolyths (or boys who officiate at the altar). Both priests and acolyths held lighted tapers, and sang a mournful chaunt. Half way up the aisle was what is called a catafalque, which lofty erection was of black velvet and silver, over which hung draperies of white crape, ornamented with silver embroideries; and when the chaunt and other ceremonies over the coffin had ceased, it was carried under the catafalque, and disappeared from our sight. We then went to the seats prepared for us near the altar, which were covered with black cloth; and by this time the church was full of well-dressed persons, probably friends of the deceased, or who wished to pay her the last tribute of respect. After a long mass had been performed, and some ceremonies gone through at the altar—such as an offering of money, by General Gerard and another chief mourner, as I believe—the coffin was drawn out from under the catafalque, and sprinkled with holy water by those who passed by it. We then entered our carriages and followed the corbeillard in procession, to the mountainous hill called Mont Calvaire (Mount Calvary), about three miles from Paris. I had visited it before in the autumn of 1829, in what was called the week of the Pilgrims. During that week devout Catholics went, some barefooted, as I have been told, up its steep and sometimes rocky sides; and Charles the Tenth, with the dauphin and dauphiness, had been there on a pilgrimage a few days before I visited this beautiful spot, which was, however, disfigured in my eyes by the three crosses on the top of it, representing the Saviour and the two thieves, as big as life, and painted the colour of it. As the ascent to Mount Calvary is very steep, we were obliged to alight when we reached the foot of the hill. The first carriage, which was the king's, contained the king and queen's aide-de-camps, and Madame Adelaide's gentleman; the next was General Gerard's; and by the time each carriage had set down its occupants, we were a large assembly; and when in procession, winding up the hill then glittering with frost, we formed, I may say, a beautiful show. First went the acolyths in their scarlet and white robes; next the priests in their black and white ones; then followed the splendid corbeillard, surrounded by men in mourning habits, carrying lighted torches, which, dropping flame as they went along upon the white and frozen ground, strewed our path, as it were, with burning crocuses; then came the chief mourners, noblemen whose names I have forgotten, and General Gerard; the green and gold uniforms of the former adding to the variety of the colouring which the scene exhibited, while over our heads was a bright blue wintry sky. Beneath us lay the lovely valley of the environs of Paris, covered with a soft reddish mist, by which every thing was embellished rather than veiled, and whence the outlines of the white buildings below us came out more beautifully defined, while the Seine flowed transparently along, sometimes reflecting the red tints of the atmosphere, and adding to the loveliness of the view. I forgot the dead in contemplation of the living objects, if hill, vale, and water, may be so called; and was secretly rejoiced that the will of the deceased, who had desired to be buried at Mount Calvary, had ensured me a second visit to this my favourite hill. We had to go more than half way down the other side of the mountain to reach the grave; and as we stood there, grouping as we best could on its steep sides, it seemed to me a scene fit for a painter. But there was no solemnity; the service was hastily muttered to the accompaniment of directions from the assistants how the body was to be lowered, and there were no tears but those shed by the poor Chanoinesse, who in Madame de Genlis seemed to lament a second mother.

In turn, the relatives and friends (myself excepted) took the brush offered by the priest, dipped in holy water, and sprinkled the grave with it. But when I thought all was over, three gentlemen stepped forward, and severally paid a tribute to their departed countrywoman. The first, after justly eulogising the deceased, read a letter which she had recently written to Cæsar Morcau, in which she expressed her approbation of the late political changes, and avowed her intention

to write a History of the last Revolution, and the events of "THE THREE DAYS." The second observed, that it was unnecessary to praise the noble and celebrated lady whom we had just interred, "because," said he, "son éloge est sur le trône de France!" The third speaker repeated some extempore verses in her praise. I remarked that not one of the three introduced a single reflection of a religious character.

We then resumed our lovely walk; and as I wandered on before my companions, slowly descending the precipitous though winding path, I could not help comparing the interment which I had witnessed with the simple solemn funerals of Friends; but as this comparison awakened in me too powerfully the remembrance of the interment which had so recently taken place in our grassy grave-yard in my native city, I was glad to take refuge from painful regrets in the contemplation of the scene before me; for the descent from Mount Calvary was rendered as beautiful as its ascent, by the deepening tints shed by the declining sun over the valley of the Seine, which made it every moment increase in loveliness, and I was sorry when we re-entered our carriages.

Two days only after the Countess de Genlis had been buried on Mount Calvary, it was notified in the public papers, that the government had resumed to itself the land granted on Mount Calvary to the Priests and the Society for Missions, and forbade any future interments there; and that, instead of being called Mount Calvary, it was to resume its original name of Mont Valerien. I conclude it was out of respect to the wishes of the highly gifted instructress of his youth, that the king did not issue this order sooner. A considerable part of this hill is full of white marble monuments, picturesquely arranged, while willows and acacias profusely wave their graceful branches over them. Perhaps a monument is by this time erected to the memory of the Countess de Genlis, by the hand of affectionate gratitude; but be that as it may, she has, in my opinion, an enduring monument already in her works; and some of them at least will, I trust, always be considered as an ornament to the literature of her country, and endear her name to future generations.

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

ALCHEMY.

ALCHEMY, like many other chimeras and superstitions, had its origin in the fanciful imaginations of the ancient Egyptians, and other African as well as Asiatic sages. It was introduced into Europe, as is believed, by the Arabians during their residence in Spain; the prefix *al* is at least Arabic, and, with the Greek term *chemia*, signifies the chemistry, or process of analysing the properties of matter. The modern and respectable science of chemistry had thus no other origin than in the researches of a set of impostors or self-deceived dupes, who pursued the craft of alchemy in quest of some mysterious and highly valued qualities in nature.

The ancients, as we have seen in the preceding sketches, had no just knowledge of the laws which regulate the phenomena of the universe. To them, every thing was a result of direct supernatural agency—the whole earth, and the starry firmament around it, were supposed to teem with spiritual essences, invisible to the eye of man, but yet serving as the immediate cause of every appearance in nature, and of almost every event of public or individual interest. The notion that these spiritual essences could be roused from their latent or hidden state, and be coaxed or compelled to alter the appearances and course of nature, was the foundation of innumerable superstitions, and among the rest that of alchemy. This delusion, also, like some others, was united with religious veneration, and long held its place as one of the qualities of a pious mind.

Two things from the earliest ages were anxiously sought for by mankind—gold, and the means of protracting life to an indefinite limit. Seeing the high estimation set on gold, and not reflecting that its value was chiefly an accidental circumstance in commerce, arising from the scarcity of the article, it was held as a sublimation of certain hidden excellences in nature, and therefore an object which could be made by a particular process in art, provided it pleased the Deity or some of nature's attendant spirits to favour the pursuit. The doctrines by which philosophers reasoned themselves into the belief that gold, as well as the elixir vitæ, or elixir for extending the duration of life, could be elaborated from the common materials around them, were exceedingly abstruse. According to Paracelsus, "philosophy is nothing but the study of wisdom considered in a created nature, as well subject to sense as invisible, and, consequently, material; and wisdom's central body is the shadow of wisdom's central essence; and the moral interpretation can never exclude the real effects from ocular

demonstration: but when reason hath experience, faith hath no merit; and without faith there is no knowledge of any excellent thing; for the end of faith is understanding." By this piece of learning we suppose it is meant that to obtain the treasures in nature we must patiently investigate and have faith in the result. But what was to be investigated? Why, nature, and for the following reason:—The whole universe (according to the alchemists) at first consisted of molecules, or atoms, partaking of body, soul, and spirit, under the control, more or less, of certain spiritual agency. Creation was the determination or arrangement of these elementary atoms by certain established laws; and the grand arcana were, by the investigation of these laws, to ascertain the features of this primitive organisation, and imitate nature by the perfection of art. In other words, it was believed that philosophers, by close application, would be able to come at the elementary molecules of nature, and to re-arrange them in the form of the two best things that fancy could suggest, gold and the elixir vitæ. This elixir of life came indeed to be identified with gold, because, as gold was the most valuable substance in nature, it was most suitable to preserve that which we set a high value upon, namely, health, or the principle of life; tincture of gold, therefore, was long esteemed a cure for all bodily diseases, and an elixir for the extension of life beyond the ordinary limits of mortality.*

Pursuing these philosophic reveries, many men of otherwise sagacious understanding devoted years and years of their existence to delusive investigations into the nature and quality of the animal, mineral, and vegetable kingdoms. Shut up in laboratories, they pored over crucibles and retorts, analysing all kinds of substances with the hope of at last hitting upon the great secret. During the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries, the study of alchemy was steadily pursued by several eminent practitioners; among whom were Roger Bacon, an English monk; Raymond Lully; Hollandus; Peter John Faber; Michael Sandovigius; Paracelsus; Basil Valentine, a German monk; and Van Helmont. The shrewdness and industry of some of these men were the means of eliciting several chemical principles of great value, and it is difficult to believe of such persons, that they could seriously entertain the notion that gold, either in the form of its own substance, or as a tincture, could be produced from matter of an entirely different quality; yet their respective writings prove beyond a doubt that they spent no small part of their time in searching for this illusive material.

The alchemists in general regarded three things as above all others containing the essential element they were in quest of; these were salt, sulphur, and mercury, which they alleged were invested with a mystic character, having a relation to "the calorific or vivifying spirit" of matter. Take, for instance, the following jargon from Sandovigius in explanation of this mystic relationship between spirit and substance:—"Sal (or salt) is the key and beginning of this sacred science, is that which openeth the gates of justice, and is that which hath the keys of the infernal prisons, where sulphur lies buried. * * The sun and moon are the parents of all inferior bodies and things. The sun's motion and virtue doth vivify all inferior bodies, and those things which come nearest in virtue and temperature are more excellent; and the pure form of the terrestrial sun is said to be all fire, and, therefore, doth the celestial sun communicate most virtue; therefore, the incorrupted quality of pure sulphur being digested in eternal heat, hath also regal power over all inferior bodies, for the sun doth infuse his influence into all things, but especially into gold; and those natural bodies do never show forth their virtues till they be made spiritual." Lastly, as for mercury (continues this paragon of learning), it contains "in itself the perfections, power, and virtue of Sol, and runneth through the houses of all the planets, and in his regeneration acquirith the virtues of superiors and inferiors; and by the matrimony thereof appeareth clothed in their candour and beauty;" and being of gaseous origin, "crude mercury is originally a vapour from a clear water and air, of most strong composition, coacted of air itself, with a mercurial spirit by nature, flying ethereal and homogenous, having the spirits of heat and cold; and by exterior and inferior heat doth congeal and fix." We do not for a moment imagine that any reader in the present dull age of the world can understand this very logical explanation of the properties of salt, sulphur, and mercury—at least we acknowledge that it is far past our comprehension. The general drift of the argument, however, seems to be, that in these materials are to be found the germs or seeds of metals, which, by being brought into union, are to form the philosopher's stone, or a substance which is to turn all baser metals into gold. Sandovigius alleges that "the first matter of metals is the humidity of the air, mixed with heat." Again, the "generation of metals is this: the four elements [fire, air, earth, and water] in the first operation of nature, do, by the help of the archæus [divine head] of nature, distil into the centre of the earth a ponderous or heavy vapour of water, which is the seed of metals."

With respect to the manner of imitating nature by an alchemical process, we are told to "take ten parts of air, one part of living gold, or living silver; put all these into thy vessel: boil this air first until it be

* Her eulogy is on the throne of France.

* Retrospective Review, vol. xiv, article Alchemy.

water, and then no water. If thou art ignorant of this, and knowest not how to boil the air, without all doubt thou shalt err; seeing this is the matter of the ancient philosophers. For thou must take that, which is, and is not seen, until it be the artificer's pleasure; it is the water of our dew, out of which is extracted the saltpetre of philosophers." Having thus presented a recipe for boiling air, and turning it into water, and then manufacturing the water into saltpetre, he proceeds to speak of the art of making mercury out of sea-water, on which, however, he is particularly mysterious. "I have not (says he) so clearly showed the extraction of our sal ammoniac, or the mercury of philosophers, out of our sea-water, and the use thereof, because I had from the master of nature no leave to speak any further; and this only God must reveal, who knows the hearts and minds of men."

The same learned writer, in the course of his expostitions of the arcana of alchemy, makes the profound remark, which doubtless will be new to many of our readers, that, as all animals are produced from two sexes, so, to fulfil an universal and blessed scheme of the Creator, metals also must be produced in the same manner. Thus, the germinating principles of mercury deposited in mother earth remain for a thousand, five hundred, or one hundred years, till matured for birth, and then the said principles assume the appearance of gold, silver, or baser metal. On a similar principle diamonds are produced, for they are "the offspring of the vapours of nature, escaping from the fatness of sulphur, with pure salt water."

This, it will be said, was all very fine in the way of theory; but the question still remains, how was gold or the golden tincture of life to be produced by an operation in art? Unfortunately on this point the alchemists were more than usually dark. We can only learn from their vague jargon, that the main difficulty consisted in reducing metals to their elementary principles, or we may call it dissolving the body to find the spirit. In this grand art, fire was the purifying agent; and the process, after all, was to be lucky or unlucky according to the frame of mind of the operator. Seeking to dive into such a mighty mystery, it was indispensable to obtain the blessing of the Almighty on the undertaking. "Those, therefore," says Sandovigius, "that desireth to attain to this art, in the first place put thy whole trust in God thy creator, and urge him by thy prayers, and assuredly believe that he will not forsake thee; for if God shall know that thy heart is sincere, and thy whole trust is put in him, he will, by one means or another, show thee a way, and assist thee in it, and thou shalt obtain thy desire." Having on these grounds commenced the operation, and at length resolved the metallic and saline substances in the crucible to their primitive elements, all the rest was easy, and so the philosopher's stone was produced. Lully, in speaking of this sublime operation, observes, that by casting "no more but the quantity of a pea into a mass of metal, the mass shall be turned into the finest gold that may be in the world," and such will be its virtue, that it "heals all inconveniences of men's bodies, as one grain being drunk with wine, and taken hot, and then the party go to a warm bed, and to sweat like as though he did lie in water, in three days he shall be made whole of the sickness soever he have."

An account is given by Sandovigius of the mode of transmuting metals, which is of course quite unintelligible; and to show what efforts nature of herself will make to elaborate gold from mercury, we are presented with the following instance of a piece of that valuable metal being found between a man's teeth after death: it affords an instructive example of the manner in which facts are compelled to bow down and accommodate themselves to preconceived theories. "Now," proceeds the narrative, "the reason why gold was found and generated betwixt the teeth of the dead man, is this, because in his lifetime mercury was by some physician conveyed into his infirm body, either by unction or by turpitude, or some other way, as the custom and manner was, and it was the nature of mercury to go up to the mouth, and through the pores thereof. If, therefore, in time of such a cure, the sick man died, that mercury, not finding any egress, remained in his mouth betwixt his teeth, and that carcass became the natural vessel of mercury, so, being shut up fast for a long time, was congealed into gold by its own proper sulphur being purified by the natural heat of putrefaction; but if mineral mercury had not been brought in thither, then could gold never have been produced. And this is a most true example, that nature in the bowels of the earth doth of mercury alone produce gold and silver, and other metals, according to the disposition of the place or matrix."

How the rogue who put the piece of gold into the dead man's mouth must have secretly laughed at this blast of learning!

The early race of alchemists, who laboured conscientiously in the vain endeavour to find the philosopher's stone, were followed by numberless imitators, who by their pretences and tricks imposed on all classes of persons. A belief in the tincture of gold, or elixir vite, was universal throughout Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. "The common people in some countries, particularly Italy, Germany, and France, often denied themselves the common neces-

saries of life, to save as much as could purchase a few drops of the tincture of gold, which was offered for sale by some superstitious or fraudulent chemist: and so thoroughly persuaded were they of the efficacy of this remedy, that it afforded them in every instance the most confident and only hope of recovery. These beneficial effects were positively promised, but were looked for in vain. All-subduing death would not submit to be bribed with gold, and disease refused to hold any intercourse with that powerful deity [Mercury], who presides over the industry and commerce of all nations."

M. Geoffroy, in the *Memoirs of the Academy of Sciences* for 1772, published an account of the various modes in which the frauds of the alchemical adepts were carried on. "He observes, that, instead of the mineral substances which they pretended to transmute, they put oxide of gold or silver at the bottom of the crucible, the mixture being covered with some powdered material and gum-water or wax, so that it might look like the bottom of the crucible. On other occasions they made a hole in a piece of charcoal, filled it with powdered gold or silver, and closed the hole with wax: or they soaked charcoal in a solution of these metals, and threw the charcoal, when powdered, upon the material to be transmuted. They used, also, small pieces of wood, hollowed at the end, put filings of gold or silver into the cavity, and stopped it with fine sawdust of the same wood, which, on burning, left the metal in the crucible. Sometimes they whitened gold with mercury, and made it pass for silver or tin; and the gold, when melted, was exhibited as gold obtained by transmutation. They had a solution of nitrate of silver, or of muriate of gold, or an amalgam of gold and silver, which being adroitly introduced into the crucible, furnished the necessary quantity of metal. A common exhibition was to dip nails into the liquid, and to take them out apparently half converted into gold: these nails consisted of one half iron, neatly soldered to the other half, which was gold, and covered with something to conceal the colour, which the liquor removed. Sometimes they had metals made of gold and silver soldered together; the gold side was whitened with mercury, dipped into some transmuting liquid, and then heated; the mercury being dissipated, the gold portion of the metal appeared."† By these various tricks the pretended discoverers of the philosopher's stone induced individuals to employ them, and to venture sum after sum on the chance of realising unbounded wealth.

Alchemy, as a professed art, latterly sank with astrology into contempt, and has long since been abandoned as an absurd and positively vicious delusion. Fortunately the experiments of the philosophers, and the quacks who succeeded them, were not utterly valueless. Inasmuch as astrologers in endeavouring to read the stars made discoveries in the planetary system, so did alchemists, in the equally vain attempt to resolve metals and salts, or their supposed elementary principles, into gold, discover a number of acids and preparations, now used in medicine and in various useful arts, which might otherwise have remained for a time unknown. "As the alchemists," observes Dr Thomson,‡ "were assiduous workmen—as they mixed all the metals, salts, &c., with which they were acquainted, in various ways with each other, and subjected such mixtures to the action of heat in close vessels, their labours were occasionally repaid by the discovery of new substances, possessed of much greater activity than any with which they were previously acquainted. In this way they were led to the discovery of sulphuric, nitric, and muriatic acids. These, when known, were made to act upon the metals; solutions of the metals were obtained, and men were thus gradually led to the knowledge of various metalline salts and preparations, which were introduced with considerable advantage into medicine. Thus, the alchemists, by their absurd pursuits, gradually formed a collection of facts, which led ultimately to the establishment of scientific chemistry." It is also undeniable that modern views in chemical science in some degree favour certain of the theories on which the errors of the alchemists proceeded. Their theory of molecules is a dream-like prediction of the atomic theory of the revered Dalton, now universally received. Their notions as to the possibility of converting one substance into another by tracing it back to its constituent elements, and reconstituting these in a different way, in like manner almost appear revived as serious and sober truth, when we hear of the hypotheses of modern chemists as to the nature of the simple substances. That the fifty-five of these now discovered are not the elements of material nature, but are likely yet to prove only various compounds of a smaller number, may be almost concluded upon from facts which have been observed. It is therefore not impossible that results which were sought for on mere supposition, or under the influence of roguish imposition, in the sixteenth century, may, in the nineteenth or twentieth, be the objects of serious philosophical investigation—but not, we hope, for so paltry a purpose as the conversion of the ordinary into the rarer metals. We conclude with the remarks which Gibbon made on the alchemists: "Congenial to the avarice of the human heart, it was studied in China as in Europe, with equal eagerness, and with equal success. The darkness of the middle ages insured a favourable reception to every

tale of wonder; and the revival of learning gave new vigour to hope, and suggested more specious arts of deception. Philosophy, with the aid of experience, has at length banished the study of alchemy; and the present age, however desirous of riches, is content to seek them by the humble means of commerce and industry."

LAST CENTURY ANECDOTES.

FOOTE THE COMEDIAN.

In the 341st number of the *Journal*, appeared a notice of Samuel Foote, as one of the odd London characters of a former age. The article contained an original anecdote of the mimic, respecting his detention by a snow-storm at Moffat, when travelling from Dumfries to Edinburgh. This anecdote had been picked up in conversation by the author of the article, and, though generally correct, was not so in every circumstance. We have been supplied with the following more minute and curious, as well as correct particulars, by a gentleman whom advanced age and family connections could alone have made acquainted with circumstances of so private a nature, and so far removed from our own time.

In the winter of 1775-6, Mr McCulloch of Ardwell, in the stewartry of Kirkcudbright, who held a situation in the Leith Custom-house, visited his country mansion, in company with a friend named Mouat, in order to be present at an election. Mr McCulloch was a man of joyous temperament, and a good deal of wit, and used to amuse his friends by spouting half-random verses. He and his friend spent a week or two very pleasantly in the country, and then set out on their return to Leith; Mr McCulloch carrying with him his infant son David, familiarly called *Wee Davie*, for the purpose of commencing his education in Edinburgh. To pursue the narrative of our correspondent:—"The two travellers got on pretty well as far as Dumfries; but it was with difficulty, occasioned by a snow-storm, that they reached Moffat, where they tarried for the night."

Early in a January morning, the snow having fallen heavily during the preceding night, they set off in a post-chaise and four horses, to proceed on their perilous journey. Two gentlemen in their own carriage left the King's Arms Inn (then kept by James Little) at the same time. With difficulty the first pair of travellers reached the top of Erick-stane, but farther they could not go. The parties came out of their carriages, and, aided by their postillions, they held a consultation as to the prudence of attempting to proceed down the vale of Tweed. This was considered as a vain and dangerous attempt, and it was therefore determined on to return to Moffat. The turning of the carriages having become a dangerous undertaking, Wee Davie had to be taken out of the chaise, laid on the snow, and wrapt in a blanket, until the business was accomplished. The parties then went back to Moffat, arriving there between nine and ten in the morning. Mr McCulloch and his friend then learnt, that of the two strangers who had left the inn at the same time, and had since returned, one was the celebrated Foote, and the other either Ross or Souter, but which of the two favourite sons of Thalia I cannot remember at this distant period of time. Let it be kept in mind, that Foote had lost a leg, and walked with great difficulty.

Immediately on returning, Foote had entered the inn, not in good humour, to order breakfast to be got under way. His carriage stood opposite the inn door, in order to get the luggage taken off. While this was going on, a paper was placarded on one of the panels. The wit came out to see how all matters were going on, when, observing the paper, he in wrath exclaimed, "What rascal has been placarding his ribaldry on my carriage?" He had patience, however, to pause and read the following lines:—

While Boreas his flaky storm did guide,
Deep covering every hill, o'er Tweed and Clyde,
The north-wind god spied travellers seeking way;
Sternly he cried, Retrace your steps, I say;
Let not one foot, 'tis my behest, profane
The sacred snows which lie on Erick-stane.

The countenance of our wit now brightened, as he called out, with an exclamation of surprise, "I should like to know the fellow who wrote that; for be he who he may, he's no mean hand at an epigram." Mrs Little, the good but eccentric landlady, now stepped forward, and spoke thus:—"Trough, Maister Fut, it's mair than likely that it was our frien' Maister McCulloch of Ardwell that did it; it's weel kent that he's a poyet; he's a guid enough sort o' man, but he never comes here without poyet-teasing mysel', or the gude-man, or some ane or other about the house. It wud be weel dune if ye wud speak to him." Ardwell now came forward, muttering some sort of apology, which Foote instantly stopped by saying, "My dear sir, an apology is not necessary; I am fair game for every one, for I take any one for game when it suits me. You and I must become acquainted, for I find that we are brother poets, and that we were this morning companions in misfortune on 'the sacred snows of Erick-stane.'" Thus began an intimacy, which the sequel will show turned out to be a lasting one. The two parties now joined at the breakfast table, as they did at every other meal for the next twenty days.

Foote remained quiet for a few hours after breakfast, until he had beat about for game, as he termed it, and he first fixed on worthy Mrs Little, his hostess.

* A New Light of Alchymie taken out of the Fontaine of Nature, and Manual of Experience, by Michael Sandovigius; translated from the Latin; London, 1650.

† Thaumaturgia.

‡ Penny Cyclopædia.

§ History of Chemistry.

By some occult means he had managed to get hold of some of the old lady's habiliments, particularly a favourite nightcap, provincially, a *mutch*. After attiring himself a la Mrs Little, he went into the kitchen and through the house, mimicking the garrulous landlady so very exactly in giving orders, scolding, &c., that no servant doubted as to its being the mistress in propria persona. This kind of amusement went on for several days for the benefit of the people in Moffat. By and bye, the snow allowed the united parties to get on as far as the Crook, upon Tweed, and here they were again storm-stayed for ten days. Nevertheless, Foote and his companion, who was well qualified to support him, never for a moment flagged in creating merriment, or affording the party amusement of some sort. The snow cleared away at last, so as to enable the travellers to reach Edinburgh, and there to end their journey. The intimacy of Foote and Ardwil did not end here, but continued until the death of Foote.

After this period, Foote several times visited Scotland; he always in his writings showed himself partial to Scotland, and to the Scotch. On every visit which he afterwards made to the northern metropolis, he laid aside a night or two for a social meeting with his friend Ardwil, whose family lived in the second house from the head of that pretty row of houses more than half way down Leith Walk, still called Springfield. In the parlour, on the right-hand side in entering that house, the largest of the row, Foote, the celebrated wit of the day, has frequently been associated with many of the Edinburgh and Leith worthies, when and where he was wont to keep the table in a roar.

The biography of Foote is well known. However, I may add that Mr Mouat and Mr McCulloch died much lamented in the year 1793. David McCulloch (Wee Davie) died in the year 1824, at Cheltenham, much regretted. For many years he had resided in India. In consequence of family connection, he became a familiar visitor at Abbotsford, and a favourite acquaintance of Sir Walter Scott.* Mr Lockhart tells us, that, next to Tom Moore, Sir Walter thought him the finest warbler he had ever heard. He was certainly an exquisitely fine singer of Scotch songs. Sir Walter Scott never heard him sing until he was far advanced in life, or until his voice had given way to a long residence in India. Mr Lockhart also tells us that David McCulloch in his youth was an intimate and favourite companion of Burns, and that the poet hardly ventured to publish many of his songs until he heard them sung by his friend. I will only add, that the writer of this has more than once heard Burns say that he never fully knew the beauty of his songs until he heard them sung by David McCulloch.

We have only to add, with reference to this pleasant chat of our respected correspondent, that, after all, we have some doubt of the correctness of his date. No election took place in the stewardry of Kirkcudbright at the time specified, but one did at the close of 1774, which is probably the true date. Besides, Foote died in October 1777, which leaves too little space for his several times visiting Scotland, though he might have done so after 1774.

ROBERT BURNS.

The following is an original anecdote of Burns, related, like the above, by a gentleman whose years enable him to recollect the circumstances, in which indeed he himself bore an important part:—

"In the month of September 1787, my native town of Banff was honoured by a visit of the illustrious poet of our country, Robert Burns. He and his friend William Nicol, then one of the teachers in the High School of Edinburgh, had been enjoying a jaunt of pleasure in Nicol's vacation time through the Highlands. Returning through the province of Moray eastward, they had spent the day previous to their arrival in Banff at Fochabers and Gordon Castle, where Burns at least had been most hospitably entertained and greatly courted by Jane Duchess of Gordon, who then was the presiding deity of the castle.

On reaching Banff, Mr Nicol called on Dr George Chapman, then rector of the Academy of Banff, well known as a distinguished classical scholar, and an eminent and successful teacher of the learned languages, as well as author of several works on educational subjects. The worthy doctor had for several years, at an antecedent period, been rector of the High School or Academy of Dumfries, where his friend Mr Nicol had, as one of his ushers, commenced his career as a teacher. Like all who had ever been in a similar situation under the fostering guidance of Dr Chapman, Mr Nicol looked up to him with almost filial veneration.

Mr Nicol and his interesting travelling companion were invited to breakfast next morning with Dr Chapman, at his house in Banff; and the writer of this, then a youth about thirteen years old, and a scholar in the doctor's morning Greek class, was asked by his revered teacher to stop to breakfast, as being rather a pet scholar, and dux of the class, which got a *drill* on their 'Homer' from Mr Nicol until the breakfast bell rang. During breakfast, Burns was playing off some sportive jests at his touchy *compagnon de voyage*, about some misunderstanding which took place between them at Fochabers, in consequence of Burns having visited the castle without him; and the good old doctor seemed much amused with the way the

poet chose to smooth down the yet lurking ire of the dominie. After breakfast, Dr Chapman sent me to the bookseller's shop for a new copy of the 'Antiquities and Scenery of the North of Scotland, by the Reverend Charles Cordiner, Minister of the English Chapel in Banff,' which he presented as a mark of his regard to Mr Nicol, and for a useful guide-book to the travellers in their progress. As they were to visit Duff House, the splendid mansion of the Earl of Fife, and drive through the park on their way south, after delivering the book to Mr Nicol I accompanied the two gentlemen from the town to the house, carrying a note to the steward there from my father, that they might see the interior of the house, the paintings, and valuable library. In driving through the park, Mr Nicol, while engaged in looking at the plates of the book, asked me whether I was aware that the gentleman who was speaking to me about the park was the author of the poems I had no doubt heard of. 'Yes,' I replied; 'Dr Chapman told me so when he asked me to breakfast.' 'Then have you read the poems?' 'Oh yes; I was glad to do that,' was my reply. 'Then which of them did you like best?' Nicol asked. I said 'I was much entertained with the Twa Dogs and Death and Dr Hornbook; but I like best by far the Cottar's Saturday Night, although it made me *greet* when my father had me to read it to my mother.'

Burns, with a sort of sudden start, looked in my face intently, and, patting my shoulder, said, 'Well, my callant, I don't wonder at your *greeting* at reading the poem; it made me *greet* more than once when I was writing it at my father's fireside.'

I recollect very well that while Mr Nicol loitered in the library, looking at the fine collection of old classics there, Burns, taking me with him for a guide, went a second time through some of the rooms to look at the old paintings, with the catalogue in his hand, and remarked particularly those of the Stuart family in the great drawing-room, on which he seemed to look with intense interest, making some remarks on them to his boy-guide, which the man fails to recollect. But the face and look of Robert Burns were such as, either boy or man, he never could forget. He may add, that he has never seen them so forcibly portrayed or brought so fully to his mind's eye, as by Flaxman's noble statue of the poet in the monument in Edinburgh, especially when viewed in a particular way."

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

M. TURGOT.

WHEN Mr Canning, in 1827, spoke in the House of Commons of M. Turgot, as "the model of a statesman," there was a general expression of surprise: scarcely any one remembered having ever before heard the name. It was nevertheless true that M. Turgot, comptroller-general of the finances of France in 1775, was one of the most enlightened and well-aiming statesmen who ever lived, and fully entitled to be held up as a model for that class of men. His administration lasted only twenty months; his views were appreciated in his own day only by an enlightened few; he also died early. These are probably the reasons why he is little known in England, and perhaps not much even in France. His history, however, is one which cannot be made known without general benefit. M. Turgot was not a reformer of the authoritative part of government, which few thought of touching in his day. He took the less questionable walk of an administrative reformer, in which capacity he never perhaps had his equal. His great mind had ascertained, almost for itself, the few simple fundamental principles on which national wealth, and the social happiness of states, depend; and these he applied, first to the concerns of a little district, and afterwards to those of the whole kingdom, with that success which right principles never fail to command. His whole life, indeed, is an exposition of the irresistible tendency of just philosophical maxims to the diminution of evil and the creation of good. Having happened lately to obtain a perusal of the biography of this excellent man, we were strongly impressed with the idea that an abridgement of it might be an acceptable present to our readers, as tending to give them just views on many points in political economy and arrangement. We have therefore applied ourselves to the task, not using the French original, which we have never seen, but an English translation published in 1787. The author of this work was the eminent but signally unfortunate Marquis of Condorcet.

M. Turgot was born at Paris, May 1727, in a respectable grade of society, his father, who was descended from a line of Norman noblesse, being for a long time at the head of the corporation of merchants. He received the best education which the country and age could afford. A little anecdote of his school days shows that the benevolence, governed by good sense and a regard to useful ends, for which his mature years were remarkable, was a principle implanted in his nature from the beginning. The little allowance of money which his parents made him when at school, repeatedly disappeared as soon as it had been received, without any one being able to guess the manner in which it had been employed. At last they discovered that he distributed it to some poor scholars, to enable them to purchase books. As the youngest of three sons, and in consideration of his studious, simple, and somewhat pensive character, he was designed for the church, and he actually proceeded so far in the proper

education for that profession as to be elected prior of the Sorbonne. But scruples respecting the propriety of making engagements and professions in which he might not be able to persevere, had already beset his mind, and he finally resolved to adopt a different course. At this time, though only about twenty-three years of age, he was not only a proficient in the belles lettres, but had studied the elements of every science, had made himself master of many, and had drawn out a list of a great number of works which he had planned, including poems, tragedies, philosophical romances, and extensive treatises on natural philosophy, history, geography, politics, ethics, metaphysics, and grammar. Such of the plans of these works as survived to fall into the hands of his biographer, discovered, we are told, "information the most various and extensive, and views the most novel and profound."

In the choice of a profession M. Turgot was governed by but one consideration—how shall I make myself most useful, with the least sacrifice of conscientious principle? He chose the law, and besought the appointment of a master of requests, which he soon obtained. For this office, which was simply that of a provincial judge under the government, he prepared himself by particular application to those parts of science which are most connected with its functions and duties; namely, the study of natural philosophy as far as it relates to agriculture and manufactures, to the subjects of merchandise, and the execution of public works; as also the principles of legislation, politics, executive government, and commerce. One anecdote respecting this early part of his career will show the high sense of justice by which he was animated. He was commissioned to examine the cause of a person employed in the office of the farmers-general; and conceiving the man to be guilty, and feeling the necessity of rigour in such a case, he put off the investigation from time to time. At length, after long delays, taking the case under his cognisance, he found, unexpectedly, that the defendant was innocent. Immediately he felt himself obliged to repair the injury which might have arisen from the delay. He inquired into the amount of the appointments, of which the party had been deprived during the pendency of the cause, and paid the exact sum, taking care to make it appear an act, not of generosity, but of justice.

M. Turgot contributed to the celebrated Encyclopédie the articles "Etymology," "Foundation," and some others; but when the work was prosecuted for its liberal opinions, he ceased to support it, not from any timidity in assertion of the right of free discussion, but because he saw that the writers of the work had become a sect or party, as much as those who prosecuted them. He conceived that sound views, which, published by an independent person, would attract respectful attention, are apt to lose all force when they come out under the sanction of a party, for then they are confounded with whatever is erroneous or unpopular in the professions of that party, and accordingly are rejected without examination.

The friendship of M. Gournai, a merchant, and intendant of commerce, proved of great advantage to M. Turgot. Experience and reflection had shown to Gournai the truth of principles at that time little known in the administration of commerce. In the words of Turgot's biographer—"Gournai had learned, or rather he had seen, that the laws prohibiting the importation of foreign commodities, and the exportation of domestic raw materials, though having for their pretext the encouragement of national industry, in effect deranged its natural course; that the protection afforded to any particular species of commerce, is prejudicial to commerce in general; that privileged monopolies, whether for buying, for selling, or for manufacturing, far from giving vigour to industry, in effect deranged its natural course; that the protection stifle it in all but privileged persons, and in them convert it into a spirit of intrigue. He went farther. He found that the regulations which are, or are pretended to be, formed, to prevent a scarcity of necessities, to fix them at a moderate price, insure their goodness, or the excellence of manufactures, at once diminish and render uncertain their quantity, enhance their price, and almost always reduce their quality." All these views were adopted by M. Turgot, and thenceforward were acted upon by him, as far as he was enabled to put them in force.

In 1761, the subject of our memoir was appointed Intendant of Limoges—an intendant being a provincial officer under the government, designed to execute its orders, and carry out all its views, within his own particular district. At this time, although no one dreamt of an improved government for France, there was a disposition towards an improved administration of that which really existed. It had become, as it were, fashionable to adopt and favour measures which appeared calculated to improve the condition of the mass of the people. "Turgot profited by these dispositions to give activity to the society of agriculture established at Limoges; to direct their efforts to important objects; to open a mode of instruction by public lectures to the female professors of midwifery who were scattered about the country; to procure for the people the attendance of able physicians in epidemic diseases; and to establish houses of industry, supported by charity, the only species of alms-giving which does not encourage idleness, and which affords at once relief to the poor and advantage to the public. He introduced at the same time into his province the cultivation of potatoes, a very valuable resource for

* Sir Walter's brother Thomas was married to a sister of Mr McCulloch.—F.N.

the poor. The people at first regarded this food with disdain, as beneath the dignity of the human species; and they were not reconciled to it till the intendant had caused it to be served at his own table, and to the first class of citizens, and had given it vogue among the fashionable and rich."

In due time, he extended his views to higher objects. The *taille*, or land-tax, had hitherto been levied in an oppressive manner, solely in consequence of the ignorance of administrators: Turgot made arrangements by which it was raised on correct principles, and consequently to the great relief of the parties concerned. His next object was the roads. These were formed and kept in repair according to a system called the *corrées*, the main feature of which was compulsory and unpaid labour exacted from the humbler classes. These persons having nothing but their wages to depend upon, were reduced to the greatest misery when forced for weeks at a time to labour at a distance from their homes, where their families were in the mean time left utterly destitute. M. Turgot proposed to those districts which bordered upon the principal roads, that they should execute the task imposed upon them, by means of hired labour, the cost of which was to be levied by a rate proportioned to the rate of the land-tax, an abatement being made in the latter corresponding to the amount they expended. The preservation of the roads was in like manner settled by smaller assessments. When about to introduce these reforms, M. Turgot found it necessary to take a step which must be regarded as strikingly illustrative of the condition of France at that time. He addressed minute explanations of the measure to the curates of the different parishes throughout his intendantcy, to be read by them to the people, who, he knew, would otherwise have regarded even the benefits he proposed to confer upon them with jealousy, having hitherto known their superiors only as oppressors. M. Turgot brought about some similar reforms in the militia, which had previously been nearly as oppressive to the people as the *corrées*.

During the administration of Turgot, Limousin experienced two successive years of scarcity. In his management on that occasion within a limited district, we see him acting upon the same great principles which he afterwards exemplified on a wider theatre. He was convinced that "unrestrained liberty, and protection to magazines and to the speculations of commerce, were the only means to prevent or repair the evil." To pursue the language of his biographer—"The scarcity of provisions, by raising their price, augments the interest which each proprietor has to carry them where the scarcity is greatest; while laws of police, forced sales, and regulations of price, only oppose barriers to this natural impulse, and deprive the public of this resource. Besides the evil they produce of themselves, they contribute to expose the trader to the vexations of petty officers, and to the violence of the populace, whose terror and disquietude are excited or kept up by the spectacle of a restless and turbulent legislation. They falsely impute the calamity to the dealers, who come to the public succour; because they regard them as the agents of government, or because they see them to be the objects of suspicion to the magistrates. They ascribe their distresses to their chiefs, because the conduct of those chiefs proclaims that they believe themselves to have the power of repairing it. M. Turgot knew likewise that these fatal precautions in times of scarcity have the more lasting, the more general, and the equally mischievous effect of preventing the establishment of a regular commerce in grain, and by that means rendering the subsistence of the people for ever precarious."

His only object therefore in this period of calamity was to give every extension in his power to the freedom of trade with respect to provisions. He took care not to discourage that trade, by supplying the wants of the people from any other source, and employed the powers of government for no other purpose than that of protecting that trade from the prejudices of the populace. He had accordingly the consolation to see this commerce, thus abandoned to itself, provide for the public subsistence, in spite of the obstacles which the situation of the province opposed to his operations.

But the freedom that was requisite was not yet complete. The custom of fixing the price of bread was established in the towns. M. Turgot perceived that the bakers, who possessed an exclusive privilege, and who were subject to this regulation, took advantage of it to raise the bread to a price beyond what it ought to bear, compared with that of corn. He suspended the exercise of their privilege, but allowed them the liberty of selling bread at any price they pleased. The price soon fell, and the country communities, even from the distance of five leagues, brought bread to the town, made under the auspices of liberty, and consequently sold at a cheaper rate."

These principles were in the present instance acted upon only on a small scale. Soon after, M. Turgot found an opportunity of explaining to the minister of finance that they were equally applicable to the whole kingdom; but the time had not arrived for their force being readily seen by statesmen. His anxiety that every one should have the free use of his property, was soon after exercised with regard to the laws restricting interest on money. It was criminal at this time in France to take more than five per cent.; yet to give and take more was so unavoidable from the existing condition of things, that the law was generally in a

state of dormancy. It was nevertheless occasionally called into activity at the instigation of debtors; the consequence of which was, that, being exposed to this additional danger, money-lenders heightened, instead of diminishing, the rate of interest. Nor was this all. A single prosecution by a fraudulent debtor was sufficient, by the terror it created, to suspend the commerce of a whole town, or even a province. In 1770, some bankrupts at Angoulême, in order to escape a just condemnation, formed a plan of charging their creditors with the crime of usury; a number of debtors, of no better principles, followed the example, and threatened to inform against their creditors, if they did not remit their demand of interest, and even in some cases a part of the principal. The mercantile affairs of the province were consequently thrown into a state of complete disorder; its trade seemed at a stand-still; the alarm reached other parts of the kingdom; and the king's ministry were obliged to consult the intendant of the province where it began. Turgot returned to them a report, which his biographer describes as "a complete treatise on loans." "The liberty of making loans upon what terms men please, is a natural consequence of the establishment of property; and a very moderate share of understanding is sufficient to discover, that though the lender may, by exacting too rigorous conditions, show himself to be wanting in humanity, yet he cannot be guilty of a violation either of law or justice, by exercising his natural right of disposing of his own property upon what terms he pleases. But although the question of right in this business is so exceedingly simple, the paper of M. Turgot is only on that account the more calculated to display his genius and his character. He did not think he could degrade himself by combating seriously opinions the most absurd, when he considered them as dangerous." * * He presents us in this treatise with an idea equally perspicuous and novel, respecting legal interest, which is not and cannot be any thing else than the average price of interest calculated, like that of any common commodity, upon actual observation. The business of law, therefore, is the same in both cases; that is, to fix a price only where it has not been and could not be fixed by particular contracts."

M. Turgot held his intendantcy for thirteen years, during which, notwithstanding the great attention he paid to the duties of his office, and the efforts he made to introduce beneficial reforms, he never resigned his early habits of study. Towards the end of this period he composed a work on the "Formation of Wealth"—usually considered as the germ of Dr Smith's celebrated treatise on the Wealth of Nations—and also one upon Mines and Quarries, both being remarkable for the clearness with which the matters concerned are brought into relation to a few simple principles. The time was now arrived when Turgot was to bring his enlightened views into a wider field of operation. But our present paper is already of sufficient length, and the future history of this illustrious person must be reserved for another, which will speedily appear.

THE ABENCERRAGE,

A SPANISH TALE, BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

[From the Knickerbocker for June 1839.]

On the summit of a craggy hill, a spur of the mountains of Ronda, stands the castle of Allora, now a mere ruin, infested by bats and owlets, but in old times one of the strong border holds of the Christians, to keep watch upon the frontiers of the warlike kingdom of Granada, and to hold the Moors in check. It was a post always confided to some well-tried commander; and, at the time of which we treat, was held by Rodrigo de Narvaez, a veteran, famed, both among Moors and Christians, not only for his hardy feats of arms, but also for that magnanimous courtesy which should ever be entwined with the sterner virtues of the soldier.

The castle of Allora was a mere part of his command; he was Alcayde, or military governor, of Antiquera, but he passed most of his time at this frontier post, because its situation on the borders gave more frequent opportunity for those adventurous exploits which were the delight of the Spanish chivalry. His garrison consisted of fifty chosen cavaliers, all well mounted and well appointed: with these he kept vigilant watch upon the Moslems; patrolling the roads, and paths, and defiles, of the mountains, so that nothing could escape his eye; and now and then signalling himself by some dashing foray into the very Vega of Granada.

On a fair and beautiful night in summer, when the freshness of the evening breeze had tempered the heat of day, the worthy Alcayde sallied forth, with nine of his cavaliers, to patrol the neighbourhood, and seek adventures. They rode quietly and cautiously, lest they should be overheard by Moorish scout or traveller; and kept along ravines and hollow ways, lest they should be betrayed by the glittering of the full moon upon their armour. Coming to where the road divided, the Alcayde directed five of his cavaliers to take one of the branches, while he, with the remaining four, would take the other. Should either party be in danger, the blast of a horn was to be the signal to bring their comrades to their aid.

The party of five had not proceeded far, when, in passing through a defile overhung with trees, they heard the voice of a man singing. They immediately concealed themselves in a grove, on the brow of a declivity, up which the stranger would have to ascend.

The moonlight, which left the grove in deep shadow, lit up the whole person of the wayfarer as he advanced, and enabled them to distinguish his dress and appearance with perfect accuracy. He was a Moorish cavalier, and his noble demeanour, graceful carriage, and splendid attire, showed him to be of lofty rank. He was superbly mounted on a dapple-grey steed, of powerful frame and generous spirit, and magnificently caparisoned. His dress was a mariota or tunic, and an Albernoz of crimson damask, fringed with gold. His Tunisian turban, of many folds, was of silk and cotton striped, and bordered with golden fringe. At his girdle hung a scimitar of Damascus steel, with loops and tassels of silk and gold. On his left arm he bore an ample target, and his right hand grasped a long double-pointed lance. Thus equipped, he sat negligently on his steed, as one who dreamed of no danger, gazing on the moon, and singing, with a sweet and manly voice, a Moorish love ditty.

Just opposite the place where the Spanish cavaliers were concealed, was a small fountain in the rock, beside the road, to which the horse turned to drink; the rider throwing the reins on his neck, continued his song.

The Spanish cavaliers conferred together; they were all so pleased with the gallant and gentle appearance of the Moor, that they resolved not to harm, but to capture him, which, in his negligent mood, promised to be an easy task; rushing, therefore, from their concealment, they thought to surround and seize him. Never were men more mistaken. To gather up his reins, wheel round his steed, brace his buckler, and couch his lance, was the work of an instant, and there he sat, fixed like a castle in his saddle, beside the fountain.

The Christian cavaliers checked their steeds, and reconnoitred him warily, loth to come to an encounter, which must end in his destruction.

The Moor now held a parley: "If you be true knights," said he, "and seek for honourable fame, come on, singly, and I am ready to meet each in succession; but if you be mere lurkers of the road, intent on spoil, come all at once, and do your worst!"

The cavaliers communed for a moment apart, when one, advancing singly, exclaimed: "Although no law of chivalry obliges us to risk the loss of a prize, when clearly in our power, yet we willingly grant, as a courtesy, what we might refuse as a right. Valiant Moor! defend thyself!"

So saying, he wheeled, took proper distance, couched his lance, and putting spurs to his horse, made at the stranger. The latter met him in mid career, transpierced him with his lance, and threw him headlong from his saddle. A second and a third succeeded, but were unhorsed with equal facility, and thrown to the earth, severely wounded. The remaining two, seeing their comrades thus roughly treated, forgot all compact of courtesy, and charged both at once upon the Moor. He parried the thrust of one, but was wounded by the other in the thigh, and, in the shock and confusion, dropped his lance. Thus disarmed, and closely pressed, he pretended to fly, and was hotly pursued. Having drawn the two cavaliers some distance from the spot, he suddenly wheeled short about, with one of those dexterous movements for which the Moorish horsemen were renowned; passed swiftly between them, swung himself down from his saddle, so as to catch up his lance, then, lightly replacing himself, turned to renew the combat.

Seeing him thus fresh for the encounter, as if just issued from his tent, one of the cavaliers put his lips to his horn, and blew a blast, that soon brought the Alcayde and his four companions to the spot.

The valiant Narvaez, seeing three of his cavaliers extended on the earth, and two others hotly engaged with the Moor, was struck with admiration, and coveted a contest with so accomplished a warrior. Interfering in the fight, he called upon his followers to desist, and addressing the Moor, with courteous words invited him to a more equal combat. The latter readily accepted the challenge. For some time their contest was fierce and doubtful, and the Alcayde had need of all his skill and strength to ward off the blows of his antagonist. The Moor, however, was exhausted by previous fighting, and by loss of blood. He no longer sat his horse firmly, nor managed him with his wonted skill. Collecting all his strength for a last assault, he rose in his stirrups, and made a violent thrust with his lance; the Alcayde received it upon his shield, and at the same time wounded the Moor in the right arm; then closing, in the shock he grasped him in his arms, dragged him from his saddle, and fell with him to the earth: when putting his knee upon his breast, and his dagger to his throat, "Cavalier," exclaimed he, "render thyself my prisoner, for thy life is in my hands!"

"Kill me, rather," replied the Moor, "for death would be less grievous than loss of liberty."

The Alcayde, however, with the clemency of the truly brave, assisted the Moor to rise, ministered to his wounds with his own hands, and had him conveyed with great care to the castle of Allora. His wounds were slight, and in a few days were nearly cured; but the deepest wound had been inflicted on his spirit. He was constantly buried in a profound melancholy.

The Alcayde, who had conceived a great regard for him, treated him more as a friend than a captive, and tried in every way to cheer him, but in vain; he was always sad and moody, and, when on the battlements of the castle, would keep his eyes turned to the south, with a fixed and wistful gaze.

"How is this," exclaimed the Alcayde, reproachfully, "that you, who were so hardy and fearless in the field, should lose all spirit in prison? If any secret grief preys on your heart, confide it to me, as to a friend, and I promise you, on the faith of a cavalier, that you shall have no cause to repent the disclosure."

The Moorish knight kissed the hand of the Alcayde. "Noble cavalier," said he, "that I am cast down in spirit, is not from my wounds, which are slight, nor from my captivity, for your kindness has robbed it of all gloom; nor from my defeat, for to be conquered by so accomplished and renowned a cavalier, is no disgrace. But to explain to you the cause of my grief, it is necessary to give you some particulars of my story; and this I am moved to do, by the great sympathy you have manifested towards me, and the magnanimity that shines through all your actions."

Know, then, that my name is Abendarez, and that I am of the noble but unfortunate line of the Abencerrages of Granada. You have doubtless heard of the destruction that fell upon our race. Charged with treasonable designs, of which they were entirely innocent, many of them were beheaded, the rest banished; so that not an Abencerrage was permitted to remain in Granada, excepting my father and my uncle, whose innocence was proved, even to the satisfaction of their persecutors. It was decreed, however, that, should they have children, the sons should be educated at a distance from Granada, and the daughters should be married out of the kingdom.

Conformably to this decree, I was sent, while yet an infant, to be reared in the fortress of Cartama, the worthy Alcayde of which was an ancient friend of my father. He had no children, and received me into his family as his own child, treating me with the kindness and affection of a father; and I grew up in the belief that he really was such. A few years afterwards, his wife gave birth to a daughter, but his tenderness towards me continued undiminished. I thus grew up with Xarisa, for so the infant daughter of the Alcayde was called, as her own brother, and thought the growing passion which I felt for her was mere fraternal affection. I beheld her charms unfolding, as it were, leaf by leaf, like the morning rose, each moment disclosing fresh beauty and sweetness.

At this period I overheard a conversation between the Alcayde and his confidential domestic, and found myself to be the subject. "It is time," said he, "to apprise him of his parentage, that he may adopt a career in life. I have deferred the communication as long as possible, through reluctance to inform him that he is of a proscribed and an unlucky race."

This intelligence would have overwhelmed me at an earlier period, but the intimation that Xarisa was not my sister, operated like magic, and in an instant transformed my brotherly affection into ardent love.

I sought Xarisa, to impart to her the secret I had learned. I found her in the garden, in a bower of jessamines, arranging her beautiful hair by the mirror of a crystal fountain. The radiance of her beauty dazzled me. I ran to her with open arms, and she received me with a sister's embraces. When we had seated ourselves beside the fountain, she began to upbraid me for leaving her so long alone.

In reply, I informed her of the conversation I had overheard. The recital shocked and distressed her. "Alas!" cried she, "then is our happiness at an end!"

"How!" exclaimed I; "wilt thou cease to love me, because I am not thy brother?" "Not so," replied she; "but do you not know that when it is once known we are not brother and sister, we can no longer be permitted to be thus always together?"

In fact, from that moment our intercourse took a new character. We met often at the fountain among the jessamines, but Xarisa no longer advanced with open arms to meet me. She became reserved and silent, and would blush, and cast down her eyes, when I seated myself beside her. My heart became a prey to the thousand doubts and fears that ever attend upon true love. I was restless and uneasy, and looked back with regret to the unreserved intercourse that had existed between us, when we supposed ourselves brother and sister; yet I would not have had the relationship true for the world.

While matters were in this state between us, an order came from the king of Granada for the Alcayde to take command of the fortress of Coyn, which lies directly on the Christian frontier. He prepared to remove, with all his family, but signified that I should remain at Cartama. I exclaimed against the separation, and declared that I could not be parted from Xarisa. "That is the very cause," said he, "why I leave thee behind. It is time, Abendarez, that thou shouldst know the secret of thy birth; that thou art no son of mine, neither is Xarisa thy sister." "I know it all," exclaimed I, "and I love her with tenfold the affection of a brother. You have brought us up together; you have made us necessary to each other's happiness; our hearts have entwined themselves with our growth; do not now tear them asunder. Fill up the measure of your kindness; be indeed a father to me, by giving me Xarisa for my wife."

The brow of the Alcayde darkened as I spoke. "Have I then been deceived?" said he. "Have those nurtured in my very bosom, been conspiring against me? Is this your return for my paternal tenderness!—to beguile the affections of my child, and teach her to deceive her father? It was cause enough to refuse thee the hand of my daughter, that thou wert of a proscribed race, who can never approach the walls of Granada; this, however, I might have passed over; but never will I give my daughter to a man who has endeavoured to win her from me by deception."

All my attempts to vindicate myself and Xarisa were unavailing. I retired in anguish from his presence, and seeking Xarisa, told her of this blow, which was worse than death to me. "Xarisa," said I, "we part for ever! I shall never see thee more! Thy father will guard thee rigidly. Thy beauty and his wealth will soon attract some happier rival, and I shall be forgotten!"

Xarisa reproached me with my want of faith, and premised me eternal constancy. I still doubted and desponded, until, moved by my anguish and despair, she agreed to a secret union. Our espousals made, we parted, with a promise on her part to send me word from Coyn, should her father absent himself from the fortress. The very day after our secret nuptials, I beheld the whole train of the Alcayde depart from Cartama, nor would he admit me to his presence, or permit me to bid farewell to Xarisa. I remained at Cartama, somewhat pacified in spirit by this secret bond of union; but every thing around me fed my passion, and reminded me of Xarisa. I saw the windows at which I had so often beheld her. I wandered through the apartment she had inhabited, the chamber in which she had slept. I visited the bower of jessamines, and lingered beside the fountain in which she had delighted. Every thing recalled her to my imagination, and filled my heart with tender melancholy.

At length a confidential servant brought me word that her father was to depart that day for Granada, on a short absence, inviting me to hasten to Coyn, describing a secret portal at which I should apply, and the signal by which I would obtain admittance.

If ever you have loved, most valiant Alcayde, you may judge of the transport of my bosom. That very night I arrayed myself in my most gallant attire, to pay due honour to my bride; and arming myself against any casual attack, issued forth privately from Cartama. You know the rest, and by what sad fortune of war I found myself, instead of a happy bridegroom, in the nuptial bower of Coyn, vanquished, wounded, and a prisoner within the walls of Allora. The term of absence of the father of Xarisa is nearly expired. Within three days he will return to Coyn, and our meeting will no longer be possible. Judge, then, whether I grieve without cause, and whether I may not well be excused for showing impatience under confinement."

Don Rodrigo de Narvaez was greatly moved by this recital; for, though more used to rugged war than scenes of amorous softness, he was of a kind and generous nature.

"Abendarez," said he, "I did not seek thy confidence to gratify an idle curiosity. It grieves me much that the good fortune which delivered thee into my hands should have marred so fair an enterprise. Give me thy faith, as a true knight, to return prisoner to my castle within three days, and I will grant thee permission to accomplish thy nuptials."

The Abencerrage would have thrown himself at his feet to pour out protestations of eternal gratitude, but the Alcayde prevented him. Calling in his cavaliers, he took the Abencerrage by the right hand in their presence, exclaiming solemnly, "You promise, on the faith of a cavalier, to return to my castle of Allora within three days, and render yourself my prisoner?" and the Abencerrage said, "I promise."

"Then," said the Alcayde, "go! and may good fortune attend you. If you require any safeguard, I and my cavaliers are ready to be your companions."

The Abencerrage kissed the hand of the Alcayde in grateful acknowledgment. "Give me," said he, "my own armour and my steed, and I require no guard. It is not likely that I shall again meet with so valorous a foe."

The shades of night had fallen when the tramp of the dapple-grey steed resounded over the drawbridge, and immediately afterwards the light clatter of hoofs along the road bespoke the fleetness with which the youthful lover hastened to his bride. It was deep night when the Moor arrived at the castle of Coyn. He silently and cautiously walked his panting steed under its dark walls, and having nearly passed round them, came to the portal denoted by Xarisa. He paused, and looked round to see that he was not observed, and then knocked three times with the butt of his lance. In a little while the portal was timidly unclosed by the duenna of Xarisa. "Alas! senor," said she, "what has detained you thus long? Every night have I watched for you; and my lady is sick at heart with doubt and anxiety."

The Abencerrage hung his lance and shield and scimitar against the wall, and then followed the duenna, with silent steps, up a winding staircase, to the apartment of Xarisa. Vain would be the attempt to describe the raptures of that meeting. Time flew too swiftly, and the Abencerrage had nearly forgotten, until too late, his promise to return a prisoner to the Alcayde of Allora. The recollection of it came to him with a pang, and suddenly awoke him from his dream of bliss. Xarisa saw his altered looks, and heard with alarm his stifled sighs; but her countenance brightened when she heard the cause. "Let not thy spirit be cast down," said she, throwing her white arms around him; "I have the keys of my father's treasures; send ransom more than enough to satisfy the Christian, and remain with me."

"No," said Abendarez; "I have given my word to return in person, and, like a true knight, must fulfil my promise. After that, fortune must do with me as it pleases."

"Then," said Xarisa, "I will accompany thee. Never shall you return a prisoner, and I remain at liberty."

The Abencerrage was transported with joy at this new proof of devotion in his beautiful bride. All preparations were speedily made for their departure. Xarisa mounted behind the Moor, on his powerful steed; they left the castle walls before daybreak, nor did they pause until they arrived at the gate of the castle of Allora, which was flung wide to receive them.

Alighting in the court, the Abencerrage supported the steps of his trembling bride, who remained closely veiled, into the presence of Rodrigo de Narvaez. "Behold, valiant Alcayde!" said he, "the way in which an Abencerrage keeps his word. I promised to return to thee a

prisoner, but I deliver two captives into your power. Behold Xarisa, and judge whether I grieved without reason over the loss of such a treasure. Receive us as your own, for I confide my life and her honour to your hands."

The Alcayde was lost in admiration of the beauty of the lady, and the noble spirit of the Moor. "I know not," said he, "which of you surpasses the other; but I know that my castle is graced and honoured by your presence. Enter into it, and consider it your own, while you deign to reside with me."

For several days the lovers remained at Allora, happy in each other's love, and in the friendship of the brave Alcayde. The latter wrote a letter, full of courtesy, to the Moorish king of Granada, relating the whole event, extolling the valour and good faith of the Abencerrage, and craving for him the royal countenance.

The king was moved by the story, and was pleased with an opportunity of shewing attention to the wishes of a gallant and olivaceous enemy; for though he had often suffered from the prowess of Don Rodrigo de Narvaez, he admired the heroic character he had gained throughout the land. Calling the Alcayde of Coyn into his presence, he gave him the letter to read. The Alcayde turned pale, and trembled with rage on the perusal. "Restrain thine anger," said the king; "there is nothing that the Alcayde of Allora could ask, that I would not grant, if in my power. Go thou to Allora; pardon thy children; take them to thy home. I receive this Abencerrage into my favour, and it will be my delight to heap benefits upon you all."

The kindling ire of the Alcayde was suddenly appeased. He hastened to Allora, and folded his children to his bosom, who would have fallen at his feet. The gallant Rodrigo de Narvaez gave liberty to his prisoner without ransom, demanding merely a promise of his friendship. He accompanied the youthful couple and their father to Coyn, where their nuptials were celebrated with great rejoicings. When the festivities were over, Don Rodrigo de Narvaez returned to his fortress of Allora.

After his departure, the Alcayde of Coyn addressed his children: "To your hands," said he, "I confide the disposition of my wealth. One of the first things I charge you, is not to forget the ransom you owe to the Alcayde of Allora. His magnanimity you can never repay, but you can prevent it from wronging him of his just dues. Give him, moreover, your entire friendship, for he merits it fully, though of a different faith."

The Abencerrage thanked him for his generous proposition, which so truly accorded with his own wishes. He took a large sum of gold, and enclosed it in a rich coffer; and on his own part sent six beautiful horses, superbly caparisoned, with six shields and lances, mounted and embossed with gold. The beautiful Xarisa, at the same time, wrote a letter to the Alcayde, filled with expressions of gratitude and friendship, and sent him a box of fragrant cypress wood, containing linen, of the finest quality, for his person. The valiant Alcayde disposed of the present in a characteristic manner. The horses and armour he shared among the cavaliers who had accompanied him on the night of the skirmish. The box of cypress wood and its contents he retained, for the sake of the beautiful Xarisa; and sent her, by the hands of the messenger, the sum of gold paid as a ransom, entreating her to receive it as a wedding present. This courtesy and magnanimity raised the character of the Alcayde Rodrigo de Narvaez still higher in the estimation of the Moors, who extolled him as a perfect mirror of chivalric virtue; and from that time forward there was a continual exchange of good offices between them.

GRAVE LITERATURE.

LONDON, as is perhaps known to some of our readers, is now furnished with at least two extensive out-of-town cemeteries, one in the north and the other in the south-western part of the environs; they are the property of joint-stock companies, and should, we think, "if properly supported," relieve the metropolis of some part of that pressure of mortality which Mr Walker has lately been so pathetically bewailing. As mercantile concerns, these cemeteries are of course managed with that business-like nicety which governs all such things in the great city. They have each a handbill, in which all desirable particulars are given, both as to accommodation and pecuniary charges. The odd association of commercial and sepulchral ideas thus produced has given occasion to an amusing commentary on the bill of the "North London Kentish Town and Highgate Cemetery Company," in a late number of *The European*, a new weekly journal of British and Continental literature, which has already been quoted in these pages. The following is a part of this whimsical paper:—

"This singular piece of Cemeterial literature teems with passages of the most captivating kind. It tells us of 'Public Vaults' where the 'adult' dead may rest sociably and orientally ('in the Eastern') at an eternity price of six guineas, and centrally ('in the Centre') at that of ten; and the infant departed at the respective rates of five pounds twelve shillings and six pounds six: of 'Terrace Catacombs,' where 'Private Vaults,' capable of from one to one score confined inhabitants, may be had, by family folk, at prices humble as fourteen, and ambitious as one hundred and ninety-nine pounds sterling: of 'Cedar of Lebanon Circle Catacombs,' and 'Egyptian Avenue Catacombs,' where 'Private Tombs' are to be appropriated by those disposed to everlasting loneliness for the very moderate consideration, more or less, of a twenty-pound note: of the 'Open Ground,' where 'Family Vaults,' 'Pecu

liar Vaults," "Peculiar Brick Graves and Flat Stones," and "Private Graves, seven feet deep," in brickwork cemented, and brickwork mortared, are to be purchased at cash-prices of all sorts, according to length, breadth, depth, finish, and number: of "Common Interments," which the unambitious "adult" may enjoy for one pound five, and the adult in embryo for seventeen shillings! But beware of being "embowelled" in the "mother earth" of Highgate Cemetery "before three o'clock P.M.," or "after sunset;" it will cost you, else, an additional seven shillings and sixpence. Funeral officials are asleep, or busy, betimes in the morning, and after "sundown" they catch cold. If there be a keen north-easter astir, you may have the "use of a large Weather-Screen" for the small charge of half a sovereign and one sixpence. If you want "extra ground," "beyond the size" of your vault or your grave, or are desirous of revelling in the "Privilege of placing a Head and Foot Stone to a Grave" (our quotations are exact—italics, capitals, and all!) you must see after the vampire "powers that be" and with them mutually sign, seal, and deliver, "a Special Agreement." In a line of very small letters you are told that

"Flat Stones are Better and Cheaper—"

and immediately after, in larger type, that for the "Privilege of putting a Flat Stone to a Grave" you must cash up seven shillings! If you desire to have a "Copper-cramp'd" Monumental Tablet stuck against the wall—mind, a copper-cramp'd one—it will cost you a dozen shillings "per foot;" you will, therefore, do well not to employ a very voluminous poet for your epitaph. There is the item—"Hanging the Chapel and Gallery with Black Cloth;" but no price is appended to it, which leaves it an *ad-libitum* affair with the Directors, and should be approached with caution by those dying in the pleasures of but a limited income. If you want your grave to be "maintained," you may have it fed at the rate of a three-and-sixpenny expenditure "per annum," or for four guineas "in perpetuity;" but if you wish its food to be delicate and romantic—"flowers," in short—you will not be able to achieve the epicurianism under an additional four shillings yearly, or an extra three guineas on the "perpetuity" point. If you be of the profane, and prefer an "unconsecrated" ceremonial, "the Company" kindly pledge themselves to "provide" you with "a Dissenting Minister, if required." If you entertain any special craving, arising from some unaccountable idiosyncrasy, of eternally reposing in lead, a "Vault" or a "Catacomb" must be your place of permanent residence; because in "Common Graves" Wooden coffins "only are used"—an evidence of foresight most remarkable in men who are for ever witnessing the blank and black results of the past and the present. The "common graves" are designed for generation upon generation. Wood decays as kindly almost as the flesh of "us sinners." Lead is *quasi*-perdurable. The conclusion is self-evident. If you have any fear of being posthumously pilfered, the "Company" assures you that "armed retired soldiers, approved by the Horse-Guards (!) guard daily the Cemetery," and that at night you have the additional security of "Dogs"—of the identical breed, perhaps, which hunted down the rebel slaves of Jamaica, and of which the human sympathies must, consequently, be inherited, and to manhood most comfortable.

But it is not for the dead alone that the "Company" shows its concern. The living *pay* for the dead, and for themselves. To say nothing of the friendly information as to "distances," how to avoid "hills," and of the precise minutes at which "Kentish Town" and "Holloway" Omnibuses depart from the regions of life towards those of death, which the Directorial Circular contains, it tells us, in the divinest Christian spirit of a sympathising mortality, that "the use of a large secluded Room, opening into a Private Gallery of the Chapel during the Funeral Service," is "reserved for infirm Mourners and Invalids," who may feel "unequal to the fatigue and excitement of a long Funeral procession to the Cemetery;" or, "for Ladies or Friends wishing to attend the Funeral service only in the Chapel, without joining any procession"—and all this for the mere *masquerade*-price of a guinea! The sense of charity which this last-mentioned instance of the Company's benevolence fills us with, is overpowering. The "grave" is no longer "cruel;" seraphic clouds veil the "Skeleton;" the Sexton's spade becomes an enchanter's wand; and the coffin a roseate bower of poetic immortality!

We have done. The Highgate Cemetery and its "literature" have but made us more in love with the pleasant grave of the "Country Churchyard." Better, far better, to be warmly "tucked up" in the earth, with the sweet flowers and "the glory of the grass" springing and breathing incense, and the merry birds singing above us, than to be caged and denned in vaulted "catacombs"—dark, damp, and silent; where the voice and the smile of nature never comes, and nothing ever audibly or visibly speaks to us of life that dies not and joy which endures for ever.

TRUE WISDOM.

Though sometimes small evils, like invisible insects, inflict pain, and a single hair may stop a vast machine, yet the chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great ones, alas! are let on long leases.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

LABOUR NOT HOSTILE TO MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

Are labour and self-culture irreconcilable to each other? In the first place, we have seen that a man in the midst of labour may and ought to give himself to the most important improvements, that he may cultivate his sense of justice, his benevolence, and the desire of perfection. Toil is the school for these high principles; and we have here a strong presumption, that in other respects it does not necessarily blight the soul. Next, we have seen that the most fruitful sources of truth and wisdom are not books, precious as they are, but experience and observation; and these belong to all conditions. It is another important consideration, that almost all labour demands intellectual activity, and is best carried on by those who invigorate their minds; so that the two interests, toil and self-culture, are friends to each other. It is mind, after all, which does the work of the world; so that the more there is of mind, the more work will be accomplished. A man, in proportion as he is intelligent, makes a given force accomplish a greater task, makes skill take the place of muscles, and, with less labour, gives a better product. Make men intelligent, and they become inventive; they find shorter processes. Their knowledge of nature helps them to turn its laws to account, to understand the substances on which they work, and to seize on useful hints, which experience continually furnishes. It is among workmen that some of the most useful machines have been contrived. Spread education, and, as the history of this country shows, there will be no bounds to useful inventions.—*Dr Channing's Pamphlet on Self-Culture.*

LIEUTENANT LUFF.

All you that are too fond of wine,
Or any other stuff,
Take warning by the dismal fate
Of one Lieutenant Luff.
A sober man he might have been
Except in one regard—
He did not like soft water,
So he took to drinking hard.
Said he, let others fancy slops,
And talk in praise of tea,
But I am no Bohemian,
So do not like Bohemia;
If wine's a poison, so is tea,
Though in another shape;
What matter whether one is killed
By canister or grape?
According to this kind of taste
Did he indulge his drouth,
And being fond of port, he made
A port-hole of his mouth!
A single pint he might have slipped,
And not been out of sorts;
In geologic phrase, the rock
He split upon was quartz!
To "hold the mirror up to vice"
With him was hard, alas!
The worse for wine he often was,
But not "before a glass!"
No kind and prudent friend he had
To bid him drink no more:
The only *chequers* in his course
Were at a tavern door!
Full soon the sad effects of this
His frame began to show,
For that old enemy the gout
Had taken him in tow!
And joined with this an evil came
Of quite another sort.
For while he drank, himself, his purse
Was getting "something short."
For want of cash he soon had pawned
One-half that he possessed;
And drinking showed him *duplicates*
Beforehand of the rest.
So now his creditors resolved
To seize on his assets,
For why, they found that his *half-pay*
Did not *half pay* his debts.
But Luff contrived a novel mode
His creditors to chouse,
For his own execution he
Put into his own house!
A pistol, to the muzzle charged,
He took devoid of fear,
Said he, "This barrel is my last,
So now for my last beer."
Against his lungs he aimed the slugs,
And not against his brain;
So he blew out his lights, and none
Could blow them in again!
A jury for a verdict met,
And gave it in these terms:
"We find as how as certain *slugs*
Has sent him to the worms."

—*Hood's Comic Annual, 1830.*

PRIVATE FORTUNES OF SOME OF THE GREAT PERSONAGES OF ANCIENT TIMES.

CÆSAR possessed in landed property a fortune equal to £1,700,000, besides a large sum of money, slaves, and furniture, which amounted to an equal sum; he used to say, that a citizen who had not a fortune sufficient to support an army or a legion, did not deserve the title of a rich man. The philosopher Seneca had a fortune of £2,500,000. Lentulus, the soothsayer, had £3,500,000. Tiberius, at his death, left £23,625,000, which Caligula spent in less than twelve months. Vespasian, on ascending the throne, estimated all the expenses of the state at £3,500,000. The debts of Milon amounted to £600,000. Cæsar, before he entered upon any office, owed £2,995,000; he purchased the friendship of Curio for £500,000, and that of Lucius Papius for £300,000. At the time of the assassination of Julius Cæsar, Anthony was in debt to the amount of £300,000; he owed this sum in the Ides of March, and it was paid before the Kalends of April; he squandered £147,000,000 of the public treasures. Appicus expended in debauchery £500,000; and finding, on examination of the state of his affairs, that he had no more than £60,000 left, he poisoned himself, because he considered that sum insufficient for his maintenance. Julius Cæsar gave Servilla, the mother of Brutus, a pearl of the value of £40,000. Cleopatra, at an entertainment,

gave to Anthony, dissolved in vinegar, who swallowed it, a pearl worth £80,000. Claudius, the son of Esopus, the comedian, swallowed one worth £8000. One single dish cost Esopus £80,000. Caligula spent for one supper £80,000, and Heliogabalus £20,000. The usual cost of a repast for Lucullus was £20,000. Misalla gave £40,000 for the house of Anthony. The fish from Lucullus's fish ponds were sold for £35,000. Scarus's country-house was destroyed by fire, and his loss was estimated at £850,000. Otho, to finish a part of Nero's palace, spent £487,500.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

AN INFORMER'S LETTER TO A FRIEND.

London, May —, 1835.—DEER TOM, This kums opin you are Well as it leaves Us at present. We are kum to town from a most delicious trip to Cheltenham: can't say much for the Waters, and the brandy had the Hinn, the — was not the best as you and me ave had on the costs of Sussecks. However, thank God! things is turned up well on the Ole; i did the post-shayse touch agin primely. We tooke babby with us to give things a colour, my missus looked as delicate as she coude, and, as luck wolde ave it, babby warnt very well. The Landlord thoughte me hinnocent as Milke, and so missus and me and gal lived like fitin cocks, and evry day, the old oman and childe and gal goes out in a po-shayse for, as i sayde, a hairing. Well, the two fust days the landlord gives the poste ticket, and I begun to thinke him two downe for Cannibal; howsemever, as he founde out that the chay never went as far as the turnpike, and that missus and babby only wanted a short hairing, he drops the ticket, and then, "Now I has him," says I, "downe as a ammer!" How we did putt bye the Shampayne that day a dinner. Well, tom, so we lives for aboutt six weeks, and God be praist for it, the hair did us alle a morte o' good; but now the fun's cumin. Six Weeks bein gone, the landlord walks up one day at breakfast, and says, rubbin his ands, hand smilin like a streete door nocker, "My little bill, Sir," says he, "if quite konvenient." "To be sure," says I, brakin a hegg and a winkin at him, "two be sure—the bill." "ear it is, Sir," says he, i looks at it, and it mayde my hart beet for joy, it was sich a long un. "Wery eye prices ear," says i, lookin at the bill. "it's a eye hinn," says the landlord, tryin to kum grand; wherehupon i gets up, and givein him an office look, i says, says i, "mr landlord, do you love your kuntrey?" "i hope i do," says he. "Then," says i, "if you ave the buzum of a Patryot, how dare you think to rob and swindle his most greysus mageste, God bless him?" "what do you meene?" says the landlord, turnin pailer than his nekkloth—"what do you meene?" "where's them tickets, the po-chayse, the dooty, eh?" and i looks at him terrible. "It was alle a mistake, sir," says he—"can't help it," says i, "the Xize prospers on mistakes." "i trust, sir," says boniface, "i'm dealin with a gen'l-man," and then he looks verry dowtful. "you are," says i, "but the hinstytewshuns of the kuntrey must be supported: what's to be kum of the krown, and the establiht Church, and tryal by Joory, and abeas korpuss, if there's no patryotism—if men shirk the Xize?" then he begins to knowe his customer, and says, "well, sir, you wont be ard with me?" "God forbid," says i, "so i tell you what, old fellar, write me a reecat for this sixty pound, and, to make it all smoth, and us over a bit o' rag for twenty, to take us to lundun to our peacefull home." oh! tom, you should ave seen how he jump! and swore so, missus and babbye was forced to leave the roome. "well," says i, at last, "it's no matter," and i makes a fumblin in my pocket as if i was goin to take out my pus, "you know the penaltys," says i—and they was swingin, for we had the po-chayse often three times a-day—"you know the penaltys?" i repeats, when he says nothin, but takin out his pocket-book, black in the face, raps me out. a twenty, rites a reecyte, abooses me when he's on the staycrease for a willainly informer; when, not chusin to be insulted in our owne hinn, we packt up our trapps and started for towne. i made two pounds out of a farmer on the roade: i askt him for a lifte in his cart, made him tak a shillin, and then frighten him with information for carryin passengers in a untaxt weicle—yours, deer tom, till deth, EBENEZER CANNIBAL.

P. S. Mugs, the landlord of the Feythurs, rides rusty, and is slo with the hush-money; i'm told he hadde a dance and two fiddlers on Friday—and in Lent, two—in his backe parlour. This must be seed into.—*Heads of the People.*

GRAHAM OF CLAYHOUSE.

This singular person united the seemingly inconsistent qualities of courage and cruelty, a disinterested and devoted loyalty to his prince, with a disregard of the rights of his fellow-subjects. He was the unscrupulous agent of the Scottish privy council in executing the merciless severities of the government in Scotland during the reigns of Charles II. and James II.; but he redeemed his character by the zeal with which he asserted the cause of the latter monarch after the revolution, the military skill with which he supported it at the battle of Killiecrankie, and by his own death in the arms of victory. It is said by tradition that he was very desirous to see, and be introduced to, a certain Lady Elphinstoun, who had reached the advanced age of one hundred years and upwards. The noble matron, being a staunch Whig, was rather unwilling to receive Claverhouse (as he was called from his title), but at length consented. After the usual compliments, the officer observed to the lady, that having lived so much beyond the usual term of humanity, she must in her time have seen many strange changes. "Hout na, sir," said Lady Elphinstoun, "the world is just to end with me as it began. When I was entering life, there was ane Knox deaving us a' with his *clavers*; and now I am gangin out, there is ane Claverhouse deaving us a' with his *knocks*." *Clavers* signifying, in common parlance, idle chat, the double pun does credit to the ingenuity of a lady of a hundred years old.—*Waverley Novels, new edition.*

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ENGLISH INGENUITY AND ENTERPRISE IN A NEW POINT OF VIEW.

WE have often thought that British ingenuity and British enterprise are in nothing shown more conspicuously than in the advertising columns of our newspapers, and the similar sheets slipped under the covers of our magazines and reviews. There, if you give any attention to the matter, you see various mechanists, traders, and others, incessantly lifting up their voices before a we-fear-far-too-negligent public, in the hope of making the said public acquainted, as far as can be done "within the limits of an advertisement," with scores of ingenious inventions for human comfort and convenience, for the supply of natural defects, and the cure of natural ailments, or, what is of not less consequence, with places where clothes and other necessities of life can be purchased on terms so extremely economical, that it would appear as if the humblest person would henceforth be quite inexcusable in not living and dressing like a gentleman. There is an ingenuity in the preparation of many of the articles advertised, an ardour and pathos in the diction of many of the advertisements, and an untiring perseverance in the act of advertising itself, which in our opinion reflect a strong light on the character of *la nation britannique*, or shop-keeping nation, as Bonaparte, by way of ridicule, but in reality in compliment, called us. Advertisers are in their way enthusiasts. They are generally men who have taken up a strong prepossession in behalf of something, with the virtues of which they are determined to make mankind acquainted. To this purpose they devote their whole being. No obstacles daunt them. Whether a column cost three guineas or three shillings, it matters not. The John o' Groat Journal is as sure of their custom as the Times and Chronicle. They also go forth into the highways to proclaim the truths which burden their minds. Mr Warren has preached the virtues of his blacking through all Christendom—nay, even proclaimed it on the exterior of the Great Pyramid! Such a man may be considered as a kind of Peter the Hermit. It is, indeed, the same truly English ardour of mind which fought at Cressy, Poitiers, and Agincourt—which sent out Raleigh and Drake as explorers of a new world—which ranked up the Long Parliament against the king, and drove James II. into ignominious banishment—which now fills every newspaper, puffs up the sides of every magazine and review, and gives speech to every dead wall throughout the country. Such are simply the new shapes into which the same mental characteristic has been thrown, in accordance with the new forms of society. Strange that the same thing should at one time make a man cover his head with an iron pot and his breast with an iron corset, that he might go out to fight his neighbours, and at another only induce him, perhaps, to placard the head and front of some poor fellow with the virtues of his cutlery or his silver goods, and send him forth to parade the Strand as a sign to the people.

Another curious consideration arises from a survey of English advertisements. Many of them refer to matters of such nicety, both in themselves and in their application to human comfort and convenience, as to mark very strikingly the highly advanced state at which we are arrived.

With respect to the very act in which we are at this moment engaged, how many curious appliances are now at our command! There the Perryian metal pens, "protected by five patents"—first "the Patent Perryian Under Spring Pen," then "the Double-Patent Perryian Pen," the flexibility of which is "so

absolutely natural" that its action "cannot be distinguished from that of the goose-quill," and which moreover "accommodates itself to writers of all descriptions, to those who write fine, as well as to those who write coarse [we think we know one or two who could defy it], to the smallest character of the current, as well as to the largest of the text hand." There is also the "Patent Perryian Flat Spring Pen," the "India Rubber Spring Pen," and the "Patent Three-Pointed Pen," as well as the Drawing and the Mapping Pens, with many others. Well may Mr Perry head his advertisements with "Important to all who write!" Nor is he the only ingenious mechanist who has devoted himself to facilitate the act of writing. There is Mr Mordan, with his steel pens, so improved as to "remove the almost universal complaint, the uncertainty of depositing the ink in rapid writing, and the want of firmness and smoothness at the point." The same gentleman has invented an "oblique steel pen," that is to say, one with a slit directed slantingly, or "parallel to the usual slope of writing, whilst the point is preserved central to the holder;" the result of which is that the pen "may be used freely." We would humbly submit that this is an object not desirable, and that it would be a great obligation to mankind, if at least the editors of party newspapers were furnished with a pen which could not be used without some restraint. Mr Mordan advertises "Portable Leather Travelling Ink," an article of which we can form no definite idea. If he means an actual liquid for writing in which leather is an ingredient, and which is particularly calculated for use in travelling, we would say that the name is decidedly one of evil omen, and that the article ought to be avoided in particular by all authors of travelling journals who wish their works to keep clear of the trunk-makers. Of improved inks there is now, however, no lack, as witness the compositions of Morison and many others. One manufacturer of this article announces a kind prepared on a scientific principle of great plausibility. The basis, he says, is manganese, which, on oxidising by exposure, becomes a jet black—a great improvement certainly on the rusty colour which the iron of most inks produces on undergoing the same change.

For personal comfort and general convenience, the inventions of English tradesmen are infinite. Nothing is too minute for their attention, if it promise the slightest relief from uneasiness or inconvenience, or make any thing answer its end in the least more patly. It would be worth while, as an illustration of the inventiveness of the nation, to inquire of how many patents the cork-screw has been the subject. We well remember the Nonpareil, which reigned a long time, to the great contentment of old gentlemen to whom rising from their chairs after the second bottle of port was more of a duty than a pleasure; but at length there was an *Improved* Nonpareil, which we suppose continues to be infallible. Mr Mordan has applied his genius to the kindred subject of stoppers, and produced an article which makes all kinds of bottles perfectly air-tight, "with scarcely any additional expense on the usual charge." Not even the strongest volatiles escape Mordan's Improved Stopper. Some years ago, there was a serious litigation before one of the supreme English courts, respecting the infringement of a patent for the improvement of hair-brushes—the improvement consisting of an arrangement of the little bundles of bristles, by which each bundle terminated conically, so that the whole took a better hold of the hair when applied to it. A patent Pedometer is advertised frequently, being, we presume, merely a thing for taking measure of the foot,

On the single subject of domestic comfort and security, the number of inventions is very great. For the warming of buildings we have many plans—one being described as "founded on certain principles of natural philosophy, now first discovered," and attended with great advantages "in regard to economy, diminution of danger of fire, convenience, cleanliness, and the preservation of health." Another is the "Chunk Patent Stove," in the shape of a small upright cylinder, which requires no attention of any kind for twenty-four hours, which will not set gunpowder on fire even though in contact with it, and "may stand on the most delicate carpet without injuring it." There is also Pearce's Economical Radiating Stove, which "retains the heat for many hours after the fire is out," and "may be executed in any style of architecture, Grecian, Elizabethan, Louis Quatorze, or Gothic." Lastly, there is Perkin's and Heath's plan by hot-water pipes. For securing doors, chests, drawers, and so forth, we have various clever inventions besides Bramah's Locks. Here Mr Mordan again comes forward. He offers us a lock of seven guards, the key of which can be varied infinitely, and cannot be imitated, and which defies all tampering with other keys. Mr Charles Chubb, of St Paul's Churchyard, holds out an "Improved Patent Detector Lock, for all kinds of doors, iron-safes, drawers, desks, jewel-cases, dispatch boxes, &c.," and, like the above, not to be picked. One gentleman is extremely pathetic on the subject of locks. "Look to your locks!" he first cries at the head of the placard, and then he proceeds to show what fatal effects often arise from the imperfection of these articles. Not only is money abstracted, but valuable documents are removed, erasures made, and the documents then replaced, the evil not being discovered till it is too late to repair it, by which a whole family is perhaps involved in ruin! He follows up the appeal with a selection of police cases, detailing the particulars of successful attacks on plate-chests and jewel-cases. With regard to the lighting of houses, ingenuity has not been so prolific of expedients. We have, however, Palmer and Company's Patent Candle Lamps and Patent Metallic Wick Candles, the first being remarkable as a neater, more economical, and less troublesome way of burning candles, than the ordinary plan, while the candles themselves are described as of superior manufacture. We must confess, however, that we read with scepticism of "Night-Lamps with Self-Extinguishers," and "candles which must never be snuffed, but the wicks placed apart from each other, and they will then snuff themselves!"

And yet these phenomena are not more wonderful than one which apparently attends Mr G. Minter's Easy Chair, for this, we are told, "will recline and elevate, of itself, into an innumerable variety of positions, without the least trouble or difficulty to the occupier; and there being no machinery, rack, catch, or spring, it is only for persons sitting in the chair to rise to recline or elevate themselves, and the seat and back take any desired inclination, without the least assistance or exertion whatever, owing to the weight on the seat acting as a counterbalance to the pressure against the back by the application of a self-adjusting leverage." One word we would here object to most particularly. Has the Frankenstein-like mechanist ever heard of one who was

"Lulled on the rack of a too-easy chair?"

Surely if any chair ever had such a "rack" connected with it, it must be this piece of inspired upholstery. When we read of such wonderful conveniences, we almost fear that things are now-a-days made too nice

for us. Life seems threatened with an utter deprivation of the element of discomfort, the consequence of which will probably be something quite as fatal as would be that of an abstraction of the carbonic acid gas from the atmosphere, or a restraining of hens from picking up gravel. There, for instance, are Hall and Co.'s "Leather Cloth Shoes and India-Rubber Goloshes for Tender Feet." We tremble at the idea of the luxurious ease they must afford. "The Pannus-Corium, or Leather Cloth Shoe, combines with the appearance of leather the greatest softness, ease, and elegance; is light, elastic, and durable, and will never draw the feet. [An important assurance this, for one might almost expect that such shoes would go of themselves, a peculiarity which could not fail often to lead their wearers into scrapes.] The Patent India-Rubber Golosh resembles the finest morocco, is lined with the softest materials, namely, velvet, kerseymere, or kid, and, whilst thoroughly waterproof, is so light, that, when worn over the Cloth Shoe, no sensible addition is felt to the weight, both articles being as light as an ordinary shoe." The luxury of these articles is, we would say, decidedly dangerous. People will forget that they have feet at all. Besides, the chiropodists, having a vested interest in the corns of mankind, will have good reason to consider themselves aggrieved. Franks and Co. are, in our opinion, not less to blame, for they hold out hats not more than three and a half ounces in weight, and "so porous and elastic as to admit of a free circulation of air, thereby preventing the headache or pain consequent on the wear of ordinary new hats." Wearing such articles, people will forget that they have heads, and what is then to become of them? We have the same fault to find with the ingenious men who address themselves to the beards of the Christian world. In this matter, formerly, we had a thing eminently calculated to sadden and subdue the human heart. A man rose in a cold morning to a bad razor and an acre-breadth of intractable brush-wood, and knew that he was mortal. But now Mr Packwood comes in with his razor-strop, and Mr Rigge of Cheapside with his "Magnetic Razor Tablet, termed the Double Action, combining, in its late improvements, the properties of both hone and strop," and lo this trouble is removed from before the face of man; he kicks up the heels of his mind, and in his joy becomes open to all those temptations which so peculiarly beset the heart which is free from care.

This leads us to reflect how far, now-a-days, even the defects and blemishes which befall the human person are compensated and removed by the ingenuity of tradesmen. Loss of teeth is now scarcely a misfortune. We have the Mineral Succedaneum, "so universally recommended by the faculty of London and Paris;" also the "Improved Terro-Metallic Teeth," covered with "an enamel formed of metallic oxides, of every shade of colour, so as to match exactly with the teeth remaining in the mouth." Loss of hair is of less importance than loss of teeth; but there are not less anxious efforts to prevent the calamity from occurring, and repairing it when it has occurred. "Thine incomparable oil, Macassar," is now rendered classic by Byron, who, however, made a strange mistake in his allusion to it, seeing that Macassar is not the name of the inventor or preparer, but that of a place, from which the oil takes its name. The noble poet's mistake is a sad proof of the inattention of the public to even the most frequently-repeated advertisements. The honours of the oil are in reality due to a gentleman who is perhaps the most persevering of all British advertisers, though doomed like Cassandra to have his advertisements but little regarded. The oil, we are told, "nourishes the hair—prevents it from falling off or turning grey—changes grey hair to its original colour—and produces and restores hair." In children (hear, ye mammas!) it "lays the foundation for a beautiful head of hair." There are several other preparations equally mirific held out to the grey and bald; but should any gentleman not chuse to become the subject of so strange a phenomenon, he may take up with the "Improved Peruke," the inventor of which justly remarks—"The great dislike to perukes in general arises from the altered air they give the countenance, occasioned by makers paying no regard to the manner of the natural hair growing on the forehead, which, being different in every different individual, requires a corresponding difference in the peruke." He adds, that, by his system, "the peruke is made to describe exactly the same angle on the forehead as the natural hair; and being completely carried off from the temples, defies the

closest scrutiny of the most proficient connoisseur to distinguish it from a natural head of hair." This advertiser is also one of those who err on the side of making mankind rather too comfortable. He offers a spring for perukes "weighing only three drachms!" His perukes, thus furnished, would be found, he says, by captains of vessels and settlers in warm climates, "less objectionable than even the natural hair!" This is too much—it is almost, we fear, profane. To put nature into her best trim is allowable; but to propose altogether to supplant one of her works with something prettily superior, is a kind of treason against her. Our perurquier should have the fate of Prometheus before his eyes. Defective hearing is another thing which modern ingenuity has made less of a misfortune than it used to be. There is a little utensil called the "Voice-Conductor," which "enables deaf people to hear conversation," and "can be put on and off like a pair of spectacles." There is also "the Otaphone," "formed from a correct model of the back of the ear," and designed, "by fitting all the irregularities of that very uneven and elastic surface," to gently "press forward the parts, so as to produce a more perfect orbit and fuller recipient of sound." Is it sight which is defective? then spectacle-makers innumerable start up with their wares, some professing to have their glasses "ground on a particular principle," others pluming themselves on presenting "frames peculiarly adapted to the face of the wearer, so that the centre of each glass is brought exactly opposite the pupil of the eye—which is of great importance, although entirely neglected by many opticians." Then as to personal beauty, how many expedients are at command for ensuring it, from the Baron Dupuytren's *Tamrukeyhu*, which "removes from the *rete mucosum* of the skin (that tissue upon which its colour depends) all sallowness, wanness, and tan; causes a circulation of blood in the minute capillaries of the skin; and gives to the countenance, neck, and arms, a beautiful clearness, softness, and healthy aspect;" to the well-known Liquid Bloom of Roses, an extract from the flower whose name it bears, calculated "to remove the injuries sustained by the use of deleterious compositions, and replace beauty on its native throne, the countenance!" There are still, we believe, a good many plain people in the world; but there is no reason why there should be any such any longer. Ugliness has evidently been for some time past altogether inexcusable.

There is another thing which we have stated at the beginning of this paper to be inexcusable: that is, being ill dressed. How any man of the most ordinary means, or the simplest regard to decorum, can now allow himself to be shabby, is totally incomprehensible. Under the cover of every review and magazine which meets his eye, he sees announcements from clothing houses, of habits ultra-cheap, with portraiture of specimen gentlemen such as might rouse a stoic to a desire of being equally well fashioned. There is an old superstitious notion that good clothes are dear, under the influence of which many gentlemen continue to make the old serve far longer than they ought to do. If they were only to pay a proper attention to the advertisements in question, they would discover that the maxim is now quite obsolete. A full superfine suit, "of superior style of cut," can be obtained in one house for only L.4, 5s.; in another, a suit of "Extra Imperial Saxony, the best that is made," is held forth at L.4, 4s. Gentlemen may contract for three suits per annum, giving back each at the end of four months, for twelve pound six; or for five suits, giving back the used garments every ten weeks, at seventeen pound ten; and so on in proportion. Nor let the fear of unfitting suits harass the mind of the child of Adam. He can be measured by an instrument, "on principles mathematically certain." This instrument, "simply taking for its standard the figure it is applied to, ascertains the real proportions of it, and is enabled to make such additions as are necessary for improvement, without the danger of their becoming distortions—while the universally adopted systems measure only the lengths and circumference of the body, without reference to its shapes or positions, then draw their proportions from an ideal figure, and therefore inevitably fail to fit all whose symmetry is not in accordance with that standard." With so considerate an instrument for measuring, tailoring has certainly reached its acme. To add another word, of remark or advice, would only diminish the impression which must already have been made.

We had a number of other curious appliances to bring before the notice of our readers, but our limits are exhausted; and if these are ever to be commented upon, it must be on another occasion.

BIOGRAPHIC SKETCHES.

M. TURGOT.

Second Article.

WE are now to behold our philosophical statesman in a field truly worthy of his abilities. To quote the words of his biographer—"So many labours—a love of justice ever accompanied by compassionate goodness—a mind incapable of yielding to seduction or fear—and a zeal for the public good, as distinct from the love of fame, and from personal ambition, as human nature can permit—entitled M. Turgot not only to the blessings of the people of his province, but gained him general approbation; and at the death of Louis XV., the public voice called him to the first offices of the government, as a man who, to all the improvements that study could procure, united the experience which results from habits of business." At this time the finances of the state were in the utmost confusion: there were great resources, but no credit. These were the natural consequences of a long-enduring system of error and oppressive exaction. It was in consequence of a general wish for reforming measures, that M. Turgot was called forward from his province, and made minister of marine.

This office, for which he had no special qualifications, was exchanged after a single month for that of controller of finances, the most difficult at that time, but the one for which M. Turgot was best qualified. He entered upon this function, under a decided understanding with the king, that there should be no national bankruptcy, no increase of taxes, and no new loans; and he immediately proceeded to explain, that, to make these objects practicable, the only resource was a rigid economy in every department of the state, in connection with regulations for improving agriculture and facilitating commerce, and a more equitable distribution of the taxes. He at the same time informed his majesty, that he was quite aware of the difficulties of the task he had undertaken, from the interested views of many, the prejudices of others, and even from the people themselves, who might misinterpret the very measures adopted for their express benefit.

In France, legislation in matters of finance had long had but one principle, a desire of augmenting the revenues of the sovereign, without exciting clamours dangerous to the minister. The consequence was, that the regulations which were made, bore hard only on the people, and principally upon the country people, who, being always scattered, could neither force an audience nor inspire terror. Commerce had been constantly sacrificed to views of revenue, or to the interests of petty corporations and powerful individuals. The industry of the nation was fettered by vexatious regulations and the privileges of particular bodies. The work upon the high-roads by the system of *corvées*, twice a-year brought slavery, misery, and despair, to the rural labouring class. The internal navigation of the kingdom languished in the midst of a thousand vain projects. The incomes of the towns were spent in selfish luxury by the richer citizens. The produce of the national taxes, small as its amount necessarily was in such circumstances, was further diminished by the enormous expense of collection; and the finance minister had often been obliged to have recourse to compulsory loans, and to the accommodation of private bankers, who profited greatly by his embarrassments.

"It was out of this chaos," says our authority, "that a new administration was to be created, founded upon justice, and directed to the good of the people. A virtuous man dared to undertake the task; equally convinced that to exterminate the evil, it was necessary only to pursue the simplest principles (which he was astonished to find were little known), and feeling also in the goodness of his heart an energy which enabled him to set outward obstacles at defiance, though he disguised none of them to himself."

M. Turgot readily saw that it was not so much by reducing burdens, as by enabling the people to bear them better, that he could, in existing circumstances, hope to attain his end. "His first regulations gave freedom to the commerce of corn within the kingdom. The benefit which this law was calculated to produce was that of giving new life to agriculture, by the encouragement resulting from the proprietors being sure of disposing of its produce at their own discretion. It tended to augment at once the quantity of the necessities of life, and the net produce of the land; to prepare for the people the resource of such a stock of corn as commerce might provide against unfavourable seasons and local scarcity; and to render wages at all times sufficient for the support of those who received them, by making less frequent and less considerable the variations in the price of corn: in fine, by the establishment of a constant and certain commerce, to place the landlord and farmer, the government and people, out of the reach of a real decline of necessities, of vexatious and oppressive laws, and of disquiet and intestine troubles; the cruel and infallible result of every kind of prohibitory system."

The freedom given by M. Turgot did not extend to the exportation of corn, for, strange to say,

this was the subject of a strong prejudice among the French of that age, as it was amongst the English at a somewhat earlier period; and he more-over calculated, that, till internal commerce was on a right footing, that which was external could not be greatly improved, and was therefore the less to be regarded. He spared, however, no local restrictions. "The exclusive privileges of bakers, the assize of bread, the obligation to grind corn at particular mills, and the several market-dues upon corn when sold, were so many fetters which it was necessary to break. They were all abolished during the administration of M. Turgot, except indeed the manorial privileges as to mills, which he suffered still to subsist; because he was unwilling either to take away without compensation a claim founded on prescription, and sometimes even on a voluntary compact, or to make the nation purchase, at too high a price, rights which would never have been valuable, if fraud supported by power had not made them so." He also suspended the tolls exacted by corporations and individuals at markets, with the design of buying them up, for, though he looked on these not as property, but unrighteous privileges, which, having been given by the state, could be withdrawn by it, yet he was disposed to compensate the holders, from the consideration that they had in many cases been purchased as property. He at the same time afforded to the commerce in wine as entire a liberty as the defective mode of collecting the tax upon it would allow. He was to have given the same freedom to brandy, and to have abolished the regulations preventing that liquor from being distilled from the husk of the grape, and cider and perry from being sold out of the province where they were manufactured; but these improvements he did not succeed in effecting.

The direct advantage of all these proceedings was confined to such as had property to dispose of. He now addressed himself to a great measure for the direct benefit of the people. The regulations as to the making of roads which he had formerly introduced into his particular province, he now extended over the kingdom. The labouring class, who had formerly been compelled to make them without nominal remuneration, but who in reality became a burden upon the farmers, were now paid from a tax on land, which the landholders generally submitted to without impatience, reflecting that their lands must now bring higher rent, since the burden of supporting the labourers was taken off the shoulders of the farmers. Our minister was obliged, however, to exempt from this tax the lands belonging to the clergy, which at this time were a sixth part of the whole of the lands in France. By the new regulation, it was provided that land required for roads should be paid out of the fund raised by the tax, instead of being, as formerly, taken without remuneration.

M. Turgot now turned his attention to the industrious classes living in towns. Here, none "who had not been able to comply with certain formalities, frequently absurd, and always expensive, by which the title of *Masters* in the companies of tradesmen or artisans is acquired, were allowed to employ their strength and abilities as they pleased. These masters formed a little republic, the leaders of which, under the pretence of a police, had carried to a height that it would have been difficult to have foreseen, the art of rendering still more grievous the chains of the unhappy workmen, of loading the communities with useless expense, and of rendering even the rank of masters insupportable to those who had nothing but their industry to depend upon." When M. Turgot abolished this odious and ridiculous slavery, "the inhabitant of the towns at length found himself at liberty to use his limbs and his labour as he pleased; a right which at this time was enjoyed in no other country of Europe." * * This right, which is one of the first that nature has given us, and which may be considered as a necessary consequence of that of existing, seemed to have been effaced from the recollection and the hearts of men." From the unlimited freedom now given to artisans of all kinds, "there resulted a reduction in the price of bread, meat, and every kind of necessary, as well as of the productions of art: moreover, the practice of fixing the price of the necessities of life disappeared with the exclusive privilege of vending them, which furnished the only specious pretext for the practice. M. Turgot, by means of a compensation, suppressed a multitude of petty offices, the very names of which were ridiculous and absurd, but which enjoyed privileges oppressive to the people." * * The manufactures of France were also rescued from the tyranny which Colbert* imposed upon them when he prescribed by law the size of different stuffs, and the modes of weaving and dyeing them, under pain of confiscation, penalties, and even corporal punishments. Such regulations could only have been dictated to this minister by ignorant manufacturers, who considered their ingenuity and practice as the boundaries of the progress of the arts, and imagined that they could subject the necessities and the taste of all future ages to the fashion of their own. Some of these directions had even the inconvenience of being physically impracticable; though there was not on that account the less rigour in the punishments imposed. Finally, this edict of M. Turgot permitted industry, which had hitherto been almost wholly shut up in towns, or obliged to pay a tribute to their inhabitants, to esta-

lish itself at pleasure in the country, and to fix upon those places where the low price of subsistence, or the facility of procuring the materials, seemed to have marked out for its true residence.

These general laws were accompanied with some particular ones, which had the same object. A law made under the pretext of the public good, compelled the butchers of Paris to borrow of a particular fund even money that they did not want, and the interest required for it was very exorbitant. Another law, still under the same pretext, which has been so much abused, and whose real object was the advantage of certain individuals, deprived the butchers of the free disposal of their tallow. They were delivered from these fetters, which forced them to sell dear; and at the same time the people were relieved from all the little exactions, of which the regulations put upon the butchers rendered them the victims, and obtained by the introduction of liberty and rivalry the advantage of having meat of a middling but wholesome quality, at a price proportioned to their ability.

Another law had given the *Hôtel Dieu* or *Hôpital* of Paris the exclusive privilege of selling meat during Lent, that is, during an eighth part of the year. The people, unable to live upon fish on account of the duties that enhanced the price, were, for a similar reason, deprived of flesh provisions, and condemned to feed on unwholesome and disgusting food. M. Turgot abolished this privilege of the *Hôtel Dieu*, and substituted in its place a tax more than its equivalent. Thus he saved to the people the expense of an ill-administered regulation, at the same time that he encouraged the fisheries by suppressing the duties upon salt fish, and half of the duties upon fresh sea-fish; and introduced cheapness and abundance into the capital."

M. Turgot abolished the military *corvées*, a system by which individuals residing near roads were obliged to support the troops on their marches, and substituted a general tax for the same object. The tax called the *taille*, levied from the working-classes, was collected under favour of a peculiar arrangement. The collector for each little district, himself a compulsory agent, had a right to call upon the four persons of the district whose proportion of the tax was the greatest, to pay up all deficiencies. This oppressive regulation was now abolished. "The proprietors of woods in one of the districts of *Franche Comté* were subjected to a singular kind of slavery. They were not only obliged to supply the manufacturers of saltpetre with all the wood they wanted at a low price, but they were also prohibited from selling their wood to any persons except the farmers-general* for the use of the salt-works. This oppression had subsisted a long time, and individuals as well as communities had been prosecuted for having violated one or other of these laws, which could not both be obeyed at the same time. The first was abolished by an operation in the farm of gunpowder; and M. Turgot destroyed the privilege of the farmers-general by removing their manufactures into the midst of a forest belonging to the king, to which the waters of the salt-mines were conducted by a new canal."

Turgot increased the number of ports which were allowed to trade directly to the West India islands. He allowed a free vent to the oil of poppies, which had hitherto been forbidden, though it was sold under a different name. The glass-manufactories of Normandy had hitherto been under an obligation to furnish at a low price a certain quantity of glass to the towns of Paris and Rouen: they had thus no incentive to improve the article, but were on the contrary kept down at a certain point of mediocrity, in order to comply without injury with the regulation imposed upon them. This regulation was now abolished.

Of the many other lesser reforms of M. Turgot, we only can notice a few. He introduced new regulations respecting waste lands, for the protection of the people from the proprietors of tithes. He set apart a fund for the construction of canals, and commissioned three eminent geometers to aid him in giving directions for such works. The public conveyances for passengers and parcels throughout the kingdom he put upon a new footing, in which they were comparatively subjects of fair competition. He did much to encourage the arts and sciences; but it was generally by the purchase of the things invented or made, which, being distributed judiciously by the government, proved of service to others. "He had formed a plan of substituting one direct tax, instead of that multiplicity of indirect taxes of every kind which are the scourge of industry and of commerce, and the prime source of the misery and poverty of the people;" but he was able to go but a little way in realising the scheme. The privilege of making powder, and the sale of saltpetre, had been leased to a company. The profits arising to government were reduced almost to nothing, in consequence of the many petty concessions exacted upon different pretexts. The farmers of the manufacture had many rights—for instance, that of taking wood wherever they chose at a low price. This was intended to encourage the making of powder in the country. In reality, it had the contrary effect. The farmers were more anxious to make money by what they wrung from land-proprietors, as bribes to induce them to

spare their timber, than by furnishing the public with a good article. M. Turgot abolished the monopoly, and the instant effect was an increase in the manufacture to so great an extent, that the tax on the article produced a million livres more than formerly. Heretofore, in all disputes between the administration and the payers of taxes, it was an understood matter that the revenue was to have the benefit of every doubt. Accordingly, no one who felt himself aggrieved had the least chance of redress, without incurring more expense than the money in dispute amounted to. M. Turgot exactly reversed this cruel practice, and also favoured the private party in all cases where he had general and public laws on his side, and was only opposed by secret and surreptitious ones. The payment of pensions had been stopped for three years: M. Turgot now paid an arrear of two years on such as did not exceed four hundred livres (L.16, 13s. 4d.), that is, upon all those which, furnishing mere subsistence, had been given as a just reward, or at least as real charity. The payment of the others he accelerated as much as possible. The other and more important obligations of the state were also attended to; the revenue was increased; and so much was the national credit restored, that the stocks rose to par, and the minister was offered a loan in Holland of sixty millions, at the unprecedentedly low rate of something less than five per cent.

All these reforms were the work of twenty months, during which Turgot had two severe attacks of gout, a disease hereditary in his family, and which usually cut off its members at a premature age. It cannot be matter of wonder that proceedings affecting the interests of many individuals in what they thought an unfavourable manner, raised up a large party against the philosophical minister. The season having been bad, these persons were enabled to make a great impression by their publications on the minds of the common people both in the capital and in the rural districts. They described M. Turgot and his friends as men employed in wild systems, who wished to govern from the recesses of the closet upon speculative principles, and who sacrificed the people to the experiments which they were desirous of making to ascertain the truth of their system. A great and dangerous riot took place in consequence, and was not put down without the employment of very vigorous measures.

This virtuous man had managed the immediate affairs of his office with great self-denial and the strictest regard to economy, and at the same time to justice. He diminished its appointments one-fourth, and asked nothing for himself. Pensions upon places were strictly prohibited. Many gifts extorted from the towns were restored. The deputies of a certain town, in giving him an account of their administration, spoke to him of some emoluments which had formerly been sold at a price, that, from their subsequent increase, had become much below their real value. The minister replied that "the differences should be made up." "But, sir, a part of these emoluments now belong to yourself." "The necessity," said he, "is so much the stronger." The owner of a new negro vessel proposed to call it after Turgot: he forbade the compliment, and publicly avowed his reprobation of the horrible traffic. Every person who cultivated literature, science, or the arts, who had talents and made a right use of them, was treated by Turgot with distinction. They were sure to be listened to, and cordially received, if they had any thing to propose that might contribute to the public welfare.

All these virtues failed to save M. Turgot from the effects of interested clamour, and early in 1776, the king, though he admired the man, was obliged to ask his resignation. Many of his edicts were also repealed, so as to shut out the hope that, though he was not himself in office, his plans would come into operation and benefit the people. He sustained the disappointment with magnanimity, and quietly betook himself to philosophical pursuits, as the next best means of rendering himself useful. He also amused himself by composing in verse, and it is not unworthy of notice that he was the author of the celebrated line respecting Franklin—

Eripuit cœlo fulmen, mox sceptris tyrannis:

That is, "He drew lightning from the sky, and took sceptres from kings." When war was declared between France and England, he saw how honourable it would be in the French nation that the vessel of Captain Cook should be treated with respect at sea. He composed a memorial, in which he proved that honour, reason, and even interest, dictated this act of respect for humanity; and it was in consequence of this memorial, the authorship of which was unknown during his lifetime, that an order was given not to treat as an enemy the common benefactor of every European nation.

"The friends of M. Turgot loved him as he deserved to be loved. The mildness of his nature made them excuse a superiority which they were obliged to acknowledge, though he did not intrude it upon them, but concealed it without labouring to conceal it." * * With employments so attractive and various; with the happiness of loving and being tenderly loved; with the testimony of an unsullied conscience; with the feeling so seldom experienced by a minister, of having never disguised the truth to his prince, and never subscribed his hand to one act of oppression or injustice; and, in short, of having never merited enemies, but by defending the nation against the prejudices and the interest of powerful individuals, and the public treasury against the avidity of intriguers of every kind; with enjoyments like these, that afford to a strong and comprehensive

* Persons who at that period managed departments of revenue, on an agreement to pay a certain fixed annual amount, beyond which all was profit to themselves, or remuneration for management. Farm is properly a thing taken on lease, though now with us exclusively applied to a leased piece of ground.

* Finance minister of Louis XIV.

mind the pleasure of contemplating and enjoying truth, M. Turgot might have promised himself a happy career; his friends might have indulged themselves in the hope of enjoying for a time a man whose superior information, whose amiable society, whose tender friendship, were one of their first blessings." It proved otherwise. "Before his administration, his attacks of the gout had been merely painful. The forced application to which he gave himself up in the midst of these attacks, had changed their nature; and in his retirement repose could not repair the disorders which a zeal for his duty had occasioned. The attacks were more and more dangerous, and he became at last the victim of his patriotism and his courage. His last attack, which was long and painful, altered neither his mind nor his temper. Always employed, in the intervals of pain, sometimes with a work that one of his friends had published, and in which he took an interest, sometimes in the fate of a literary man who was at that time unfortunate, and sometimes in the pursuit of his own thoughts, and in collecting metaphysical observations upon the connection of our ideas with the state of our organs, his friends could perceive no other effect than that of a sensibility so much the more affecting, as it appeared to be excited merely by their cares for him; and his soul saw with tranquillity the moment approach [March 20, 1781], when, in conformity to the eternal laws of nature, he was going to fill, in another order of beings, the rank which these laws had destined to him."

REMARKABLE CASES OF CIRCUMSTANTIAL EVIDENCE.

THE SHOP BOY.

CASES exhibiting the precarious nature of circumstantial evidence, independently of the deep interest which generally attaches to them as mere narratives, are calculated to work so beneficial an effect on the public mind, that they cannot, it seems to us, be too frequently or too prominently brought forward in pages adapted for popular reading. By no other means can mankind be so strongly impressed with a salutary conviction of the necessity of making the strictest and most minute investigations, ere the life of a fellow creature be arbitrarily shortened, or guilt of whatever kind be decisively laid to any one's charge. The following cases of circumstantial evidence are collected from various sources. The first we find in the able notes to the new edition of Bentham (Tait, Edinburgh), and the authority adduced is one of the collections of French criminal causes, that have been published at various times. The case is given in the original French, of which the following is a literal translation.

Previously to the rebuilding of that long range of houses which line the Place St Michel at Paris, in front of the Rue St Hyacinth, an aged widow lived near that spot, being the occupant of a small shop, to which was attached a back-parlour where she slept. She was believed by the neighbours to have amassed a considerable amount of money. One young lad constituted, for a long time, her entire household. He slept on the fourth floor of the same building, but the staircase leading to his apartment had no communication with the dwelling of his mistress. The lad was obliged to go round by the street, when he had to enter the shop, and when he left it to go to bed, he shut the outer door, and carried away the key, of which he was the sole depositary. One morning, the shop door was noticed to be earlier open than usual, while at the same time no movement indicated that either the old shopkeeper or her assistant had arisen. This quietness alarmed some of the neighbours. On entering, they perceived no marks of violence about the door, but they found a bloody knife lying in the middle of the shop, and on her bed, in the back apartment, lay the shopmistress, dead—stabbed, to all appearance, by the weapon mentioned. The corpse held in one hand a small handful of hair, and in the other a cravat or neckcloth. Near the bed was the money-box, which had been forced and pillaged. The young shop-assistant was immediately seized, and he admitted that the bloody knife belonged to him. The cravat which the murdered woman held in her hand was his. They compared his hair with that grasped in the other hand; the two were the same, in colour and every other respect. Finally, the key of the shop was in his possession; he alone had the power, by means of that key, of entering the shop without resorting to force. On the strength of this accumulation of evidence he was put to the torture (*on lui fait subir la question*); under its agonies, he admitted the crime, and was broken on the wheel (*rompu*).

Shortly afterwards, a tavern boy was taken up for some crime of a different nature. In the declaration emitted by him after conviction and condemnation, he confessed that he was the sole actor in the assassination of the old woman in the Place St Michel. The tavern where he served adjoined her shop, and he was on familiar terms with her shop-boy. To the latter he acted as hair-dresser, so far as regarded the periodical arrangement of the lad's hair *en queue*; and always when he used the comb, he carefully gathered those hairs which the instrument detached. By little and little he had thus collected the handful which was found in the grasp of the murdered woman. The knife, and one of the cravats of the lad, he had procured without difficulty, and the terms of intimacy on which they were, enabled him with equal ease to take an impression in wax of the shop-key, for the fabrica-

tion of a false one. By these means he entered and committed the deed, leaving things in the state which has been related.

Such is the story as told by the French writer. Seldom has there been a piece of villany so coolly planned, and so ruthlessly executed, at the foreseen and expected cost of existence to two unfortunate beings. The succeeding two cases are of a similar order, exhibiting the fall of innocence before premeditated villany, and are from the *Causés Celebres*, first series, volume third (Amsterdam edition of 1775).

THE JEWS.

In a hotel or lodging-house at Milan, a Frenchman and two Jews were resident at one and the same time. The Jews occupied a chamber adjoining that of the Frenchman, who formed an acquaintance with them in consequence. He observed them to be very rich, as they often counted great bags of Spanish pistoles in his presence. This led him to the following guilty device. He cut or tore off a considerable portion of a night-wrapper or gown belonging to him, and contrived not only to leave it in the chamber of the Jews, but to watch the use which they made of it. They employed it to wrap up a parcel of one hundred pistoles. On the morning after observing this, the Frenchman, as soon as he arose, alarmed the house with cries of "robbery!" Every body ran to his chamber, and there heard him tell a melancholy tale of the loss of one hundred pistoles, which he had wrapped up in the front of his gown. He asserted that some one must have entered while he slept, and cut away the part of the gown with the money. The officers of justice were called in to examine the house. In the chamber of the Jews was found the portion of gown, and the Frenchman instantly called out, "There is my money!" The Jews were timorous men, and were thrown into confusion. This strengthened the case against them, and the consequence was, that they were executed. At an after period, the guilty author of their death confessed the conspiracy by which he had implicated them.

THE FLEMISH CURATE.

Another victim of a plot of this nature was a Flemish curate, who lived near the commencement of the eighteenth century. He was a man of remarkable piety, and exhibited in his conversation and deportment all the virtues which ought to adorn the character of him who assumes to be a teacher of others. In his parish resided a man of violent passions, who entertained a mortal enmity against another parishioner and neighbour, and resolved to assassinate him. Casting his eyes deliberately about him to discover a mode of doing this with safety, this wretch noticed a habit which the curate had of throwing off his walking-coat whenever he entered his own house, and of putting on a short cassock in its stead, leaving the coat carelessly in an outer room or lobby, which was open to friend or stranger at almost any time. Observing this custom, the man alluded to resolved upon taking a diabolical advantage of it. He fixed upon a time when he knew the curate to be usually engaged in composing the sermon for the following Sunday's service, and entered the lobby, whence he carried off the coat, and a neckerchief which he found also there. He knew that, immediately after this time, the person whose assassination he meditated would pass by a retired spot near the village. The villain had planned his time well. The victim came up to the spot as expected, and perished beneath the knife or dagger of his enemy, who afterwards returned, without delay, to the curate's house. Favoured by the dusk, he placed the coat, neckerchief, and dagger, in the lobby whence he had taken them, and then went off to the nearest magistrate, and denounced the curate as a murderer, declaring that he himself, from a little distance, had beheld the commission of the crime. The magistrate hurried to the reported scene of the deed, saw and recognised the body, and then proceeded to the house of the unfortunate and unconscious clergyman. Half hidden in the lobby were found the coat, the kerchief, and the dagger, all of them more or less stained with blood. The curate was arrested and thrown into prison.

When the matter sustained a judicial examination, the "bold, bad man" who had projected this double murder, adhered to his story, and as nobody was with the curate at the time in his dwelling, the accused had no exculpatory evidence to offer, excepting what was afforded by his simple protestation of innocence, and the sanctity of his former character. All his flock, and indeed all who knew him, believed him to be utterly incapable of such a crime; but the law, and the judges of the law, regarded the criminatory testimony as too strong to be doubted, and held it to be their duty to condemn the accused. The best of men, it was argued by the public prosecutors, have been known to be hurried by the violence of temporary passion into the commission of crime, and such was but too probably the case here. When the sentence was known, a great sensation was excited over the whole country. The whole community were in favour of the curate, but this could not save him from the stake, to which he was doomed. He died with a degree of calm resignation, which drew tears of admiring pity from all who saw him.

Four years after his execution, the villain who had caused his end, involved himself in another murder, and on this occasion the crime was brought home to him. He was condemned to be broken on the wheel

—a death too horrible for even such a criminal as he was. Before he died, he confessed the whole facts of the curate's case. The memory of the latter was thenceforth honoured like that of the saints.

HAWKINS AND SIMPSON.

Cases have occurred, both where accusations have been established, and where they have been refuted, by the observation of some peculiarity in the ink with which documentary evidence was written. If the assertion has been made that all parts of a particular document were written at one and the same period, with the same ink, and if it is discovered that the ink has a different appearance at one place from that which it presents at another, judges and jurymen would be generally inclined to regard this as a strong proof of the falsity of the document, or at least of the assertion made regarding it. But the following case, which we find quoted in a little work entitled "The Theory of Presumptive Proof," shows how cautious people ought to be in running hastily to such a conclusion.

"John Hawkins and George Simpson were indicted for robbing the mail, on the 16th of April 1722. Hawkins, in his defence, set up an *alibi*; to prove which, he called one William Fuller, who deposed that Hawkins came to his house on Sunday the 15th of April, and lay there that night, and did not go out until the next morning. Being asked by the court, 'By what token do you remember that it was the 15th* of April?' he replied, 'By a very good token, for he owed me a sum of money for horse-hire, and on Tuesday, the 10th of April, he called upon me and paid me in full, and I gave him a receipt; and I very well remember that he lay at my house the Sunday night following.' The receipt was now produced. 'April the 10th, 1722. Received of Mr John Hawkins the sum of one pound ten shillings, in full of all accounts, per me William Fuller.' Upon inspecting the receipt, the court asked Fuller who wrote it; he replied, 'Hawkins wrote the body of it, and I signed it.' Court—'Did you see him write it?' Fuller—'Yes.' Court—'And how long was it after he wrote it, before you signed it?' Fuller—'I signed it immediately, without going from the table.' Court—'How many standishes do you keep in the house?' Fuller—'Standishes?' Court—'Ay, standishes; it is a plain question.' Fuller—'My lord, but one; and that is enough for the little writing we have to do.' Court—'Then you signed the receipt with the same ink that Hawkins wrote the body of it with?' Fuller—'For certain.' Court—'Officer, hand the receipt to the jury. Gentlemen, you will see that the body of the note is written with one kind of ink, and the name at the bottom with another very different; and yet this witness has sworn that they were both written with the same ink, and one immediately after the other. You will judge what credit is to be given to his evidence!'

Thus the authenticity of the receipt, and the credit of the witness, were overthrown by the sagacity of the court! But while the judge, Lord Chief Baron Montague, was summing up the evidence, he was interrupted by the following occurrence:—The person who reports the trial was then taking notes of the proceedings; his ink, as it happened, was very bad, being thick at the bottom, and thin and watery at the top, so that, accordingly as he dipped the pen, the writing appeared very pale or pretty black. This circumstance being remarked by some gentlemen present, they handed the book to the jury: the judge perceiving them very attentively inspecting it, called to them—'Gentlemen, what are you doing! What book is that?' They told him that it was the writer's book, and that they were observing how the same ink appeared pale in one place and black in another. The judge then told them—'You ought not, gentlemen, to take notice of any thing but what is produced in evidence; and, turning to the writer, demanded 'What he meant by showing that book to the jury?' And being informed by the writer that it was taken from him, he inquired, 'who took it, and who handed it to the jury?' But this the writer could not say, as the gentlemen near him were all strangers to him, and he had not taken any particular notice of the person who took his book.

That a jury ought not to take notice of any thing but what is produced in evidence, has been said to be law; but, on the contrary, it has been held, and surely very properly, that a jurymen may find from his own knowledge; indeed, what evidence can convince a person that that is which he knows not to be!

Hawkins and Simpson were convicted and executed; indeed, the evidence against them was very strong; but had the fate of Hawkins depended upon the single testimony of Fuller, he would, but for this occurrence, have fallen a sacrifice to the acuteness of the judge! who appears to have been much displeased at the accidental confutation of his remarks on the receipt, although it was an accident in favour of life."

THE BARBER'S APPRENTICE.

In an earlier number of the present periodical, a sketch of a humorous kind appeared, under the title of the General Face, in which an individual is made to deplore the annoyances arising from the peculiar conformation of his countenance, which seemed rather to have the blended characters of the whole *genus* man, than the distinct lineaments of an individual variety thereof. He was incessantly mistaken for somebody else, and suffered frequently for the peccadilloes of

* The robbery was committed about two o'clock on the morning of the 16th.

somebody else. The subjoined anecdote would lead one to suppose that this case of the General Face was less fanciful than the writer of the sketch himself most probably imagined it to be. "September 14, 1772, came on, at the sessions in the Old Bailey, the trial of one Male, a barber's apprentice, for robbing Mrs Ryan of Portland Street, on the highway, on the 17th of June last. The witnesses swore positively to the identity of the lad, and the whole court imagined him guilty. He said nothing in his defence, but that he was innocent, and his evidences would prove it. His evidences were the books of the court, to which reference being made, it appeared that on the day and hour when the robbery was sworn to be committed, the lad was on his trial at the bar where he then stood, for another robbery, in which he was likewise unfortunate enough to be mistaken for the person who committed it; on which he was honourably acquitted."

In another number we shall present a few more cases of circumstantial evidence. Those now given, we hope, will have had sufficient interest in the eyes of our readers to make the promise of an early continuation acceptable.

POINTS OF ETIQUETTE.

A SMALL volume entitled "The Laws of Etiquette," of American authorship (Philadelphia, 1838), having fallen under our notice, we propose to make a selection of a few passages from it, with observations on their purport.

In the Introduction, the author favours us with the following view of the gradations of rank in the States, which will be new to many of our readers. "There is perfect freedom of political privilege; all are the same upon the hustings, or at a political meeting; but this equality does not extend to the drawing-room. None are excluded from the highest councils of the nation, but it does not follow that all can enter into the highest ranks of society. In point of fact, we think that there is more exclusiveness in the society of this country than there is in that even of England—far more than there is in France. There being there less danger of permanent disarrangement or confusion of ranks by the occasional admission of the low-born aspirant, there does not exist the same necessity for a jealous guarding of the barriers as there does here. The distinction of classes, also, after the first or second, is actually more clearly defined, and more rigidly observed in America, than in any country of Europe. Persons unaccustomed to look searchingly at these matters, may be surprised to hear it; but we know from observation, that there are among the respectable, in any city of the United States, at least ten distinct ranks. We cannot, of course, here point them out, because we could not do it without mentioning names. Every man is naturally desirous of finding entrance into the best society of his country, and it becomes therefore a matter of importance to ascertain what qualifications are demanded for admittance. A writer, who is popularly unpopular, has remarked, that the test of standing in Boston is literary eminence; in New York, wealth; and in Philadelphia, purity of blood. To this remark we can only oppose our opinion, that none of these are indispensable, and none of them sufficient. The society of this country, unlike that of England, does not court literary talent. We have cases in our recollection, which prove the remark, in relation to the highest ranks, even of Boston. Wealth has no pretensions to be the standard any where. In New York, the Liverpool of America, although the rich may make greater display and *bruit*, yet all of the merely rich will find that there does exist a small and unchanging circle, whether above or below them, 'it is not ours to say,' yet completely apart from them, into which they would rejoice to find entrance, and from which they would be glad to receive emigrants." The writer in this paragraph seems to infer that "literary talent" is courted in England; which is true only in a limited sense. It is notorious that neither men of science nor literature are courted or held in esteem in this country, to the same degree as men possessing hereditary or naval and military rank. If we substitute France for England, the inference is correct.

The passages on dress are good. "What style is to our thoughts, dress is to our persons. It may supply the place of more solid qualities, and without it the most solid are of little avail. Numbers have owed their elevation to their attention to the toilet. Place, fortune, and marriage, have all been lost by neglecting it. Your dress should always be consistent with your age and your natural exterior. That which looks outré on one man, will be agreeable on another. As success in this respect depends almost entirely upon particular circumstances and personal peculiarities, it is impossible to give general directions of much importance. We can only point out the field for study and research; it belongs to each one's own genius and industry to deduce the results. However ugly you may be, rest assured that there is some style of habiliment which will make you passable. If, for example, you have a stain upon your cheek, or are afflicted with a nose whose lustre dims the ruby, you may employ such hues of dress, that the eye, instead of being shocked by the strangeness of the defect, will be charmed by the graceful harmony of the colours. Every one cannot indeed be an Adonis, but it is his own fault if he is an Æsop. If you have bad eyes, which have lost their lashes, and are bordered with red, you should wear spectacles, if

the defect be great, your glasses should be coloured. In such cases emulate the sky rather than the sea; green spectacles are an abomination, fitted only for students in divinity. Almost every defect of face may be concealed by a judicious use and arrangement of hair. Take care, however, that your hair be not of one colour and your whiskers of another; and let your wig be large enough to cover the whole of your red or white hair. It is evident, therefore, that though a man may be ugly, there is no necessity for his being shocking. When we speak of excellence in dress, we do not mean richness of clothing, nor manifested elaboration. Faultless propriety, perfect harmony, and a refined simplicity, these are the charms which fascinate here. It is as great a sin to be finical in dress as to be negligent."

The rules for bowing come next. "The salutation, says a French writer, is the touchstone of good breeding. According to circumstances, it should be respectful, cordial, civil, affectionate, or familiar; an inclination of the head, a gesture with the hand, the touching or doffing of the hat. It is a mark of high breeding not to speak to a lady in the street, until you perceive that she has noticed you by an inclination of the head. Some ladies *curtsey* in the street, a movement not gracefully consistent with locomotion. They should always *bow*. If an individual of the lowest rank, or without any rank at all, takes off his hat to you, you should do the same in return. A bow, says La Fontaine, is a note drawn at sight. If you acknowledge it, you must pay the full amount. The two best bred men in England, Charles II. and George IV., never failed to take off their hats to the meanest of their subjects. If you have any thing to say to any one in the street, especially a lady, however intimate you may be, do not stop the person, but turn round and walk in company; you can take leave at the end of the street." This last sentence contains a good advice. Standing to talk with an acquaintance in the street, is one of the most likely means for catching cold, and therefore, independently of other reasons, ought if possible to be avoided.

There is some agreeable chit-chat matter on the subject of visiting. "Of visits there are various kinds: visits of congratulation, ceremony, condolence, and friendship. To each belong different customs. Upon the appointment of one of your friends to any office or dignity, you call upon him to congratulate, not him, but the country, community, or state, on account of the honour and advantage which it derives from the appointment.

Visits of condolence are paid within the week after the event which occasions them. Visits of ceremony should be very short. Go at some time when business demands the employment of every moment. In visits of friendship, adopt a different course. If you call to see a friend who is staying at lodgings, however intimate you may be with him, wait below until a servant has carried up your name and returned to tell you whether you can be admitted. If you cannot find any one to announce you, you should knock gently at the door of his chamber, and wait a little while before entering. If you are in too great a hurry, you might find the person drawing off a nightcap. These decent formalities are necessary even in the most unreserved friendships: they preserve the 'familiar' from degenerating into the 'vulgar.'

The style of your conversation should always be in keeping with the character of your visit. You must not talk about literature in a visit of condolence, nor lecture on political economy in a visit of ceremony. After a ball or a dinner, you visit during the week.

If you should happen to be paying an evening visit at a house, where, unknown to you, there is a small party assembled, you should enter and present yourself precisely as you would have done had you been invited. To retire precipitately with an apology for the intrusion would create a *scene*, and be extremely awkward. Go in, therefore, converse with ease for a few moments, and then retire. Take care to let it be known the next day, in such a way as that the family shall hear of it, that you were not aware that there was any company there. Likewise, if you are intending to enter one house, and find that you have got by mistake into another—a blunder very easily and very often committed in Philadelphia, in consequence of the singular uniformity of the houses—it is better, provided you have fairly entered the parlour before perceiving your error, and provided, also, that you are not an utter stranger to the family—it is better, I say, to remain for a short time as if you had intended to pay a visit there, and say nothing whatever about the matter; but your visit should not be quite as long, nor your manner so confused, as this sentence.

During the administration of General Washington, Mr Jefferson was one evening invited to a dance at the house of a distinguished military officer in Philadelphia. At about eight o'clock he got into his carriage, and gave the coachman what he thought was an accurate direction as to the place where he was to be driven. By mistake he was set down at the door of the house directly opposite, which happened to be the residence of a member of Congress, whom he had never visited, and who was very warmly opposed to him in politics. It was not until the Secretary of State was in the middle of the drawing-room that he discovered that he was, as it has lately been expressed, quite 'in the wrong box.' The lady of the house chanced to be sitting there alone, the gentleman being ill. The person of Mr Jefferson was of course known,

and under that assurance he presented himself with admirable ease and self-possession, and sat down. He conversed, making himself very agreeable, drank tea, and staid till half-past nine o'clock, when he took leave. Inquiring from the servant at the door where he should find the house to which he had been invited, he made his way thither, and communicated to the ladies the error into which, through the stupidity of his coachman, he had been led; and they, the next day, informed their neighbours. This anecdote may be relied upon; and if there is no other on record respecting Mr Jefferson's manners, there is enough in it to convince us that he was a high-bred gentleman."

It is the height of vulgarity to say, on taking your departure after a visit, that you "have spent a happy evening," or to make any similar remark; for it is presumed you could not have been otherwise than happy.

"In leaving a card for a stranger, do not forget to add your address; and do not omit it, if you leave a card for another in a city where you are a stranger." It is reckoned improper to put your address on a card which you leave at the house of an inhabitant of the same town, for it is presumed that your place of residence is known to your friend. "The card of a man should be small, plain, unglazed, and ungilt. A gilded and glazed card is agreeable only as belonging to a woman. I should be glad to exhibit to the host of American *parvenus* their own broad, glittering cards—bearing upon them names reeking with plebeianism, gewgawed with some paltry title, the synonyme and passport of insignificance—in contrast with the plain and modest cards of some of the highest peers of the British realm." The author concludes with a useful admonition, "A visit and an umbrella should always be returned."

On the subject of epistolary correspondence, the following hints occur:—"Wafers are now entirely exploded. A letter of business is sealed with red wax, and marked with some common stamp. Letters to gentlemen demand red wax, sealed with your arms." Every body knows that these are correct enough rules as respects England, but who could have expected to see an American recommending the use of *arms*? These relics of a barbarous age continue in use only to mark family distinction, and, therefore, as things purely aristocratic, can have no proper place in the social customs of a republican people. Are we to understand from the recommendation to use heraldic emblems, that the Americans are democratic only in their political relations, and aristocratic in the common concerns of life? Have they a heralds' college with a king-at-arms to grant armorial bearings? or do they seize hold of any arms that suit their fancy? The subject is involved in mystery."

A few more "points" will be given at the first opportunity.

SPECULATIONS ON WORDS.

SECOND ARTICLE.

To drive at, To treat of.—There is one peculiarity in the style of our old writers, which makes it sound very rugged to modern ears, and certainly cannot always be admired, although it is strictly idiomatic. We refer to the placing of the preposition at the end of the clause, instead of before the relative. For example, South says, "As to the matters which he is here to treat of," &c. Now, we should say, of which he is here to treat. He speaks of "a sordid and supine dullness, which they so much affect to distinguish themselves by, and which we by no means desire to vie with them in." The longer the clause, the uglier it sounds: here, for instance, *by which*, and *in which*, would greatly improve the sentence. The shorter the clause, the better it is: in fact, sometimes in very short clauses it is necessary to put the preposition at the end, to avoid stiffness or affectation. For example, "the book which you were speaking of, is not yet published:" of which would be stiff. Perhaps *mentioned* would be better; but the idea is not exactly the same. Better still to omit the relative altogether, and say "the book you were speaking of is not yet published." When we omit the relative, which we generally do in short clauses of this kind, the preposition must come at the end. Some object to the omission of the relative at all; but that is unreasonable. Our best writers omit it, and it is strictly idiomatic. For instance, South speaks of "the text we are upon." You cannot say "upon which we are." Again, he says, "is the grave a place to dress ourselves for heaven?" Try in which to dress ourselves: you spoil the sentence. It becomes Latin, not English. So Julius Charles Han says, "the first school I was at:" alter it, and you spoil it. You can't say the first school at which I was, unless you wish to be laughed at. But there are other cases in which the preposition must come last, if we would preserve the force of the sentence. South says, "This was the main point which they then drove at:" you cannot say, "at which they then drove." The phrase is to drive at, not to drive. It would not be recognised, if the at were removed from its place. Lord Brougham has very good instances of the retention of this truly English idiom: as, for example, in his speech at Dover, lately published; "then," he says, "would be seen—what God forbid I should live to witness the occasion for—Wellington coming forth a

* Captain Murray alleges that the Americans who visit England apply at the heralds' college for coats of arms; but this wants confirmation.

veteran warrior, and adding one bright superfluous page to the history of his imperishable renown." Perhaps this is the best rule to observe: if the preposition belongs to the verb, and forms one phrase with it, completing its sense, it should go with the verb; and if this make the sentence weak from the number and position of the little words, omit the relative.

An, A. Ladies. Y, ie.—The proper indefinite article in English is *an*; an book or an egg; an apple or an pear. When we say, as we do now, "a pear," we have lost the *n* in *an*. We do not add *n* when we say an apple. The grammars tell us *a* is made *an* before a vowel. It is not so. *An* is made *a* before a consonant. The *n* is dropped. *An* is the indefinite article, in German *ein*, and in the French *un*; in these languages the *n* is not dropped as it is in English. The numeral *one* is the same word; and an apple means *one apple*. We may often hear foreigners talk about giving *one shilling* to a man, for a shilling, or seeing *one play*, for a play. In the same way we are told that in forming the plural of *lady*, *y* is changed into *ie*. Now, this is not the right way of putting it. The old way of spelling *lady* is *ladie*, and the plural of course *ladies*. Well, in the plural the old way is kept; no change is made. But in the singular, the *ie* has been altered to *y*; so that it is the singular, not the plural, that has been changed. Now we spell the plural of *day*, *days*; but formerly it was *daies*, and the possessive singular *daies* also. The old writers were not always regular in the spelling, but that was the rule. Thus, in Fell's Life of Hammond, we have "two and fifty quarter-daies," and in the same page "a daies-work."

In the same way the nouns heaviness, hardness, &c., and the adjectives plentiful, beautiful, &c., have not changed the *y* to *i*: they have lost the *e* from *heavie*, *hardie*, *plentie*, *beautie*; and *heavie*, *hardie*, *plentie*, *beautie*, have changed *ie* to *y*.

In the same way in the plural of *church*, *e* is not added; it is taken away in books. The old ending was *is* or *es*, and in *churches*, *classes*, it is retained, because the word cannot be pronounced without it. In books *e* is dropped.

Wilderness.—The word *wilderness* is rather a curious word in two ways. Words in *ness* generally denote a quality, as in *hardness*, *strangeness*, *fondness*, &c. But in a few instances it denotes a place, as in *fastness* and *wilderness*. This is curious. But the *er* in *wilderness* is more so. From *wild*, "wildness" is the word we should expect, and we have that word denoting "the being wild." The *er* is merely euphonic, like the *b* in number (*numerus*).

The *ness* in these words must not be confounded with the *ness* in *Sheerness*, *Shellness*, and *Dungeness*: this *ness* is in fact the same word as *nose* and the French *nez*, and denotes a point or nose of land. We speak of a neck of land and a tongue of land, and why should we not speak of a nose of land? So the *naze* in Norway. Latin *nasus* "nose."

But to return to *wilderness*, and the insertion of *er*, &c. There is a verb *wilder*, and *bewilder*, but the *er* in *wilderness* is not likely to have come from these. *Wilder* seems to be a later word, and we find in old writers *wyldenes* used in the sense of *wilderness*. Another letter inserted in English to relieve the bluntness of the sound is *s*, as in huntsman, tradesman, seedsman. The *s* is merely euphonic. As in German, the wedding-day is not *hochzeittag*, but *hochzeitstag*.

Villain, Clown, Knave, Boor.—In many languages there is a transition, not altogether unnatural, from lowness of condition to lowness of character. It is so in Greek, and it is so in English. A *villain* was originally only a *villanus* or inhabitant of the ville, dependent on the great man or lord of the soil; now, a villain is a *knave*. But a *knave* was formerly only a *servant*, nay, before that, only a *boy*. The German *knabe* is now a *boy*, but the English, after becoming a *servant*, (Wickliffe's Version of the Bible has "Paul, a knave of Jesus Christ," that is, a servant of, &c.), has now become a *rogue*. In the same way, though *colere* in Latin meant to till the land, and *colonus* a tiller of the land, the English *clown* means not merely a *countryman*, but a *countryified* or rustic man. So, though the German *bauen* means to till the land, and *bauer* a countryman or peasant, the English *boor*, which is the same word, means more, and implies something of the clown, and the adjectives *boorish* and *clownish* are nearly synonymous. In the word neighbour, that is *nigh-boor*, the word has lost its peculiar meaning. Now, on the other hand, while *countryified*, *clownish*, *boorish*, and *rustic*, imply something coarse, *cityified* implies something polite, as we see in the word *urbane*, from *urbs* "a city," or civil, from *civis*, "a citizen."

Do.—The word *do* has undergone many curious changes. It is the same in origin as the Greek *do*, the Latin *da*, and the Sanscrit *da*; and the primary meaning is to put; hence the senses of *make*, *give*, &c. In English, *do* had the meaning of "to put" commonly, and still retains it in the compounds *to don*, *to doff*, *to do*, that is, to do on, to do off, and to do out. As we should say now, to put on, and put off, or *do* put out. In a passage in the New Testament, *do* is used just as we now use *make*: "I do you to wit," &c., that is, I make you to know, or I give you to understand, &c. But the usage most remote from the original meaning is the auxiliary, thus, I do think, &c., I do

not believe, where the words think and believe are in fact in the infinitive mood equivalent to substantives, as if we were to say, "I do the believing that," &c.

The Germans had formerly the same phrase, which is now obsolete; for example, *Ich thue glauben*, *Ich thue erwarten*, &c. The modern phrases "to do a person," or "to be done for," &c., are only technical applications of the common meaning.

Chap, Core, Fish, Phoggy, &c.—It is curious to observe the terms which are commonly used to describe persons of whom we wish to speak. The ancients were content with their *homo* and *tir*, or when they wished to be indefinite, with their simple *quidam*; but moderns, and especially we believe the English, are not satisfied with so meagre a supply of synonyms. In the sense of person, we may find probably some scores of words employed every day of our lives. We hear a person described indiscriminately as a nice body, or a good old soul, or we are informed that there was not a *soul* in the house when some *body* broke in, and ran away with all the plate. We hear of a queer chap, a rum old coddger, a strange cove, or my young covey, a clever fellow, an odd fish, a facetious bird, a dirty little urchin, a young rogue, a young Pickle, an eccentric being, a dear creature, a clever young monkey, an idle dog, a lazy young hound, a young buck, a young blade, a young blood, the old boy, old squaretoes, an old sobersides, an old joker, an old file, an old phoggy, and half a hundred circumlocutions besides.

SKETCHES OF SUPERSTITIONS.

SCANDINAVIAN MYTHOLOGY.

The superstitions of the European Northmen, or Scandinavians, under which term are included the early inhabitants of Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Iceland, were of a kind remarkably accordant with the cold and stern character of the regions which they occupied. Like the ancient Greeks, the Scandinavians had seats of the gods and of the blest which they called Asgard and Walhalla (or Valhalla), and these bore the same relation, in their character, to the Olympus and Elysium of the Greeks, that the countries of the north, with their stormy climes, their icy mountains, and perilous waters, bore to the perfumed and verdant plains of Hellas, and the fair blue skies overhanging the smooth Ionian Sea. Nothing could afford better proof of the utterly fanciful nature of all these mythologies, than the fact, that they were thus modelled and modified in every case by the earthly habits, likings, territorial position, and ignorance of geography and astronomy of the individual tribes among whom they respectively originated.

The deification of one or more great princes or rulers seems to have constituted the basis of the Scandinavian as well as of every other pagan mythology. Odin, the supreme deity of the Scandinavians, and the ruler of heaven and earth, appears, like the Hellenic Jupiter, to have been a distinguished chief and warrior of early times. Although it is asserted by some that a divinity of the name of Odin was worshipped from the most remote ages, there is reason to believe that the worship of this personage, in the north at least, had its real origin a few centuries before the commencement of the Christian era, when a powerful chieftain of the name was driven by the Romans from his dominions between the Euxine and Caspian, and took refuge in Scandinavia, the whole of which he subjected to his sway. Like Mahomet, this chief appears to have established a new religion, of which he himself assumed to be the earthly head, as the servant or minister of a divine being of the same name. In the course of time, however, this distinction was entirely lost, and the persons and acts of the divine and earthly Odin became inextricably blended in the mythology and traditions of the north. The great records of the religious and legendary knowledge of the Scandinavians, are the Eddas and Sagas of Iceland, partly written in poetry and partly in prose. The oldest of the Eddas, a series of poetical fragments, was collected from oral tradition in the eleventh century, and the others are of later date. The acts of the deities and heroes of the north, the creation of the world, and prophetic revelations, form the general subject of these pieces.

The Scandinavians, like the Greeks, believed that the universe was originally a chaos, or mass of confused vapours, peopled by a race of Rimthursar, or evil spirits of gigantic bulk. A being of nobler nature sprang up among these, named Bure, from whom were descended Odin and his two brothers Vile and Ve. These younger divinities followed exactly the same course with the northern giants that was pursued by Jupiter and his brothers with regard to the Titans, or older and gigantic deities of Greece. Odin began to war with the Rimthursar, and having at last overcome their great chief Ymer, he created the

world out of that giant's body. His flesh became the mould, his bones the rocks, his hair the vegetable tribes, his blood the ocean, and his skull the heavens, at the four corners of which were placed certain dwarfs, called North, South, East, and West, whose duty it was to sustain the celestial dome. After this, the luminaries of the sky were set in their places, and the order of the seasons appointed. Natt (night) wedded one of the Aser, or celestial family of Odin, and gave birth to Dag (day). These deities travel alternately round the world in cars, drawn by single horses. Every great body, as in the Grecian mythology, was represented by a divinity. Frigga, or the earth, was the daughter of Odin, and also became his wife. The inhabitants of the earth, or mankind, were created by Odin and his brothers. Two pieces of wood, the one of ash and the other of elm, formed the materials of the first pair of mortals, who were distinguished for personal beauty and intellectual ability.

The race of deities inhabited Asgard, a place supposed by some to have been the city in Asia whence the real or mortal Odin was expatriated. The fabulous Asgard was pictured as containing numerous palaces and halls, the largest of which was the Mansion of Joy, where Allfader (Odin) sat on his throne amid his divine family. This throne was named Lidskialfa, or the Terror of Nations, and from it he could overlook the whole earth. Two ravens, Hugin (Spirit) and Muninn (Memory), sat always at his ear, and communicated to him intelligence of all things that were going on in the universe. Among the deities who dwell in Asgard, one of the most important was Thor, or Asa-thor, son of Odin by Frigga, and the Mars, or warrior-god, of the Scandinavians.

Thor is described as the god of thunder, and the strongest of beings, earthly or heavenly. He is the son of Odin and Frigga, or, in other words, of the Sun and the Earth. When he moves, the earth trembles. He holds in his hand a powerful hammer, called the Crusher (*mjølner*), with which he annihilates all who oppose him, and who offend the gods. In battle Thor is always girt with a magic girdle, which has the power of inspiring him with a divine fury, and redoubling his strength. On his right hand he wears an iron gauntlet, with which he grasps and wields the formidable crusher. This latter instrument was forged by a dwarf, named Sindri, the prototype of the deformed blacksmith-deities of the Greeks, Vulcan and his Cyclops. The hammer possesses the wonderful power of never missing its aim, and when launched at any object, returns to the hand of Thor, after having destroyed his foe. Thor is sometimes called Aukistor, or Thor of the Car, from his riding on a chariot, drawn by two powerful he-goats, named Sangniost and Tangrisner. His deity has a spouse named Sipa, famous for her beautiful hair.

After Odin, Thor was the most cherished deity of Scandinavia, and had statues and temples erected to him every where. The statues of him were usually formed of clay, and represented a tall figure, with a red-painted beard, indicative of the lightning, which he was supposed to wield. Bread and meat were supplied daily to the god by his worshippers, and at stated times, libations were poured out in his honour.

Balder, the second son of Odin, was the most beautiful and amiable of the Aser or gods. Unlike the rest of his brethren, he was fond of peace, and had the power of allaying tempests, and acting as a mediator, to avert divine wrath. His decrees were irrevocable. In some points he resembled the Apollo of the Greeks, but the general qualities of that personage found a closer representative in Braga or Bragi, the god of eloquence and poetry. Niord, the god of the sea, and his son Freys, the god of rain, were also important deities of the north. Every element, or important natural phenomenon, was under the guidance, in like manner, of some celestial personage. Frigga, the Scandinavian Juno, was the bestower of fertility and plenty. Freia, or Freya, the daughter of Niord, was the Venus of Asgard, and the patroness of matrimony. Freia was assisted in her duties by Siona and Sofna, the first of whom made lovers faithful, while the other reconciled them when they quarrelled. Eyra was the physician of the gods. There were various other minor divinities in the Scandinavian mythology, though not nearly so many as in the Grecian roll. The deficiency was made up among the northerners by the assignment of more multitudinous duties to the greater deities. Thus Odin, from the extent of his government, received as many as one hundred and twenty distinct names, each indicating some individual quality ascribed to him.

The great hall appointed for the reception of the spirits of the brave, when they left earth for the seat of the gods, was called Valhalla. Twelve beautiful yet terrible nymphs, named Valkyries (*choosers of the slain*), were the guides of the good spirits to the hall of Valhalla, and supplied them with mead. The occupation of drinking this northern nectar, and of eating the fat of the wild boar Serimmer, which, after serving as the daily food of thousands, became whole again every night, filled up all those intervals of time in Valhalla that were not passed in fighting. None but those who had shown surpassing bravery on earth were admitted into this Scandinavian paradise, and when there, their daily amusement was to fight with one another till all or nearly all were cut in pieces. But little harm was done in this way, for the spiritual bodies soon reunited, and enabled the warriors to appear, entire in lithe and limb, at the feasts that

* Nish is the word in the island of Skye and other parts of the Western Islands and West Highlands. Thus Trotternish, Ross-shire, &c.—Ed.

followed these extraordinary engagements. The skulls of enemies were the drinking-cups used at the entertainments of Valhalla, and the guests are described as being almost perpetually in a state of inebriation. It was only when the cock announced the arrival of morning that these terrible heroes arose from table, to issue to the field of battle through the five hundred and forty gates of Valhalla, and hack each other to pieces anew. Such was the never-ending round of employment destined for the departed heroes of Scandinavia.

The conception of a paradise so gloomy and terrific as this, illustrates strongly the character of the Norsemen on earth, and the nature of their habits and enjoyments. Perpetual fighting and perpetual intoxication—such were the highest delights they could imagine, for the filling up of the long ages of eternity; and such, doubtless, were their prime occupations in the forms of mortals. They assigned the same tendencies to their gods. Odin himself took no nourishment but wine, and the whole history of himself and his brethren exhibits but one continuous scene of battling with giants and demons. Of the latter class Loki was the head or chief, being in fact the Devil of the Scandinavians. He was remarkable for his cunning, with which he intermingled a sort of malicious trickiness, that made him resemble the Momus of the Greeks, or the Puck of the fairy mythology, though with a darker shade of evil in his character than was assigned to either of these frolicsome personages. Whatever of good Odin was either executing or projecting, Loki made it his constant business to countermine and undo the work. He figures in this light in every Scandinavian legend, with scarcely a single exception.

As a sample of the subject-matter of the Eddaic poems, and of the pure absurdity of the superstitions which they nourished, we offer the following account of Thor's expedition in search of his lost hammer, *Mjölnir*.* "On awakening one morning, Thor missed his hammer: in a rage he shook his head and beard, and groped about after his implement; then calling to Loki, at that time his friend, told him his loss. They set out together for the abode of Freya, and asked her to lend her feather-dress to aid in the recovery of the hammer. Freya willingly consents.

Give it would I unto thee
E'en if of gold it were;
And unto thee commit it
E'en if of silver it were.

Loki put on the dress, flew away from Asgard, and came to Giant-land. Here he found Thrym, a prince of the giants, sitting on a hill, twisting gold collars for his dogs, and trimming the manes of his horses. He asks Loki how it goes with the Aser and the Alfs, and what has brought him to Giant-land. Loki makes answer that it goes ill with them, and asks him if he had hidden Hlorida's (Thor's) hammer. Thrym acknowledges having done so, and adds, that it is eight *meils* (miles) under the ground, and that he will not restore it till they give him Freya for his bride. As Freya was the northern Venus, we need not be surprised that she was a favourite object of desire with the giants; and when we further consider that she was the moon-goddess, a very plain reason will appear why the dwellers of the sunless region of Giant-land or Utgard were so anxious to obtain her.

Loki flew back, and was met on the way by the anxious Thor. They went again to 'fair Freya,' and Thor abruptly bade her get on her bridal dress, and he would drive her in his chariot to Giant-land. Freya was incensed at this proposal; she snorted so loud that the whole Asa-hall shook under her; her celebrated *Men-brisinga*, or jewel, burst; and she positively refused. A council of all the Aser, and all the Asynier, was forthwith summoned to deliberate how the hammer might be recovered. Heimdall, 'the whitest of the Aser,' proposed that Thor should put on him 'the bridal fine linen, wear the great *Men-brisinga*, have jingling keys fastened to his belt, women's clothes falling about his knees, broad stones on his breast, and handsome head-gear.' Thor strongly objects to this arrangement, lest the gods should hereafter regard him as a woman; but Loki reminds him that if he did not recover his hammer, the giants would make themselves masters of Asgard. Thor at length consents, dons his female attire, and Loki proposes to accompany him as his maid. The buck-goats are driven home and yoked to the chariot, and mistress and maid drive off for Giant-land; rocks burst, and the earth burns beneath their wheels. Thrym, desecrating their approach, calls to his brethren to make ready to receive his lovely bride, to drive home his gold-horned cows and coal-black oxen, declaring that he abounded in treasure, and wanted only Freya.

Early in the evening the guests assembled; plenty of ale was there for the giants. The bride ate an ox, eight salmon, all the sweetmeats prepared for the ladies, and quenched her thirst with three huge measures of mead. Thrym is rather astonished at these feeding powers of his bride, and exclaims,

Didst thou ere see a bride
Bite more greedily?
I ne'er saw a bride
Bite more broadly,
Nor more of mead
A maiden drink.

The maid at once replied that Freya had tasted nothing for the last eight days, such had been her anxiety to reach Giant-land. Thrym now thinking himself privileged to kiss his bride, raised her veil, but instantly sprang back the length of the hall.

Why are so fierce
The eyes of Freya?
Methinks that flame
Flashes from her eyes.

Freya has had no sleep for the last eight nights, such had been her anxiety to reach Giant-land. The sister of the giant now comes in, and after northern fashion claims bride-money.

Give me from thy hands
Thy rings so ruddy,
If thou wilt win
My friendship all—
My friendship all,
My whole affection.

Thrym calls to bring forth the hammer, that the marriage may be performed over it. *Mjölnir* is laid in the lap of Thor, 'his heart laughs in his breast,' he grasps its well-known short handle, crushes first Thrym, then the rest of the giant race, finally the sister, who had ventured to ask him for bride-money.

A stroke she got
Instead of shillings,
A blow of the hammer
Instead of rings.
Thus did Odin's son
Regain his hammer."

Such was the trash sung by the skalds or bards, and incorporated in the Scandinavian Eddas, along with references to the domestic superstitions of the Norsemen. Of these wild and familiar delusions, it is unnecessary to offer any lengthened explanation. There was a common belief in the existence of an inferior order of supernatural beings, the more prominent of which were deformed dwarfs, called *Dwärgs* or *Trows*, who invisibly intermingled in the affairs of mortals. These stunted and grotesque demons were ugly and malicious, and had their dwelling-place in caves or rocks in the earth. The Scandinavians likewise believed in the powers of magical incantation, especially if performed by a particular kind of wand, and accompanied by the chaunt of Runic rhymes. In other points, also, the domestic superstitions of the north were of a wild and terrible character. To them we owe the original ideas of mermaids, serpents, and krakens, the belief in which is scarcely yet exploded. The kraken is described by Pontoppidan, in his History of Norway, as an animal of enormous bulk, often seen in the northern seas, and Milton gives a fine description of it, in all its imaginary size, in the lines,

Him haply slumbering on the Norway foam,
The pilot of some small night-founder'd skiff,
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,
With fixed anchor in his scaly rind
Moor'd by his side under the lee, while night
Invests the sea, and wished morn delays.

The air, too, was peopled by the Scandinavians with gigantic demons. All their fancies of this order were dark, gloomy, and savagely grand.

The mythology of the Scandinavians survived till a much later date than any other system of heathen worship in Europe. It was not abolished till the eleventh century. St Olaf, king of Norway, and a zealous supporter of Christianity, usually receives the credit of having overturned this most barbarous form of religion. In the course of his efforts to Christianise his subjects, he ordered a statue of Thor, and the pedestal on which it stood, to be broken in pieces, and showed the people that the meat which had been laid down for the use of the god was not eaten by him, but by a host of rats and other vermin that had formed a lodge-meat about the foundation of the colossal image. Whatever might have been the influence of the mythology of the Scandinavians in Britain, it disappeared shortly after its overthrow on the continent of Europe, or only lingered in a kind of traditional existence amidst the remote islands of Orkney and Shetland, till finally banished by the progress of a more general intelligence. The dread names of Odin, Thor, and other deities of the north, who for centuries weighed down the human faculties, and kept up the reign of superstition, are now only perpetuated in the appellations affixed to some of the days of the week. Thus, our term *Wednesday* is derived from Odin's or Wodin's day, that being the day of the week in which the northern Jupiter or supreme ruler of the gods was most honoured and worshipped. *Thursday* is from Thor, the second in dignity among these fabulous deities; as this day was called *Dies Jovis* by the Romans, we have here a confirmation that Thor the thunderer was equivalent either to Mars, or the thundering Jove of the Grecian mythology. *Friday* takes its appellation from Freya, the daughter of Niord, and corresponds with the *Dies Veneris*, or Venus day of the Greeks and Romans. *Saturday* is derived in the same manner from the god *Sæter* of the Scandinavians, and Saturn of the Greeks. *Tuesday*, or anciently *Tiesday* (a pronunciation still preserved in Scotland), is supposed to be from Tisa, the wife of Thor, and the reputed goddess of Justice. *Sunday* and *Monday* were respectively named from the Sun and Moon, both by the northern and southern nations of Europe, from a remote period of time. The circumstance of there being such a marked resemblance

between the characters of the deities whose names were employed to distinguish the same days of the week both by Greeks and Scandinavians, is not a little remarkable, and has never, as far as we know, been the subject of explanation by philologists or antiquaries. The fact is only certain, that the names of the days of the week now used by every civilised people, are based upon the mythological observances of either the Grecian or Scandinavian races.

SHIPWRECK OF THE MENTOR.

In the year 1831, the whale-ship *Mentor*, of New Bedford, in New England, sailed for the Indian Ocean, to prosecute the fishing in the southern hemisphere. The ship's company, officers and men, consisted of twenty-six persons, Edward C. Barnard master. The *Mentor* doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and traversed the Indian Ocean in safety, but adverse winds and currents then began to impede its course, and, on the 21st of May 1832, while running for the Ladrões, the vessel, after being tossed about at the mercy of the winds for three days, struck upon a coral reef, which afterwards proved to lie near one of the Pelew Islands. This group lies six or seven degrees north of the equator, in the middle of the numerous isles on the south-east of the Asiatic continent.

The mishap of the *Mentor* took place in the night. In the first impulse of terror, ten men left the wreck in a boat, and were never again heard of; the continuance of the storm renders it but too probable that they speedily perished. In attempting to put off in a second boat, another man was drowned. The survivors, eleven in number, remained on the wreck till daybreak, when they saw land at the distance of twenty or thirty miles. Collecting a few arms and a small stock of provisions, they left the ship in their only remaining boat, and, after sailing three or four miles, reached a rock, or islet, about sixteen rods in length, where they rested all that day and night to refresh themselves with food and sleep, preparatory to the attempt to make the land in sight. But, in the morning, they were visited by twenty-two natives in a large canoe, the wreck having been noticed from shore. These savages were entirely naked, and frightful in aspect, being fantastically tattooed, and having long coarse black hair hanging over their shoulders. They were well armed, besides, with battle-axe, spear, and tomahawk. Though not openly unfriendly, these savages robbed the sailors of the greater part of their rescued property, and, finally, made sail for the wreck, signing to the shipwrecked band to follow them. The Americans, however, wished to get rid of their visitors, and took this opportunity to launch their boat, and steer in another direction than that of the nearest land. Thirty canoes came in the way to interrupt them, but after a little skirmish they got past, and rowed on during the whole remaining part of that day and night. On the ensuing afternoon, they came to another island, on which, being exhausted and dispirited, they resolved to land. On entering a small bay or harbour, they were met by numerous canoes, and taken on shore in triumph.

The isle on which they now were, proved to be Bumbelthouap, the largest of the Pelew group, and about 120 miles in length. The inhabitants, supposed to be about 2000 in number, held a solemn consultation on the case of the poor mariners whom fate had thrown into their power. They were brought before the great chiefs of the island, who were found seated on a platform between two buildings of considerable size, made of bamboo sticks and leaves, and which seemed to be the national places of council and carousal. On this occasion the deliberation continued for about an hour, in the midst of a great assemblage, male and female, young and old. The unfortunate captives had an ominous object, meanwhile, before their eyes. In front of the platform stood a beheading block, and the question under consideration obviously was, whether or not the instrument should now be put to its legitimate uses. At length the women began to wail and howl, and this seemed to decide the matter in favour of the strangers. A cup of peace or mercy was handed to them, containing sweetened water, rendered doubly sweet by the respite from death which it betokened. All this while, the natives behaved indifferently but not cruelly to them, and they were taken, at the close of the council, to a neighbouring village, where resided a prophetess, one of the women who had been chiefly instrumental in causing a verdict of mercy to be given. On the way to this village, the American seamen were equally delighted and surprised to meet a strange-looking old man, with long grey hair, and unlike the other natives except in the tattooing, who addressed them in tolerable English. "My God!" he exclaimed, "you are Englishmen!" The sound of his voice, uttering language so unexpected, excited the most lively emotions in the minds of the seamen. "This person," says the narrative of the survivors of this expedition, "was by birth an Englishman, and had been on the island about twenty-nine years. He told us that he had been a hatter by trade, and that his name was Charles Washington. He had been a private in the British naval service, on board of the *Lion* man-of-war." Some trifling offence led him to leave the ship in fear of punishment, and take up his abode on the island, where he had attained to great celebrity, and had become the sixth chief in the nation. He had adopted all their habits, and was quite content with

* We use the translation of the story in the *Foreign Quarterly Review*, article *Scandinavian Mythology*, vol. iv.

his situation, having no wish ever to see his own country again.

The authority of this strangely-placed individual, whose friends in Britain have probably given him up long since as dead, made the situation of the mariners comparatively easy and comfortable. Indeed, the natives, though a very rude and primitive race, seem to have been of good general dispositions. They were of a light copper complexion, and the females only wore a sort of girdle of bark. They tattooed their bodies abundantly, and anointed themselves to excess with cocoa oil. The ladies were excessively fond of ornament, and one of their articles of this order deserves notice, as especially novel and ingenious. "In their noses they wear a stem of the kabooa leaf, which answers the double purpose of an ornament and a smelling bottle." At last, after a stay of several months with these people, a negotiation was entered into by the mariners for their release and departure. Upon the stipulation of sending to the island three hundred muskets, ten casks of powder, and various other lesser articles, they got a canoe built, and in this and their own boat, eight of the shipwrecked crew left the island, three being left behind as hostages. At the same time, three natives, two of them chiefs, accompanied the party, in the hope of bringing home the reward.

Perhaps never did men venture upon a great ocean in such miserable vessels as these two boats were, the one holding a crew of five, the other of six men. Their main hope lay in the chance of speedily finding, in the open sea, some vessel engaged in the China trade. Scarcely, however, were they fairly afloat, when bad weather came on; the boat was dismasted; the rudder of the canoe was unshipped; and the same boat sprang a leak, which was only kept under by constant baling. At the end of five days of fearful toil and danger, the canoe overset, and the whole party were driven into the single remaining boat. Their stores of water and provisions, too, were running low, yet they continued to stand out for four days more, when they unexpectedly came in sight of land, as well as of a fleet of canoes, which soon came up to them. A barbarous scene was then commenced by the savages contained in these canoes. "They attacked us with brutal ferocity, knocking us overboard with their clubs, in the meantime making the most frightful grimaces, and yelling like so many incarnate devils. They fell upon our boat and immediately destroyed it, breaking it into splinters, and taking the fragments into their canoes. While this was going on, we were swimming from one canoe to another, entreating them by signs to spare our lives, and permit us to get into their canoes. This they for a long time refused, beating us most unmercifully, whenever we caught hold of any thing to save ourselves from sinking." They were ultimately taken in, and were stripped naked on the instant, though the sun was shining so vividly that their bodies were almost immediately blistered by exposure to it. On reaching the shore, a crowd of women and children met them, yelling like "Bacchanals or Bedlamites." Fights and quarrels immediately began for the ownership of the several captives, and in the contest the latter were sadly abused. At length, each man got a master, and was taken home by him.

This unpromising beginning was not belied by its end. The island upon which the mariners had unfortunately stumbled, was a low, barren, miserable rock, scarcely three-quarters of a mile long by half a one in breadth. From seamen it has received the names of Lord North's, Nevil's, or Johnston's Island, and has been believed to be uninhabited. The natives call it To-bee. They are of a light copper colour, and the men go almost entirely without clothing. They have high cheek-bones and flat noses, and are far more wild in appearance than the Pelew islanders. In character "they are cowardly and servile, yet most barbarous and cruel, combining in their habits, tempers, and dispositions, the most disgusting and loathsome features that degrade humanity."

The position of the poor Americans was dreadful under these savages. The only vegetable cultivated on this sandy coral rock was a species of the well-known *taro*-root; and for the growth of this, proper soil had to be gathered from all quarters and mixed up like a compost. The indolent natives threw the whole labour of doing this upon the poor captives. Nearly naked, they were kept constantly at work, under a broiling sun, at no time having a sufficiency of food, and at different times reduced to all but the last extremity of famine. To many other inflictions they were wantonly subjected. After being two months, indeed, on the island, two of the party succeeded in getting their release. An English ship came in sight, and the

captain (Barnard), with Rollins, one of the crew, persuaded the islanders to put them on board, promising that iron and various other articles would be immediately given from the vessel in return. Only a small quantity of iron was sent, and the consequence was that the natives were highly dissatisfied, and increased their severity towards the remaining prisoners. Unfortunately, the English captain was not (as he afterwards alleged) in circumstances that permitted of further exertions to obtain the release of the rest, and he sailed away, leaving them to a worse fate than before. Among other incidental cruelties inflicted on them, in addition to their ordinary sufferings, they were compelled to undergo the tattooing process, which is thus described:—"We were in the first place securely bound down to the ground, and there held fast by our tormentors. They then proceeded to draw with a sharp stick the figures designed to be imprinted on the skin. This done, the skin was thickly punctured with a little instrument, made of sharpened fish-bones, and somewhat resembling a carpenter's adze in miniature, but having teeth, instead of a smooth sharp edge. This instrument was held within an inch or two of the flesh, and struck into it rapidly with a piece of wood, applied to it in such a manner as to cause it to rebound at every stroke. In this way our breasts and arms were prepared; and subsequently the ink, which was made of a vegetable found on the island, and called by them the *savvan*, was applied. The operation caused such an inflammation of our bodies, that only a small portion could be done at one time; as soon as the inflammation abated, another portion was done, as fast as we could bear it, till our bodies were covered. It was effectually done; for to this day the figures remain as distinct as they were when first imprinted, and the marks will be carried by us to the grave. They were exceedingly anxious to perform the operation on our faces; but this we would not submit to, telling them, that sooner than have it done, we would die in resisting them."

But this was comparatively a light item in the incessant sufferings of these poor mariners. Out of the six left after Captain Barnard escaped with Rollins, three sank under their afflictions. One of them died rather suddenly; but the other two, when reduced to the last extremity, and unable to move, were each put into a canoe, and set adrift to meet a horrible living death! A fourth of the band, for some trifling offence, was beaten to death, and it was with difficulty that the remaining two, Holden and Nute, to the former of whom we owe this narrative, escaped the same fate. As for the three poor islanders of Pelew, who in the simplicity of ignorance had set sail for an unknown land of promise, one of them was charged with stealing food, and turned adrift in a canoe on the wide ocean with his *hands tied*! A second was literally starved to death. The third was one of the miserable trio of survivors.

Seeing their captives perishing one by one, and getting totally unserviceable, the brutal savages in whose hands these poor men were, began to see that it would be their interest to complete some bargain for their release before the death of the whole made it too late. Accordingly, the captives got a promise that they should be put on board the first passing vessel, on condition of a present of iron being made to them. On the 24th of December 1834, the British barque *Britannia*, bound for Canton River, came in view, and the captives obtained their release. When Nute came on board the *Britannia*, he was in such a deplorable state that it was believed two days more would have ended his life. Unhappily, the British captain did not think it consistent with prudence to take the poor Pelew islander on board, though the others, who had got greatly attached to him, prayed earnestly for his reception. The Americans were taken away, and in due time got on board another vessel, which conveyed them to their own land in safety.

It gives us pleasure to add that the Pelew islander was released after all. The American sloop of war *Vincennes* released him from North's Island, in the course of the year 1835, and took him safely back to his own country. The sloop also brought home the men who were left as hostages at the Pelew Isles. It is said that the captain of the *Vincennes*, whether by orders or otherwise, made a difficulty of paying the full promised ransom to the Pelew natives, a proceeding equally impolitic and ungenerous. The impression that the promises made by the distressed mariners of civilised nations will be scrupulously fulfilled, either in the way of reward or punishment, affords the only security for good treatment, at the hands of such savages, under the like circumstances. Generous conduct, above all, should ever meet a reward above the stipulation rather than below it. The future should always be kept in view, as shipwrecks will occur, to a greater or less extent, while navigation lasts.

TOILET OF A PAWNEE INDIAN DANDY.

He began his toilet, about eight in the morning, by greasing and smoothing his whole person with fat, which he rubbed afterwards perfectly dry, only leaving the skin sleek and glossy; he then painted his face vermilion, with a stripe of red also along the centre of the crown of the head; he then proceeded to his "coiffure," which received great attention, although the quantum of hair demanding such care was limited, inasmuch as his head was shaved close, except one tuft at the top, from which hung two plaited "tresses." (Why must I call them "pig-tails?") He then filled his ears, which were bored in two or three places, with rings and wampum, and hung several strings of beads round his neck; then, sometimes painting stripes of vermilion and yellow upon his breast and shoulders, and placing armlets above his elbows and rings upon his fingers, he proceeded to adorn the nether man with a pair of moccasins, some scarlet cloth leggings fastened to his waist-belt, and bound round below the knee with garters of beads four inches broad. Being so far prepared, he drew out his mirror, fitted into a small wooden frame (which he always, whether hunting or at home, carried about his person), and commenced a course of self-examination, such as the severest disciple of Watts, Mason, or any other religious moralist, never equaled. Nay more, if I were not afraid of offending the softer sex by venturing to bring man into comparison with them in an occupation which is considered so peculiarly their own, I would assert that no female creation of the poets from the time that Eve first saw "that smooth watery image," till the polished toilet of the lovely Belinda, ever studied her own reflected self with more perseverance or satisfaction than this Pawnee youth. I have repeatedly seen him sit, for above an hour at a time, examining his face in every possible position and expression; now frowning like Homer's Jove before a thunder-storm, now like the same god, described by Milton, "smiling with superior love;" now slightly varying the streaks of paint upon his cheeks and forehead, and then pushing or pulling "each particular hair" of his eyebrows into its most becoming place! Could the youth have seen any of those in that mirror half so dangerous as the features of the glassy wave gave back to the gaze of the bold Narcissus, I might have feared for his life or reason; but, fortunately for these, they had only to contend with a low receding forehead, a nose somewhat simian, a pair of small sharp eyes, with high cheek-bones, and a broad mouth, well furnished with a set of teeth, which had at least the merit of demolishing speedily every thing, animal or vegetable, that came within their range.

His toilet thus arranged to his satisfaction, one of the women or children led his buffalo-horse before the tent; and he proceeded to deck his steed, by painting his forehead, neck, and shoulders, with stripes of vermilion, and sometimes twisted a few feathers into his tail. He then put into his mouth an old-fashioned bridle, bought or stolen from the Spaniards, from the bit of which hung six or eight steel chains, about nine inches long; while some small bells, attached to the reins, contributed to render the movements of the steed as musical as those of the lovely *Sonnante*, in the incomparable tales of Comte Hamilton.

All things being now ready for the promenade, he threw a scarlet mantle over his shoulders; thrust his mirror in below his belt; took in one hand a large fan, of wild goose or turkey feathers, to shield his fair and delicate complexion from the sun; while a whip hung from his wrist, having the handle studded with brass nails. Thus accoutred, he mounted his jingling palfrey, and ambled through the encampment, envied by all the youths less gay in attire, attracting the gaze of the unfortunate drudges who represent the gentler sex, and admired supremely by himself!—*Travels in North America, by the Hon. C. A. Murray. 1839.*

NATURAL CURIOSITY.

We were favoured the other day with a sight of a beautiful antediluvian specimen of the fir tribe, just dug from the Stevenson freestone quarry, on the estate of Mr Warner of Ardeer. The trunk, stems, and leaves, are as perfectly formed and portrayed in this piece of solid rock as those now growing in the neighbourhood of the quarry. This geological curiosity, along with a cluster of nuts, five in number, which composed part of the stone, was thirty feet from the surface, being twenty feet below the present level of the sea. The nuts and the leaves, stem and trunk of the fir, are of a dark brown colour, while the surrounding body of the stone is a bluish white, which gives these fragments the appearance of the finest fresco painting. Many interesting curiosities of the like description have been found during the working of this extensive quarry. The antiquarian geologist would certainly be highly gratified by repeated visits to this excavation.—*Ayr paper.*

The present number of the Journal completes the eighth volume of the work, for which a title-page and copious index are prepared, and may be had on application to the Publishers or their Agents, at the usual price of a number. Any odd or past numbers of the Journal can also be had for the purpose of completing sets.

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